A Cross-Eyed Bear
[A Cross I'd Bear]

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

Volume 2

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

First read about the gorilla within ya.
Then read about a cross I'd bear.

The cross I'd bear now, after having been through so many unfortunate experiences in life is very different from what I bore before. Life is a bear: tough and demanding. Without puns, there'd be no way to say some things that need to be said. Such is the mystery words create because words hold multiple meanings.

The word I'll be exploring in this book is "ambivalence." It was difficult for my head and heart to understand my soul's previous ambivalence to the stations of belief that my trains of thoughts were taking me to on the tracks of my feelings.

Most of my life, I was torn between what I thought and what I felt. It was as if my trains of thought were always jumping the track, causing horrible accidents within me

I didn't want to commit myself to any one belief [destination] or even to any one belief system. I was fine figuratively cruising by boat, flying by plane and getting where I wanted to go by car. If I'd lived in the ancient past, I would have been fine traveling by camel or horseback. Hell, I would have been happy to make my way through this world by jackass if I felt like I was getting somewhere. But traveling by trains of thought brought up extensions of a metaphor I needed to explore.

Feeling ambivalent brought up fears of becoming dogmatic and cruel. Therefore, I had to intuit the wisest course of action to remain open minded to many points of view. By raising the volume of my intuition to hear that one, special voice whispering in my breastplate, I was led to a whole new way of living life with inner intelligence, elegance and refinement.

I don't depend on others to tell me what to think and feel in order to behave fairly to **One** and all. I've found answers for myself by myself. I can now see that my ambivalence to others emanated out of vacillations of my feelings for me.

The question always came down to a cross-eyed bear or a cross I'd bear – a play on words with profoundly different

meanings. In the end, I had to acknowledge my ambivalence in coming to know and love myself as I am, not as I'd like to be. I'm always who I am. That's my cross to bear.

Ambivalence is like taking two steps forward and two steps back repeatedly. All I had to do to overcome my ambivalence to being me was take two steps forward and one step back. This is what I now understand about the expression, "It's progress, not perfection."

I have to make mistakes because I'm challenged every day whether to do things the way I did them before. I don't have to correct all of those mistakes at once. I only have to question one or two at a time.

But to do that much, I had to admit I'm fallible. I had to look back at my past to see where I'd been and how I ended up here, now. I'm an imperfect creation, striving to be perfectly imperfect in my own unique way.

I'm a paradox in the flesh. I'm not able to do everything. I have to depend on others for some things. I have to participate in society to get my needs met. To achieve both, I have to assimilate to the greater good of the whole in some ways, while in other ways I have to gain and maintain my individuality.

As you know from The Organ Grinder's Gorilla, eagerness to learn about myself began with knowledge of the unique, operating skills of the serpent in my tree, my urge to satisfy my wants [-] and desires [+]. That required trusting the **God** who hung that talking snake from the trunk of my metaphoric tree.

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

God made me as I am. **He** gave me life as a male. Then **He** planted me like a seed in something that's like a garden. It wasn't by chance that when I reached puberty the snake in

my tree would begin to speak. Out of its mouth would cum the juice from my fruits. That was **His** plan from the start. I had no choice in that matter.

Over time, I came upon a burning bush [conscience] in my breastplate. Thanks to my losses in life, my talking serpent convinced me to enter that talking flame. I went up in smoke spiritually rather than like the 6,000,000 Jews in Europe in the last century who went up in smoke literally.

I'm like Moses except that I didn't go back to help anyone. I went forward to help myself. But I, too, had a Burning Bush experience. In my case it was the God within me, not the **God** of us all, who spoke to me.

At first, I practiced getting used to the smoke of the fire that was making me smolder within. Then I began to fume. Eventually, I started smoking cigarettes to watch the smoke come out of me. Later, I realized I was seething inside, whether or not a cancer stick was hanging down from my lips.

Ultimately, I found a way to use my spiritual operating system in conjunction with the seven attributes of fire as a way to pray from my soul while standing nude, naked and transparent before the God within me, who claimed to have been sent to me by the **God** around me.

There are many names for **God**. The Hindus have thousands of names for **Him**. The Taoists have 16. The Christians have three. The Muslims have one proper noun for **God** [**Allah**] who's also the God within them [Allah]. The Buddhists don't believe in **Him**/Him, although they have a path to a final Destination [Nirvana] where they plan to be without **Him**/Him for all eternity.

The Jews believe in a universal **God** [**Elohim**] and a personal God [Adonai]. Adonai is a euphemism for the word Y.H.V.H., which is an acronym for "What will be, will be." I'll say more about how the God within us guides us without taking responsibility for our actions.

