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.

by
Barry Emanuel Zeve

Sex with God is the greatest taboo of them all –
and there are many taboos in life to choose from.
What good is striving
for a lifetime of monogamy with one person
unless sex with God Himself after life
was the only enticement
that could tempt you to act in morally exceptional ways?
Isn't this what the mystery of death should be all about?
Isn't making love to others just for practice?
Isn't our goal to make love to God
through everything we say and do?

I'm a dark writer
in the sense that I write about that which some find
vile, loathsome and disgusting.
I'm a Jewish writer
who writes about my **Hebraic** scripture
in a way that's modern and cutting edge.
I'm a gay, male writer
who adds a dash of diversity to everything I say
to remind people what's really abhorrent.
Hypocrisy is really abhorrent,
in case you're wondering what repulses me.
And I'm a member of the disabled community
who was diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic in 1978.
I've healed amazingly these past 50 years.
I now associate my mental aberration with autism.
My definition of autism is
someone who harmonizes the forces within us
[thinking, feeling, wanting and believing]
in uniquely personal ways.

No man can literally have sex with God.
That topic can only be discussed theoretically
by men who open their mind to sex with other men.
After all, everyone claims God is male.
If you can't even imagine having sex with a man,
you could never imagine having sex with God.
Romance must begin within.
I enticed myself,
engaged myself,
and married myself for better or worse,
in sickness and in health
at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem
on Friday night, April 11, 2008.
Don't expect to succeed
in loving anyone else for a lifetime
if you haven't yet put a ring on your thumb
as an expression of your undying devotion to yourself.

Sexual evolution is a marker
of the spiritual advancement of mankind.
If straight men would endeavor to be so good
that God found them morally irresistible,
just think how different things would look
on the 6:00 o'clock news.
Most men don't want to be that good.
They think of God as male,
and they don't want to share their hungers
honestly with Him.
I suppose this isn't a problem for straight women,
but I can just imagine how lesbians must cringe at the idea
of talking about their lust for women with God.

Of course, we, gay men,
have no problem having sex
with an eye toward this heavenly reward.
We have no problem striving to become better
by the minute,
even if the Abrahamic faiths loathe my agenda
in seeking an orgasm with God that will last for eternity.
Granted,
straight Muslim men are promised 70 virgins in Paradise.
But doesn't that just expose their disdain of the idea
of having to love Allah fully?

There are two words for the verb “to know” in **Hebrew**.
The second refers to sexual knowledge.
Knowing someone in the biblical sense of the word
means to have had sex with him or her.
So, why can’t we cum
to know God in the biblical sense of all His Words?
Torah, the core of **The Hebrew Testament**,
is a sacred book about a mosaic mission
to achieve freedom.
The words of Jesus are about His mission
in achieving liberty.
And the words of the Prophet Muhammad
are about his mission in achieving emancipation.
Why wouldn’t you want to solve the puzzle of being you
if that would mean knowing about
the greatest forbidden fruits of them all?
Sex with God certainly beats the thought
of having sex with your parents.
Yet, for some strange reason,
some straight men are terrified of broaching this topic.
Do they worry
they’d be tempted to tear off their clothes
in houses of prayer and run about naked?
I doubt that would happen.
Straight men are bringing guns with them
to synagogues, churches and mosques to kill parishioners.
I happen to think that’s far more egregious
than praying for your wildest fantasies to come true.

If you enjoy sex in the privacy of your bedroom,
then contemplating sex with God
is something you should find a lot more appealing
than watching pornography
while taking drugs to turn yourself on.
Just think how your sex life might improve
if you could invite God into your imagination
to share your lust of others.
If we're all made in the image of God,
why wouldn't He want to join us in celebrating
all our hungers in life?
A prayer at the dinner table
could be followed by a prayer before bedtime
while enjoying sex with someone you truly love.
All a man needs
to know God in the biblical sense of the word
is to think more with his penis.
I'm sure most men already claim to be experts
in that regard.
If they could just master this challenge,
not be so amateurish about it,
they could become much more powerful than they are now.
Men could stop using penis substitutes –
knives, guns, semi-automatic rifles and Javelin missiles –
to get their rocks off.
And they could give up semen substitutes such as
bullets, grenades, mines and nuclear bombs.
Thinking more with their penis would only require men
to think about the guilt that ensues
in getting their wants [-] and desires [+] met.
That's the sticking point.
That's what so many men don't want to have to face.
Sex with consenting adults shouldn't bring up guilt
unless the other person is married.

As a gay man,
I'm a world class expert on male genitalia.
My testicles feel like plump plums,
perhaps because I figuratively rehydrate them
with scripture daily.
And although my penis is nothing to write Home about,
I am glad for what little God gave me.
That said,
I have a feeling
more women than men are going to be interested
in what I have to say.
Women care more about our penis problems than we do.
They not only care about the delivery device of our power.
They even care about how our testicles
aren't contributing their fair share
to the life-giving efforts
we're infusing into everyone and everything we do.
Granted, forbidden fruit is sweet.
And I suppose prunes are sweeter than plums
in a gleeful rather than joyous sort of way.
But we all have the power to master ourself
from the inside out,
even if most men are missing the self-knowledge needed
to make more of those shriveled up prunes hanging down
from those two tiny twigs on their fleshy **tree**.

In this, my 28th book on spirituality,
I plan to soak your testicles
in a wet, warm solution of sensuous words of
encouragement, hope and faith in yourself
until your testicles are nice and plump again.
By extension,
I'll be doing the same with ovaries.
This experience should feel rehydrating.
Don't worry, this isn't going to hurt a bit.
As a matter of fact,
I expect you'll find it exceedingly pleasant.

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Who does he think he is?

He's gay. He's Jewish. He's the child of Holocaust survivors. And he's suffered a lifetime with mental illness.

He was born in the Big Apple, God's University of diversity here on Earth. He has no intention of dying in Florida, God's Nursery School for those who went so far south in life that they can't possibly graduate with a Ph.D. in self-love. You can't even say the word gay in Florida anymore. Why would anyone want to utter their last words there?

The orthodox Jews won't say the word "Jesus" because rumor has it, he was a gay Jew. If they fear death on their deathbed, they might be tempted to say something like, "Christ, dying is hard! I feel like I'm being crucified!"

Even though the Midwest is the spiritual breadbasket of the world, San Francisco will always be home to sourdoughs like me who are fed up with the hypocrisy of bigoted, homophobic and misogynistic religious folk. A lot more people can see through what's going on these days and are willing to talk candidly about God in terms the religious right will one day have to acknowledge is mostly wrong.

[As you're about to see, he's going to switch to the first-person singular. He has a problem with his identity. But he's well aware that talking about himself in the third person is a residual effect of the severe mental illness he suffered as a young man in his twenties.]

My Jewish father met my Jewish mother in Munich, Germany a couple of months after the War. He was a Dachau Concentration Camp survivor from Lithuania. She was a German fugitive who managed to avoid getting caught in the Fatherland for the crime of being Jewish. She was on the run for a couple of years, working on farms and hiding in forests.

My father had smuggled his two children and a niece out of the Kaunas ghetto. They bribed Catholic orphanages to hide the children before all the adults in their family were

taken to concentration camps for extermination. The three children were rounded up after the War by a close family friend and joined our father in Germany, although his first wife and all their family had literally gone up in Christian smoke.

Long story short, the five of members of my immediate family came to America as refugees in 1948. I was born in New York City in 1952. My younger sister was born two years later.

But when my Western-European, German mother and Eastern-European, Lithuanian father realized they had little in common culturally, their marriage slowly dissolved into a bitter disappointment on top of their tragic disillusionment with life.

I was my mother's son and firstborn. So, I got her love all to myself. My little sister was daddy's little girl. She gave her allegiance to him, and he to her.

All three of the older kids scrambled to get in line behind me – they certainly wanted nothing to do with our father who the Nazis had turned into a hot mess. He suffered from extreme rage. His hysterics were uncontrollable. Everyone knows there's no way to get all the love you need if you have to stand in line behind others to get it. Everyone in my family had been emotionally bankrupted by the Nazis.

You might like to think of me as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a privileged gay Jew borne into this world as though brought here on a silver platter [flying carpet]. I was even caesarian. I didn't have to do a thing to come out. They came in after me.

I was given more love from my mother than I could ever know what to do with, even though my father chose to give all the love he had to his little, Jewish princess.

My mother thought I was brilliant. She thought I was handsome. She thought I had the potential to become the spiritually richest man on Earth. She just didn't imagine I'd turn out gay.

I didn't realize at the time that the knives that would be flung in my back would come from my siblings. That's what comes with a birthright of unprecedented love, such as mine.

I should have been named **Joseph**, the favorite son of **Jacob** in **Torah**. It felt like my mother gave me a coat of many colors every time she hugged me. It felt like the look of my siblings were daggers in my back.

Jealousy and envy are very real forces we all have to contend with, especially if your mother loved you dearly. You never know exactly what another person will covet in you until you ask yourself why people behave as badly toward you as they do.

If I'm like a lord of God's Love and Jesus is His Prince of peace, then why wouldn't people love me just as I am? Surely, sibling rivalry issues over insufficient love are God's Creation. Surely nothing could be as awful as what my family had to go through in the War and what I had to go through in my family.

There must be a lot more to say when it comes to the topic of love than **rabbis**; ministers, monks, rectors, reverends, parsons, pastors, patriarchs, priests, vicars; clerics and imams - have told us up until now about love.

I think love begins within. Religious leaders are trying to sell something I don't want. I'm not interested in loving anyone other than me. I've taught me how to love myself and I like it. As RuPaul says, "If you can't love yourself, how in the hell are you gonna love somebody else?"

I'm a gay, Jewish genius who can open your imagination to what spiritually oozes out of your penis when you reach orgasm. I'm going to teach you how to embrace your sexual emissions as your best-kept spiritual secret, and how to share that spiritual secret with everyone. I just have to do it like a drop of cold water on a hot skillet. I have to jump around.

[You may already see that he likes to attack topics from many directions. That's the result of years of mental illness

instigated by family, friends and foes, from which he lost his mind and has never been able to fully find it. You'll see that he even has a hard time remaining with one pronoun for very long.]

In all our other books, we made a big deal about differentiating between speaking literally and figuratively. We're not going to do that again. We're going to assume you know what's coming out of your mouth without any help from us. If you don't, you may not be ready for our insights and inspiration. You won't find the patience to put up with those as scattered by mental illness as we are.

In all our other books, we made a big deal about not offending our readers by insisting men can't know what we know without having sucked at least one penis in their life. And since very few men can suck their own penis, that means having to overcome a sexual obstacle with other men that stands in their way.

We also made a big deal about men not having to be inseminated by a Jew to receive the life-giving force in us. But now, even that, is figuratively up for grabs. What we're giving you is like an anal douche. It's going to clean you out inside and prepare you for insemination of ideas you won't be able to bite into, chew on or swallow. They'll be going directly into your blood stream at your other end.

In our literary past, we were careful not to offend our readers with jealousy of our body and envy of our semen. But that's because we didn't have any readers. We still haven't sold any books, and this is our 28th try at it. So, what do we have to lose in going about it this way now?

[We're going back to the first and second-person singular. My relationship with you is no different than my relationship with myself.]

You can't imagine how I used to struggle to construct sentences that wouldn't be misconstrued. I didn't want anyone to misinterpret my intentions or be upset by my language for fear s/he'd conclude the subject of spirituality

is unspeakably foul. Such is the fate of those who wish to love themself. It makes life much more complicated.

If you get confused, upset or insulted by what I have to say, slam this book shut and throw it at a wall. After all, that's what the impediment inside you looks like. Everyone's constructed a wall of ideas they've mortared together with antiquated beliefs. I don't have the strength anymore to care if you don't like what I say. I'm blunt. I'm brusque and I'm uncompromising. If you don't like to see me as I truly am, you're going to have to shoot the messenger. Nothing else will stop me.

If Grandma Moses could make a splash in the world of art at her age, then I'm the Grandpa Moses [me] who can do the same in the literary world with the Book of **Proverbs** from **The Hebrew Testament**. I'm here to tell you that the secret to eternal life lies between your legs.

I'm not interested in being your daddy. I have a boyfriend for hot sex. His name is Will. We've been in a monogamous relationship for 12 years, and I'm consumed with desire for him, alone. I've worked my way out of the psychological chains my parents shackled me with. I'm not interested in getting too close to what men literally sport between their legs, but I'm always up for a discussion about how they figuratively make love to me.

When I was a youngster in the 60's and a young man in the 70's, I wasn't a hippy who endorsed the idea of free love. I didn't fit in with most of my generation when life revolved around matters talked about on the quad in high school. [I didn't have sex until I was 18 and didn't start taking drugs until I was 19. I gave up drugs along with alcohol in 1984, almost 40 years ago.] I wear my hair very short because I'm balding. Will cuts it for me.

So, I'm not privy to the chatter of bartenders, hair stylists, drug dealers and sex partners. I don't know what's

in and what's out. I wear hand-me-down designer underwear that Will is tired of, but mostly because I like the idea of getting in his pants. Shopping isn't a pastime that interests me.

When I hold Will in my arms at night, I have everything I could ask for in life. The Creator of sex has given me just what I deserve. If there is a Heaven, I believe it'll be an eternity of lovemaking with Him or orgies with Them [if you include Jesus and the Holy Spirit]. That's what it means to me that He's a loving God. I certainly don't plan to miss a reward as great as that!

Will and I are in a monogamous relationship. He's a quiet type. I'm the kind of guy that when I die, you'll have to bury my mouth separately. Each voice inside me would just keep talking unless they find a way to shut me up once and for all.

I fantasize about other men, but what Will and I have is so great that I'd never want to change anything about it. I wish I had a more handsome container. But I'm in love with my contents. I've learned to covet what I have.

Everything changes in life over time. Change is inevitable. My body will betray me with death, even if it were to remain loyal to me for a lifetime with excellent health. This is one of many facts of life my father failed to tell me. He died from a bad heart, even every sense of the word.

I can guide the young and innocent away from sexual and spiritual naiveté, But I have no interest in giving up the peace and quiet I enjoy sitting at home writing books about sex and the spiritual facts of life. Either my audience is willing to ponder what I have to say using the written word spoken aloud in print, or our relationship is over before it begins.

If you're hearing my voice[s] inside you by reading these words, I've already penetrated you with my penis. I'm releasing my germ and sperm in your mind where you're going to have to deal with them yourself. My penis has

already penetrated your vagina or anus. I've conquered your innocent heart without even having had to make promises to you I can't keep.

Now, I've made my way into your head, where I have every intention of showing you how to change your mind. I'm going to guide you down out of your head, through your stiff neck and **Adam's** apple to your breastplate. That's as far as you and I are going to go together in this book. I'm not trying to get under your left nipple into your heart or under your right nipple into your soul.

Hope for a peaceful, inner life is all I've got to offer. The optimism most people seek in their external life, I rarely indulge in. I'm a truly hopeful person because God has guided me into my conscience where I've discovered He resides with me.

I've got one foot in San Francisco in the 21st Century and one foot in small town America more than 50 years ago. I'm a gay, Jewish Independent who quotes the Bible to open American minds to the potential for a greater thrill to be found between their legs. That moves me in the direction of the political center when it comes to my undying support for **Israel**.

[Oh! Here he goes again!]

If you already hate him because he's a centrist, **Zionist** and spiritualist who can quote the Bible [in addition to the Kama Sutra, Bhagavat Gita, Dhammapada, the Tao and the Quran], then you've got some prejudices in place that you might like to look at. You'll find all of them dried up and festering in your testicles. They're weakening your spiritual system, leaving you with less power than you may realize.

When he was young, he was too intimidated by denim to wear jeans. He wore bellbottoms, provided they were made of other fabrics. Although he did eventually overcome his fear of **Levis** and long hair, his Jewish curls never gave him

the long, blond look Jesus became renown for throughout Europe.

He's always been what they call a slow learner. He didn't want to look like everyone else. He didn't want to sound like anyone else. And so, you can just imagine what his social life looked like when he was in high school in the 1960's. He really wanted to get laid but was too terrified to tell anyone he was gay. He couldn't even make his way through "normal" conversations with people. People eventually drove him nuts.

His mother was the one who was desperate for him to be popular. In those days, he could already see how much she sacrificed to make herself attractive to men, and he didn't admire her love life. He couldn't imagine meeting the man of his own dreams by bending over backwards to fit in to life as it was for her then.

That said, she met her prince charming before he did. She dumped his father in 1959 when he was six, but didn't get married again until 1976, 17 years later.

Even though his father remarried seven years after his mother divorced him, his father's been dead for almost 30 years. Ironically, he's grown a lot closer to him since he passed. He now sees that his own virtues and vices didn't fall far from the **tree**. There's nothing like old age to make you feel differently about your parents, whether they're alive or deceased.

{Switching to first-person]

Aging is a humbling experience at any age, but I've been humbled by aging for 70 years. There doesn't seem to be any end to my humility and growth. I hope to live a long life and become even more humble and wise by then.

My mother met the second man of her dreams when she was 55. They enjoyed 35 years of marital bliss before he died of Alzheimer's. She died ten years later with such severe dementia that she didn't know who I was. I didn't meet my first boyfriend, Larry until I was 37. We were together for

13 years. I met Will when I was 57, two years before I retired.

Will is the man of my dreams. I've got to confess that it doesn't get much better than this! Our sex life only gets hotter and better. [It's all an inside job…] I'd describe a graph of our relationship as starting at the bottom left and going towards the top right in an unbroken line. It looks like a penis in constant, increasing erection.

[Quick switch to the third person again.]

When he was a teenager, he was envious of Christ's lean body and straight, blond hair. He got His Bright-Blue Eyes, but he's physically more typically Jewish in appearance. He's short and muscular, although he has his mother's fair skin. As a Jew, he's not only jealous of Christ's container. He also envies His contents.

For a Jew, Jesus is the greatest of all forbidden fruit. We're not supposed to like Him. He's the one **rabbi** we're not allowed to read or quote or strive to emulate. And we're certainly not supposed to talk about wanting to have sex with Him, even though He hangs there on the cross almost naked, so fetching and seemingly attainable.

If Jesus is God in the flesh, then He's forbidden fruit that hangs like naked, Black men used to hanged from trees. Such deaths are obscene and offensive. Who, but God, would give mankind such horrible sights to ponder with regard to our struggle for humanity? What a weird world we find ourselves in.

A lot of Jews think Jesus was a gay rabble-rouser and Judas was his lover. Their relationship went south. And we all know how that ended. Larry and Barry didn't get along either. But Barry helped Larry through his AIDS diagnosis as they were breaking up. Barry can't imagine treating one's partner and soulmate as cruelly as Judas treated Jesus.

Life is a rollercoaster. It goes up and down for everyone. You just have to hold on tight. Poor Jesus. By the end, nothing seemed to go well for Him.

Jealousy of God is the ultimate shade of green we're all facing. We see forest green in nature, and we see it in human nature. Why else did we cut down all the trees? For money? To build houses? Well, we're doing better today by preserving our forests.

White men in particular renew their urge to covet their knowledge in myriad, awful ways. They've taken out their frustration on a multitude of peoples and places around the world.

[And I'm back.]

My relationship with Larry [who was also a gay-Jew] went south because he left me for his former boyfriend when he got full-blown AIDS. But I don't hate him anymore for that. And I was only briefly jealous of his boyfriend [Jim].

I was HIV- when Larry and I met in 1990, and I'm still HIV-. But that meant that Larry and I had a very unenviable love life in those days. I think when he realized in 2003 that he was going to die, he went back to Jim [who also had AIDS], so they could both go out with a bang in each other's arms. Sadly, Jim died a few months after Larry and I split up in 2004, and Larry stuck around for another seven years. [Don't ever tell yourself you know what God is planning for you. He has a way of surprising us all. Just remain in your seat buckled in until the ride comes to a complete halt.]

Judas and Jesus obviously didn't have Larry and my problems in life. But neither Larry nor I had to embrace perfection in each other.

Everybody should see himself as a masterpiece in the making. Learning about God's Love indirectly through others is hard for us all. I wouldn't want to sleep with the perfect man night after night, like Judas may have done. I'd go crazy.

Fortunately, Will isn't perfect. But he's HIV-, like me, and we've achieved something pretty exceptional in bed and out. I've learned a lot from him on how to treat him like a family member, not like a stranger. He had a normal family

life growing up. I've learned what it means to have a brother in the spiritual sense of the word.

In my opinion, the intimacy we share is, in part, the result of Will having lost a lung as a child. He went through severe physical pain and suffering that made him sympathetic to other people's pain and suffer. That kind of caring for others isn't common, especially in men.

When I was a young man, all my mother wanted was for me to meet a nice, Jewish guy and settle down. Where she didn't succeed in her first marriage, she put pressure on me to make up for her dashed dreams.

My father just wanted me to take advantage of being White, straight and rich in this society. He only got the third of his wishes to come true. I'm White. Neither of my parents influenced me directly. It was what they'd been through before I was born that had such a powerful effect on me.

I'm not White. No Jew is White. Many of us appear to be White. What bonds us as a people isn't our container. It's our contents. We see life as a school; God as our Teacher; and our presence in class as seniors.

I couldn't have said that or believed it until I started to compare and contrast my grades to others. My gratitude has sharpened my wits. My luck has increased my appreciation of myself. And my thanks to others has improved my insight.

I certainly could never pass as straight or Christian, even though I pass as White. I love men, and it shows. I love Judaism, and I make sure that it shows.

That said, I tried to kill myself three times in my youth. So, I can hardly call myself an exception to the rule when it comes to the stupidity of men. I see most men as suicidal, and I consider homicidal behavior, a suicidal tendency.

Violence in men is ubiquitous, and I'm no exception to that rule. I never would have admitted that I'm as violent as the men you find in prison. But I was figuratively sentenced and incarcerated for more than thirty years before the Warden allowed me to leave and join the human race

I'm not saying I hooked up with Larry because he was Jewish to satisfy my mother and to please my father since Larry became rich over time. But it certainly didn't displease either of them.

Larry owned a market research company. I suppose if I'd really wanted to knock my Jewish parents' socks off, I'd have looked around for a Jewish doctor. My sister married a Jewish lawyer, and my parents were pleased as punch about that. Too bad my sister divorced my brother-in-law after 27 years when she discovered he'd forged her signature to get a house loan to cover his failing business ventures. You'd think that, as a lawyer, he'd have known that's against the law.

Why do parents even bother to have children? Why don't they just buy a mirror instead? You'd think that people could just look at their reflection in the mirror and tell themself what they want out of life. There's no good reason to conceive children just to make us do for our parents what they wouldn't do for themselves.

Will says that parents should honor their children, not make their children honor them. I've come to believe that I've got to honor myself. I can't love or honor others if I haven't loved and honored me.

I've never been well liked although I always dreamed of having a lot of friends. People don't see me as warm and fuzzy. My mother always wanted me to be popular because she wasn't.

My father always wanted me to be rich because his family in Lithuania had been rich. But he never learned from them how to make money. And I certainly got no instruction from him how to, either. He was a deadbeat dad. He didn't even pay his child support. How rich do you have to be to help the mother of your children financially raise them?

Since I'm average in looks now that age has robbed me of my greatest embellishment [youth], people aren't drawn

to me for any reason they can see. I'd be easy to overlook in a crowd. I don't look rich. I don't act rich. My riches lie within me. If you don't discover through my words that I feel like a Rothchild inside, you wouldn't know what Jewish inner wealth looks like.

I guess you've already diagnosed me as suffering from multiple personality disorder. My mind goes in and out of all the nominative case pronouns when I think. I'm not just scattered. I'm shattered. My heart was crushed and fragmented into little pieces. Each little piece of my heart now has a voice of its own. They correspond to the seven pronouns: I, you, he, she, we, you, they.

I used to think of myself as an "it," but I've recovered from that. Now my body is it, and my spirit answers to the seven pronouns listed above. I'm many persons in an object making my way on a journey from start [birth] to finish [death].

My father died of heart disease, although he made it to the age of 84. His bad heart caused him pain, not just suffering. I think I'm lucky because I had to discover my emotions. I didn't even know that they emanated out of my heart until after I reached puberty.