In Volume 1, I told you that I'd take you through the figurative flame [life force] within you. And I did. I also promised that in this book, I'd take you up with my smoke [prayers] to **God**. And I will. I'll teach you the spiritual meaning of time and space as viewed from within to rouse you to the full meaning of **His** story [history].

My willingness to look back on the crosses I bore helped me appreciate each new cross I've had to bear. Now I'm less like the bore [boar] I was before.

Once I've borne a cross, I'm not willing to bear it a second time. The tragedies [crosses] I've borne elucidate the reasons for my ambivalence in carrying the same cross yet again. Tragedy, not comedy, has shaped my life. Losses, not gains, have made me who I am.

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

These seemingly endless tragic lessons in life aren't echoes of death. Quite the contrary. They're lessons in how to enjoy my proximity to death as the greatest achievement of life. If life is a school, then death is my graduation. I have every reason to believe that I'm going to graduate this academy on Earth with a Ph.D. in me thanks to majoring in self-intimacy.

My proximity to death mirrors my proximity to disapproval. I'm extremely sensitive to displeasure in others' eyes. When people hurt my feelings, neglect, ignore, reject or abandon me, I feel very uncomfortable. I feel betrayed. I feel like they're telling me I'm not doing what I'm supposed to do.

This feeling of uselessness triggered my feelings of ambivalence. The more useful I feel to me despite all the rejection I experience in being gay and/or Jewish, the more pleasure I derive in feeling ambivalent about others.

That doesn't mean that I don't care about the LGBTQIA+ community and Israel. It means that I care less about those who oppose us. The God within me, in conjunction with the **God** of us all, have led me to this unique view of my curriculum in this school.

When I use the word "tragic," I'm referring to a lifetime of cuts that have left me bleeding inside. If life is a school and **God** is my **Teacher**, then I needed to know the reasons for these lessons that left me feeling so scarred over time.

For the Jews, the Sabbath is on the seventh day of the week, the day **God** rested. I see us all as having been figuratively given seven days of life. The God within me will rest when I'm dead. Until then, He's busy helping me make my way through my other six days with the help of the **God** of us all.

The Christians celebrate their Sabbath on Sunday, the day of the week **God** created the universe. The Big Bang happened on a Sunday, which parallels the little bang that made me. Each of us was figuratively born on a Sunday.

The Muslims celebrate their Sabbath on Friday, the day **God** created humanity. On the other days of the week, **God** saw that what **He** had done was good. But when **God** looked back at all that **He** had done on Friday night, **He** saw that it was very good. We're all on a journey with **God** with a beginning [Sunday], a middle that ends on Friday night and an end [Saturday].

God didn't create man in **His** image. **He** created man in **His** imagination. This is why each of us has a body that's unique, and each of us has a spiritual operating system that's divine. Each of us is a spirit in a vehicle on a journey.

You might like to think of **God** as everything outside your vehicle. And you might like to think of the God within

you as sitting in the back seat, tapping you on the shoulder, suggesting where you might like to go.

Making my way through all the tragedies of my life with curiosity and courage has rendered me eager to learn why I had to go through what I went through to know what I now know. Looking at myself as a student in a school has helped me overcome my ambivalence to learning, now that I can see that everything I went through was **Tailor** made for me.

Evidence, facts, figures, data, statistics, and information lead to concepts, hypotheses and theories. This is what it takes to grow like a tree of knowledge. This is what teaches us about the world around us.

Self-knowledge teaches us about the world within us. Self-knowledge leads to wisdom. With wisdom, you can love yourself and express your loyalty to yourself before all others. This is why I'm so grateful to be a wise and self-loving, gay Jew who puts my loyalty to me above all others.

I once saw ambivalence as a source of autonomy. That slowly turned to willpower which eventually morphed into self-will run riot. Now I'm on the fence looking out at both sides of life [good and evil]. This is an amazingly potent place to be.

Watching others take sides is an interesting pastime. I'm always amazed and a little stunned at how little people know about themself when expressing their opinions. They're moving through **God's** realm [reality] with a God within them in the vehicle they were given. Yet they drive like a bat out of Hell.

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

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

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

loneliness. I talk to people to help them appreciate themself, so I can appreciate myself all the more. None of us have all day. We've only got this one gift from **God** called the present. And it will figuratively last only one week. Saturday, the Jewish day of rest, will arrive for us all. Eternal rest doesn't look pleasant to me unless I can account to **God** for how **He** made me and why.

Judaism describes two **Gods** in one: **Elohim**, the **God** around us and Adonai, the God within us. That led me to explore Christianity, faith in three **Gods** in one: the **Father** around us and the Son within us in addition to a Holy Spirit [fire] that we all possess.

My fire burns as hot as anyone else's. My fire warms as well as anyone's. And I can burn myself just as badly as you can.

The Judeo-Christian culture I grew up in led me to Islam, faith in one **God**: **Allah**/Allah. Muslims don't differentiate between the **God** who created the world, the God within them and the spirit we were all given. They see it as all **One** and the same.

Islam led me to the wisdom of self-knowledge, which I now see as direct evidence of **God's** participation in my life. All other evidence is indirect evidence of the self-knowledge I'm here to glean.

The Abrahamic faiths opened the door for me to indigenism, Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism. They led me to self-intimacy which I could then share with others, as well as with **God**. This is the sweetest of all. Without the intimacy I now have with myself, I would have tried to kill myself a fourth time. I see no point in living without my intimacy with me.

No one religion was enough to produce the faith I now possess. All the spokes of the wheel of faith had to lead me to my hub.

It’s all good. It’s all interconnected. It all makes sense when you can look at each and every word as a cross-eyed bear and a cross I’d bear.

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Preface
The 14 tragedies of my life thus far

The tragedies of my life weren't all that tragic. They were only unfortunate, unexpected outcomes that changed my view of what life is all about. Anger, fear and a growing cynicism changed me as the result of what I've been through. Mastering my emotions has made it possible to transcend my negativity with a reason to believe in a God within and a **God** of us all. I have high hopes. I'm a very optimistic person.

I believe anyone who hasn't experienced tragedy, or at the very least, misfortune, isn't adequately experienced about life. We all need to learn gratitude to appreciate the help we've received in avoiding further tragedy or greater tragedy.

I'm thankful to others, appreciative of myself and grateful to **God**. In all three of these ways, I feel better than I did when I felt threatened, frightened and alone.

It would have shocked me if someone had told me that I could come to feel relieved, even grateful, for having suffered in life. I thought feelings of humility were foolish, even blasphemous for one as special as me…

Now I feel otherwise. There are people who feel compelled to help others. I find outside assistance to be a humbling experience. In receiving help, I experienced that I'm not in this alone. We're all in this alone, together.

It took 70 years for me to branch out this far from the trunk of my tree. I want you to grow at least this far. I just don't want it to take you as long as it took me. You can come to see the tragedies of your life as meaningful, useful and helpful in learning about yourself even if you feel distant from others' misfortunes.

If you could look at your life through the eyes of a student in a school, you, too, would come to see your calamities as pathways to humility. Just looking at life as a patient in a hospital here to be healed of pain isn't enough.

You must seek to make meaning of suffering. You must seek to know why **God** planted you in a garden with so many other trees. You must seek to see the forest and the trees.

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

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

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

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

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

Experiencing a specific, conditional world in my mind doesn't share it with anyone. This difference in time internally accounts for the verb tense "would" when speaking to others. It also allows for the meaning of "might," "could" and "should." Thinking conditionally makes it possible for me to deal with my issues in the abstract, in the imaginary realm of the theoretical. This makes the laboratory of spirituality in my mind a place where I can experiment with my intentions all on my own.

The Nazis tried to kill all the Jews for having killed their God. The linguistic difference between Nazis and Jews was that the Jews could only imagine revenge. The Nazis acted on it.

Vengeance is mine to do with as I please. If I decide to act on my feelings of revenge, that takes me out of the conditional tense and places me in the present tense.

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

The only thing stopping me from acting on my desire for vengeance is my thankfulness to those who help me avoid repeating tragedies. In my mind, those who help gay Jews are like Americans. Those who help my enemies are like Nazis.

Unfortunately, **God** has planted me like a seed on a fence, not like a seed on either side of a fence in a garden. Some help me because I'm gay. Others help me because I'm Jewish. Rarely do I find anyone who wants to help me because I'm both.

My mother loved me for being gay and Jewish. That's why I have such loyal feelings for my mother, even though she's deceased.

If I find that I do have to live through another tragedy in life, it will now hopefully happen in a way that I'll be better prepared for because I live out many tragedies in my mind to prepare myself for reality.

I think ahead like a Jew. I think ahead like a gay man. I have to anticipate bullets coming from the left and the right. This is the secret to my success in life. This is the tragedy in why my books don't sell. There's no literary market for people like me. People identify with one side or the other.

I don't have the luxury of closing my mind to anyone. Good or bad, I am who I am. I want to grow like a tree, blossom, bloom and fruit regardless of the weather or by

being overshadowed by other trees. I seek the truth because I love the light. Shadows remind me why I'm here.

What I look like on the inside is for you to imagine. But I can already tell you that the fruits of my labors may be far sweeter than yours. I'm very ripe. Some would say that I'm rotten.

I've had to create backup systems to achieve illumination [wisdom] and warmth [love]. I now boast feelings of empathy for some others and a belief in the God within me and a devotion to the **God** of us all. I see a moral [internal] and ethical [external] purpose in being a part of humanity.