I see how people tenderize their heart by pounding it with feelings for others that they wouldn't think of feeling for themself. I see how they soak themself in a sour solution of anger to which they add the bitter salts of disappointment and regret just to marinade their heart until it can absorb a modicum of sympathy for strangers.

I, too, used that recipe to tenderize myself. I had pity on some. But I had a bigger soft-spot in my heart for people who'd been through what I'd been through in life.

I can look at a man and feel sorry for what he and I have in common. I can't look down on him from the summit of the mountain I've climbed and smile knowingly inside that we're both getting just what we deserve from God, our Teacher. We're here to learn. I don't regret the cynicism,

sarcasm and sardonic sense of humor I've attained from discovering that I have to be very suspicious of others if I want to express my self-love realistically.

I have been assigned many roles in life. The roles of son, brother and dear friend are the most prominent. But I've been used by my sister, abused by my parents and confused by my close friends.

I still have sympathy for them. But now I better understand my role as teacher for the Principal in this school. In becoming a wise man, I've had to become a wise woman as well. I've had to look at life from a woman's perspective because I was created half-woman.

I'm not a rabble-rouser like Jesus. I'm a **Babel**-rouser. My issue is with towers to power men claim will get them from here to Heaven. My issue is with penises and how to use them more effectively to change the mind of man.

I think Jesus was much more soft-hearted than I ever will be. I think He understood His role as Teaching Assistant to our Teacher. Every **rabbi** and religious representative of God's Word is here to help us develop our relationship with God, whether we think of Him as our T.A., Teacher, Administrator or Principal in this school.

Jesus was a T.A in this school. The archangel Gabriel was an Administrator. The Principal hired them to teach us His syllabus which requires us to be familiar with His Words in three of His Books. **Moses** and Muhammad were outstanding students who graduated with honors in their day.

Jesus must have been a magnificent orator. He didn't appear to suffer stage fright in the least. The man was fearless when He spoke about the facts of **Israeli** life to His devoted fans. He could tell it like it is when it came to the Aramaic rendition of the **Hebrew** language that our ancestors so abused by not fully understanding what they were really saying to one another. We have the same problems of translation today from English to **Hebrew**.

I'd be terrified if people booed me if I told thousands of them out loud what I'm really thinking. Don't put me on a stage and ask me to tell [Black, White, Brown and Asian] men what I really think of what they're doing with what they've got between their legs. If you want the truth out of me, it's only going to ooze out of my fingertips onto my keyboard like ten penises all cuming one with the other. Typing is my idea of daisy chain.

I don't prefer the poor to the rich or the rich to the poor. I think they both have a lot they need to learn. And judging a man by his race is like judging a book by its cover. I'm more interested in a man's story than his appearance. But if his story includes prejudice against gays and/or Jews, I'm not foolish or suicidal anymore. Gays and Jews are the most peaceful people on the planet. Hating us is a sign that you hate God. He created us in His Image. Our roles in this school set a higher standard than straight men and non-Jews are living up to.

I don't want to confront people in person. But I don't mind revealing my opinions on paper. I guess I could always blame my shyness on my parents. My father was a rage-a-holic, and my mother was so secretive about her feelings that she didn't even reveal many of them to herself. She was extremely critical and disapproving of almost everybody, but especially her children.

I'm an apple from the Big Apple that did a huge hop-step-and-a-jump as far as I could from those two parental **trees** of flesh who created me. I'm not my parents. I don't want to do to others what my parents did to me.

I'm a typical Independent. I resonate with everyone from my breastplate, the center of the forces within me. If I don't like what I see, I ask our Teacher to explain it to me before I open my mouth or wag my index finger.

Because of my shyness, I could never be a performer. I was deluded into thinking I could have been a ballet dancer. I don't want the 15 minutes of celebrity promised by Andy

Warhol. I want an eternity of fame. I'm going for the big prize – eternal orgasms with God almighty and anyone who chooses to know me in the biblical sense once I graduate from this school for fools.

I know. I know. I'm not Jewish enough and much too gay. There's no hope of St. Peter opening that golden gate into Heaven to one such as me. But it's always nice to fantasize.

At one time, I thought about converting to Islam to make my way into Paradise instead, but that doesn't look any likelier than getting into Heaven. I couldn't even get through a Muslim country alive nowadays with the words gay-Jew practically scrawled across my forehead. So, what's a gurly guy like me to do with the penis and testicles God gave him?

I tend to think that in Christian Heaven, I'll find gay men flying about with clothes on that expose their muscular arms and angelic wings, while in Muslim Paradise, straight men will be walking around naked with billions of ex-virgins wandering about aimlessly, not knowing what to do without their hymen.

When I was young, I preferred the idea of Muslim Paradise because I dreamed of getting 70 male, Muslim virgins there. But as I've aged with sexual experience, I'm becoming more enamored of going to Christian Heaven where I can conceal my naked body from angels' probing eyes.

I'm sure ministers, monks, rectors, reverends, parsons, pastors, patriarchs, priests, vicars, imams and clerics all have good explanations for their assumptions about the afterlife. But to tell you frankly, I wouldn't believe a one of them. And just because **rabbis** don't comment on the topic of life-after-life, don't think for a New York minute [one second] I'd believe any of them in that regard, either.

There are no guarantees, even if you come out of your head, heart, soul and penis and into your conscience making it your guide. The Teacher in this school for fools has taken

me to such odd places in my dreams that I can never be sure what's coming next. Life is a mystery from one moment to the next.

I just know that although I can't know what I don't know, I can make certain assumptions about what I do know. I know I know a lot about what's going on inside of me that other people don't know. I know I feel more and more superior to others as I age. I know I keep more and more of my opinions to myself. And I know that I'm far less masochistic than ever before.

As you can see, I seem to have a pretty good idea who I am and what I've done wrong in the past. But what I'll do next is up for grabs. I'm just a bunch of nominative case pronouns trying to make sense of one another's presence inside me.

The only question I've had to ask myself since I've totally given up on being "normal" is whether I'm a narcissist. But I've come to the conclusion that I'm not. I'd never allow myself to succumb to a condition named for someone else.

[Take a deep breath. Your first impressions of him are over. That wasn't too intense; now was it?]

Who do you think you are?

You're the type of guy or gal who'd love to star in a one wo/man play. You'd love to let all the voices inside you out on stage for all the world to see and hear.

You may not be the kind of person who finds it easy to express your feelings out loud, but you would if you had a good director who'd draw out the passion in you. You might even consider putting on a variety of hats and caps to make being you on stage more fun.

You're not the type of person who walks into a room in the middle of a discussion thinking you'll add to the conversation despite not knowing what was said before. You wouldn't try to squeeze a word in edgewise as someone rants and raves about his relationship to God and man. You're too polite and kind-hearted for that.

But once you'll be able to say that you fully understand the main metaphor of **Moses** that underlines all of **Torah**; the two symbols Jesus created out of His body and blood; and the 114 similes of the Prophet Muhammad – I'm sure you'll have a lot to say about your preferred scripture or the safe distance you keep from them all.

For the moment, I anticipate you'll want to "curb your enthusiasm." You wouldn't be averse to learning how to draw God into helping you deal better with your life, but you're willing to let me tell my story about His Story my way. [That said, you're not so strait-laced that you wouldn't steal any line you liked out from under me.]

If you're a man, you'll have to decide whether your penis has gotten you where you've wanted to go without having recharged your testicles along the way. If you're a woman, you can easily translate this topic into clitoris and ovary issues.

Once I rehydrate those prunes you have now into plums, you'll be amazed when you'll suddenly be able to deliver the

power needed to keep your delivery device [penis] erect and hard, regardless of what turns you on.

If you happen to have read any of my other books, you already know I was twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions. You know all the gory details about how I tried to kill myself, once with an overdose of aspirin, once by driving my car over a cliff and once by eating a mushroom from my neighbor's yard. You know about my problems with drugs, alcohol and penis envy. And you accept me [ne – admire me] for how I've made my way to my own rendition of sanity without giving away my dignity to all the zombies out there who are lurching forward day after day without a clue to the spiritual meaning in what they're gleaning spiritually just by staying alive.

You know you've got psychological problems, too. You sometimes feel you hate yourself. You know you've got sociological problems, as well. You sometimes feel you hate everyone else. This makes you my kind of guy or gal. You've already got a lot in common with someone as crazy as me.

The trick to getting through psychological problems lies with the [almost universal] notion that there's only one God. God adds up everything you're doing right, before He moves forward into the next moment in time. You should know by now that every encounter has been planned just for you. Everything is a lesson folded into a test to better you. The way for you to increase your spiritual worth is for you to do the littlest of things to help raise your g.p.a. every minute of every day.

In my pursuit to help you help yourself so that your [sex] life will improve substantially, I recommend you agree to anything you tell yourself about how you feel, without doing anything to change those feelings. If you're angry at others, commend yourself for it. If you're sad for them, admire yourself for feeling that way. Whatever you're feeling, validate it. Just don't act on any of your feelings!

What you'll find over time is that you've been your own worst enemy just by having struggled against your feelings. Give yourself credit for all that you feel. All feelings come from the heart. If you experience something emotional, consider that a good force to express within you.

The next step will be based on what to do about how you feel [heart] in relationship to what you think [head]; what you want [penis]; and what you believe [soul] to be the right action to take.

I can't help you change your thoughts, feelings and beliefs. But I can help you get what you want [penis] in the figurative sense of the word. If you can give up your fascination with the external world, I can help you become joyful. Happy people get what they want externally. Joyful people get what they want internally. Of course, getting both is the best. But if you begin by pursuing joy, you'll become a lot happier.

We'll come back to the topic of psychology later. I've said enough for now about the importance of feeling everything in order to get your wants met from within.

Now I'll take a moment to discuss sociology. If you add up all the good that all the people in the world do every moment of every day, you may see why tomorrow looks so ominous. A lot of people aren't contributing to making this world a better place for everyone.

Whether you look at your psychological problems or the world's sociological problems, you'll begin to see why God has given you the headaches and rewards you've got to advance internally and to help us all advance externally.

God wants to make you the best person you can be, inside [for yourself] and out [for others]. And He's willing to use carrots and sticks to do so. If you don't like the pain and/or suffering you're going through, welcome to the club. I don't either. If you think you deserve more carrots, you're in the right place. I do, too.

If you think you can look at other people and measure their happiness by their money, power and prestige, you're very mistaken. Their bottom line has nothing to do with money. It has to do with honey.

The land of **milk and honey** [**Israel**] is only a very small piece of the whole planet. The real land of **milk** [love] and **honey** [wisdom] lies within us. If you want happiness, you're going to have to work with God to get it.

If you like sex, then having sex with yourself ought to be the greatest form of pleasure and reward of all. Sadly, it's not. Loving yourself isn't nearly as much fun as loving others. But so long as nobody gets screwed over, theoretically, it's all supposed to turn out for the best.

Fortunately, Jews, Christians and Muslims all believe in the same God, so that should make it easy for you since you probably come from one of these three faiths. You should be able to agree about how you can work together with God to achieve a land of **milk** and **honey** from within with every other member of the Abrahamic faiths. All it takes to do that is a good, firm penis and two well-rehydrated testicles.

Who did our parents think they were?

The 5th **Commandment** is to honor our father and mother. And I certainly did honor my parents till the day they died. My problem was that I believed I needed to love them. That's where I went wrong.

You don't have to love the parents God gave you. You don't even have to love Jesus. You only have to honor Them. If you haven't read the red words of the Bible, I suggest you do. Jesus had a lot of good things to say. They were all about the self-love He produced that He then gave to His Father.

If you tried to love Jesus as Judas did, you, too, would have come away with a penis problem. You, too, would wonder why God gave Jesus so much, and you, so little by comparison. You'd covet what He got. You'd fight with strangers over how little you have [religious rivalry]. You'd fight with family over how little you got from your parents [sibling rivalry].

God's Love, unlike the religious and sibling rivalry that comes from lack of parental love, can always be further examined until you realize that your idea of what love is and what love does, has its limits.

We never get to see Jesus' penis and testicles on the cross. You'd think that if the Romans wanted to humiliate Him, they'd have ripped off that rag around His waist to expose His junk for all to see.

I know I've always wondered what He looked like nude. Haven't you? I've even tried to imagine what His jism looked like. Was it rainbow colored? That's of far more interest to me than His blood.

Once you give up loving everyone instead of yourself, you'll be well on your way to turning your life into a masterpiece. You'll be able to use your body [container] and blood [contents] as Jesus used His. You'll be able to fill yourself with self-love and give some of that love to others in the form of honor and respect – including God. That's

what the concept of religious symbolism [love] was always for.

Because sex with God was much less of a taboo for me than sex with my parents, I was drawn to explore scripture with an urge for intimacy with God in mind. What greater forbidden fruit could I explore than sexual intimacy with my Creator?

Torah begins the topic of the mystery of penises by advocating Jewish men be **circumcised**. But sadly, **Torah** doesn't tell us anything we need to know about foreskins. And there are a lot of men with foreskins out there. I can attest to that!

Whether you've got a penis with a foreskin or without, you're going to have to go through pain and suffering in life. But the degree to which you'll have to do so will be related to your wants [-] and desires [+], whether you can successfully conceal the urges that emanate out of your testicles with a foreskin on your penis, or whether the head of your penis is fully exposed due to **circumcision**.

Having a foreskin doesn't do anything to conceal your innate urges [+/–]. When you touch yourself in that one special way, you only focus on what you've got, not on what you're missing.

Life is a mystery in which you're going to have to lose some things to gain others. And the mystery of how that will work out lies in in your hand[s] and God's Hands. And you can never know how His Hands will guide yours. So, it's worth considering that "He's got the whole world in His Hands." Your hands lie in His.

God uses pain and suffering to improve us all. If you'd like to complain to me that you're having to deal with more physical pain and emotional suffering than you think you should have to bear – I say to you that your penis has everything to do with what you're going through. The penis is the organ that represents the delivery device of the best

within you. So, look between your legs for answers to the happiness quotient in your life.

I'm not going to argue with you about what you literally have and what you figuratively have. But there's always those shriveled up testicles I mentioned.

The evil [-] in men that can only be turned into strength by making mistakes, acknowledging them, apologizing for them and making amends.

And don't be fooled by all the good [+] in you. If the good in you isn't turning into love, think about what you're missing? What good is the good in you if it doesn't turn into love?

If you don't think your testicles look like prunes that can be rehydrated with self-redemption, you and I aren't looking at what's between your legs the same way. I suggest you take a second look. I'll bet I've been scrutinizing my genitals for a lot longer than you have.

Men are capable of goodness that can grow into love and evil that can grow into strength. The combination of the two in each one of us produces the wisdom in the soupy semen that comes out of the mouth of our penis [**serpent**] that then converses with the feelings in our heart [**Eve**] when we ejaculate.

The story of **Adam and Eve** isn't about two people who lived in a garden. In **Hebrew**, it's a play on words. It's about man [**adam**: every man] in relationship to life [**chava**: life, which can also be translated as a woman called **Eve**]. There's a woman in **The Creation Story**. But that story is also a metaphor that explains that man must struggle to live by learning about his guilty conscience.

If you don't like the thought of being guilty, join the club. I didn't either. But learning overcomes guilt with new behaviors that teach us to interface with others better to get what we want.

As a man lives out his life through his understanding of the main metaphor of **Moses**, he discovers the consequences

of his urges [**serpent**] conspiring with his feelings [**Eve**], to the detriment of his thoughts [**Adam**]. This gets him in trouble with his beliefs [God]. But this produces the motivation that leads men to grow and change as the result of guilt through the redemptive process that strengthens their conscience. This is the basics of the spiritual operating system. This is how your conscience slowly becomes a better guide.

Don't screw guilt! There are three aspects of guilt: embarrassment, shame and humiliation. You need them all. Good sex will take care of a great deal of your guilt. I'll explain:

Moving through embarrassment of my body has been rewarded with modesty. Moving through shame of my character has been rewarded with humility. And moving through humiliation of my relationship to God has been rewarded with grace.

The lessons that arrived with orgasm at puberty signaled the beginning of meaning in my life as an adult member of society. The forces within me [thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs] and the physics forces around me are all in God's Hands.

Therefore, my confrontations with the fruits of good and evil [morality] cause me pain and suffering that I could avoid if I knew how to operate myself like a mature human being who yearns to enjoy the rewards of self-love.

Although I'm always going through pain and suffering, I've learned so much about my guilt that it's all been worthwhile. This school requires sticks, not just carrots. But growing makes it more pleasant to go through guilt to better myself.

In my last book, I mentioned that I'm like **Noah** [**Noah** means comfort in **Hebrew**. I'm a man who seeks comfort through sex.]. I built an ark in puberty in anticipation of the testosterone hormones that were going to rain down on me

from above. Where others drowned in the deluge of adolescence, I sailed through it relatively unscarred. I'd filled my prostate gland with all the animal instincts I saw around me that appealed to me. And I later let them off my ark in young adulthood through sex with exotic men on my travels around the world.

Although I lost my virginity at the age of 18, first to a woman and then to a man, my sex life didn't take off until I moved to **Israel** later that year [1970]. That's when I finally felt I had permission to let the menagerie off my ark two-by-two [x + y]. I enlisted the help of young, **Israeli** soldiers who were eager to feed my grounded animal instincts for me.

The only two creatures I didn't let off my ark were my monkey [father] and parrot [mother]. My body may have been my ark, the vessel in which I'd held all the animal instincts within my hold. But I couldn't convince my monkey and parrot to disembark with all the others.

When every boy reaches the end of childhood and has his first confrontation with the **serpent** in his **tree**, he realizes he's no longer alone in a **garden** with one forbidden **tree** that he's been told to avoid on penalty of death. He's now growing in an orchard of **trees** similar to his. He's become a man among men to achieve his life's work.

We start out as a spiritual infant in a **garden** until we're biologically allowed to touch our **tree** in a way that elicits "words" that emanate out of our **serpent's** mouth.

Soon after, we realize we're now in an orchard of billions of **trees** just like our own. As we age, we find ourself lost in a forest of erroneous notions and ideas. These are the first spiritual impressions of life for us all.

I'll lead you out of your head, through your stiff neck and into your soul [which is located to the right of your breastplate], through the garden, orchard and forest within you to imagine the meadow in your conscience where your relationship with God creates a harmony like no other.

My mother was the parrot in my **tree**. She was a bird who taught me to parrot back to her everything she knew by heart. The only problem was that she wasn't in touch with her heart, so she didn't know what she knew about what she felt.

And because of that, I didn't know what I knew about how I felt, either. I didn't know how prejudiced I was against certain individuals, groups of people with certain physical characteristics and even about nations that hold beliefs about God that are different than mine.

My mother and I were like two parrots, parroting what we'd learned and then unconsciously agreeing with one another. This made for an amazingly intimate relationship, albeit one that was devoid of conscious awareness of what we each had and what we were missing.

My mother believed she had the right to do some things wrong because of how much she'd suffered during the War, and I unconsciously agreed with that. She cheated on her taxes. [She didn't believe in contributing financially to society.]

She lied about her past to get sympathy. [She told people her Jewish mother had died in the War, when her mother survived Theresienstadt concentration camp and died nine months after the War in Munich.]

She also omitted to tell anyone that her father had been a Catholic. [She was ashamed of being of mixed religions: Jewish and Christian.]

These were her "little" white lies. They were her way of retelling her tale to White people in a way that ingratiated them more to her than the way things really had been. And I did the same when I moved to Europe by putting on a British accent and retelling my story in a way that pleased me more. I reinterpreted my reality by embellishing it with my vivid

imagination. I wove a very tangled web thinking it wouldn't come back to haunt me.

Once you realize you were raised by a parrot, it's very easy to believe you've earned your wings and don't have to "lower" yourself to the rules that good people have agreed to follow. Once you see yourself as a chick hatched by a bird, you'll say some things without bothering to take them to heart.

If you watch parrots "speaking," you know what I mean. That's what a lot of people sound like when they open their mouth. There's no connection between what they say and what they believe.

This breaking of the 7th, 8th and 9th **Commandments** [cheating, stealing and lying] leads everyone astray, as it did my mother and me. It may prove to be an albatross around your feathery neck, too.

My father was the monkey in my **tree**. He played the piano and the violin on my body when I was a kid, tickling me all over with fingers that were like steel after he'd **slaved** away for nine months for the Nazis in Dachau before it was liberated by the Americans.

From these numbers he performed on my body as though I was a musical instrument, I was liberated with laughter when I was child. I came to love the sensations my body could elicit. When I grew up, I became playful in bed with men. I wasn't inhibited by sexual expression. If anything, I felt enlivened by it. I found sex to be more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

You'll find four monkeys inside every man. Three of them are See-no-evil, Hear-no-evil and Speak-no-evil.

It's easy for men to close their eyes to evil. They just turn and look the other way. It's harder for men to avoid listening to evil, but that can always be done with denial. But speaking evil is actually quite commonplace. That's the monkey that eventually reveals the presence of the other two.

The fourth money is Smell no evil. I realized that there was an undefinable way to make my way through reality with my nose. The nose knows. Intuition is real. It's like a smell that can't be seen or heard.

My father was a monkey who didn't know why God made him inside and out as a Jew. He almost died just because he was a Jew with a **circumcised** penis in a land full of White Christian men with foreskins.

But I could see that he was missing knowledge about himself I needed in order to know about how to be a Jew in this world if I wanted to stay alive. He didn't know about the power in his Jewish nose or **circumcised** penis.

That information would have been especially handy when it came to surviving as a gay man in this world. Sadly, my father told me nothing I could relate to about being a Jew that would have helped me be a better gay man. I had to figure out the meaning of life by myself.

If you think of the Star of David as comprised of two arrows, one pointing up to God  and one pointing down to the earth , then my father pointed me up and my mother pointed me down. I was a combination of the two of them.

"Up" means male and good. Down means female and evil. These directions indicate the direction of the good that leads to love and the evil that makes us stronger. Jews are good and strong because we've combined up and down symbolically through the Star of David.

I'm not a misogynist because I embrace the feminine side of myself. I'm not a homophobe because I embrace sex with the masculine side of myself. I'm not an antisemite because I use **The Hebrew Testament** in conjunction with all God's other scriptures. I'm not an anti-**Zionist** because I use **Israel** to advance my knowledge of **milk** and **honey**. I'm not a racist because I don't judge my contents by my container. And I'm not a xenophobe because I've made such a good friend of the stranger within that I married him.

Harvey Milk, the great gay revolutionary, was a gay Jew. He told us to come out of the closet. The **aron** [**Hebrew**: closet] is also the **ark** of **Noah**, the **basket** that **Moses** went down the Nile in and the **Ark of the Covenant** that the **Israelites** carried The Ten Commandments from God in while on the **Exodus**. For us to come out of our closet is the greatest instruction since Muhammad was visited by the Jewish archangel, Gabriel.

If you associate your moral direction with your gender or sexuality, you're going to be beguiled by the **serpent** in your **tree**. And you're going to start swinging from the branches of that **tree** like a monkey and eat the **fruits** of that **tree** like someone starving in their desire to survive the urban jungle.

What everyone wants is very different from what everyone deserves. Moral matters depend on what you earn, not what you think you should be given. The lessons in this school are harder than they may, at first, appear.

Morality may be something you began to learn about from your parents, but they were only your first tutors in this school. There's far more that you've learned about good and evil on your own than you ever learned while living under your parents' roof.

You graduated Eden [elementary school] with your first orgasm. And now you're a full-fledged student in the school of life learning your lessons directly with the Teacher and indirectly through other. Until you graduate your studies here and move on, you're going to have to figure out the figurative meaning of the **serpent** in your **tree** and the **fruits** he seems to know so much about.

I was a triangle with a monkey in it  and a triangle with a parrot in it  . And in the place where the two triangles of the Star of David intersected in me  , I was a combination of a monkey and a parrot that I needed to come to understand.

My parents divorced one another and never again tried to understand each another after they failed so miserably at marriage. Their job was passed down to me.