I have reason to believe that life is a school, and **God** is my **Teacher**. I believe my grades count. I believe that your grades aren't going on my report card. And I believe graduation from this school only happens once. I think of reincarnation as a concept created by dropouts who gather on the quad. They don't come to class. They aren't planning on taking the final.

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

The encouragement to think about what I think about motivates me to follow my trains of thought to decide for myself if I like the station of beliefs they bring me to. Just by observing my thoughts conditionally, I can create trains of thought that go in many stations along many different tracks of feelings. I can imagine carrying all sorts of products [ideas] to people in places who wouldn't get them otherwise. I don't even have to be the engineer in the locomotive. I can enjoy the luxury of looking out my window seat in a passenger car onto the landscape of life without having to do a thing when using conditional verb tenses.

Thinking using words is a powerful means of transportation [expression]. By using words in sentences in conditional tenses [may, would, could, should], we can unload our ideas at figurative destinations to test our theories in the abstract to see if they support or undermine our beliefs.

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

In this way, I use the conditional tense to anticipate problems and solve them without painting myself into a corner by taking any action at all. What's more, I sometimes relieve myself of doing anything, just by having thought about what I might do.

With this preface on thinking conditionally, I'd now like to offer you a list of the 14 tragedies I've already borne in my life. These events are presented to you in the past tense to inform you of my previous bad experiences in the hope that you'll use the conditional tense consciously in dealing with some of your challenges from now on.

1. The divorce of my parents when I was six years old devastated me. I had to grow up without a father. My mother, sister and I lived in California; my father lived in New York. He and I exchanged letters once a week, but we could only speak on the phone once or twice a year because of the enormous cost of long-distance calls in those days [1960's]. In childhood, I only saw my father twice after my parents divorced. And as an adolescent, I only saw him three more times before I found myself out in the world of adults on my own. I now look back on growing up without a father as a tragedy I did nothing to deserve.

2. Not being accepted as a foreign exchange student in high school at the age of 16 through American Field Service

[A.F.S.] left me despondent. I'd been chosen as one of my school's two representatives, but I wasn't selected at the national level to live abroad for a year. I sensed that they decided I was too weird to represent my country abroad. My mother told me it was because I came from a broken home. That disappointment meant I couldn't get away from her as soon as I'd hope to. That meant I couldn't experience normal, family life before I had to go out in the world on my own. I finally left home when I was 18. After having gone to Europe and Israel by myself at the age of 17, I was then ready to move abroad for good. I wanted to become a citizen of the world. I had no interest in becoming an informed, American citizen who cared about my country. Having to stick it out until the age of 18 in my suffocating, little corner of the world [L.A.] made me feel anxious, unlucky and overlooked. I left America and my mother's home at 18 with a sense of adventure, relief and high hopes of never coming back.

3. Getting fired from my job as an Israeli and international folk-dance instructor at 17 in L.A. confused me. The people I'd met at that folk dance café had become like family. When the owner decided to get someone else to play the music, teach the classes and host the evening, I decided I couldn't show my face there again. I stayed away in shame. I felt rejected. But I had no idea why my livelihood and chosen family had been taken away from me. Nobody explained why they replaced me. That made moving abroad easier a short time later. But I unconsciously felt I left a trail of failure behind me that I hadn't cleaned up.

4. Being socially rejected by the dancers at Bat-Dor, the modern-ballet company I was hired at in Tel Aviv, Israel at 18 infuriated me. I never expected to be snubbed by

artists. I saw myself as one of them. I thought art raises us to a level that's higher and better than mere mortals. I'd done nothing to any of the dancers to be treated so coldly. They just didn't like me. So, I quit the company after only one year of dancing professionally. I concluded that I must not be artistically inclined enough to make a career of it. I gave up something I loved because others made me feel bad about myself. That was truly tragic!

5. I met an Israeli at the age of 20 two months before I decided to leave Israel for good. We fell in love. Although I couldn't stand the thought of remaining in Israel any longer because of the homophobia there then, he wasn't ready to leave his country to follow me to an uncertain future in Holland. So, I left without him. I gave up on my first experience of love because I wasn't willing to make a sacrifice for love. This was a tragedy I exacted upon myself. But I didn't see it that way. Whenever I didn't get who or what I wanted, I felt neglected, abandoned and rejected. It was never my fault.

6. I was fired from my job in Amsterdam at the age of 22 for calling in sick the Friday before my two-week vacation. I needed that day to get to a charter flight in Brussels to fly to L.A. to visit my mother [my first trip back to the States in four years]. My boss must have wanted to get rid of me because he sent someone to my house to verify that I was truly sick. It felt like he stabbed me in the back by firing me using that reason alone. Without my job, I lost my work permit and had to leave Holland. It was then that I realized people may smile in your face while stabbing you in the back. I still have no idea why he really wanted to get rid of me. I did my job in an exemplary fashion. It must have been personal.

7. I attempted suicide in L.A. at the age of 24. I took a whole bottle of aspirins [100 tablets] with liquor. I rejected myself. I didn't like being me any longer. I thought I was defective and unable to be fixed.

8. I tried to pursue a career in dance a second time at the age of 25 but had to be involuntarily committed to Bellevue hospital in New York City after I went nuts in a ballet class at A.B.T. [American Ballet Theater School] and started talking about them not being prepared when the aliens arrive. When I got out of Bellevue, I took one more ballet class at A.B.T., but nobody asked where I'd been. They all ignored me. I returned to L.A. humiliated. I felt like the label of paranoid schizophrenic given to me at Bellevue would be plastered on my forehead forever.

9. I attempted suicide a second time at the age of 27. I drove my car off a 200-foot cliff in the Santa Monica mountains and was taken to St. John's Hospital and Mental Institution where I was involuntarily committed a second time. I called what I'd been through an "accident." They called it an "incident." Deep down inside, I wanted to know why **God** had forsaken me.

10. When I was 29, I attempted suicide a third time by eating a huge mushroom I picked from my neighbor's front lawn. When I'd rejected life for the third time without dying, I decided I couldn't get off this Wild Toad Ride until the vehicle came to a complete stop. At 31, I joined A.A. and faced my obsessions and compulsions through the concept of a Higher Power.

11. I was forced out of my job as drama teacher in a junior high school in Santa Rosa, CA at the age of 36 after I came out to my students as gay. They'd been tormenting me about my mannerisms, so I decided to be fully

truthful with them. The administration, teaching staff and parents all ganged up against me for coming out. The Sonoma County School Board paid me off to get me out of the classroom in the middle of the school year.

12. My former partner and I separated after 13 years together while he was in the throes of a cancer diagnosis related to AIDS. I was 50 at the time and HIV-. When he realized he didn't have a lot of time left, he decided he wanted to go back to his former boyfriend who also had AIDS. I just wanted him to apologize and go back to the way things had been before. He yearned for the sexual delights we couldn't enjoy together for fear of infecting me.

13. My mother died of dementia on a locked ward at the Jewish Home in L.A. She couldn't feed herself. She couldn't speak. She had no idea who I was. She was 98 years old when she passed. I was 67. To me, it felt like she'd neglected, abandoned and rejected me, too. I felt all alone in the world. The odd thing was that I also felt relieved that our relationship was over. Although I'd loved her and only wanted the best for her, I realized that the best for her was death [graduation from this school]. I felt I inherited her crown and truly became a queen. I was no longer a princess. But heavy was the crown until I understood the value of tragedy in attaining wisdom, love and loyalty to life.

14. I lost my lesbian cousin [and best friend of 35 years] when I was 69 years old. She concluded she didn't like me anymore. She felt I betrayed her when I tried to help her wife manage their rocky relationship with talk about how **God** could help her. As with my previous partner, my cousin couldn't tell me honestly why she was rejecting me. She simply ghosted me. That's when I

realized some people don't have the strength to think through what they're doing before doing it.

When I look back on the evolution of my relationship with myself, I can see that I hadn't been taught how to adequately care for myself. It's not that I didn't know how to care for my body, my job, my finances or my social life. I hadn't been taught how to care for me while going through the vicissitudes of life. I didn't have the emotional tools to handle hardship in theory rather than in practice. Nobody taught me how to use my spiritual operation system consciously in this way. I didn't know how to achieve this level of intimacy from within.

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

My three suicide attempts made it obvious in retrospect that I'd betrayed myself. I'd been trying to indirectly tell myself that I didn't have the relationship with me that I yearned for. The loss of self was so severe that it triggered a projection of rejection onto others that I then took very personally.

Neglect, abandonment, rejection and betrayal were the dominant forces that shaped my life, but nobody diagnosed my problem as such. Being labeled paranoid-schizophrenic at Bellevue may have summed up my symptoms, but it didn't reveal my problem.

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

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

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

Rejection is a skill I had to learn. I can now reject others if they reject me. I leave it to **God** to decide whether I turned my back on others for the right reasons. I can only hope that after a lifetime of self-rejection, I understand the power [stick] in my possession and use it wisely.

Preamble

How my three monkeys [see-no-evil, hear-so-evil and speak-no-evil] came together with my organ grinder's gorilla to make me aware of smell-no-evil was described to you in Volume 1. I saw the world from my head; heard the world from my heart; and spoke about the world from my soul. But until those three monkeys were united by my nose with the smelly gorilla between my legs, I was ineffectual.