The Jews initiated **circumcision**. The Christians offered an easier, softer way to access God through baptism, by not having to go through **circumcision** and the dietary laws that were [once] sacrosanct to all the Jews.

The Muslims reinitiated **circumcision** for inclusion in their religion, as well as the dietary laws of halal, which are similar to, but not exactly the same as, the laws of **kashrut**.

To believe in one God nowadays, you can be endowed with a foreskin, or not. You can eat whatever you want, and you can sleep with whomever you want.

The traditionalists in all three of the Abrahamic religions may criticize you for not doing what they do, based on their

beliefs. But the spiritually inclined will do what they want to do. Every man on the planet should believe that to be a good human being he has to figuratively stand up like a Jew, kneel down like a Christian and prostrate himself on the ground like a Muslim when praying. These religious positions must be achieved internally, whether or not you feel like praying in those ways externally. They're moral positions we move through in our mind.

How to access the universal man in you

A triangle is made of three points in space that are connected by line segments. An isosceles triangle is made up of three points and line segments that are equidistant from one another.

Judaism, Christianity and Islam are the three points of one of the isosceles triangles that make up the Star of David. Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism are the three points that make up the other. These six world faiths are spiritually interconnected in this way. Indigenism, the seventh world faith, is the place you come from in your mind to perceive the other six.

Every Jew, Christian and Muslim is capable of seeing himself as a child of God, even if each faith has a different name for Him. We all had a father who was like an arrow pointing up, and we all had a mother who was like an arrow pointing down. The symbol of the Star of David universalizes the concept of the child in us all.

The cross universalizes the concept of pain which takes us morally up-and-down. Suffering takes us from the past [one side] to the future [the other]. Each of us is crucified on the cross of pain and suffering in our own unique way for the sake of learning, and each of us must go through pain and suffering to the best of our ability to understand the symbolism of being like the bread and wine Jesus described the night before he was murdered.

Our body is like bread. Our virtues are like wine. Each of us is a spirit [wine] in a vehicle [bread] on a journey Home to God. Now that you know why Jesus died on the cross and why you're being crucified with pain and suffering, too, you can get off your cross. You can dignify your experiences with self-love to make your learning experience in this school more memorable and meaningful.

Each of us is also like the star and waning crescent moon of Islam. Each of us is losing our light like a waning moon. Yet that light is merely a reflection of a greater Light that comes from a greater Source, just as the moon's light is a reflection of the sun's.

On the journey of our life, we wax [+], and then we wane [-]. We have the equivalent of one month before we disappear entirely.

The Jews gave us a moral calendar that's made up of seven days. The Christians gave us a moral calendar that's made up of four seasons. And the Muslims gave us a moral calendar that's made up of one month.

God is like the sun, and each of is like the Islamic star that burns constant. Each of us has a view of the universe that surpasses our earthly view of the moon and the stars. Each of us has a view of our inner universe of light and darkness that brings meaning to all our experiences here on Earth.

Therefore, each of us has two worlds, a world around us [crescent moon] and a world within us [a hopeful, five-pointed star that never points down]. To understand both our worlds and God's Place in them, we must explore the meaning of the pronoun "me" [the spirit within us] and "myself" [the body we're encased in. The concept of "I" is the convergence of the two. When I talk to me about myself, I prefer to include God in my conversation. I don't want Him to feel left out or rejected. I certainly know how that feels.

To understand the journey of life in these three Abrahamic ways makes it possible for us to go beyond good-and-evil [Judaism] and right-and-wrong [Christianity] to achieve knowledge of better-and-worse [Islam]. This is what turns goodness into love [**milk**] and evil into strength [**honey**].

For a child to create arrows out of two intersecting, isosceles triangles that point north, northeast, southeast,

south, southwest and northwest, s/he has to understand how God thinks metaphorically, symbolically and comparatively. S/he has to know Him from His Head [Judaism], not just from His Heart [Christianity] or from His Soul [Islam].

Looking directly at the past [due west] or the future [due east] is impossible when looking at a Star of David or a five-pointed Islamic star. Neither of these stars point in those two directions.

We all subjectively associate what was ◀ and what will be ▶ with how we view ourself from within. This makes an objective view of time impossible. And this makes an objective view of ourself a supreme challenge. We must do the best we can to work with God to understand His Plan for each of us alone as we moved through the eternal present that we're all a part of.

The two triangles of the Star of David produce six arrows which correspond to the six world scriptures chronologically listed on the face of a clock as:

12:00	Hinduism	1,800 BCE
2:00	Judaism	1,400 BCE
4:00	Buddhism	500 BCE
6:00	Taoism	200 BCE
8:00	Christianity	0 CE
10:00	Islam	700 CE

With these correspondences in place, it's possible to understand yourself as the child of a father {12:00, 4:00 and 8:00 o'clock] ▲ and a mother [10:00, 2:00 and 6:00 o'clock]. ▼. This makes you a spiritualist and citizen of the world, not just a consumer of things or religious concepts. This image should make it easier for you to see how these six faiths are encased in time.

Another way of looking at the world God gave us is through five faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism along

with the indigenism that those belief systems came out of. Doing so, will create psychological and sociological ramifications in seeing your faith as a part of God's Greater Plan.

To know yourself as a combination of inner forces and outer forces created by God makes it possible to relate the body you were given to the image of God that we're all made in. We're all indigenists who can see ourselves as students in a school discovering the truth about our Teacher's Image:

1,800 BCE	Navel	Hinduism
1,400 BCE	Head	Judaism
500 BCE	Penis	Buddhism
200 BCE	Backbone	Taoism
0 CE	Heart	Christianity
700 CE	Soul	Islam

This is like the blind men who touched the Elephant working together to understand what they "saw."

To come from your navel [Hinduism], you must contemplate the meaning of having been given a mother. You must come to understand that your physical separation from her left you with a scar on your belly as well as a unique, psychological scar, whether you were given a scar on your penis where your foreskin was, or not.

Man is an [x + y]. Woman is an [x + x]. We got our gender [x or y] from our father. But what we got from our mother I call our "z factor." It literally looks like a navel, but it figuratively unites us all as the children of women who raised us to survive infancy, childhood and adolescence.

To come from your head [Judaism], you must understand the main metaphor of **Moses** which underlies all of **Torah**. Every man [**Adam**] has a heart [**Eve**] that colludes with the "words" that cum out of his penis [**serpent**], thus making him a **tree** forbidden to know the power of good and evil

that emanates out of his two **fruits** [testicles] until puberty reveals his inner world to him for the first time with ejaculation. Orgasm ends childhood and the time of life when a boy was "forbidden" [hormonally] from behaving like a man.

This mosaic metaphor describes the beginning of the life of an adult male, so different from the life of a boy. This makes **Torah** a scripture for adults, and not children. Our understanding of orgasm changed our view of everything, especially our understanding of the relationship of Abraham to the inhabitants of Sodom. Screwing men over is evil, but making love to a man is not.

How could a loving God ever hate you for having sex with a member of your own gender? Morality should never be associated with masturbation, fellatio or anal intercourse. Morality should only be associated with how you treat people unjustly.

The **serpent** told **Eve** "God knows that when you eat from it [the forbidden **tree**], your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil." [**Genesis** 3:4]

God has forbidden us from doing many things so that we learn morality by ourself about ourself, and then teach that knowledge to others. It's not forbidden to make your own decisions, even if they contradict old-fashioned, literal interpretations of scripture. So long as you can defend your actions by not hurting yourself or other human beings and can explain your actions with wisdom, love and loyalty, God will approve of your way of life.

Coming from your penis [Buddhism] teaches you how to control your urges. Your wants [-] and desires [+] are forces that figuratively emanate out of your testicles through the mouth of your penis. Your penis is the delivery device [penis] of good [+] and evil [-]. All goodness leads to love.

All evil leads to strength. We need a world populated by people who are good and strong.

Everyone can see that goodness leads to love. But when you make a mistake, correct it, atone for it and promise never to do it again, you become morally stronger. The difficulty in appreciating that evil leads to strength lies in the fact that people don't see themself as a person, no different from all other people. They don't admit their mistakes to themself in their prayers to God. They don't correct their mistakes. They don't atone to themself for them, and they don't promise themself in God's presence not to do it again.

The challenge to see yourself as a human being who must be treated respectfully is achievable, whether or not you believe in God. Your inner forces are real. Your need to control them is real. And your need to see that not controlling them will seriously encumber you is real.

The contrast between the forces within us and the forces around us [nature] must be explored, discussed and promoted, or we'll destroy ourselves. It's no longer just a question of war with one another. Now we're in a war with the planet itself. And all this is the result of being at war within ourself.

If you regret the outcomes of your life, you'll only have yourself to blame. If you admire the outcomes of your life, you'll have yourself to thank. You are the sculptor. You are the clay. The outcome of that awakening lies in your hands. Your thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs are the only chisels you've been given.

Coming from your backbone [Taoism] describes the path of paradox. To know yourself like a Taoist translates to using your nervous system as a spiritual, organizing principle that runs from your head to your hips in the back and from your mouth to two possible outcomes, your urinary and anal tracts, in the front. Exploring yourself sexually front and back isn't forbidden any longer.

Buddhism corresponds to the exploration of our urinary tract that teaches us how to overcome our wants [-] with self-discipline. Taoism corresponds to an exploration of our gastrointestinal [GI] tract with a door that opens in two directions. Going against convention is a necessary part of learning what to cherish and what to expel.

Anal intercourse is still considered to be a taboo in the hyper-religious who use their scripture to enforce sexual uniformity. The LGBTQIA+ community defies sexual conformity and encourages personal exploration of the forces within us.

Coming from your heart [Christianity] describes the path to love. Love is the result of expressing the goodness in you. The more good you do for yourself and others, the more loving you'll become.

Another way of saying this is that the more **milk** you drink, the more you'll understand the gift your mother gave you in infancy. Becoming an inner land of **milk** requires appreciating your mother's contribution to your survival and the foundation of your spiritual structure whether or not those who raised you through infancy were your biological parents.

Some are challenged with physical or mental illnesses to learn the meaning of **milk**. Some are challenged with external problems to learn the meaning of **milk**. The more good you do, the more conscious you'll become of the love [**milk**] you hold inside you.

When you evolve to the point that you can discriminate between good and evil, right and wrong, and better and worse, you can admit that your love [**milk**] has given you a strength that you didn't realize you had inside you. This is called wisdom of the heart.

The 2,000-year-old conflict between Judaism and Christianity mirrors the conflict of the head and heart that began as a separation between **Adam** [head] and **Eve** [heart] that began at puberty in you. That separation was completed

with the murder of **Abel** [heart] by **Cain** [head]. Our thoughts overwhelm our feelings, leading us to pursue strength over goodness.

Those who break the law seek strength, not goodness. But those who twist the law to give them strength do the same.

The 7th **Commandment** is not to commit adultery. The hyper-religious oppose marriage equality to deny the LGBTQIA+ community the right to participate in this **Commandment**. This is the mindset of "separate, but equal." This didn't work with racial discrimination. It's no longer the law in the United States concerning sexual discrimination, either. **Israel**, like most of the world, is hypocritical and backward because of hyper-religious pressure to ignore modern interpretations of scripture.

The Civil War was about rejecting **Leviticus** 25, on how to treat **slaves**. We must reject **Leviticus** 20, the law that requires Jews to kill those Jews who are homosexuals.

Out of **milk** [love] comes such insight into the reason why we're here that we begin to question that which is sweeter than **milk**: **honey**. **Honey** is wisdom. **Honey** is something that surpasses knowledge, whether that's knowledge of the outer world or knowledge of our inner world. **Honey** is the product of a relationship with God that's so profound that we see ourself as a bee, not just as a **tree**. We see ourself as a creation that's so important to the pollination and survival of the botanical world that we're in awe of how God made us in His Image.

Coming from our soul [Islam] is a soulful relationship with ourself, others and God that's built upon all six of the other world faiths. This makes Islam the final word of God.

Balances our feelings [heart] on the left side of our body with our beliefs [soul] on the right side of our body brings us awareness of our breastplate, which is equidistant from the two. This represents our conscience, which in the thoughtful

[Jewish], heartfelt [Christian] and soulful [Islamic] makes it possible for our conscience to become our guide.

Serenity is achieved by harmonizing our thoughts [head] feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] as though they were the aspects of a song: lyrics [Judaism], melody [Christianity] and harmony [Islam]. This produces the arrow pointing these three inner forces up to God that encases our **Adam's** apple. This produces the vehicle of prayer that reaches God's Ear.

When we practice righteousness with ourself we achieve the goodness and strength to do so with others, as well. This is when we become someone who we truly admire. This is when we become someone who God really admires.

Having sex with yourself is a homosexual bond with your gender. Having sex with a person of the opposite gender is a heterosexual bond between two people who are simultaneously having a homosexual bond. You're always having sex with yourself, regardless of the gender of your partner. The self-hatred that is causing all the wars in the world today [and in the past] is the result of the conflicts between the forces within us. As humanity learns to unite these inner forces, peace on Earth will be achieved through serenity from within.

Self-satisfaction draws us toward God with a passion that elucidates the mission He's given each of us which makes it possible to envision eternal intimacy with Him. We're not all given the same mission. We're all given a mission to work with others' missions to achieve His Mission.

When you perceive your action from within in this way, you may yearn for such intimacy with God that there's no other way to describe it other than sexually.

Fantasies folded into reality

Fantasies are manmade interpretations of reality that we think of as self-contrived, but they're really anonymously given to us by God. Fantasies are stories, much like myths, that have been passed down to us to explain aspects of the forces within us that we had no other way of explaining to ourselves in the past.

Humanity broke through our myths about many gods with our greater understanding of one God who created us all. That's now a universal concept, even in Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism. But the truth of there being one God was once held only by the Jews.

Like the myth of many gods, there are a host of fantasies that are still embraced today that are no longer needed. People pursue their fantasies as possible realities in the hopes of becoming better and stronger than they were before.

Many fantasies are sexual. This is because we yearn to unite with ourself, not with a certain type of person. The most typical of fantasies is the virility of those men who are tall, dark and handsome.

These physical attributes correspond to the inner strength that comes when your thoughts, feelings and beliefs unite to produce an inner power that has length, width and depth. This makes it possible to pray to God for help in becoming a strong and loving person.

In women, the most common fantasy is that of a princess. The first woman in **Torah** was Eve, whose name in **Hebrew** means "life." The second was Sarah, whose name means "princess." Transforming your heart from an organ that sustains life to an inner force that connects to our King as a princess, portrays a regal relationship in women that men are still struggling with. Until men see women as princesses in God's Kingdom, men will deny that becoming a prince in God's Eyes can only be achieved by becoming a prince in a woman's eyes.

Both gay and straight people pursue their fantasies in an unconscious effort to unify their intellectual [head], emotional [heart] and spiritual [soul] strengths to face raw reality to learn about God's Truths. Defiance of His Truths leads to oppression of our enemies, suppression of our allies, repression of the forces within us, which leads to the mental condition called depression.

Although most people use their understanding of God in the pursuit of truth, an increasing number of people don't believe in God. Buddhism is the only belief system that doesn't include a Higher Power outside the powers within us. Buddhism corresponds to the force between our legs that is increasing sexual curiosity and liberalism worldwide. The more people feel free to explore the separation of their head [**Adam**] and heart [**Eve**], the more the voice of men's penis [**serpent**] tempts them to do things they wouldn't otherwise do.

You should now be able to see that God doesn't literally reign down thunder and lightning on us in anger for exploring the forces within us. His Methods of teaching us are far more subtle.

This makes knowing ourself in the biblical sense of the word a recreation of **The Creation Story** in which forbidden fruit is permitted, provided we deal with the ensuing guilt responsibly. This then leads us to wanting to know God in the biblical sense of the word.

No one can know what they don't know until they discover what they didn't know by breaking through taboos. **The Creation Story** may appear to be a dour look at the consequence of defying God. And the subsequent story about the outcome of **Cain** and death of **Abel** may be a horrifying look at how death came into our world. But hope is introduced in the rainbow given by God in the third story of **Genesis**, which describes puberty in greater detail as a storm which each of us is prepared for. With faith in the process, we can reach Safe Harbor.

I'm sure you share my disdain of hypocrites who see nothing of value below the waist of the human body, even though our genitals were also created in the image of God. Disdain of our bowel is also a universal reaction. But our nose knows that there's more to be learned when combining what we see, hear and smell, just as there's more to be learned when consciously combining our thoughts, feelings and beliefs.

The hyper-religious are like busts – heads and hearts and souls with a conscience they use to guide others, not themself. They don't dare look below their nipples [heart and soul] for the secrets to the mystery of being authentically real found in their navel, genitals and anus.

The hyper-religious don't see the rainbow shining in the dark that emanates out of their heart, up to their **Adam's** apple and down to their soul. They have no interest in making their way to their breastplate to make their conscience their guide. They'd rather scapegoat gays and Jews. They'd rather destroy **Israel** and keep the LGBTQIA+ community from achieving equal status in matters of love and marriage.

The thought that God may have made the hyper-religious as they are to explore a personal mystery is abhorrent to them. They only want to denounce the sexual mystery of those who dare explore their fantasies for truths mysteriously wrapped by God in temptation.

I don't want to put undue pressure on you to feel guilty if you haven't explored gay sex, especially in light of the tremendous pressure some straight people have put on us. But you get my point. We've got something they'll never approve of. We've achieved a strength through love that they can't fathom.

The road to strength by those who refuse to explore their sexuality leads to corruption. The use of power to oppress gays and/or Jews is abominable. The hyper-religious don't

have the balance of goodness and strength that leads to self-love. The words that emanate out of their **serpent** are askew. This accounts for why our political system swings precariously between the left and right.

In the spirit of revenge against a world that's so superficial that it sometimes disgusts me, I'd like to introduce you to a **Hebrew** word that's common in everyday speech on the streets of Tel Aviv: **dafka** [it rhymes with Kafka]. It means audacious, bold, cheeky, contrary, impudent and with sufficiently outrageous chutzpah to border on vindictive and vengeful.

I have a feeling that deep down inside, you may be as **dafka** as I once was. Learning to row in the same direction as all others on our scull is keeping us adrift at sea. Cooperation begins within. Once the forces within you are working in conjunction with one another, you're going to see how **dafka** you've been toward others. You may think of yourself as a cooperative person, but there's more to be learned about cooperation that can only be accomplished by siding with gays and Jews.

Since gays and Jews are such small minorities, you're going to have to practice cooperation on people like yourself before you'll be given the opportunity to improve through lessons with people who are different than you. We were created by God to challenge you to better yourself. Just imagine what this world would look like without a war against **Israel** and a war against gays? The Democrats and Republicans would have to compete with political platforms that would outdo one another in solving our problems. Cooperation would suddenly become so easy. Palestinians would see how their methods are going against God's Plan for man, which includes gay and Jewish men.

What would be a greater reward than enjoying sex with God? That kind of intimacy is anathema to the religious

masses who only seek sex without the possibility that Mark Twain gave us 150 years ago: “For the truly deserving, Heaven must be an eternal orgasm.”

Let’s work together to denounce those Jews, Christians and Muslims who believe it’s better to kill a man than kiss him. Let’s make waves in the world of words. Let’s wake up those who are sleeping through class by pursuing fantasies.

Life is a school with one Teacher. Come prepared each day having done your homework. Who’s got time for kids who just want to disrupt their classmates or play hooky. There’s a lot of work that needs to be done, and no one can do it all by himself.

The number 18 in **Hebrew** is spiritually associated with life. In the coming chapters, I’ll be giving you 18 fantasies that I’m going to lead you through. You don’t have to kiss a member of your gender to wake up to these projections you may be under. It’s not my agenda to make you feel bad about not having been chosen to be gay or Jewish. Just consider being you enough of a cross to bear.

Jews may think they're White, but White Christians will always think of Jews as mysterious, separate and different from them. Since many of us can pass as White, we should use our appearance to help better ourselves. Those White Christians who wish to morally raise themselves higher will learn to do so from all people of color, not just from Jews. We're a minority whether we look like it, or not. White Christians will eventually attest to the difference God gave others to raise us all higher in His Eyes.

The problem Black people have with Jews lies with those Jews who behave as though they're part of the White Christian religion [privileged]. The world blames us for being fixated on the external world, spoiled and defiant [**dafka**].

But most of us know we're not White Christians, just as most of the gay community know that we'll never become straight. Hitler taught the gays and the Jews that lesson in the last century. And we're always going to teach future generations to celebrate diversity.

Personally, I have a soft spot in my heart for White people, even though I'm only ¼ White myself. I had a Christian grandfather. I celebrate my own diversity.

But I'm just one person. I can't save the world from prejudice. People are going to have to decide for themself how they're going to behave. There are more than enough people pulling on both ends of the tug-o-war of good and evil. Although there certainly are "fine people on both sides," there are also awful people on both sides. And it's your job to decide in which ways you're fine and in which ways you're awful. That's what a conscience is for, not to convert me to your religion or sexuality.

If you just use the color of your skin to determine how good you are, you're a fool. If you just use your mother or father's religion to determine your worth, you're a fool. If

you just determine your worth by whether you prefer to put your penis in a vagina or an anus, you're a fool.

Although Republicans claim to be supporters of **Israel**, they really only support orthodox **Israelis**. They support those Jews who personify the loathsome prejudices of misogynists, racists and homophobes. And just because they don't yet have anything bad to say about the physically and mentally disabled, give them time. They hate us, too.

Although Democrats claim to be supporters of all those who are disenfranchised, underrepresented and marginalized, they only support secular **Israelis**. They only support those Jews who take the side of those who are antisemites and anti-**Zionists**.

The 21st Century has become the battleground of gay verses evil. Jews may have overcome the terror of returning to those days when we were accused of being dilutors of the superior White race, but today we're having to fight the perversity promoted by both sides of the political spectrum.

The men with the penis problems are on both sides of the political spectrum. Most women will tell you that all men are behind them in terms of humanity's spiritual evolution.

Most men are still fruit forbidden unto themselves, bad seeds who want to end this world by removing some of the Jews from it, whether with a bang or a whimper, so they can get to God to receive His Forgiveness. Most men have no intention of making amends for anything they want [-] while here on Earth.

The religious "right" feels threatened by those of us who've passed spiritual puberty and are well on our way through spiritual adulthood. They denounce the spiritual operating system I've described as a hoax, yet they wax poetic about matters of the heart. They revile anybody who isn't orthodox Jewish or White, Protestant Christian. The Protestants and Catholics are presently at war with the Russian orthodox in Ukraine. But before that it was Ireland where they held their religious war. Before that, it was the

Second World War. White Christians can't even make peace with other White Christians. Yet they have myriad fantasies they've created about turning non-Christians into them. Is it any wonder that attendance in churches is so low?

The anti-**Zionism** we see around the world speaks to lessons from our Teacher that are waking us all up to the darkness in the heart of man. Billionaires are scheming with totalitarians simply for financial gain that they hope will lead to more power over the masses. Just look at all the despots who support **Israel** just to trick their religious constituents to follow them blindly.

The sectarian "left" feels threatened by those of us who believe in God. They use words like "love" and "tolerance." But when it comes to **Israel** and Jews who support **Israel**, their gloves come off. They pander to Muslims who want to see **Israel** destroyed.

Democrats would never admit to being antisemites. Republicans would never admit to being racists, misogynists and homophobes. Yet they both point fingers at the other and call them Nazis. Let me tell you, from the view of a gay Jew, that's funny! God works in mysteriously funny ways.

Calling gays perverts and pedophiles is the last line of defense before the religious wrong will have to recognize how backward and childish they are. Calls from the gays for the destruction of **Israel** is the last line of defense in maintaining their animosity to God for having created them gay.

Growing up is hard to do. The religious wrong will eventually cross over into spiritual puberty, fighting and screaming all the while about having to grow up spiritually before they die. The atheists will also cross over into spiritual puberty, fighting and screaming all the while about having to grow up spiritually before they die by admitting there is a God.

The orthodox Jews are in this fight on the side of the religious "right." The gay Jews are in this fight on the side of the atheists.