See-no-evil could see hear-no-evil, but see-no-evil couldn't hear him. Hear-no-evil could hear see-no-evil, but hear-no-evil couldn't see him. And speak no evil could see and hear the two of them. But it couldn't describe what the two of them were doing.

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

My head had to teach my heart and soul how to touch my whole body in ways that could heal me spiritually. There was no point in being wise if I didn't love myself with everlasting self-devotion.

My passion for learning about me changed the way I relate to myself. The language of self-intimacy created an inner proximity to myself that I call smell-no-evil, an intuitive way of relating to the forces within me to enhance my passion for living.

My nose has united my eyes, ears and mouth. My intuition has created a passion for mindfulness. That's strengthened my belief in the God within me. Now that I'm so much wiser, I'm also more loving and faithful to me than I'd been before.

I suffer just as much today from urges that strive to hijack my control. I still have obsessions and compulsions.

But I've become more aware of them over time and can stop them more easily.

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

Unifying my thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] was a complex endeavor that took many decades to achieve. It's like I've created a scale in my conscience on which I weigh my thoughts against my feelings to find my balance. Acting on my beliefs only when my thoughts and feelings are equalized has led me to behave in more morally [internally] and ethically [externally] sound ways.

I still struggle with heavy feelings that outweigh my thinking. I can easily find reasons to act impulsively, but I can now sense when the scale in my conscience is off balance. Then, I try to hold off making decisions or saying anything hurtful to others. I don't mind blaming people, but I don't like laughing at them. Ridicule is something I, myself, am extremely sensitive to.

My heaviest feelings have always been triggered by neglect, abandonment and rejection by others. I used to overcompensate for that by being overly helpful to others.

When I ask myself whether I'm feeling neglected, abandoned, and/or rejected, more often than not, I sense that the scale inside me is activated. I recognize that these three feelings are my Achille's heel. I don't want to betray myself by treating others as they've treated me. I prefer to ignore them rather than seek revenge. This makes me feel good about myself.

I no longer feel I have to overreact to injustices with blind forgiveness when people hurt my feelings. I used to deny other people's bad behavior by forgiving it. Now I feel my feelings in real time, but I don't feel them so acutely that I overreact with ridicule, scorn and derision that rises to the level of wishing to do them harm.

I've become less interested in looking sympathetic or compassionate and more interested in feeling genuine. The more I question why people hurt me, the more I can understand their reasoning from their perspective. I can now see that it often has more to do with their obsession with themself than their opinion about me. But there are glaring exceptions to that when it comes to me being gay and Jewish.

Many people are spiritually sick. This world is like a hospital with one **Doctor**. Because they act out in many hurtful ways, they often become spiritually sicker over time. I don't see a whole lot of people who are healing.

If you're not capable of seeing life as a school with one **Teacher** in which you're constantly learning more about yourself, you won't be poetically inclined to see life as a nursery with one **Gardener** in which you're constantly striving to grow.

I'm willing to concede that people may still be sick in ways I've healed. But I'm no longer willing to excuse, forgive or exonerate them for their bad behavior. When I run into people who truly rub me the wrong way, I now know that their behavior is particularly meaningful to me because it gets under my skin. When I'm especially irritated by others, I now know that that's a way I'm treating myself.

Although I'll always prefer flight to fight, I've found new, creative ways of arguing for my truth. I prepare for these arguments in my mind. I avoid seeking opportunities to practice my debate skills publicly.

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

The one with the most toys doesn't win. And the one with the biggest rolodex doesn't win, either. I'm only competing with who I was yesterday. I'm not trying to befriend the world.

I don't pretend to be small anymore. I can't allow myself to care about world opinion of gays or Jews. I'm a people

pleaser, not a people appeaser. I love to please people. I'm done appeasing anyone.

The more I weigh my thoughts against my feelings to come to the fairest possible response in both my internal world and the external world, the more at peace I am with myself. This creates serenity. Stillness and composure distinguish me from how I was before.

I speak from my conscience, not my head, heart or soul. But the inner forces of thinking, feeling and believing are always contributing to how I behave.

This indicates that the four monkeys in my head are now working together cooperatively. This allows them to touch one another intimately as though they're in a tree grooming one another. This makes it possible to convince the gorilla between my legs to follow their lead. When see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil and smell-no-evil get together with screw-no-evil, miracles happen.

This makes it possible for me to assert my dominance and territorial imperative. This makes me the king of my inner jungle.

I've adapted nicely to living in an inner jungle. Life doesn't have to be a rat race. The more I can identify with all the animals within me, the more humanely I can treat others.

Think of **God** as a kindergarten **Instructor**, an elementary and secondary school **Teacher**, as well as a **Professor** of college level classes in the school of life. Think of everything you've ever done as having happened in one of many classrooms with our **Teacher** that your classmates have watched and witnessed. Whether you now feel like a junior high school kid still learning about romantic love or a Ph.D. candidate learning about the meaning of life, what's important is that you're learning how to judge yourself. You make a far better judge of others if you judge you, too.

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

The school metaphor revealed that I'd humiliated myself with self-rejection, threats of self-rejection and veiled threats of self-rejection that I perceived as coming from others but emanated out from within. Some of the threats I felt were self-manufactured. Over time, I suffered from paranoia [fear of myself].

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

As a gay Jew, it was imperative that I learned to separate external threats from internal threats. The threats I was experiencing weren't only coming from the left and the right. They were coming from within.

I can't only point fingers at other people. When I point a finger at others, there are three fingers pointing back at me. The first of these three fingers is the truth about mistakes I make that cause problems for others. The second of these fingers is laziness about the mistakes I make by not dealing with my inner problems in a timely fashion. And the third

finger is denial. I ignore some of what I do to me simply because I don't want to blame myself for the problems I create for myself.

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

I'm the President of my inner nation. I run myself like a country. All the myriad voices within me are like political parties. I need to create coalitions inside to get things done.

I'm the teacher in my school. I create my curriculum. I lecture myself. I discuss my issues with myself. But I get tested by others as well. If I'm not going to class, nothing changes. The homework will pile up until I die under a lifetime of assignments I never completed.

I'm in a courtroom being prosecuted and defended by lawyering voices within me. That's what keeps me up at night. I'm in a courtroom being judged by a jury of my inner peers. If I choose to stall or run away from my own inner legal system, I'll be subpoenaed, caught and locked up like a fugitive. I was sentenced and tried for trying to kill myself. For many years I was a prisoner in myself, and I didn't know it. In a weird sort of way, we're all serving a life sentence.

If you don't believe in the **Judge**, that's your prerogative. I'm not a member of any religious law enforcement agency to keep you in line. I'm a self-ordained rabbi and Jew-ru. I have no interest in reforming you. I'm merely informing you of how I operate to the best of my ability.

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

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

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

Once I've taken you up past my hunger for food for thought [belly] to my beliefs [soul], things will begin to look a little different within my aron [Hebrew: ark, basket, Ark of the Covenant and closet]. My secrets will come out.

All human beings have some beliefs that are right and others that are wrong. This is true about political and religious leaders, as well. We all have genitals, a navel and a breastplate. We all have an Adam's apple. That produces a direct line from our genitals to our navel to our conscience to our Adam's apple, mouth and nose. If you don't make a connection between what's between your legs and how you smell inside, that's not going to bode well for how your life turns out.

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

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

But, on the other hand, speaking truth to inner power has also brought up feelings of fear in me that I've had to face. The moral impropriety of being myself wasn't at all obvious to me. Learning from those who were wiser required even

more courage than pushing against the status quo. It was easy to resolve to be myself. It was harder to figure out how.

The political left and right push against one another. In my opinion, both of them should be pushing in at themselves. I don't think there's nearly enough of an internal dialogue happening in people today. This is why there's such a chasm between the political parties.

This is the conversation I'm having with myself in my conscience. This is what motivated me to go from an organ grinder's gorilla to a cross-eyed bear.

We're going to start with my penis and skip my anus entirely since we all know that everyone acts like an asshole from time to time. I, too, have my head up my ass once in a while. I don't need your head up in there, too. If you've experienced the smelly darkness in yourself, you know it's no different than what you'd go through in me.

Beginning

I have two testicles. The right one figuratively produces good and the left one, evil. The right one is figuratively filled with fire. The left one, with ice. Together they produce a warm, soupy mix that emanates out of the mouth of my serpent when it speaks. The words my serpent utters hold the mystery in much more than just creating life. It signifies the secret in how to go from an animal to a human being to an angel in disguise.

3,400 years ago, Moses had to describe orgasm metaphorically so as not to offend his listeners. If I offend you by talking candidly about how men are made, you don't have a modern, sexual sensibility. You're more like an ancient Jew.

My ancient ancestors thought semen was the life-giving mystery that would teach them how to live forever. They assumed that if they could recreate semen, the elixir of life, they could conquer the mystery of death to achieve more power than **God**.

Today, man contemplates the mystery of life using science, not religion. Religious answers affirm interpretations of scripture that reveal the development of our conscience, so we can better serve **God**. Scientific answers affirm figurative interpretations of scripture so we can better serve humanity.