I'm doing my best not to fight. I'm in class to learn, not to disrupt the learning environment. I use our Teacher to help me by praying for insight. The more I can see about me, the more I can talk about what I see happening around me.

This is the fantasy that consumes **Israel** today. Tel Aviv represents the Democrats and Jerusalem represents the Republicans. And the Muslims don't care what the Democrats or Republicans do. They just want to destroy **Israel** to make God [Allah] happy.

Until **Israel** achieves marriage equality, the world will see her as just one more uncivilized country in a world where 37 countries are civilized enough to treat us as human beings. The Palestinians haven't advanced through misogyny, racism, homophobia and xenophobia. And they certainly haven't made any progress when it comes to advances in overcoming antisemitism and anti-**Zionism**.

The orthodox Jews will use any means at their disposal to maintain their antiquated interpretations of **Torah** no matter how it threatens the world order with a return to the dark ages. They insist on returning us to a world of **pharaohs** and **slaves**. But they hope to put their Jewish **pharaoh** in power so they can become **slavedrivers** over the rest of us. Jesus saw through this nightmare then, and anyone with two eyes open can see through it now.

Fantasy #2

I love boysenberry pie. I've always loved boysenberry pie. When I was a kid, we were poor, so it was a rare treat that I got to have boysenberry pie. It only happened on a few occasions when we ate at a cafeteria.

In case you didn't know it, the boysenberry is a cross between the raspberry [head], the blackberry [heart] and the loganberry [soul].

Spiritualists are like boysenberries. We're like a modern mix of berries that man has produced out of God's Creations.

You might think that the boysenberry is an unholy combination of fruits that should never have been horticulturally created. You might think we're defying God's Intentions and ruining His Plan for man by promoting, let alone eating, manmade fruits like boysenberries.

You might also think that Jews, Christians and Muslims should never be allowed to have sex with one another for fear that their procreations will be monstrous makings of man that God will abhor. But if you look at all the red-haired, green-eyed Arabs who are the descendants of Irish Crusaders and the blond-haired, blue-eyed Jews who are the descendants of 2,000 years of Jews living among and intermarrying with Christians in Europe, you might be willing to give the humble boysenberry a break.

When it comes to identifying Jews from Christians from Muslims nowadays, we've got to use religious symbols around our neck and clothing to separate us. Anyone who lives in a city knows it's virtually impossible to tell a person's religion unless they're White. People of color can belong to any religion. And that includes Asians. Your eyes will deceive you unless you open your mouth to ask a person about his or her beliefs. It's best to open a conversation to discover who they might hate in the name of the God they profess to love.

Many very religious people in all three of the Abrahamic faiths hate Black people. But you aren't going to find that out unless you discover who they don't want to live in their neighborhood. Not in my backyard is a religious prejudice against the poor who are generally of color. The poor are discussed in every religion. Therefore, hating having the poor in your neighborhood is a religious prejudice.

There are millions of Arabs living in **Israel**, but there are hardly a handful of Jews living in Muslim countries. **Israelis** are willing to allow Muslims to live in their country. Muslims aren't willing to allow Jews to live in theirs.

Some people insist that Jews originally come from Europe. They can't explain how Jesus came from ancient **Israel** because they don't know the history of the Jews before or after Jesus. They claim we're thieves who stole the Holy Land out from under Muslims. They refuse to entertain the idea that it was the ancestors of the Christians and Muslims who stole **Israel** out from under us.

Hatred of gays is no different than hatred of the poor and the Jews. God created these differences to challenge us to love ourself. But people don't want to learn about self-love. They only want to express their self-hate by denouncing others.

Orthodox Jewish clothing isn't an obvious sign of homophobia amongst Jews. Granted, most orthodox Jews are homophobes, but not all of them. Orthodox Judaism has a variety of forms, from Haredi [ultra-orthodox], Hasidic [mystical orthodox] to modern orthodox.

Again, it's best to go up to an orthodox Jew and ask him directly his opinion about gay people. If he starts to hem and haw, just smile and walk away. If he gets asked that question enough by friendly spiritualists, he might start to question his beliefs as he embraces life and scripture in the modern age. If you accost him or ridicule him, though, you're only making things worse.

You wouldn't aggravate animals in a zoo. Don't aggravate a religious extremist. Be thankful we have laws in place to separate their antiquated ideas from the rest of us who strive to be open-minded and civilized. That's what it means to live in a democracy where people are allowed to think for themself.

We have plenty of people in law enforcement who are trained to deal with people who are consumed with hate. Respect authority. We need people in power to defend those of us who are both good and strong.

The more isolated the hyper-religious feel, the more they'll begin to see their endorsement of their name for God as an unwelcome scourge on a world that increasingly recognizes one God who created us all. After all, history is His Story. Mystery is my story. And the importance of the intersection of the two holds the spiritual reason why each one of us is here.

The concept of **circumcision** is a Jewish notion that Abraham started with Ishmael and then passed on to Isaac as requested by God [**Genesis** 17]. It's a form of signing onto a covenant [contract] with Him using our penis as our pen.

Granted, **circumcision** didn't catch on in the Middle East until the Prophet Muhammad revealed God's Covenant with Muslims about 2,500 years later, but that doesn't invalidate its importance in making promises to God. **Circumcision** only accentuates the Muslims covenant as a separate contract from that of the Jewish covenant with Him.

It's not like there are three gods with three separate covenants. There's only one God who drew up three contracts, two of which He requested be literally signed with penis blood [**circumcision**], and one covenant which is signed with water [baptism]. [Converts to Judaism who have a foreskin are only asked to draw a drop of blood from it.]

I was **circumcised** when I was eight days old, as is the tradition in Judaism. Jewish males go through one week of life learning about the six metaphoric days of creation described in **Genesis** 1. Then we're signed onto our promise to God.

Granted, there are Jews who don't make any promises to God. But there are Jews who can't keep promises they make to their spouse, their boss or their country, either.

But this is a universal problem that Jews, Christians and Muslims have all addressed through covenants with God, whether or not they keep their word to others. This is addressed in the 7th **Commandment** [adultery]. Breaking your promise to your spouse is only one indication that you can't keep your word. There are many. Once your word isn't good, stealing [#8], lying [#9] and coveting [#10] come soon after.

Needless to say, I wasn't asked if I wanted to sign on to a promise to God with **circumcision**. And I've had

reservations ever since because my parents signed me up without my consent. If I'd been asked, I doubt I would have chosen to go through that pain. It was, after all, just a week after I was born. I think I would have chosen to wait a while before I went through another physical challenge in life. Just getting used to having a belly button rather than a direct link to my mother was, itself, a lot for me to endure at the time.

Many Muslim boys are now being **circumcised** in infancy, although I understand that it used to be more common to ask them to agree to sign on to God's Covenant with Islam anytime in childhood before puberty. [Ishmael was **circumcised** at the age of 13.]

I've spoken a lot about the meaning of puberty in all my previous books. So, I'm not going to bore you with a repetition of those details. Suffice it to say that the Jewish rite of **Bar** or **Bat Mitzvah** is a ritual at the age of 13 that corresponds to orgasm in boys and menstruation in girls that separates adolescents from children.

If I were in charge of Judaism [no single **rabbi** or **Israeli** politician is in charge of our faith], I'd probably wait until puberty to ask a Jewish youngster to sign on to our covenant with God. I'd kill two birds with one stone [**circumcision** and the **Bar Mitzvah**]. It seems like a no-brainer to me to link them together.

If you disagree with me about that, I can certainly understand your point of view. I'd be happy to wait with **circumcision** until a Jew's wedding day after the age of 13. That might even be better. That would slow down the honeymoon process by including the pain and suffering a virgin girl goes through when she loses her hymen along with her husband's **circumcision**. If the newlywed couple were both in pain between their legs, it might bond them to one another in a more meaningful way that might lead to a more enduring emotional relationship for the rest of their life.

Of course, some men might want to postpone **circumcision** until after they've completed their family plans altogether. There might be men who choose to wait to get **circumcised** until middle age. After all, that's the time of life that's already been set aside for calamities. What better time to experience a midlife crisis than with the removal of your foreskin?

I, for one, am old and retired. I look back on middle age fondly. I've got nothing to do now but write books, review my life and contemplate getting lonelier from losses, illness and impendent death. I'm sure there are many my age who see their doctor more than they ever did before. They might choose to get **circumcised** once they retire. What better time to tell God you've lived a good long life and have, at last achieved the experience to choose to sign on to His Covenant after having done everything you wanted in life before ending your golden years?

That said, some may still wish to postpone **circumcision** out of an abundance of caution. How many men get grumpy in old age? How many decide that nothing is worthwhile once they've given up their career? This book is going to discuss The Book of Ecclesiastes [**Ketuvim**]. It's about vanity, the uselessness of everything. **Circumcising** them in old age wouldn't help matters. It might only make things worse.

Perhaps it would be better to wait until they're on their deathbed. They're just about to leave by then. What better time to sign on to a promise to God then when you've got one foot already out the door? That would make **circumcision** a sign of a commitment to the afterlife with God rather than with those in this world.

Who keeps all his promises in life anyway? You might as well avoid making promises you can't keep until you're almost dead. That way nobody will be able to accuse you of breaking your word.

That said, why not avoid the pain of **circumcision** altogether by asking your mortician to **circumcise** you once you've left your body? Doesn't that seem the most logical? No pain and yet plenty still to gain.

I can't get any lazier than that when it comes to dealing with my penis problems.

Fantasy #4

For some, life is a fairy tale told by fairies [gay men]. We enchant the world with our magical views of people, places and things. Every story ends happily ever after when told by fairy godmothers like me.

If you're not like a fairy in some respects, you're just going to have to watch us carefully as we perform our magic for the world, and then you do your best to copy us thereafter.

Fairies don't kill people. Fairies don't hate people. Fairies don't even lie about being fairies unless we're terribly threatened by demons. We're naturally cooperative and helpful. And we're naturally cheerful and upbeat unless straight people insist on making us miserable.

Straight men who've never slept with a man are nothing more than frogs living in an underworld kingdom. Many of them don't even realize they need to be transformed into princes. Kissing their lips isn't possible for us. And kissing their ass isn't going to help anyone.

When Larry had AIDS, he suffered from lymphoma that he wouldn't go to a doctor to have treated. He asked me to kiss the lumps on his neck, shoulder and arm. I suppose he wanted me to give him the love and attention he couldn't give himself.

It's not that I regret that I did what he asked. It just didn't help our deteriorating relationship, and it certainly did nothing to eradicate his cancer.

If a man doesn't learn about his own innate power by turning himself from a frog into a prince, he won't believe in God and the power He's given him. He'll end up like a fairy without the wings needed to fly out of God's underworld. He'll make a fool of himself hopping clumsily about from one lily pad to another on the ground or spending his life submerged underwater until he finally croaks.

If a straight man thinks some woman is going to come along to transform him for him, he's deluding himself. Straight women don't have the power to do that. And lesbians sure as hell aren't going to waste their magical powers in that way.

A few princesses have kissed frogs, so there are some fellows out there who we can see are a prince of a guy in one woman's eye. It's not like the straight world is devoid of good examples.

I, myself, was a princess until my mother died two years ago. It was then that I was transformed into a queen.

Needless to say, I was too smart to ever run after frogs to try to convince them to let me kiss them. I had better things to do with my magic when I was a princess in my mother's queendom. Granted, I kissed a lot of fairies in my day, but never a frog. And I have no intention of starting now that I'm a queen in God's Kingdom.

Obviously, the best kept secret to turning a frog into a prince is for the frog to kiss himself. A frog should choose to love, honor and obey himself until he's ready to marry himself for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until death overtakes him. He should tell himself that if he wants to keep it, he'd better put a ring on it.

When I married myself, I was 56 years old. I was single at the time, but once I was happily married to me, Will soon showed up out of the blue. I don't blame Will for wanting to live with me in sin rather than marry me. He doesn't want me to commit spiritual bigamy. But who doesn't find a man married to himself attractive?

Marrying myself was the secret to how I filled myself with joy, albeit late in life. You should try marrying yourself. As with masturbation, you don't have to look your best.

I talked about this in my other books, but I didn't use the words "frog" and "prince" and "ring" until now. It was only in my last book that I even brought up the topic of monkeys

[fathers] and parrots [mothers]. Everything in life must be revealed in stages. Figurative speech is needed to do so.

I'm sure you always suspected that the monkey and parrot who raised you revealed far too little to you about the facts of life. So, I certainly don't blame you for what you don't know. But it's never too late to learn.

Clearly, life is harder than it looks given how little any of us were properly prepared for it. But now that you've broken through many of life's fantasies, I hope you'll listen a lot more to fairies [princesses] and fairy godmothers [queens] and a lot less to frogs. It's no poetic mystery why frogs are green and slimy.

Fantasy #5

Will and I have a good sex life. In fact, I often comment about it after we're through making love because I always expected sex with the same person to get dull and mechanical over time.

But our sex life has never been better. We're in a monogamous relationship. They say, "once burned, twice shy." But I'm not worried Will would stab me in the back like Larry did. Will's a lot more trustworthy than Larry. They say that boys will be boys. Will and I are men, not boys.

Will has told me honestly and often how he feels about me. He's told me that he likes me. He says he and I are in a like affair. And if you look at most marriages where the couple would swear on a stack of Bibles that they love each other, you can see that they sometimes don't much like one another.

Perhaps that's the unspoken difference between a frog and a princess in comparison to two fairies. If the frog doesn't learn how to kiss himself and the princess doesn't earn her mother's crown to become a queen, the two of them are only going to fall into the chivalrous relationship of love created around the time of the Norman conquest of England in 1066 – now almost a thousand years out of date.

Women need to grow up, too. That's what it means for a princess to receive your mother's crown. We need a world where every prince earns both his parents' crowns. And we need the same for every princess.

My secret to a happy, monogamous relationship between two fairies has to do with liking my guy, not loving him. I've had to learn to love myself. God knows I need all the love I can give me! I can't give God my love if I haven't first given it to me. Liking Will is the overflow of all the love in my cup. The saucer of my cup is first for him.

If you dedicate your life to filling your container with love, as Jesus suggested, you'll find that what spills over when you're full is honor, respect and thankfulness to others for putting up with someone as fatally flawed as you.

Will likes me, and I can't tell you how wonderful that makes me feel. I'm simply giddy with delight that I found someone who really likes me. We're soulmates. We're buddies. We're friends with benefits. We do almost everything together.

What I've noticed over the years is that I'm not as focused on him as I was when our relationship was new. I've started to take him for granted. And that's not O.K. with me. But I can now see how undervaluing him is a reflection of undervaluing myself.

I don't want that to continue. I can see how my masochistic attitude diminishes my opinion of me, which then diminishes my opinion of him. The more I question how my negative thoughts emanate out from my family of origin, the more I can stop myself from hurting either of us.

Ours is a colorful match made in Heaven. We live the rainbow flag. We don't just wave it. We're inclusive and supportive. Because I want Will to like me more, I love myself more each day.

Fantasy #6

I wasn't popular in high school. I sat alone. In junior high, I sat with the nerds and smiled a lot. I didn't want to contradict them, but I could see by their emotional demeanor that they were already getting excited about girls. By high school I lost them as friends completely.

Gym class was the most exciting time of the day for me, not because I could play ball, but because I could take one picture after another with my mind of my peers naked in the locker room. Then I'd go home and review the rolls of film I had in my imagination and dream about what I'd like to do with each of those boys if I got the chance.

Yet, I was sexually slow to develop. My mind was churning like a twister when it came to sex. And my feelings [heart] and urges [penis] were on fire just like every other boy my age. But I didn't learn how to masturbate until I was 16, and even that, I learned to do from a sex manual my father sent me, not from my peers. I didn't have my first sexual experience until I was 18 and had graduated high school.

Being gay didn't make it any easier for me to lose my virginity. In fact, it complicated matters considerably. But that was the 1960's. The younger generation has since opened doors where there were brick walls before. It's so much easier now. Social media has blown up the quad on the high school campus to the size of the planet. Kids are learning about sex in ways that weren't available to my generation.

When I was an adolescent, the thought of having sex in the same city my mother lived in made me itch all over. I had to leave home and move to **Israel**, 10,000 miles away from L.A. to feel comfortable enough to take off my clothes and enjoy the feeling of being naked in the presence of a man. That's pretty far to go just to get laid.

Today, sex is easy to get, although information on safe sex and contraception for men and women isn't nearly discussed enough.

Thanks to the wet blanket God wrapped around me in my youth, I didn't succumb to AIDS. But I also didn't get laid as much as I would have liked.

Today, I look at my boyfriend like boysenberry pie that I want to cover with whipped cream. I'm lucky in that my sweet tooth has been satisfied with one man.

All I really ever wanted was a boyfriend and a happy home life. I wasn't looking for kicks. I just wanted to live a normal life with someone I could say was sweet and special to me.

A lot of young men today just want to have a good time. They want to have fun. I never wanted to have a good time, and I've always hated the word "fun." I always dreamed of a normal, gay life with a normal, gay guy. That wasn't too much to ask for, so I dared God to make it come true.

If you haven't lived your life by applying the main metaphor of **Moses**, the two symbols of Jesus and the 114 similes of the Prophet Muhammad to everything you do, it's going to be hard to figure out how to operate the body you got. You'll get caught up in one of the dogmas of the three Abrahamic faiths. It'll be hard to strive for the intimacy with God needed to discuss your fantasies with Him for insight into who you are and what you want.

I had to learn how to use figurative speech to talk to myself honestly [head], sincerely [heart] and authentically [soul] if I wanted to develop a better relationship with my penis. I had to make my way through religious dogma to find the kind of love I wanted all for me.

If you don't develop your own communication style with yourself within yourself, you may break down like a car on a highway. You may find yourself by the side of the road watching others zoom by. And I can already tell you that the number of mechanics [psychiatrists, counselors, coaches and

analysts] who fancy themselves grease monkeys who'll raise your hood and correctly diagnose what's wrong – are few and far between.

So, let's spend a few minutes discussing "Auto-Mechanics 101," so you can at least figure out why you're not running properly, even if you can't exactly tell why you're overheating and breaking down occasionally:

The seven colors of the rainbow correspond to the seven emotions you must come to know to understand how your heart operates.

God made His First Covenant with humanity in the story of **Noah and the Ark**. After **The Creation Story**, which is all about a boy's first wet dream, God gave the Jews the story about **Cain and Abel** [the ensuing struggle between the head [**Cain**] and heart [**Abel**] before He solved that problem with a rainbow for **Noah** as a sign of His Promise never to flood anybody with adolescent hormones a second time.

That promise is based on the seven colors of the rainbow:

Red	Rage
Orange	Agony
Yellow	Terror
Green	Coveting [jealousy and envy]
Blue	Grief
Indigo	Mystery or madness
Violet	Ecstasy and orgasm

Needless to say, society has done everything it can to convince you that the rainbow that shines in the darkness of your heart is pastel, not jewel toned. But it's not. The emotions you have the capacity to experience are far richer and deeper. In my case, I found that this became especially true in older age.

To know the feelings you should be having, and to be able to compare them to the feelings you're experiencing, will tell you a lot about yourself. It'll tell you:

1. How oppressed your parents were by society
2. How suppressed you were by them.
3. How much you've tried to repress yourself.
4. Which will explain why you're depressed and depressing to others at times.

I hope you have a good safe trip on your adventure down the highway of life today. I hope your vehicle doesn't break down. And I certainly hope you don't get into any accidents.

But if you should find yourself behind the wheel worried about how that vehicle of yours is performing, whether you think of it as a sports car, a yacht or an airplane, you might like to also think about how many other men aren't honest with themselves about how they feel.

Therefore, they're unknowingly insincere with each other, and they have no idea how inauthentic they come across. Men are often seen as a mess inside. And they don't even know it because they're not only out of touch with the feelings in their heart. They're out of touch with the urges [+/-] in their penis.

I no longer try to convince others how sympathetic I am to their plight in life, when the truth is that I can all only express empathy over the things I've been through myself.

I appreciate sympathy, but I prefer empathy. Sadly, very few people are murderers who tried to kill themselves three times. They can't empathize with me. Therefore, I try to understand the unique position I hold in this world in the way that I've expressed my violence. I've had to examine my self-hatred more deeply than most. I've had to put more effort into loving myself than most. Consequently, I've come to understand God's Participation in the unfolding mystery of my life.

When I got out of my head and heart to see how I was truly behaving, I saw how difficult it is to be authentic with myself, not just with others. I saw how disappointed I was because of my naïveté when it came to managing the forces within me. That's when I saw how much I wanted others to like me.

I'd love Palestinians to like me. I'd love homophobes to like me. I'd love my family to like me. But the reality is that they're all deeply disapproving of me.

I've come to see that antisemites, anti-**Zionists**, racists, homophobes, misogynists, misandrists and xenophobes are enrolled in classes in the school of life to overcome their prejudices. I can't do that inner work for them. I'm not the Teacher, His T.A. or an administrator in His School.

I'm just a student trying to pass my own classes. I'm trying to create a transcript that will give me the feeling that I'll be able to transfer from this school to my next destination with honors.

Unfortunately, I didn't like me. In my effort to get others to like me and me to love me, I discovered that society promotes me loving others at a cost of disliking myself.

I had to change my wants [-] and desires [+] to change how I felt about me. Money became a lot less important, and compromise with others became a lot more important. This made me feel more soulful, but I still wasn't sure whether my conscience could guide me if I leaned too far to one side or the other. I don't see the political right or left as good enough. I think the answers I seek lie at the center.

That said, I'm not compromising when it comes to antisemitism, anti-**Zionism**, racism, homophobia, misogyny, misandry or xenophobia. All these issues exist in **Israel**. All these issues come out of **Leviticus** 20. Until men admit that they're half woman, and start behaving more like women, the sticks will continue to rain down on us all. Carrots are only for **rabbi**-ts.

If I wanted to be guided by empathy as well as sympathy, I had to make my way from my right side to my center. The constant swings from left [heartful] to right [soulful] weren't doing me any good.

Just being able to tell people that I've never been through what they're going through releases me from a tremendous pressure I didn't realize I was under. Being honest and sincere by expressing the limits of my experiences has opened me to a whole new way of viewing my relationship with myself, others and even with God. That's why I know that the roles I've been playing in society have had to change.

It's easy to imagine other people's physical pain and emotional suffering, but it's only possible to feel it if I've been through what they're going through. I was shocked to discover that people lie about what they've been through in order to gain pity. I'm no longer so gullible that I believe what people say in an effort to manipulate my imagination to gain my sympathy.

Liars know how much I yearn to be popular. They know how to confuse loving my brother in the biblical sense with liking myself. I prefer to love myself and like my brother. If my brother doesn't behave well, I only have to dislike his behavior. I don't have to worry about loving him.

In the end, I always come back to the story of **Cain and Abel**. **Cain** would have killed God if he could have, not just **Abel**. When I look at how people treat others, but especially gays and Jews, I can see how hell-bent they are on killing God, not just us.

Fantasy #7

A big, black, uncircumcised penis isn't the greatest delivery device of goodness, love and thrills in life. It ain't a bad thing either, mind you. But do you really need the biggest and best of anything?

The most common of all penis problems is the idea that having been given a small penis is a curse from God. Who decided a small penis is a disadvantage? When I was lonely and horny and desperate for love, I would have given anything to have a man with a small penis in bed to adore. A good, small penis on a great, gay guy would have been a blessing from Heaven.

When I wanted the biggest and best of everything, I was compensating for something I was missing inside. Surely, when God gave me the penis I got, there was no mistake about it. He knew what He was doing. If I don't look at all of my body as a blessing and a curse, a reward and a punishment, I'm not looking at myself realistically.

I don't have to like all of me physically. But I do have to like all of me spiritually. If I find that I've made a mistake, whether to myself or others, I need to make amends for that. Not having made amends with me for the mistakes I made with myself was self-indulgent. I had to stop indulging myself with excuses, defenses and justifications. My anger and disappointment with myself is real. I now deal with it directly.

When I was young, I dealt with my negative feelings through dance. I thought I danced to express myself through my body. In truth, I danced to relieve myself of unwanted emotional negativity that built up in my body.

I'm here to learn as much as I can about myself. I decided to start with the container God gave me before I began to cry bitter tears over all the things I didn't have, lost or had stolen out from under me.

My penis is an amazing spiritual gift. I shouldn't have waited to discover how to use it spiritually after I learned how to use it to cum. Spiritual ignorance of myself consumed me until I got out of my head, heart and soul and made my way down to the lower half of my body. A kid on the cusp of puberty could learn about the mystery and majesty of cuming from a spiritual perspective if his father could tell him more about himself.

My father wasn't in my life, so I didn't have a man to guide me through this process. I had to get behind the wheel of my vehicle [body] without proper instruction. It's no wonder I crashed and burned in my twenties and had to be institutionalized.

I think that men who turn violent just want someone to tell them the secret to how they operate. Hurting others is their way of expressing the frustration they're having with being themself. If someone had explained to them how they operate before life got so complicated with hormones at puberty, they wouldn't get violent and angry [red]. They wouldn't agonize [orange] over everything by having panic attacks [yellow] when things don't turn out their way. They wouldn't be jealous over other men's body or envious of their contents [green]. They wouldn't avoid disappointment, regret and grief [blue] with depression. And even if they did get depressed [that inner sense of gray when all feelings go away], they'd know how to look under the hood to tinker with their engine to rev themself up.

This is what "Auto-Mechanics 101" is all about. This is the story of the grease monkey our father should have been for us. Just because I tried to kill myself and not others, doesn't mean that I wasn't a typical, violent male. We can now see that most terrorists are also suicidal.

If they knew how to operate themself on the inside, men wouldn't have the problems they've got on the outside. Then, the problems others have with them would be something that could be addressed with sorrow [blue] rather

than rage [red]. Emotional intelligence [E.Q] could be better addressed with empathy, not sympathy.

The **Israeli**/Palestinian issue is a lesson from our Teacher on how to operate our vehicle in the modern age. This lesson builds upon the previous lessons given in **The Hebrew Testament**, The Christian Testament and The Quran. But unless you combine these three previous lessons, you're not going to be able to get out of your head [Judaism], heart [Christianity] and soul [Islam] to make your way to your conscience. You're not going to be able to personalize scripture to adapt it to today.

The problems in the Middle East are a magnified version of the problems worldwide, as well as the problems within each one of us. People who hate their thoughts, hate Judaism. People who hate their feelings hate Christianity. People who hate their beliefs hate Islam. And people who are confused hate Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism.

The projection of self-hate onto the world's faiths is ubiquitous. Everyone does it. And the way that we do it can be seen in the antisemitism, anti-**Zionism**, racism, homophobia, misogyny, misandry and xenophobia that's all around us.

Don't discount a man with a small penis. God gave each of us what He wanted us to struggle with. The color of your skin; the parents you got; the circumstances of your upbringing – these are all personal challenges that'll become more meaningful to you once you know how to operate yourself as four forces [thoughts {head}, feelings {heart}, urges {penis} and beliefs {soul}] interfacing with one another with God as your Witness.

If you can't separate the functions of your head, heart, and penis from the beliefs that influence your operating system, what the hell are your eyes, ears, nose, mouth, navel and anus going to mean to you? You have all those holes in you for a reason. You're as good as dead while still walking

the Earth if you don't contemplate on why you are the way you are.

Despots and gangsters ought to think long and hard about the penis they got from their father, and what they're doing with it. It's about time every man starts to think a lot more with the head of his penis! It's his wants [-] and his desires [+] that are doing him in.

Desire [+] to love and like yourself. Loving your brothers and sisters is a waste of valuable time. Sibling rivalry doesn't just exist in families. It exists in our religious upbringing, too. If there wasn't enough love coming from your parents, then you and your siblings are fighting with each other over what you didn't get at home. Just imagine how consumed people then become over God's Love.

Cain wanted to kill God, not just **Abel**. **Cain** was consumed with his assumption that God didn't love him. God is like a teacher. He grades our efforts. If they're not up to His Expectations, we get a low score. But that doesn't mean that He doesn't love us. It simply means that we need to question our efforts. If you increase your efforts in school, you see an improvement in your grades.

Stop blaming our Teacher. Stop blaming your classmates. You don't have to have a personal relationship with the Teacher or your classmates. You can work on yourself and improve your behavior. That will improve your attitude. That will help you like yourself. When you see improvements around you, that will help you love yourself. It's all an inside job. Don't try to work from the outside out. All success in life comes from the inside in.

Fantasy #8

I bought a pendulum clock when I first moved to Amsterdam in 1973. It must have been almost three feet tall. I lived in an attic apartment where I hung it above eye level on one of the walls.

My "antique" clock was only made to look old. But it made me feel like I was living in a chateau, not a five-story walk up to a room with a metal pole sticking out above the window to hoist furniture up.

I fell in love with my clock when I saw it in a collectible shop that offered dreams for sale to the bourgeois. I decided I couldn't live without it. But to this day I can't say why. It must have satisfied a deep middleclass urge in me to fit in, be comfortable and dream about being a leader, not a follower.

On a later trip to Paris, I bought an umbrella from a quaint, little shop that only sold handmade umbrellas and canes. It cost me over $100, and at the time, a huge sum of money for me.

I still don't know why I needed that umbrella, either. I suppose I was preparing for a deluge in a gallant, English gentlemanly sort of way. But the downpour I anticipated was mental illness. My handmade umbrella couldn't save me from insanity. And my antique clock couldn't give me control over time.

I suspect that these luxury items made me feel better about myself in the way that a band aid protects a wound. They concealed an inner injury I was suffering from. I felt lacerated by puberty and out of control over time and space.

I was always a middleclass materialist. But now that I'm literally a millionaire [not that that's means much these days], I look at my things differently. I have a quieter appreciation of every single thing in my life.

Some people hate rich people. But if they were rich, they'd discover they really hate themself. Being rich isn't a

problem. Being rich solves the problems of bodily needs. It's being rich on the inside where there's a fortune that's waiting to be made that's the problem. People don't know how to enrich themself spiritually because their parents didn't know how to, either. And the institutions of religion are equally clueless.

Now that I have so much more to lose, I've had the luxury and challenge of turning myself from a materialist into a spiritualist. Now it's my being that matters to me even more than my possessions. My possessions merely mirror my relationship to myself. They don't substitute for it anymore. Now my body is my number one possession. Now I'm the object of all my desires [+].

When I drove my car off a cliff, both the clock and the umbrella were in the trunk. In fact, all my possessions were in the trunk of my car that day, and everything I owned was destroyed as the car rolled over and over down the cliff into the gulley below.

The clock ended up in splinters, and the umbrella did, too. Time as I knew it ended for me, poetically speaking. My deluge of self-disgust drowned me in a reign of self-terror that lasted decades.

I just wanted to own something traditional. I just wanted to be conservative and balanced in my view of all things. But I was lying through my teeth about my feelings for me. I couldn't admit I was a prisoner of time who was sentenced to a cell of solitude. I couldn't admit I was always crying inside, flooding myself with silent sobs. God may have finally stopped the testosterone from flooding me as it had when I'd been an adolescent, but the reign of terror and tears in my twenties seemed never ending.

Those lessons of life are now behind me. My material losses point to a spiritual gain. I don't regret the loss of those things because now I value something more than my things.

The Palestinians are still consumed with the losses of their grandparents and great-grandparents. They're fighting

for something that was never theirs in the first place. God gave **Israel** to the Jews. The Christians and Muslims have been fighting over **Israel** for millennia. It's time for Middle Eastern men to make peace with their penis. Their wants [-] and desires [+] have to change. Their relationship to God has to change. Their relationship to themself has to change.

I now know I wanted to take all my possessions to my grave with me that quiet, Sunday morning in 1976 – but I survived that suicide attempt. My possessions were crushed, but my body was not. I had to go on without my stuff. And that's what I can now say has left me with a Mona Lisa smile, rather than a resting bitch face.

Fantasy #9

When I was six years old, my half-sister got married in New Jersey where her fiancé was originally from. After the wedding, my mother took my younger sister and me by train to Chicago. She told my father she was going to visit her cousin, but from there she continued on to California. She left him. She was never again going back to winters in Buffalo, NY or the icy relationship she had with my father.

I was the ring bearer at my half-sister's wedding [although the best man had the rings in his pocket. I only carried an empty pillow down the aisle.] My younger sister was the flower girl. There was apple cider served in a crystal, punch bowl. I'd never tasted anything so wonderful. For years, I thought that was what they meant by nectar of the gods!

While we were in Chicago, a policeman on the street smiled at me. He was the first stranger to give me the feeling that I mattered. He held position, power and prestige in my eyes. He wore a uniform! And as lowly as I thought I was, he acknowledged my presence as a card-carrying member of the human race.

My father didn't believe that my mother was really leaving him. But once she achieved residency after a year in California, she served him with divorce papers. Then he decided it might be a good idea to come to try to mend fences.

It didn't work. All his tears and histrionics failed. He went back to New York a defeated man. What the Nazis hadn't succeed in taking from him [his two kids from his first marriage], his German-Jewish wife did – his second set of kids.

I'm not six years old anymore. I sometimes feel like I've reached the spiritual age of nine or ten! When I have to deal with the police, I use a smile to express my respect and

appreciation for their efforts to serve the public. But now I feel an odd mix of admiration and fear.

I don't know anything personal about the complications of policing in America. I've never witnessed the iron fist of law enforcement first-hand. And I wouldn't want to find out. I've heard they're filled with all sorts of prejudices, fears and resentments, just like the rest of us.

Authority is something I've had to internalize. My violent tendencies had to be curbed. My prejudice against my penis had to be dealt with. My attitude of superiority had to be handled. My attitude of inferiority also had to be managed. My feelings of sadism and masochism about having to be me had to be addressed. And my spiritual need to graduate the school of life with honors had to become the main focus of my life.

I can see that very few people have done what I've done. I can see that I carry myself with an aura of such admiration and strength that others have no idea where I've come from and who I've become.

I had to get through my feelings of loneliness and alienation to experience the feeling of serenity. Serenity doesn't last for long, but I know it when I feel it. It's an amazing sensation and feeling mixed with thoughts. It makes me feel like I just got back from Heaven.

Fantasy #10

How do you find the father [male] side of yourself if your father died when you were very young; or if he was imprisoned and couldn't watch you grow up; or you come from a broken home?

My father figuratively died in concentration camp when they made him a **slave** to the Nazi regime. He was later imprisoned by the American army for stealing after the War. And because my parents divorced when I was six, I grew up in a broken home without a father to help me become a man.

My father had come to America on vacation before the War, so he spoke English. He only went back to Lithuania because his family insisted when tensions in Europe rose because Hitler started rattling his sword. After the Second World War ended and he discovered that all his family had been murdered by the Nazis, my father got a job as translator for the American military forces in Germany.

But he bit the hand that fed him by using American, military vehicles to transport food from the farms into the big cities. He appropriated army property to advance black-market deals.

If your father, like mine, was both a victim and a perpetrator, I'm sure he became a confusing role model for you, too. You surely had trouble discerning right from wrong until you learned to father the inner child in yourself.

Becoming a father unto me wasn't easy because I didn't have a role model to show me how to do it. And the father I did have didn't offer me a long list of virtues to choose from that I found meaningful in becoming who I am.

You may not yet even know how to respond to the feeling of victimhood. You may react to it by perpetrating evil on someone else, instead. You may not know why you sometimes feel like a Daniel safe among a lion in your den, and why, at other times, you feel like someone being ripped to shreds by a wild beast for no reason.

Becoming a man is hard for men who've been given poor instructions from their father in how to do so. If you don't know about the simple, four forces within you [thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs], how will you understand how these dynamics play out in other good men – let alone find your place of honor in a man's world?

Another way of putting this into question form would be, "How can I own my penis and testicles if my father hasn't given me permission to do so?"

No man wants to think that his genitals lie in his father's hands. Criminals and despots don't know that their genitals still lie in their father's hands. It drives them crazy to prove themself with external power rather than inner strength. Talk about penis problems! How would you like to imagine your father squeezing your balls to force you go left or right? The thought is utterly appalling.

Just imagine how such feelings, urges and beliefs affect those in high and low positions of society. Breaking the law is one way criminals prove that their urges [wants and desires] are in their own hands.

The San Francisco Bay Bridge was supposed to cost $250M. It ended up costing $6.5B, 2,500% over budget. When people who consider themselves "good" find ways of massaging your testicles to elicit the release of the honey you hold inside, you know that "bad" people are doing that, and worse.

Once a man understands the depth of the first three stories of **Genesis**:

Adam and Eve	Man and life
Cain and Abel	The domination of our feelings
Noah and the Ark	Our vessel filled with animal instincts

… the question arises, "Which animals are still onboard his boat: a pig, dog, rat, weasel, cow, chicken, turkey, sloth or **snake**?"

I not only had to look inside the hull of my **ark** to see what's living there. I've had to look inside others' hulls, too. I was so naïve growing up. I knew so little about men because I knew nothing about scripture except what I learned from men who merely parroted what they'd heard from others.

Man is made up of an x chromosome he got from his mother and a y chromosome he got from his father. He's half male, half female.

Every man's mother was like a parrot. His father was like a monkey. If he thinks that every man is all monkey and no parrot, he's deluded. Men parrot back to one another what they tell each other without realizing that their gossiping nature comes from the conflict between the male and female sides of himself.

Men don't want to admit that they're just like parrots in some of the worst ways. Women are learning to look at themselves more critically, but they're not yet willing to look at how much they resemble monkeys.

It's a modern age. We live in a time when we need to use our scriptures to advance our understanding of God's Prior Messages to our ancestors. Just getting our feathers ruffled or becoming a grease monkey for a living isn't going to teach us what we need to know in this very complex day and age we live in.

Fantasy #11

Money is the abstract concept in the external world that corresponds to safety and security. Without money, there's no way you can assure yourself that your body is going to be well protected from harm.

But money isn't enough. We all need **honey** as well as money. **Honey** corresponds to semen. **Eretz shel chalav ve dvash** [the land of **milk** and **honey**] is the place within each one of us that's filled with mother's **milk** [love] and father's **honey** [wisdom].

Each of us is an **Israel** [**Hebrew**: struggle with God] unto ourself. We're a combination of our father and mother. We're the triangle pointing up to God [father] and the triangle pointing down to the Earth [mother]. We're a child of two parents, and we're a child of God. And that's true, whether you're Jewish, Christian, Muslim, gay or straight.

The Star of David isn't just the symbol of Judaism. It's the symbol for you, an adult who's both a father and mother to the child within you.

The more you see yourself as the embodiment of an inner **Israel** [struggle with God] which was created by God, the more you'll understand the part you've been given to play in the unfolding of the human race to the finish line [death].

All your interactions with men have been to help you understand the meaning of honey [**dvash**] You were never searching for the meaning of mother's love [**chalav**]. Mother's love is everywhere around you. Mother's love is ubiquitous and easy to see. All your interactions with those closest to you are like mother's milk.

Your father's wisdom isn't as obvious. It's hidden in your language, culture and national characteristics. If you've been looking for your father's **honey**, open yourself to the world around you. Look at those nations that are doing their utmost to make peace with the United States and **Israel**. These are the nations that embody wisdom today.

Fantasy #12

God touches me with His Foreskin. It makes me jump out of my skin. It reminds me of the holes God put in my body and the holes that came immediately after I entered the external world [my navel and **circumcised** penis].

What I really would like to be touched by is my own foreskin, but that's something that only God can do because I've sported a scar from **circumcision** for such a very long time.

If God would touch me in a way that makes me feel like the head of my penis was being touched by my own foreskin, I'd feel an intimacy with Him and with His Penis [**Serpent**] that would be universal. It would give me an experience I could relate to all men, not just to **circumcised** men.

Enjoying the foreskin of a man if you're gay and Jewish, or gay and Muslim, or gay and a **circumcised** Christian is a way of exploring jealousy. That guy's got something we don't have. He can do something to conceal a part of himself that we can't.

Just think how we could hide our wants [-] and desires [+] if we could hide the head of our delivery device in a cave of flesh behind a wrinkled door that spreads apart magically when an uncircumcised man's penis has the urge to declare, "Open ses-a-me!"

Jews and Muslims project the opening of their foreskin onto cave doors, anuses and all sorts of projectiles that move out of an encasement.

The foreskin you have or the foreskin you're missing isn't reason enough to embrace God or your fellow man. The head of his penis holds a magical mystery that unites us as men whether or not we believe in God. Why fight over something God gave us that elicits a joy as great as orgasm?

Don't just think about what you think about. Think about what you sense. That will make it easier to think about what you feel.

Think with your penis. You don't think nearly enough about how you're led by your sensations. No wonder so many men are afraid to feel their feelings. Deep down inside they know that their feelings are stirred up by their sensations. They don't want to fall in love with sex. They want to fall in love with love.

Men know that falling in love with a dog won't cause them to want to have sex with a dog. They know that falling in love with a man or a woman, will.

The solution to this fear is falling in love with yourself. The more you love yourself, the more you can control the emotions you give to others.

To do so successfully, you're going to have to at least like yourself. You're going to have to like how you treat yourself. You're going to have to like how you treat others.

The only way to like yourself so much that come to love yourself is by making your conscience your guide. But you've got to commit to becoming a much better person to do so.

Fantasy #13

Fear of erection is based on fear of the **serpent** in your **tree** raising his head arrogantly. Getting a **serpent** to stand up straight only occurs with the sexual stimulation that produces an erection. All other forms of stimulation imitate erection. Other forms of erection are devoid of apprehension of what comes next. Men become selfish when they fear what may happen if they agree to unknown forms of stimulation.

Once the head of the **serpent** in your **tree** is fully engorged, sensitized and exposed to the bark of another **tree** rather than your own, your **tree** becomes a **slave** to its urge to release the sap it holds deep down inside.

This physical gift brought on by ejaculation corresponds to a deep, dark secret we hold in the hull [prostate gland] of our **ark**. Such is the mystery and truth that every **tree**-hugger must modestly admit to about his biblical truth.

How many men realize that shooting their wad is a magnificent, psychological achievement that emanates out of the most intimate place in their entire being [their prostate gland]? How many give of ourself in all our affairs the way we do in bed? How many associate cuming with letting the **animals** off their **ark**?

If every man knew how to cum more deeply by including his head, heart and soul in with his orgasms, sex would become an amazing expression of the dignity and grandeur of being alive. Every orgasm with our mate would usher in a pomp and circumstance march that would ring in our ears all day.

Fantasy #14

Sometimes, I'm afraid to say the word "coward" because I'm afraid to fully speak my mind. I'm afraid to be that intimate and truthful with myself.

I'm afraid people won't like me just the way I am because I don't know how to be authentically me, myself and I. Sometimes, I'm afraid that not even God loves me just as I am.

I'm afraid of some things I do because there's so much about being me that I don't know how to do fearlessly. I assume that fearfully is the only way to get things done.

I constantly had to hide my fear when I was a coward. The more I've come out of my shell, the more I feel like an innocent chick. They more I look back at the courage it took to peck my way out of the closet [shell] I was in, the more I can admire myself for the challenges before me.

I know I'm more authentic today than I was yesterday. I now weigh my thoughts against my feelings in my conscience to determine my actions before I take any action at all. And I know my scale becomes more sensitized to the weights I place on it day-by-day because my belief in myself is growing.

Becoming soulful doesn't just mean you believe there's a part of you that will live on after you die. Becoming soulful means that you believe in yourself because you're constantly facing new experiences that are helping you believe more in yourself.

Bullies are always protecting their mother. They're reaffirming the umbilical cord that was physically severed so long ago that they still can't come to terms with it as a scar that alludes to what they're missing.

Courageous men don't need to protect their mother. They've given up her umbilical cord in favor of their navel, the knot on their belly that reminds them that they're not their mother's son anymore.

They're a man without the familial relationship of son to his parents. They can choose to relinquish that title if they so choose. A man doesn't have to become a husband or father. He can avoid all those titles. It's your life. Become who you want to be.

But you must learn what it means to be a stranger unto yourself. You must learn what it means to befriend yourself. And if you pass those classes in the school of life, you may choose to marry yourself and become your own husband.

If you're straight, I assure you that becoming your own husband will greatly ensure the success of your marriage in becoming someone else's husband. Most men today aren't nearly ready for marriage to another person because they haven't explored all the familial roles there are to choose from inside.

Men scrimp and save and fight and smile inauthentically to climb the ladder of success. They secretly step on the hands of those on the rungs below them to hold them back. And they grab the ankles of those above them to pull their competitors down. But bullies are secretly sobbing inside because they don't respect themself.

Bullies make their way using their urges [penis] as though constructing a **Tower of Babel** that they're simultaneously climbing. They collude with others to usurp God on His Throne, so they can rain their own displeasure on this world with their penis.

This is the penis problem men have. This is the golden shower that they wish to share with the world. Our political and religious leaders are scrambling to get their collaborators in place to use their penis [wants] to rain down their will on the rest of us.

Politicians today don't think to build ladders with rungs miles across so we can climb them by each other's side. The idea that one man's success would come with the result of other men's successes is anathema to them. They only want one man to succeed: their **pharaoh**. Everyone else is their

Israelite slave. Therefore, they build ladders that must be ascended one by one.

They think they're competing like classical "gentlemen" dueling one another with their swords [elongated penises with sharp tips] to protect the reputation of their king. But bullies can only react, not respond. They're always finding reasons to claim self-righteous indignation for one reason or another.

If I patted myself on the back every time I reached orgasm, regardless of how Will felt at the time, we'd have no relationship to speak of. It's precisely because we both strive to cum together to please one another that we consider ourselves so successful when it comes to teamwork. Why can't more straight men apply that principle to life in a man's world? What an embarrassment some straight men are to gay men, women and children!

Fortunately, I don't suffer the guilt of only being concerned about my money, power and prestige. But that's because I don't gamble with my reputation when I'm at home alone, let alone when I walk out my door.

Teaching people how to find the courage to respond with courage in the moment is a great art that we all need to develop. A society where those at the top can't call out one another for their hypocrisy is really just a hood, not a team.

Fantasy #15

More than half the Russian people support President Putin in his maniacal sites on colonizing Ukraine. What the Russians don't understand is that they overthrew their tzars more than a hundred years ago in favor of Communism, which turned into an oligarchy ruled by a **pharaoh** who gave up the title of tzar to become a modern-day führer.

The Russians just can't seem to give up their love of tyranny. They want to export it everywhere on Earth. They want ancient **Egypt** to become the model for political power everywhere on Earth. I wouldn't consider that very Christian of them.

Tyranny began in **The Hebrew Testament** when **pharaohs** consolidated their power until they ruled over all of ancient **Egypt** with an iron fist. The **Israelites** were **slaves** to the ancient **Egyptian slavedrivers** for 400 years. It took God working with **Moses** to liberate 600,000 **Israelites** and bring them home [**Israel**].

Today, the **pharaoh** [führer] of Russia has plenty of **slavedrivers** to maintain his power. And the poor, disenfranchised and oppressed Russians have nowhere to go, even if they could get away. They're **slaves** like the **Israelites** had been **slaves**.

Putin has created a daisy chain in which he figuratively sodomizes one man, who figuratively sodomizes another, and so on and so forth. But he's the only man in Russia who has the dubious honor of not figuratively having a penis up his anus. No other man's life-giving substance enters into him. He inseminates all others with his jism.

Now the Russians have decided they want to do the same to Ukraine, thinking that the whole world would be better under their system of political, anal intercourse. This is what the field of political science has turned by despots everywhere.

This is what **Moses** described in the Book of **Exodus** after having previewed the topic in the book of **Genesis** which he described as Abraham's relationship to God vis-â-vie Sodom. It has nothing to do with gay sex. It's all about power and control of men over other men. And until Russian oligarchs realize what they're doing to all Russian men, women and children, they're going to continue to bend over for their corrupt, political and religious leader [all wrapped into one] who tells them to take it up the anus with a smile, with or without lubrication.

This is the sort of behavior that makes gay men wince. What we do with plenty of emollients and kisses to willing partners in bed, the world's totalitarians do to their people with cruelty and disregard for the pain and suffering they put others through.

The Iranians have every intention of doing to the **Israelis** what the Russians are doing to the Ukrainians. There's no difference between Russia [an Orthodox Christian country] and Iran [a Shiite Muslim country]. Iran wants to screw over the Jews and the Russians want to screw over their fellow Ukrainian Christians.

The North Koreans would do the same to the South Koreans if they could. And the Chinese have every intention of following in Putin's footsteps to the Taiwanese. Straight men who love sodomy politically have been the bane of every society for the past 3,400 years.

The only difference between the time of **Torah** and today is that spiritualists like you and me have been chosen to create billions of men like **Moses** to free the world from tyranny.

This task given to us by God isn't going to force anyone to become Jewish. And it isn't going to force anyone to become gay. You can have what I have and see what I see without giving up who you are innately. All God asks you to give up is who you're not.

Don't screw people over. Make love instead.

Fantasy #16

The Abrahamic edifice is slowly being remodeled into a skyscraper that will give everyone a spiritual home. We all believe in the mystery and magic of having been created as a sexual being. We all wonder where we were before we were born and where we go after we die. God is just the word we use to encapsulate the Initiator of that mystery.

It all started in earnest when God dug a foundation in the ground of indigenism for Hinduism. Before that, human beings lived without knowledge of God, covering themselves with anything they could find in nature to conceal them from raw reality.

Upon that massive Hindu spiritual hole in the ground [foundation] that resembles our navel, God added the ground floor and ceiling of Judaism. Jesus constructed a second story upon the first with Heaven above Him, and Mohammad did the same on top of the Christian ceiling, which then became the Muslim floor with Paradise as a roof garden.

God also gave us Buddhism and Taoism anonymously which, to this day, offer us tools that are essential to the construction of this universal edifice.

Because the Abrahamic edifice still looks more like a Judeo-Christian duplex with a pitched roof in which the Muslims are forced to live in the attic, bent over because they can't stand up straight, we have to help them build dormers until they can raise the roof to achieve the sexual maturity that brings political freedom with it. So long as it remains a crime to be gay in Muslim countries, they're going to remain spiritually stooped over like hunchbacks. But this is a Muslim deformity that can be easily corrected.

Homophobia is, of course, a sign of the sickness in men that will rage on until we unite against totalitarianism everywhere. Perhaps the Russian people will start the evolution at home by showing their Christians and Muslims

how to unite to denounce their **pharaoh**. Hopefully, **Israel** will achieve marriage equality in the near future to make freedom there look more modern, more Jewish and more appealing.

Because all three of the extremists who claim to believe in one God can still only agree that gay men are perverts, the concept of anal sex is still seen as a moral issue seconded in perversity only to men sucking penises followed by men kissing and holding hands.

What possible moral insight can be achieved from deriding men for having sex with men? This isn't a moral issue. There's no law in **The Ten Commandments** that we're breaking.

God is still taken literally everywhere in the world in accordance with one scripture, when the whole point of **Torah** was to advance our awareness and awakening in taking God figuratively in every scripture. If He isn't the Creator of figurative speech [spirituality] as well as of the literal meaning of the words we utter [science], then there's little point in believing in Him at all.

The Jews, Christians and Muslims all evicted gay men from "their" story. But where else could we go? We aren't savages who live without principles. We aren't pagans. We aren't heathens. We aren't even indigenists who only believe in the morality of the natural order where might makes right.

We're sexual beings who understand our genitals in a way that men and women who've never engaged in same-sex relations will never understand.

"Thanks" to the AIDS epidemic, we were inspired to build scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice. We've been washing the windows of straight people from the outside ever since, in the hopes that they'll get the message and do the same from within.

Guilt is not our invention. We're good men who use guilt more constructively because we don't use sex to punish people for making love.

Clearly, anal intercourse, male fellatio and same-sex expressions of loving regard are the crux of every political and social issue today. Some straight men are still so primitive and backward that they believe God will punish them for indulging in such behaviors with members of their own gender.

The red states are bloody red with an inner rage they can't even find the words to plummet. The blue states are simply exasperated, as in blue in the face.

It would be laughable if it weren't so tragic. Do people feel as strongly about using the service entrance to a public building or even entering their own home through the back door? What's the point in making a big deal about sex between consenting adults?

Would a single, straight man gag if he took the opportunity once in a while to suck a penis rather than the nipples of women? Would that penis get stuck in his throat? Would his own penis shrivel up and fall off if he had a penis in his mouth rather than a woman's nipples or vagina?

The truth about such matters is figuratively broached in Buddhism, which isn't a faith but a philosophy. Buddhism has no dogma about God's Desires. Siddhartha Gautama was a man who claimed to reach Nirvana. He was a man who completed his struggle with his penis. He claimed to have found Nirvana and eternal peace of mind.

The Buddhists solve the mystery of the **serpent** in every man's **tree** by disciplining their urges. This issue [+/–] is universal. The placement of man's urges between his legs was **Moses'** idea. The description of our inner forces through a metaphor was also his idea.

But what about the Taoists? Where do they reside with their 16 gods and goddesses and their believe in The One Way [Tao]?

Like Abrahamic men, the Taoists behave like they, too, were made in God's Image, but in so far as having a digestive track in the front and a spinal track in the back. They believe

in the spiritual process without dogma about what happens to us after we die. The Tao explains paradoxical endings, something none of the faiths or the philosophy of Buddhism can answer.

Do Taoists avoid sex using their anus? I know for a fact from personal experience that some of them don't. They're just as curious as everyone else is when it comes to understanding the human body metaphorically and sexually.

Using the tools of Buddhism in the future would give us what we need to build a skyscraper, not just scaffolding around a three-story Abrahamic complex. It would free everyone from prejudice against the LGBTQIA+ community. And with the tools of Taoism, we'd surely be able to solve the mystery of paradox in building billions of skyscrapers, all with incredible views.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. But those with little faith in all the faiths don't want to be squeaky clean. They want it religiously down and dirty. They don't want to wear a mask to protect others from their germs. They want to spread their germs like sperm. They're religious rapists with a filthy, moral agenda. They even abhor the concept of abortion in cases of rape and incest. It doesn't get any lower-down-and-dirtier than that.

How do you convince people who are anti-social that their behavior is bad for their health? How do you show them that they're blowing their brains out with strokes; breaking their heart with heart attacks; and eating themself up inside with cancer?

How do you convince a man that his name for God is just one of many? No one has a moral monopoly on God's Intentions.

Just using the Buddhist adage of karma [what comes around goes around] isn't going to convince such men that they're digging themself into a hole that they won't be able to get themselves out of even if they had all eternity to do so.

The answer to anti-social behavior is complex because it involves all seven of the emotional colors of the rainbow; the Star of David with six points of God's Light that correspond to the world faiths and philosophy; the cross of pain and suffering that we're all nailed to; and the Star and Crescent which gives us a religious view unto ourselves from two heavenly perspectives.

If you look at the history of hygiene of the human body and sanitation of societal waste, you can begin to see the importance of cleanliness being next to godliness. If you consider the AIDS epidemic a preview to the COVID pandemic, you can see how humanity was awakened thousands of years ago to the need for sexual hygiene through **circumcision** as a forerunner to universal

sanitation practices that protect one and all – and that includes avoiding rimming.

These matters aren't difficult to imagine or achieve if your mind isn't being deluged with unhealthy, moral urges that hurt others. This isn't difficult to set in place if your testicles are being figuratively hydrated rather than allowed to shrivel up like prunes in the noonday sun. All it takes is a little imagination to turn religious dogma into compost. Such is the nature of the wisdom in recycling.

Compost your ancient, religious dogma to enrich the world's spiritual soil. Grow the seeds of spirituality in your mind by fertilizing them with outdated convictions. Once you throw out the belief that God is judging you for whether you're having vaginal or anal intercourse because that's His Main Criterion in deciding whether you're a good or evil person, all sorts of other silly conclusions will be shed like skin off a **snake**.

You're like a **snake**. You're like a **serpent**. You're the cause of the evil outcomes that you must endure. If you look around you for examples of innocence, you'll find them because you're dying to make me wrong. But if you look inside your dark heart, you'll see the darkness visible. You'll see that you're a work in progress. You'll see that you don't have nearly the understanding of the vehicle you're in that you need for the journey that you're on. You'll see that you've been ghosting your own spirit.

This is the last of my 18 fantasies. By now, you should realize that you haven't just learned how to use the English language in new, creative ways. You've learned an entirely new language that you're becoming fluent in speaking. It's the language of God's Wisdom, Love and Loyalty brought to you through figurative speech.

The orthodox Jews believe that **Torah** lives. And they're right about that. It does. But nothing lives by going back in time. All living things must move forward.

The orthodox Jews believe that **Moses** took our ancestors out of ancient **Egypt** to **Israel**. And yet the orthodox Jews would have us go back to ancient **Egypt** with them by making them our **pharaohs** today.

I don't want to bow down to a Jewish **pharaoh**. How would that be any better than bowing down to an ancient indigenist **pharaoh** or a modern Christian führer? I don't want to bow down to a Muslim king or even an ayatollah.

I'm a queen. I believe that God is my King. And I'm not going to let the **rabbi** with the longest beard tell me otherwise. I'm a **rabbi** in the figurative sense of the word. If you choose to pretend to be a religious leader of another religion, that's fine with me. Let's talk about what we know about God. But let's not kill each other over our opinions.

The orthodox Jews don't believe that Jesus was a **rabbi**, no different from them. Why not? They don't believe that the cross on which he was crucified has anything to do with the cross of pain and suffering on which they, too, are nailed.

Today's orthodox **rabbis** believe that no one could possibly know the pain and suffering they know except another orthodox Jew. That's just their arrogant ego talking.

Everyone knows pain and suffering, even if Jews have associated pain and suffering with God's Will for longer than anyone else. Jesus knew pain and suffering, too. If today's orthodox **rabbis** can't empathize with the pain and

suffering of one rabble-rousing **rabbi**, how can they empathize with the pain and suffering of anyone else?

I fault orthodox **rabbis** who are homophobes. I fault orthodox **rabbis** who aren't willing to reject **Leviticus** 20. But I don't fault them for protecting **Israel** from violent Palestinian sympathizers. The Palestinians are too antisemitic, anti-**Zionistic**, racist, homophobic, misogynistic, misandristic and xenophobic to deserve a nation of their own. You don't reward students for their failing grades. They're going to have to give up their strategy of using hatred to achieve success.

I'm not a **rabbi** in the literal sense. I haven't completed the scholastic education needed to have that degree conferred upon me. I'm a **rabbi** in the figurative sense. I plummet **Torah** as well as all God's Other Scriptures with a Jewish lens. I have enough experience in life to commiserate with those who've been through pain and suffering whether or not it's similar to my own. I have the wisdom to be able to translate some of my pain and suffering into empathy and some into sympathy.

There isn't a worldwide contest in place over who's the most heartfelt. There are many experiences people have to go through that I haven't experienced and wouldn't want to. I can't protect anyone from pain or suffering. But I've opened my heart to the sticks God uses on us all. I can see how He uses people, places and things to change our mind about ourself and our role in life.

My role as a brother changed because of my sister's bad behavior. When I saw that she was using me, I had to harden my stance to protect myself. My role as son changed because of my parents' bad behavior. When I saw that the two of them were manipulating me with their vices, I had to protect myself from their iniquities. And my role as a dear friend changed when those I'd allowed to be closest to me confused me with their unexamined opinions about me.

I was used, abused and confused by those closest to me. Surely, this was God's Intention. Surely, these were lessons from the Teacher to help me become wiser. In changing the roles I play in other people's lives, I've become more self-loving and loyal to God. I've overcome my addictions and cravings. Self-indulgence no longer controls me. I have my hand on my stick shift. My stick shift doesn't have a grip on me.

Everyone is figuratively crucified. Everyone was crucified long before the Romans crucified Jesus. And everyone will still be crucified tomorrow and every day thereafter. If a **rabbi** can't open his heart to the symbolism Jesus brought to scripture, how can he claim to fathom the depth of the metaphor of **Moses** upon which the Gospels is constructed? And without the two, how's he going to plummet the meaning of the 114 similes of the Quran?

The problem **Israel** has with its neighbors is magnified on the Temple Mount between orthodox Jews and fanatical Muslims where bad blood figuratively flows like wine and water. The orthodox Jews turn **Torah** around year after year to reread it from the beginning, but they don't use it to fathom God's Other Words. How do they expect to be able to use **Torah** effectively if they don't integrate its wisdom in with the other Abrahamic faiths, let alone the wisdom God brought into this world anonymously?

Netanyahu is a modern-day, Jewish **pharaoh** who the orthodox Jews installed in a position of political power in **Israel**. Trump is a modern-day Christian **pharaoh** who the religious right installed in power here at home. But all the petty Muslim **pharaohs** who reign in the Middle East won't be able to keep their power so long as the **pharaohs** of Russia and China remain in power.

The fight for freedom is turning the poor and disenfranchised around the world into modern-day **Israelites**. **Torah** lives. It doesn't take a Jewish genius to see how the world turns. It only takes a Jewish queen.

I had a dream

Last night, I had a dream that I was a student at a university waiting in line at the school cafeteria to buy a cup of tea. The gal who was waiting on me was deeply upset about how long the line was and how slow I was in filling my cup, adding milk and Stevia and looking around for a lid.

The people behind me were taunting me with jeers. I got so nervous that I made a mistake. The gal working there felt she had to pour out my first cup and make me go through the procedure all over again.

When I finally paid and was about to leave, I turned around and boldly told the three Asian students directly behind me to shut up. They started laughing, and then cried out, "Speech! Speech!" So, I turned around and told everyone in line:

"I'm not White. I'm Jewish. I'm a person of color. I'm also gay. And I'm disabled. Not only do I have a condition of my hands and feet [stigmata] that make it difficult for me to use my extremities as gracefully as you do, but I was once diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic and have been struggling with reality ever since. In addition to that, I'm 50% female, which happens to be true of all of you, too."

"So, if you think that your impatience with me is warranted, ask yourself whether that's because you're a racist, antisemite, anti-**Zionist**, homophobe, misogynist, misandrist or because you've got no patience for people with physical and mental disabilities."

And with that, I took a sip of my tea and added. "You're not really envious of the drink I have in my hand that's quenching my thirst. You're envious of a hunger I've sated that's eating you up inside."

The Book of **Proverbs**

In my last book I described the inspiration I gleaned from the Book of **Psalms** [**Tehillim**] in the Book of **Writings** [**Ketuvim**]. In this book, I'm now going to do the same with the Book of **Proverbs** [**Mishlei**], also from **Ketuvim**. [**The Hebrew Testament** is made up of **Torah** {Instruction}, **Ketuvim** {poetic writings} and **Nevi'im** {prophets/spokespersons}].

I'm going to use the Book of **Proverbs** to expand your imagination to include the meaning of sex with God. This will be the most romantic of all romantic stories I've ever told.

If you haven't looked at a sunrise as foreplay and a sunset as orgasm, you aren't intimate enough with God's Plans for the two of You. If you can't see yourself as a hand of God's, you can't yet appreciate what it means to touch yourself sensuously or others meaningfully.

There are so many taboos in life that are worthwhile avoiding, but sex with God in mind isn't one of them. Orgasms with Him/Her/Them for eternity is the outcome all virile, sexual and sensual adults should want to aim for. Don't let the prudes in your religion convince you otherwise. Do they look like they even know what good sex with another human being is like?

If you've suffered from voices in your head that led you to become doubtful about the moral outcomes you have the power to achieve, then you know what it's like to have multiple personalities. If your heart has been shattered into a million pieces by the circumstances of your life, each with a voice of its own that cries up from the ground of your being for justice, then you know how **Abel** felt. You can train all the aspects of your personality the honesty, sincerity and authenticity necessary to row together in the same direction. You may already know how difficult it is to unify yourself

into one voice that can harmoniously speak for all the other voices inside you.

My last book was on how to expand your imagination using the Book of **Psalms** to reveal the silent melody you sing in your heart, that was described by Jesus. This book harmonizes God's Lyrics [**Proverbs**] and Melody [Gospels].

Don't avoid expanding your imagination in spiritually healthy ways. Knowing yourself was forbidden by God in **The Creation Story** as reverse psychology. Don't tell me you can't see through something as obvious as that!

My last book was about my love life. I shed the delusions I held about the men I'd slept with by looking for the good them. That proved to be a spiritual opportunity that turned me into a much better person.

If you haven't yet got your love life in place in inner space, you aren't going to be able to praise God for the way your life has turned out until now. Without love emanating out from within, truisms [**proverbs**] about life are going to leap over your head like frogs leaping out of lakes to evade alligators [antisemites], **snakes** [anti-**Israel** sympathizers] and snapping turtles [vindictive assholes who want anyone and everyone to suffer for their existence].

Making love to God requires loving all the parts of yourself until you've unified your head, heart and soul into one person. You can't love Him and/or Her as your perfect Mate until you've done the equivalent with yourself.

We must all use experience as our teacher. God brings people into our life like books we need to learn to read thoroughly, whether with body language or spiritual intent. But if you only glance at their cover or peruse the brief synopsis they give you of themself as a good book, you're doing a disservice to all the people who've humbly changed your view of reality. You're discounting your past as the building blocks to your future.

The impact of those you've slept with on you is essential to you becoming a masterpiece in the making, rather than seeing yourself as simply broken, corrupted, soiled or stained.

Nothing you went through in the past wasn't permitted by God. He has the moral authority to allow you to go through anything He deems necessary to make you see your potential in becoming a better person.

We're all humbled by life because we're all dreadful. And by that, I mean that we're all full of dread. Dread is a very painful feeling that we'd prefer to avoid. If we can't avoid it, we need the strength to go through it. We don't want to be a victim of crimes against our own humanity.

If you don't like reality, you're free to change the world or drop out of this school for fools we've all been enrolled in. But should you decide to graduate early without becoming a spiritual college graduate, it'll be your loss, not mine.

"The Book of **Proverbs** shares short sayings about God's Wisdom. They remind us to fear The Lord and offer practical instructions on how we can live well." [internet]

The Book of **Proverbs** contains 31 chapters, each comprised of 20-35 wise sayings that are two lines long. I've chosen a few to share with you based on what I think you may not yet know that I think you ought to consider as you move forward toward making all your dreams come true.

Proverb 1:4-5

To give prudence to the simple, knowledge and discretion to the youth, let the wise listen and gain instruction, and the discerning acquire wise counsel.

This is the first of more than 800 proverbs, so perhaps this one is the most important.

To give prudence to the simple, you must recognize that you're actually quite simple. You're made up of thoughts, feelings, urges and beliefs. They're all wrapped up in a physical container that's like a house and a vehicle in one. Think of your body as an RV. That's a pretty simple concept!

To give knowledge and discretion to the youth, you must see yourself as young at heart, regardless of your biological age. When you look in the mirror you see the toddler, child, adolescent and young person you were. But you probably can't see the infant you once were. That memory has faded. When you give counsel, remember how young we all once were.

To listen and gain instruction, you must see yourself as already wizened by your own experiences. If new knowledge makes you feel like your cup runneth over, replace the cup you've got with a larger one. You can learn new things.

To see me as able to enhance your life with greater **discernment**, you must see me as **wise counsel**. You must practice trusting a total stranger to learn to trust the stranger within yourself.

Proverb 2:1-5

My son, if you accept my words and treasure my Commandments to make your ear attentive to wisdom; if you incline your heart to discernment; if you call for understanding and raise your voice for discernment; if you seek it like silver and hunt for

it like treasure – then you'll find the knowledge of God.

The **knowledge** you seek of God can't be found in any one of His Names. It must be sought from all of His Names. But the Hindus have thousands of names for God. The Jews believe in a nameless God. The Buddhists don't believe in God at all. [Surely, He gave them His Wisdom anonymously.] The Taoists have 16 gods and goddesses, all with names that correspond to virtues. The Christians have three names for God. And the Muslims have one.

The **knowledge** you seek of yourself lies with God. And the **knowledge** you seek of God lies within you. This isn't a Catch-22. This is a spiritual axiom that can be unpacked over a lifetime. The only problem is that you're going to need a long and peaceful life to do so. Grief and loss are sticks from the Teacher who grades very harshly when He sees fit.

Proverb 4:1-6

My son, hearken to my wisdom; incline your ear to my understanding, to watch your thoughts, and your lips shall guard knowledge. For the lips of a strange woman drip honey, and her palate is smoother than oil. But her end is as bitter as wormwood, as sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet descend to death; her steps come near the grave. Lest you weigh the path of life, her paths have wandered off and you shall not know.

Needless to say, the problem in achieving **wisdom** isn't caused by women. The problem is caused by your sexual attraction to unwise women. If you were sexually attracted to men, your problem would be caused by unwise men. Your problem, therefore, isn't with either men or women. Your problem lies with your penis as it operates now.

Until you acknowledge that you're half woman [z] and half man [x or y], you won't admit that there are two sides

of you. Until you admit there are two sides of you, you won't admit that both or either side can be wrong. The gender issues you see around you are mirrors of an inner confusion that you must sort out if you're going to be able to wisely commend and criticize both sides of you.

The **honey** that **drips** from the **mouths** of the men and/or women you're attracted to is a projection of the honey [precum] that drips out of your own penis when you're excited. This is the stage in the game when you must seriously question what you're getting yourself into. Your addictions, cravings, hungers, thirsts, lusts, passions, desires and wants are temptations that emanate out of the **serpent** in your **tree**. Without a modern interpretation of Judaism, you're doomed to make mistakes that many Jews are avoiding. Therefore, seek the counsel of wise Jews who can help you interpret the voice of the **serpent** [or worm] in you.

If you're interested in tasting the sweet honey of others' lips, remember that it tastes like your own precum, something you've already savored. Don't be so attracted to others' forbidden **fruit**. You have your own. Eat the apple of your own **tree** first. Then you can compare and contrast it to the **fruits** from other **trees**.

If you want to convince me you've never tasted your own precum, semen or vaginal fluid, I won't believe you. I don't care how straight and innocent you wish to pretend to be. So, let's not play games with one another. You know what **honey** literally, figuratively tastes like.

When you see **milk** [love] and **honey** [wisdom] **dripping** out of the mouth of another person in words, look to what you're thinking and how that makes you feel. It may also be stirring up the voice of the **serpent** in your **tree** that's slithering up into you head and is trying to influence your actions.

Proverb 10:26

Like vinegar to the teeth and like smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to those who send him.

That's all well and good when it comes to those you don't agree with, but what about those you like who say something that makes you grit your teeth from having swallowed **vinegar** or feel like your eyes are burning from **smoke**? Why is it that our friends, not only our enemies, have a tendency to elicit similar feelings in us sometimes?

Funnily enough, my enemies usually make me smile. I know what's going to become of them. And I relish them getting their just desserts. I can just imagine what they're going to get for their antisemitism, anti-**Zionism**, homophobia, racism, bigotry, homophobia, misogyny, misandry, xenophobia and their disgust of people with disabilities.

It's when my friends put my teeth on edge like **vinegar** and bring tears to my eyes like **smoke** that I realize that there's still so much of the mystery in me that I've projected onto those around me.

Some of the ideas I utter to myself without forming them into words should set my teeth on edge like vinegar. Some of the feelings I have for myself waft up like smoke that should bring tears to my eyes. I didn't know that until I discovered that I didn't know enough about how to operate the vehicle I'd been given.

Proverb 12:4

A virtuous woman is the crown of her husband, but an embarrassing one is like rot in his bones.

Women are always told that their bad behavior reflects on their husband and ruins his reputation, but men are never told that their bad behavior reflects on their wife and ruins hers. Why is that?

My boyfriend's behavior reflects on him, and my behavior reflects on me. Nobody blames one of us for how

the other behaves. Neither of us is responsible for the other's reputation.

His grades are going on his report card, and mine are going on mine. This is so easy to see among men. It's so hard for men to see it with women.

This is another reason why I'm so glad I'm a gay man in a gay relationship rather than a straight man in a straight relationship. There's a lot less hypocrisy in the gay community with regard to gender issues. Once straight men admit that much, they'll find more reasons to copy us. We've got what everyone wants, and it's not found between our legs. You'll find it between our nipples.

When you can see the wisdom of the gays and the wisdom of the Jews, you'll see the folly of all others. God began by creating humanity above all the animals in His Kingdom. He continued by creating the Jews to set a higher example for the indigenists of the world. And He continued by creating the other world faiths. He's now showing the world the wisdom that comes out of the gay community that's reviled by all the world's faiths.

The lessons of life are harder than they might have first appeared. You're going to have to keep up if you want your transcript to look as good as ours.

Proverb 12:16

A fool's anger is known within the day, but a clever man conceals his shame.

I certainly have to agree. I became very good at exposing my **anger** and equally good at concealing my **shame**. But over the years I've gotten much better at **concealing** my **anger** and exposing my **shame**.

And that candor with myself gives me hope. Therefore, some would say that I'm a fool who doubles down on my stupidity. They'd say that that makes my character defects all the more obvious to One and all. But I need any and all

magnifications of my weaknesses to see them, myself. It's too easy for me to overlook my faults.

I've found that not letting people see my **anger** gives me time to think about what upset me so much. I've discovered that although 90% of my anger is righteous indignation, by not expressing it in the moment, I have time to reflect on the 10% that's caused by my own stupidity. And that always seems to change the way I deal with situations thereafter.

As for my **shame**, **concealing** it is like touching up an x-ray if you don't like what you see. It doesn't change the fact that surgery may be called for. By opening myself up to others by revealing my shame to them, I can thereby remove the source of my injury through psychic self-surgery. That's a lot less painful than having others do the surgery for me. Either way, I have to suture myself up afterwards. But I don't feel bitter about that anymore, either. I'm learning to love myself all the more for my scars, because I've contributed in making them meaningful.

Proverb 12:28

In the way of righteousness there is life; along that path is immortality.

I'm not exactly sure why this proverb is saying that **righteousness** lies **in the way** of life. It's more likely that it's trying to express the idea that when you're on the road of righteousness, you experience life along the way. You come alive! Then, the confluence of **righteousness** with **life** produces a sense of **immortality**.

My personal experience suggests that when I behave in a **righteous** manner, I feel more alive than I did before. I find myself finding reasons to believe in the possibility of **immortality**.

But when I see how imperfect I am, I lose my sense of **immortality** and find myself flailing about for answers to

why things are the way they are and not the way I'd prefer them to be.

This creates doubts. This creates dread. This creates hopelessness. This creates faithlessness. The road to **immortality** requires me to move through my negativity. The more I talk to myself in loud to assure and reassure me that God is guiding me, the stronger I become.

The goodness I have as the result of my virtues moves me toward self-love. But the evil I have as the result of my vices forces me to move toward greater strength. This spiritual process produces the wisdom I need to grow like a **tree** planted by God in a **garden**.

This movement within lifts me to the ceiling of my life and the floor of Heaven. God sends me back down to earth to reflect on my nature. These ascensions and descents comprise the vertical, moral movement of the journey of my life. Although time moves me always further forward, morality moves me up and down.

Proverb 13:3

He who watches his mouth guards his soul; for one who opens his lips wide there is ruin.

I can't imagine **opening** my **mouth** wider than with a yawn. My boredom with life is best expressed physically with yawning. Life sometimes tires me. It puts me to sleep. It makes me want to close my eyes to escape the lessons before me.

I do **watch** my **mouth**. I **watch** it to question when I'm yawning. I **watch** it to question when I'm talking. And I even **watch** my mouth to question when I'm silent.

Because I **watch** my **mouth** when I'm simply breathing through it rather than through my nose, I've discovered that body language isn't just a way of revealing to others what I'm thinking. Body language is a way to reveal to myself what I think of what I'm thinking.

We don't only lie to others by saying one thing with our **mouth** and something quite different with our body. We're such good liars that we do the same to ourself. This is why I completely agree with this proverb.

In fact, I'd add to it by saying that one who **watches** his **mouth guards** his heart. And one who **guards** his heart, **guards** his **soul**.

I'd actually be far more pleased with good people if they'd open their **mouths** a little more often. I suspect they're afraid of **ruin** or retaliation. But if they're sure that their opinions are righteous, isn't it more **ruinous** not to say something? These are the sorts of questions created by an active conscience guiding us.

Today, fools open their **mouths**, and people comment on their nonsense as though it were fact or, worse, wisdom. Meanwhile, many of the righteous avoid unpleasant conversations with fools in their effort not to attract **ruin** and retaliation.

This has to stop. We have so much potential through social media to teach, yet so many wise people are too intimidated to use their voice productively.

Note how many courageous gays and Jews are talking about our issues wisely. Note how many gays and Jews are talking about others' issues foolishly. Listen to us about our issues. They will help you better understand your own.

Proverb 13:20

He who goes with the wise will become wise, but he who befriends the fools will be broken.

What does it mean to be **broken**? I was first **broken** when I fell and broke a bone in my foot in a ballet class the morning after my first sexual experience with a man. [age 18]

I was **broken** when I lived in **Israel** and got a letter from a dear friend who sent me the words to Carol King's

"You've Got a Friend." I sobbed on and off for days. [age 19]

I was **broken** when I left my boyfriend of two months in **Israel** to move to Holland. I didn't let my newborn love for him get in the way of my plans. [age 20]

I was **broken** when my boss in Holland fired me for calling in sick the day before my vacation. [age 23]

I was **broken** as a young adult by many boyfriends who left me after losing interest in me after having only explored my body. [ages 21-36]

I was **broken** by decades of mental illness. [ages 24-44]

I was **broken** when my boyfriend of 13 years left me in the middle of his AIDS illness to reunite with his former boyfriend. [age 50]

I was **broken** when I broke the same foot in the same place in another fall in a ballet class. [age 50]

The only **fool** I befriended from the beginning of my **brokenness** through to the end was me. I was a **fool**, even when I wasn't the person who **broke** me because I blamed myself for their bad manners.

Today, I unite with the **wise** and against the **foolish**. But first and foremost, I see myself as a **wise** man, not only the **fool** who goes against me. I have to call myself out when I behave **foolishly**, and I have to commend me when I behave **wisely**.

If I don't put myself before all others, I won't have a base line by which to judge myself, others or God's Intentions for each and every one of us.

Proverb 14:12

A scorner does not like being reproved; he does not go to the wise.

I wasn't a **scorner** of others. I **scorned** myself. This was my fault. I **scorned** myself without even knowing it. I put myself down for foolish reasons, and I lauded others for equally foolish reasons.

They say that a lawyer who represents himself in court has a fool for a client. Well, life is a courtroom. God is our Judge, and the world is our jury.

But I'm not so sure whether the jury is taking their instructions from the Judge. It seems to me that most members of jury are making it up as they go along. They always seem to blame the gays and/or the Jews. Even the gays blame the Jews these days. And the Jews blame the gays. There's a greater need for order in the court.

Therefore, I represent myself. I'm not so sure I could find a lawyer of life who has enough experience to understand my particular case. I'd rather continue to go the way I'm going by inching forward slowly, day-by-day, learning more about my wants [-] and desires [+] as God is revealing my mission to me.

Men don't see their penis as their flag. They don't see 4th of July fireworks as the externalization of patriotic orgasms. They don't see their penis as cuming in the all the colors of the rainbow. And they don't see Pride month [June] as a time to celebrate the delight and dignity they've achieved in becoming a better person over their lifetime.

Republicans put out a flag to celebrate the red, white and blue while the Democrats celebrate their anger [red], purity [white] and sorrow [blue] internally, rather than externally.

How the **Israelis** celebrate their flag, [blue and white] without any red is a great mystery to me, in light of the fact that their neighbors have been at war with them since the inception of the Jewish state. I couldn't do it. My penis is definitely red, white and blue, in part thanks to the **circumcision** that produced the red ink used to sign me onto our Covenant with God. I wag my rainbow flag with Will as I do the American flag: proudly.

Proverb 14:20

A wise son makes his father happy, but a foolish person despises his mother.

I question whether **despising** is the right word here. I don't **despise** my parents. But I don't love them anymore, either.

My job in life isn't to make either of my parents **happy**. I didn't make my **father happy** by becoming a ballet dancer. I didn't make him **happy** by being twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions. And I didn't make him especially **happy** when I got into a long-term relationship with a gay-Jew, even though Larry ended up making us a lot of money, and my father adored money.

It would have been very difficult to make my **father happy**, given that he was a misogynist, racist, homophobe and someone who was terrified of nuns and people with special needs. He was a xenophobe.

The more I expressed the feminine side of myself with courage, the more I also began to personify my **father's** prejudices just by being authentically me. I couldn't clean up his act, but I definitely had to clean up the mess he made of my act.

As for my **mother**, I honored her. But I dislike moral weakness, and my **mother** disappointed me when I realized she suffered from conscious, moral disregard of herself that she had no intention of addressing.

I think of myself as a hungry man. I was extremely hungry from birth. I cried and cried after I was born until they realized I needed a much larger formula than most babies. And I'm still hungrier than most people today.

But my hunger today is less for food and more for spiritual nourishment. I can't seem to squeeze enough out of the mundanity of life. I need to think about God and my relationship to Him as a consequence of everything I think and do.

My disappointment with people was an enigma to me until I realized that most people aren't nearly as hungry as I am for spiritual food. They're hungry for money. They're hungry for sex. They're hungry for food. But they aren't

hungry to know God. They're especially not tempted to know Him in the biblical sense of the word.

My **mother's** moral disinterest in herself saddened me to such a degree that I can now say it felt almost like torture. I felt crucified for the ways in which she refused to glorify herself. That felt like my cross to bear for her because she wouldn't bear it herself.

I now wish I'd been able to separate myself more from my **mother's** moral challenges. If I had, I'd have seen how I suffered from the same challenges she did, only in my own ways.

I was forced to witness her physical and mental demise in ways that made me feel helpless and sad about her misfortune when dementia ate through her brain.

Now that I've questioned the ways in which I was similar to her by being so emotionally moved by her with her, I've been motivated to glorify myself, even if it's far too late now to help her.

Proverb 14:29

The Lord Is far from the wicked, but He listens to the prayer of the righteous.

I'm sure **The Lord listens** to the **prayers** of the **wicked** as well as the **righteous**. Who among us is not a combination of both? I'm sure His Proximity to those who do good doesn't disallow Him from **listening** to everyone's prayers, whether they're near or far from Him. Proximity to **The Lord** secures my mental healing, emotional growth and spiritual ascension.

What this **proverb** suggests to me is that **The Lord** does more than simply **listen** to the **righteous**. He responds rather than reacts to those He's close to.

The only problem is that He doesn't always tell the **righteous** that He's heard their pleas and will respond to them in His Own Way at a time of His Choosing. And that can be unnerving if you're as hungry for intimacy and as

impatient as I am. If you're not, your faith will allow you to accept that **The Lord** works in ways that you find mysterious. But if you're in need of an immediate answer to your prayers, you may find yourself up a very unpleasant smelling creek without a paddle.

That creek smells of fear, doubt, disillusion, disappointment, impatience and dread. I've been up that creek. I've had to make my way through my negativity with words of self-encouragement. Facing the feelings I'd feel if my worst nightmares came true take enormous courage. Nobody can give me their paddle to make my way out of that putrid creek.

Therefore, I try to avoid emergency prayers to **The Lord**. It's best to be on relaxed, daily relationship with everyone, including **Him**. If I find myself in circumstances I couldn't avoid with foresight, the next best thing is to delve into them with a desire for insight. And in that endeavor, nothing is more valuable than hindsight.

Proverb 15:6-7

With loving-kindness and truth will iniquity be expiated, and through fear of The Lord turn away from evil. When The Lord accepts a person's ways, He will cause even his enemies to make peace with him.

I'm not so sure **The Lord accepts** or rejects my ways. I think His Decisions about my behaviors are based more on my effort to develop myself. You'd expect an infant to require a diaper, but you'd expect a child to use the bathroom and a teenager to be concerned about all sorts of other things going on in the bathroom.

I can't know what **The Lord's** Expectations of me are because my spiritual age vacillates from one issue to the next. I might behave like a child of six in one situation and like someone who's sweet sixteen in another. Therefore, insight into the fluctuations in my spiritual age are necessary

before I can understand how **The Lord** treats me differently in the varying circumstances of my life.

In facing my E.Q., I've discovered these variations in the maturity of my feelings. Because **The Lord** guides me through my lessons in maturing emotionally, I feel well held. Dread of the future, my worst fear, will never be assuaged. But moving faithfully through my emotional challenges in the moment gives me hope that I can avoid my worst nightmares, or, at least, feel prepared for them.

This is what probably **causes even** my **enemies to make peace with** me.

Proverb 17:3

The crucible for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Lord tests the heart.

My head is the place where I remember my literal age and respond logically to the challenges of my life. My heart is where my emotional age fluctuates. This requires a rational approach to my moral challenges using my feelings as a part of what guides me.

An infant will get impatient over food that doesn't arrive when s/he's hungry.

A child will get impatient over parents who don't see him for who he is.

A teenager may get much more impatient over how his friends don't see him for who he is.

A young man may be able to look at the impatience of the child and the teenager with a sense of emotional maturity and acceptance. Yet, when it comes to how his boss overlooks him with kudos, advancement and financial rewards, he may not be able to respond patiently, either.

The mature, middle-aged man may be able to see the child, teenager and young man's challenges without understanding how his family and civic society overlook his contributions over a lifetime.

And the old man has equivalent issues with **The Lord** as his Partner at the end of his life.

The only way to prepare for death is by taking your final exam daily. This is the wisest approach to living because no one has been guaranteed when he'll be leaving his classmates by graduating from this school.

Every day ends with night. Therefore, you should know by now that you're not going to be here forever. Just as you make your bed in the morning in preparation of getting back into it at night, you should prepare for death when you wake up. That will immensely change the way you move through your whole day.

Proverb 17:5

Whoever mocks the poor shows contempt for their Maker; whoever gloats over disaster will not go unpunished.

Since we all have the same **Maker**, it would behoove us to remember that misfortune isn't doled out according to our thoughts on who deserves what. It's so easy to **mock** the **poor** for what they're missing materially. It's so easy to **gloat** over others' **disasters** since it's rare that things happen to work out in ways we like.

Contempt for others is a projection of a **contempt** for myself that's too painful to always embrace. **Gloating** over others' **poverty** and **disasters** is a projection of my glee that I'm not being punished by God any more than I am and should be.

It's only when I entertain the idea of God being my Lover, not just my Partner, that I can really open up to Him honestly [Jewish], sincerely [Christian] and authentically [Muslim]. It's only when I use the wisdom, love and loyalty from all God's Scriptures that I have what it takes to allow myself to be nude, naked and transparent before Him.

I believe that God brought the knowledge of nudity to the Jews that separates us from the animal kingdom. I

believe He brought emotional nakedness to the Christians that separates the loving from the hateful. And I believe He brought the exoneration to the Muslims that separates those of us who can excuse, forgive and acquit ourselves and others, allowing God to punish and reward us all as He sees fit.

Fearing God is the result of disrobing before Him. I don't **mock the poor**. I don't **gloat over disasters**. But I know that justice is always being served. I have my own sense of **poverty** and **disasters** that I'm already dealing with. If the world chooses to discriminate against the gays and the Jews, I know that humanity will eventually be doomed.

Proverb 18:12

Before a downfall the heart is haughty, but humility comes before honor.

Why is the **heart haughty before a downfall**? When my **heart** hasn't been bruised or broken, my feelings are only for myself. You see this in toddlers who hit their mother and in children who hit one another.

Once my heart was opened to feeling empathy for others, I was on my way to becoming a spiritualist. I was on the road to discovering how God works with me individually. Privacy with God, my Partner, Teacher and Lover is more intimate than with any business partner, teacher, lover or spouse.

Humility is the feeling that comes of moving through shame. Once I experienced shame and chose to move through it rather than around it, I discovered that **humility** is the tool I needed to learn to perceive this world as like a school.

Once I experienced **humility** and learned how to learn by humbling myself to new ideas, I discovered the joy in moving through shame with **humility** to enjoy the rewards of **honoring** myself by learning more and more.

In **Hebrew**, the word for "grace" is **chesed**. **Chesed** encompasses the idea of loyal, devoted love that reflects a covenant commitment. The spiritual process is a movement through guilt that achieves loyalty to myself, to my life and to God. When it comes to loyalty, no part of my body is more capable of proving my loyalty or disloyalty to myself than my penis.

Proverb 18:15

The heart of the discerning acquires knowledge, for the ears of the wise seek it out.

Obviously, I wouldn't be able to give you my responses to these **proverbs** if I didn't have a **heart** that's **discerning**. The knowledge that I impart to you is the result of my **wise** eyes, ears and nose. Even my penis has become wise over time.

My eyes observe the body language of others. My ears listen to what people say. And my nose corresponds to intuition, my ability to connect the dots to perceive relationships that others may overlook. My nose knows in its own special way.

But my penis has had to learn wisdom through many urges that led to unhappy sensations. It knows something my eyes, ears and nose will never know. You see how little wisdom there is in the penis or clitoris of others. Why wouldn't you question what your own genitals have contributed to your knowledge about yourself?

Proverb 19:8

The one who gets wisdom loves life; the one who cherishes understanding will soon prosper.

In some way, I'm **wise**. I'm much **wiser** than I once was. And in some ways, I **cherish understanding** and prosper. But there's so much I still need to learn. And I have no idea what I don't know. Life is a mystery that I can't anticipate solving. God made it this way on purpose.

We're all different. We're all like blind men touching an Elephant in different places with different hands. Our impressions are different because of the contours of the Elephant as well as the instrumentation each of us is using to measure our impressions are different.

But if each blind man was to touch the genitals of the Elephant in the room, I think they could all agree on what that part of the Elephant looks like. It looks like an uncircumcised penis.

Proverb 19:10

It is not fitting for a fool to live in luxury – how much worse for a slave to rule over princes!

It may not be **fitting**, but it's common.

Those who are **slaves** to money, property and prestige want to **rule** over everyone. So long as we don't see ourselves as **princes** and **princesses**, those **fools** are going to steal **luxuries** that could be doled out fairly to the deserving. We could turn this cesspool back into a **garden** if we recognized the virtues in our blue blood that we can exhibit before everyone.

Getting material **luxuries** away from **fools** into the hands of true, spiritual royalty is the topic of every revolution since the world began. The topic that people avoid discussing is the evolution of the spirit of man. That requires being able to see ourself as we truly are, as well as others. Even the rich and powerful have their individual virtues.

I don't recommend you try to convince anyone s/he's a **fool**. That said, it's always easy convincing men that they're **princes**.

The issue boils down to **slaves** and **slavedrivers**. If you suspect you're being treated like either, I suggest you look at your need to become a **Moses** unto yourself. **Torah** is the tale of the emancipation of **slaves** through a journey to a land of **milk** and **honey**.

The problem Moses had was that he went from revolutionary leader to evolutionary manager, and he didn't realize that the qualities of a revolutionary come from men, but the qualities of an evolutionary leader come from women. **Moses'** anger issues increased the more he resisted the feminine side of himself.

If you think you can cut corners on your journey using Jesus or the Prophet Muhammad as your guide, I've got bad news for you. You're going to have to use all three leaders and the virtues of women that only gay men seem to embrace gratefully nowadays.

Proverb 19:20

Listen to advice and accept discipline, and at the end you will be counted among the wise.

The **discipline** it takes to be a modern citizen of the world will only come from opening your mind to other names for God. If you've been told that the name[s] you've been given for Him are the only legitimate names, you're never going to achieve the **wisdom** you need to take responsibility for the lion's share of your misfortunes.

The **advice** I take that I trust the most is my own. But I've had to unify my thoughts, feelings and beliefs in my conscience in order to differentiate between the wants [-] and desires [+] in my penis. Then I had to **discipline** myself to change my mind thanks to the wisdom my penis has gleaned over the years. That's what truly transformed my heart. That's what opened me to the sympathy and empathy needed in interfacing with others that so pleases God.

It's one thing for someone to break your heart. It's quite another when God breaks your heart with an "act of God" that devastates you. There is a thing called "luck." But you've got to earn it. Pay your good fortune forward any way you choose. But learn sympathy for those who are deserving of your sympathy. Just supporting any underdog who comes

along isn't going to help anyone, least of all you. Our Teacher is watching.

Changing my mind transformed my heart, making it possible for me to transcend the beliefs in my soul. In this way, I found the line between self-sacrifice and masochism. I had no idea how masochistic I was some of the time and sadistic at other times. Usually, I was masochistic toward others and sadistic toward myself. I had no idea how the forces within me had been conspiring against my better interests.

Developing a loving relationship with God required developing a loving relationship with myself. God, in His infinite **wisdom**, brought me a partner and soulmate who has helped me just by modeling the best he has to offer. He's my trophy husband, even though we're not married. We met when I was 57 years old. I was on the brink of old age. What luck! What incredibly good fortune!

I don't agree with everything Will thinks. I can't read his mind to discern how his feelings, beliefs and urges are influencing his thoughts. But I can see how differently he lives his life from how I live mine. And occasionally, I find that inspiring.

Proverb 20:27

The human spirit is the lamp of The Lord that sheds light on one's inmost being.

The depth of my heart is measured by the depth of my **conscience**. The depth of my **conscience** is measured by the depths of my desires [+]. And the depth of my desires is measured by my hunger to know my reason for being. This is why I can call myself soulful.

All my inner forces are interrelated. If you believe we need to learn how to interrelate with one another peacefully, you'll realize you need to interrelate to the forces within yourself, first. This makes you a **lamp** unto yourself that can

then reflect your inner **light** onto others the way the sun reflects its light onto the moon.

The human spirit is like a fire. That fire was ignited at conception. It will appear to be extinguished upon your death. But your spirit will simply move out of your vehicle and go elsewhere. Nobody knows how that happens or where we go.

You're a spirit in an RV [home/vehicle] on a journey. Your **inmost being** is made up of the forces within you. These forces are built into the body you're in. Making your way safely, securely and joyously to the end of your journey requires knowing how to operate yourself. Learning to drive a car is so much easier than learning to steer your vehicle. Parents are people who choose to learn to get behind their own wheel and use all the buttons on it by practicing on children.

I'd like to say that parents are a menace on the roads of life because they recreate bad drivers. But I'm too old to blame my own parents when I look at how I weave and swerve as I make my way through the day.

People ghost one another because they ghost themself. They don't yet see themself as a spirit that brings **light** to their **being**. They see themself as a ghost who's haunting themself. They behave like vampires that suck the blood out of one another. They behave like zombies that feed off one another. They behave like ghosts that haunt one another. To transform from a ghost into a spirit, you must spend time getting to know yourself. You must make a friend of yourself. Halloween should only come once a year.

If you see yourself treating others like enemies, you need to befriend yourself all the more. Our Teacher will help you defend yourself against those pupils who are bent on discriminating against you just because you're you.

Perhaps now you can see why Palestinians aren't ready for a piece of our pie. I can hardly believe God gave **Israel** back to us when He did. Unless our **rabbis** open their minds

to gay Jewish interpretations of our scripture, I don't see much hope for the future of **Israel**. But I see even less hope for anyone else's future. We're all in this alone, together.

Proverb 21:3

To do what is right and just is more acceptable to The Lord than sacrifice.

The ancient Jews created animal **sacrifices** to appease God. Over the course of a thousand or so years, the Jews finally realized they'd have to account to God directly for their behavior. They couldn't blame their penis [the **serpent** in their **tree**] for their wrongdoings. They couldn't blame the animal kingdom and make it pay for their transgressions. And they certainly couldn't blame an imaginary force called "Satan" for their actions, as the Christians were doing.

Sacrificing your wants [-] for the wellbeing of others is a gift to others. But **sacrificing** your wants [-] for the wellbeing of yourself is a gift to yourself. How many can do both?

The self-righteous are the most awakened and aware members of society. Their righteousness is so apparent to them that they can disconnect themself from the righteousness of others. This may go against what you think because you may not have met many truly self-righteous people.

Our Teacher will see to it that everyone gets the lessons they need, regardless of the pain and/or suffering that may cause. If you want to help your fellow students improve their grades, become so self-righteous that you simply model such good behavior that you proudly express it to others.

Disconnect from the insanity of your classmates. Talk about the poor choices people are making on both sides of the political aisle. Most people are other-righteous. They aren't looking to right themself above all others. They think

their **sacrifices** don't require taking into consideration their own wants [-].

Doing what's right for yourself will be a gift to all others if you know how to use your conscience as your guide, rather than use your conscience to guide everyone else. Most of the nightly news is gossip promoted by the rich and powerful to procure their goals.

The antisemitism and anti-**Zionism** we see has been unintentionally caused by the media. They promote ideas about the evil of Jews that has been floating in Christians and Muslims for thousands of years. If you love gays but hate Jews, or love Jews but hate gays, you're a pawn in the game. You need Jewish queens today, not just like Esther in our past, to help you see through the Persian nightmare we're all reliving these days.

The result of putting yourself first in the most righteous sense of the word is what parents achieve in raising their children to be wonderful human beings who contribute to society. Do the same by making your inner parents proud of raising your inner child to become a wonderful human being, too.

The reward for being a good parent in **Hebrew** is called **natzos** [nachas in Yiddish]. It's the sublime feeling that you've contributed to society by having done something right.

But natzos/nachas isn't limited to parents. It isn't limited to anybody. And it certainly doesn't exclude God feeling natzos/nachas for the way He guides you through His Story.

After all the disappointments I left as markers in my past, I finally realized that God had had a Hand in all of it. He had let me go through my evil inclinations to teach me the meaning of guilt. He turned my embarrassment into modesty; my shame into humility; and my humiliation into grace.

God helped me see how guilt-ridden I was for how I was treating myself. It was only in paying more attention to what

I was thinking that I began to see how my thoughts had been self-defeating. The effect of my thinking on my feelings became intolerable. I went insane. And the effect of my thoughts and feelings on my beliefs turned me into a hateful person.

But I only hated me. I thought I had great relationships with most others. I didn't realize how spiritually sick I was until I could see how I created enemies in my mind. My imagination was always seeking someone to blame. But the imaginary demons were all reflections of me, myself and I.

The people who are the most hated in this world are the gays and the Jews. Thankfully, I'm both. I'm a gay man and a **Zionist** Jew. This is why I tried to kill myself out of confusion. This is why I've had to spend my entire life healing myself. This is why I reveal myself in writing.

The violence we see around us is the result of the violence within that people disassociated from by projecting their hatred onto scapegoats. You're doing it to. You're just not doing it to such a degree that you literally hurt anyone other than those you claim to have good reason to hurt.

Listen to what you say to others. Listen to how you rationalize your unwillingness to spend money on certain people who you think are undeserving of your money.

Your hatred of Democrats or Republicans, gays or **Israelis**, Jews, Christians or Muslims, women, Black people, children, the disabled or those you have any sort of power over will reveal how deeply you hate yourself if you aren't using your conscience as your guide. You're probably using your penis as your guide. And you know how unwise that can be.

Your hate may be filling your cup and bubbling over into hate speech against gays and/or Jews. And all Jews are **Israelites** in the modern age. And then you may be using your conscience to excuse yourself and blame others for their weaknesses or errors of judgment. Ask better questions.

Serenity can only be achieved by giving up your hatred of people who are weaker than you. The best way to influence others is with understanding of the God they answer to. If you could read **The Hebrew Testament**, the Christian Bible and the Quran as three consecutive instructions from our Teacher, you could become an important link in His Story.

I could never have accomplished my spiritual transcendence on my own. I had no idea what I was doing. Therefore, there's no way I can tell what my wants [-] and desires [+] are moving me toward, now.

My penis is the delivery device of the mysterious and unknowable power in my testicles that brings life to life. Living life with self-intimacy has brought me intimacy with God. Knowing myself has brought me knowledge of how God made me in just one of His Images. I don't think knowing Him in the biblical sense of the word is evil. It's the only Source of my strength.

In this pursuit, I came to realize that I want God to enjoy the natzos/nachas of having turned me from clay into a sculptural masterpiece in the making. After all the disappointment I put Him through in the past, I want Him to enjoy my rewards with me now. After all, what's the good of finally achieving self-intimacy if you can't share it with Him?

Proverb 22:7

The rich rule over the poor, and the borrower is slave to the lender.

The rich rule over the poor because the **rich** think they're smarter than the **poor** because the rich know how to make money. What the **rich** are is more disciplined than the **poor** in that area of life. Once you teach the **poor** to discipline themselves in other areas, you soon discover that their conscience is highly developed thanks to their arduous experiences in managing their vehicle in other ways.

The **poor** have been **ruled over** and oppressed. They've been suppressed by their parents and repressed by themself. They're often depressed, and they don't know why.

The **rich** are no different. There's nothing stopping the **rich** from indulging themselves without end. They, too, need to learn to discipline themselves.

Proverb 22:14

The mouth of an adulterous woman is a deep pit; a man who is under The Lord's wrath falls into it.

Again, the issue of morality was once divided by gender to make women look bad. If orthodox Jews in the past had realized that **The Creation Story** isn't just about a man and a woman, they wouldn't have compounded this mistake this far into **The Hebrew Testament** with **Proverbs.**

Why wouldn't the mouth of an adulterous man be as **deep** a **pit** as the mouth of a woman **who is under The Lord's wrath**? What's the difference between the mouth of a man verses a woman?

All those who commit **adultery** have broken a promise. Their word isn't good. Why wouldn't God respond in like kind to anyone who needs to learn the importance of keeping his or her word?

Unless you can take **The Creation Story** personally to see yourself as like **Adam** [thoughts], like **Eve** [feelings], like the **serpent** [urges] and like God [beliefs], you aren't going to be able to answer moral questions without prejudice. You're going to lead yourself and others astray.

What's stopping you is your **serpent**, not the male or female sides of yourself. Once you can befriend the **serpent** in your **tree**, you can discover many new things that you previously thought of as taboo. The wisdom in your head, heart and soul will confirm whether the words emanating out of the **serpent** in your **tree** are wise.

Remember that there are two of you. One of you is good. The other is evil. The good in you lies in both of you. And the evil in you lies in both of you. Therefore, you need to be inspired to perceive the good and evil in you. And you need to discover how that has made you loving and strong.

Proverb 24:12

If you say, "But we knew nothing about this," Does not He who weighs the heart perceive it? Does not He who guards your life know it? Will He not repay everyone according to what they have done?

Exoneration of guilt isn't something you can do for yourself. It isn't something a family, community, nation or faith can do for themselves, either.

You can excuse yourself for the mistakes you've made in caring for your body. You can forgive yourself for the mistakes of your character defects, provided you apologize and make amends to those you've hurt. But you can't exonerate anything you've done wrong.

Can you change the grade you got on a test by crossing out the grade at the top of the page and writing in a new one? But the Teacher has already recorded your grade in His Roll Book. You're not fooling Him. You're not fooling others. You're only fooling yourself.

Retelling your own story to make it sound more pleasing to your ear may please some people around you, and it may even please you. But it certainly won't please God.

Guilt is riddled with psychological damage from our parents or guardians. My own parents were extremely damaged Holocaust survivors. I wasn't adequately prepared for the real world. I wasn't instructed on how to create friendships or deal with social conflicts. It was no wonder that I suffered severe mental illness given the post-traumatic stress that my parents and sibling suffered from the Second World War that I had to endure.

When you've done something wrong, you're guilty whether you want to think so, feel so, believe so, or not. If human beings could assign or deny guilt at their whim, the world would be uncivilized. It's precisely because we have **The Ten Commandments** and the laws that hinge upon them that we can call ourselves civilized.

But dishonesty is everywhere. It certainly existed in my family. And I experienced it in my relationship with Larry who cheated me. I experienced it in my siblings who stole my inheritance out from under me. And I've experienced on jobs and in from friends. This world if filled with disreputable people.

Once you misinterpret **The Creation Story** by taking it literally, you're going to misinterpret the rest of **Torah**, the rest of **The Hebrew Testament**, and by extension, The New Testament and Quran. An arrow aimed in the wrong direction will always miss the mark.

Leviticus 20 is where the arrow that missed the mark landed. In it, God tells the Jewish people to kill those Jews He disapproves of, including those who don't believe in Him alone, adulterers, those who have sex with family members and gay men.

The Jews have done just the opposite. We've avoided killing those who don't believe in God. We've avoided killing anyone for sexual behaviors. We've avoided killing altogether.

Just look at how Christians and Muslims have behaved in comparison to us throughout their histories! We must stop struggling and killing each other and start struggling with our own scripture.

The author of Torah [**Moses**] and the main character of Torah [**Moses**] made mistakes. He even admitted that his greatest mistakes in life were caused by his anger issues.

I had to admit that my anger at the Jews needed to be contained. I had to admit that **Moses'** interpretation of God's word missed the mark in some ways. I had to concede that

my upbringing was severely flawed. Not only did my relationships suffer in adulthood. My relationship with myself turned violent and so erratic that I had to be involuntarily committed to mental institutions.

Jesus may have advocated for coming out of our head and into our heart to understand others' circumstances using pity not just punitive means to solve problems. But Muhammad asked us to come out of our broken heart into our soul to use generosity of spirit to achieve God's Admiration.

In embracing all three of the Abrahamic faiths, we learn to embrace ourself, and God. We learn the mystery of His Magnificent Ways. We heal the conflict we have with our own penis or clitoris, and seek to use our urges [+/-] to find peace from within.

Proverb 26:1

Like snow in summer or rain in harvest, honor is not fitting for a fool.

A **fool** is a one-eyed man who can't look at reality with the depth perception of someone with two eyes. A **fool** can never be sure how near or far a principle is from him.

Reality requires spiritual depth perception to manage the lessons God gives us. Reality offers us the opportunity to earn **honors** in life. But **honors** aren't disseminated like **rain** and **snow** that come down from the heavens above at prescribed times of the year.

We can't expect **honors** just because we believe we deserve them. Any **fool** who has the vision to acknowledge global warming knows that even rain and snow can't be depended upon anymore for nourishing the land at appropriate times of the year and in appropriate quantities.

Honor comes from God in the form of peace of mind, goodwill toward ourself and from charity for the deserving who are needy.

The world is much more hypocritical than the middle aged would have you think. Only the young smell hypocrisy all around them. But unless the old and wise validate the nose of the young, the young will grow up to become hypocrites themselves. Is that what you want to see more of?

Proverb 26:11

As a dog returns to its vomit, so fools repeat their folly.

Hunger is a powerful urge in man. Greed is a hunger. Lust is a hunger. Gluttony is a hunger. Even sloth is a hunger.

The man who **returns** again and again to the hungers he can't control is a **fool**. He has an urge for something others reject. They can smell how disgusting that behavior is. But just **as a dog returns to its vomit, so fools repeat their folly**. And yet they can't stop themself from disgusting others with their indulgences. This is why I see **fools** as sick.

Anti-**Zionism** is a hunger that fools yearn to satisfy. Homophobia is a hunger that fools yearn to satisfy. The same is true of racism, misogyny, misandry and xenophobia. When the world stops yearning for evil, peace will be achieved in the Middle East.

If you were a doctor for **fools**, what part of their body would you examine? Their head? Their belly? The foot they invariably stick in their mouth?

I think that what makes a **fool** a **fool** is his penis. I say you ought to examine the delivery device of his wants [-] and desires [+], because the forbidden **fruits** of his **tree** are the cause of his hypocrisy.

But if you have a better approach based on conventional interpretations of Judaism, Christianity and Islam by the straight men who run those religions, I'd love to hear it. But please don't tell me again how the gays and/or Jews need to be eradicated to make men morally clean. It's getting tiresome.

Proverb 27:12

The prudent see danger and take refuge, but the simple keep going and pay the penalty.

We're all **prudent** in some ways and **simple** in others. We could all use a little help from time to time to avoid some problems and get out of other problems. To be realistic, we should acknowledge the limitations God places on us by bringing people into our world who are damaged, needy and confused. These are lessons in the school of life that come directly from our Teacher to help us heal. It's for our sake that we go through these assignments. It's by developing a good attitude and a faithful disposition that we achieve the high marks we deserve. Autonomy isn't in our best interest. We're all in this alone, together.

You're not going to be here forever. But there will be many more lessons in your syllabus before you graduate. Look around at what others are facing. "There, but for the grace of God, go I." [possibly first said by John Bradford, a 16th Century English Reformer]

Proverb 27:17

As iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens another.

God works with us and against us to get us where He wants us to go. You don't have to approve of the pain and suffering you're going through, but it would help to be able to see it as a lesson from our Teacher. It's not necessary to commend the Teacher for the curriculum you're served in this school, but that would help even more.

People are God's Indirect Way of moving us toward personal progress, even if we ignorantly assume He's taking us the wrong way. Sometimes loss is the greatest teacher.

Sometimes grief **sharpens** your wits in a way that nothing else would.

This is why the efforts of **pharaohs**, **slavedrivers** and **slaves** are all needed to achieve freedom. This is why Republicans [**slavedrivers**] and Democrats [**slaves**] vote for the benefits of one and all, as they think fit. If you don't like how they require the support of billionaires [**pharaohs**] to do their job, understand that **pharaohs** need to learn in this school, too. **The Passover Tale** didn't end in **Torah**. It began in **Torah**. It's still going on now.

Without loss and grief, do you really think you'd be as soulful as you claim to be? So much of what you have on the inside is the result of what you lost around you. And those losses are generally caused by thieves who'll steal anything that isn't nailed down, including their own reputation.

Your reputation isn't in anybody else's hands. But if you think your reputation will improve by not letting the homeless live in your neighborhood, you have a good point. They need to be given food, shelter and clothing as well as instruction on how to live like we do.

But we're all Homeless. We're all on our way Home. The homeless need homes, even if they prefer to live on the streets. They're sick. They've been psychologically compromised. Therefore, they're weak. You should be able to see that and help secure their wellbeing by securing government assistance to them that will address all their issues.

Give the homeless homes in places where they can be helped to learn to live like a civilized human being, not in your neighborhood. Create institutions that are like schools where the spiritually homeless can be taught how to live like we do and thrive like we thrive. Teach them like children. Raise them in a way that their parent failed to do. The age of a man can only be determined by the way in which he treats himself and his things.

Proverb 29:1

Whoever remains stiff-necked after many rebukes will suddenly be destroyed – without remedy.

When **Moses** was selected to take the **Israelites** out of ancient **Egypt**, he found his mission to lead ex-**slaves** exceedingly difficult. So, he went to God with his frustrations, and God told him that the **Israelites** were a **stiff-necked** people. [**Exodus** 32:9]

It's comforting to know that the stubborn who can't get around a brick wall may instead fall into an unseen hole that unexpectedly buries them alive. [**Numbers** 16:1-18:32]

If you think today's Jews are anymore **stiff-necked** than today's Christians and Muslims, or, for that matter, anybody else on Earth, you're wrong. Everybody was created by God, and everybody is **stiff-necked** [stubborn] in some ways. Either go around brick walls with modesty, humility and loyalty to your reputation in His Eyes, or take the risk of falling into holes you don't now see that others tell you are right before your feet.

Any ex-**slave** knows that **Korach** [**Hebrew**: ice] and his men revolted against **Moses** in the Book of **Numbers**, but were consumed by a hole in the ground that suddenly appeared and swallowed them alive. This, **pharaohs** and **slavedrivers** are banking on never happening to them.

When Will accuses me of being stubborn, I ask him to forgive me. I've done so much homework. I've caught up with my classes. But I still have a lot to learn. My empathy and sympathy for others are the consequence of the self-love I've amassed from my lessons in the school of life. When I defend the deserving who've worked hard for what they have and are free from prejudice against gays and Jews, I do so, not because I'm stubborn. I do so because I'm faithful.

I was a murderer who tried to kill myself. Those who discriminate against gays and Jews remind me of how much I hated myself. I will not allow them to hurt me. If I have to fight for my right to be a gay Jew, I will do so with words. Words are my sharpest knives.

Korach's name means "ice." He and his followers were swallowed up by the earth, never to be seen again. The spirit of man is like a fire that men like **Korach** throw ice at. They can't feel sympathy or empathy for themself. They've got a problem that's worse than ice in their veins. The cold has made its way into their breastplate. Their conscience is frozen. They know nothing about the rainbow within them. They only know the meaning of infrared [suicide] and ultraviolet [murder]. This is no way to manage your heart.

I live in a complex world where the Democrats support anti-**Zionists** and Republicans support homophobes. What's more, the Jews can be found on both sides of the political platform. I'm an Independent because I'm opposed to both sides. If more Jews were sympathetic to the struggles of gay Jews, they'd become Independents, too.

Proverb 29:13

The poor and the oppressor have this in common: The Lord gives sight to the eyes of both.

The **poor** have a responsibility to overcome their poverty, and the **oppressor** has a responsibility to overcome his persecution complex. **The Lord gives** both rich and poor **insight** to see what they're doing to themself.

Just helping the **poor** or stopping others from persecuting the disenfranchised isn't nearly good enough. Each of them must look in their heart for the part they play in the game of cat and mouse.

Life can't be won with your mind. Sharp wits are important but inadequate in becoming a spiritual winner. It's good to come from your head. It's better to come from your head and heart. But it's best to come from your head, heart

and soul with insight into the voice of the urges that emanate out from between your legs.

Proverb 29:23

Pride brings a person low, but the lowly in spirit gain honor.

Gays seek **pride** because through **pride** we attain **honor**. Who fears being killed by a gay man? Who fears that a lesbian will strap on a bomb and blow up a synagogue? Yet straight men tremble at the thought of a transgendered person entering a public bathroom.

Gay men love men. And gay women love women. Straight men and women can't say that about their own gender. They only claim to love one another, and that's not nearly good enough.

You see it in the way straight people raise their children. Their children don't love themself. They seek guidance from social media where they attempt to guide each other. They instinctively know that their parents aren't wise enough to teach them what they need to know in this day and age.

If you can't make love to someone of the same gender, then, at the very least, learn to love yourself. You're the one person of your gender that you have a real potential to care for. If you don't, you'll forever be a discredit to your gender, your community, your nation and your faith.

To love God because He made you male or female, you must learn to love yourself. If you can't even do that, don't try to wax poetic to me about the right to life of the unborn or the perversion of those who love members of their own gender.

You're the one who's unborn. You're the one who's depriving yourself of life and life everlasting. Do you really think that God didn't think about the hypocrisy of the religious "right" without offering them insight into themselves?

Honor the spirit within you and you'll use contraception not to ignite an unwanted spirit into being. Honor your

sexual relationship with yourself, and you'll get your nose out of my crotch. Honor your journey and you'll think more about your Destination. I sincerely hope you won't be going where I'm going. I have no desire to share the afterlife with anyone but God.

We in the LGBTQIA+ community have a rainbow flag that we wave proudly. We're learning to honor ourselves, our husbands and our wives. But when I see the Harvey Milk [a gay Jew] Democratic Club refuse to endorse gay Jewish candidates, I can see that the problems of pride affect us all. How dare you discriminate against me because of my relationship to **Israel**. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

In summation

I'm still suicidal. I worry about my feelings descending into the **snake** pit I've worked my way out of. I'm afraid I may be filled with emptiness again.

Life is a school. But what I've learned has less to do with others and more to do with myself. I now perceive the rainbow that arches from my heart to my soul. I understand the emotional meaning of each of the seven colors. But I'll never forget the infrared [suicide] and ultraviolet [murder] extremes of the rainbow that I must avoid.

When I spoke to God about this, He begged me to stay in school. He asked to stay here despite the horrible grades of some of my classmates. He asked me to do it for His Sake. He didn't promise to have sex with me if I continued my studies. He didn't tempt me with a description of His Penis and Anus as a reward for doing what He wants.

He asked me to stay with the promise that I'd learn more if I did. It's only my love of learning that keeps me here. It's only the hope I've attained from raising my grades that stops me from hurting myself or others.

When I'm really upset, I overeat. I pretend that people are food. I bite into them and tear them to pieces. I crush them with my teeth. I swallow them, sending them down into my digestive tract where I remove everything nourishing about them. And when they leave my system, I look in the toilet with a great sense of relief and pride. I've reduced my enemies to what I truly think of them. And then I flush their remains and let society deal with what's left.

Loving God isn't fulfilled with lighting a candle on special occasions [Catholics] or eating your meals at night for a month once a year [Muslims]. Loving God in those ways will end disastrously by making countless babies who'll grow up standing shoulder to shoulder with their

fellow man because there'll be no more room on the planet to live any way other than like sardines.

It's time for humanity to wake up to the sexual challenges of living in a modern world without overpopulating it. Prostitution won't be necessary when married couples will invite God into their bedroom. Adultery won't be necessary when couples have a ménage à trois with God.

The poor and disenfranchised will be able to support themselves in a dignified fashion when the rich discover how poor and disenfranchised they are within. Wars won't be necessary to deal with territorial conflicts when men discover the penis problems that are getting in their way.

The only way I can see us overcoming global warming is with the process called electrolysis, which creates electricity by splitting water into H_2 and O_2. But for humanity to achieve that, we're going to have to inspire our scientists with more hope through self-esteem than they have now. I know some very smart people, and I can tell you that they don't appear to me to be very rich inside. [And that's an understatement.]

If you dream about a source of renewable energy that will end our dependence on oil, start by looking for the power in you. If you already look for the battery on a Tesla between the wheels, you're nobody's fool. So, why would you dream of your power being anywhere other than between your legs?

I hold a grudge against religious Jews, fundamentalist Christians and fanatical Muslims for making classroom management unnecessarily difficult. The three of them are like bozos at the back of the room who distract the class with nonsense. I think they've got a lot to learn about reality and God's Plans for each one of them. But I also hold a grudge against atheists. They, too, are wasting class time. Most of them are out on the quad, walking the halls or in detention. That's a drain on everyone's resources.

I know how difficult it was to pull my head out of my ass. But I did get a good look around inside while I was there. And I have to say that I can now see much more of the difference between the world within me and the world we share.

I now see myself as the Frank Lloyd Wright of spiritual architecture, a man fifty years ahead of his time. I'm constructing spiritual edifices in book form before men have developed the tools to produce what I envision. And yet, I'm not deterred.

If you're now convinced that I'm not insane, I recommend you read my other books. There's a great deal about reality I didn't tell you about in this one.

But if you think life can be summed up with the word, "Love your God, and it'll all turn out well in the end," you're still fantasizing. Life is as complex as you are. It takes wisdom [Judaism] to love, and love [Christianity] to achieve loyalty [Islam] to life.

If you're hungry to know the part you have to play in the awakening of humanity, you're going to have to explore the powerful potential you have to make a difference little-by-little day-by-day. And that's going to challenge you to become a lot more patient with yourself than you probably are now.

Be hopeful on the inside even if you're not always able to be optimistic about the changing circumstances outside around you. God gave you moods like clouds in the sky. There are going to be dark days. So, use your conscience as your guide regardless of what mood you happen to be in, in the moment.

All you need to get through life is a sense of humor and a desire to make love to God rather than wish you could kill Him, like **Cain** secretly wanted to do. If the Mona Lisa is really Leonardo da Vinci in drag, you, too, should be able to put a mysterious smile on your face by imagining yourself as a member of the opposite gender.

Always remember:

In God we thrust

Previous Books

I recommend you read my other books in the reverse order I wrote them.

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

14. Quran: The Book of Lights
    Volume 1 High Lights
    Volume 2 LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
    Volume 3 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 4 SEA: How to Love Life
    Volume 5 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
    Volume 6 *Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
    Volume 7 Flames: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

7. A Guest at Their Table
    My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:
    Volume 1 Christ's Bread and Body
    Volume 2 Christ's Wine and Blood
    Volume 3 Communion in a Human Body

4. The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective
   Torah For Straight People
   Volume 1 The Genesis of a Moses Like You
   Volume 2 The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers
   and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. The Wisdom of Self-Love
   Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. Becoming
   89 Poems of My Love for Me