By going up from my genitals to my navel, I come to the source of my connection to my mother. As a gay Jew, I see myself as the poster child of the mother/son relationship. Like Alexander the Great who cut through the Gordion knot which was impossible to untie, I've figuratively done the same with my navel. I know what unites me with my mother. I'm still a mama's boy, but now I know why.

This initial connection of every man to one woman was intended by **God**. Whether you believe you got the mother

you got by good luck or hard luck, you're a fool who's blind to the truth. There's no such thing as luck.

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

All human beings who embrace their connection to all other human beings have done so by figuratively contemplating their navels in this way. Antisemites, anti-Zionists and homophobes don't want to admit they were made just like me. They don't want to admit their mother and my mother were made by the same **God** in the same way.

The Far Eastern philosophies [Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism] are the product of this sort of self-contemplation. These philosophies manifest three methods by which they contemplate the meaning of life through mastery of the world within. This lies in contrast to Western religion which contemplates the meaning of life through mastery of the world we share.

Hinduism believes in thousands of gods that lead them to **Brahma** through many reincarnations, the highest manifestation of **God** consciousness. Buddhism doesn't believe in **God**, God, god or gods. [Buddhists believe in the power to achieve Nirvana through reincarnation, an ultimate destination without a **God**, God or god.] And Taoism promotes paradox through 16 gods and goddesses.

These three spiritual resources don't hold the ethical limitations we have in the West about women being gods. Instead, each of these philosophies contemplates reality from a different place in inner space. The Hindus come from their navel. The Buddhists come from the genitals. And the Taoists come from their backbone that begins in their head and goes down to their anus.

When you combine the Eastern philosophies, you perceive all the forces below man's waist. Whether there are many gods, no god or a defined number of gods, the concept of self-improvement is paramount to all three of these belief systems. The more you know about the forces above and below your waist, the more powerful you'll become.

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

The next thing we learn by contemplating our navel is that there can be only one **God** since all human beings have been created using the same biological formula that left us with a navel when we were born. If we've all got a navel, then we're all physically similar in design. We all came off the same assembly line, so to speak. We're all vehicles with the same biological properties on a journey that will eventually end with death.

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

Discrimination against Jews is the most offensive sin before **God**, seconded only by homophobia. Then comes discrimination against women. After that, it's discrimination based on the color of the boundary between your inner world and the world around you [your skin].

Even before the Nazis had created Eugenics, ignorant, early-European Christians had concluded that Jews had horns, which separated us from "real" human beings. Michelangelo's sculpture of Moses included horns on Moses' head because of a mistranslation from Torah. [The

Hebrew words “keren/keran” mean a “horn” or an external “ray of light.” A “zeve” [my last name] is an internal ray of light. Moses is described as coming down from Mt. Sinai in a heavenly light [Exodus 34-29-35] Because of their jealousy and envy of Moses, the Church once taught that Jews were the work of the devil, not the work of **God**. They saw us as animals with horns in league with Satan.

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

This presumption by our Aryan, Christian forefathers explains the Aryan rationale behind slavery and the Holocaust. If our forefathers were ethically [externally] wrong about some things then, that means that our fathers were wrong about some things, too. It even means that we’re wrong in ways that the next generation will be able to perceive in us.

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

Those who deny the reality of the importance of Israel are also living in an alternate [fake] reality. The Democrats embrace the gays. The Republicans embrace the Jews. As a gay Jewish Independent, I must embrace both or I return to the suicidal behavior I exhibited as a young man.

The beginning of **God’s** revelation of **Himself** began with the millions of gods in Hinduism about 3,800 years ago. They all reveal the oneness of **Brahma**. Through

reincarnation, Hindus believe that they can return to this world again and again to draw closer to the oneness of **God** each time they're reborn.

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

The 16 gods of Taoism offer an answer to paradox: a person, thing or situation that exhibits inexplicable or contradictory truths. Paradox elucidates attributes needed to differentiate "yin" [the world within] from "yang" [the world around us]. The power of opposites provides virtues and vices in two places [inside and out] simultaneously, even though the inscrutable mystery of paradox is frustrating.

The physical difference between the knot created when we left our mother's womb [an innie or an outie] signifies something personal that each of us must determine for ourself. For me, my innie correlates with my profound relationship to **God** through my mission in actualizing my relationship with myself from within.

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

A sense of balance in my inner world creates a sense of wholeness, making it possible for me to draw closer to the mystery of what's happening to me while I live.

None of the Eastern belief systems work unless you work them. You have to strive to improve yourself morally in order to achieve just ends internally. Those who don't seek moral improvements from one day to the next may find themself facing negative biological, financial, social or spiritual consequences that were unintended.

When ignorant Jews, Christians and Muslims become more educated in world history, philosophy and spirituality,

they'll perceive their personal place in **God's** entire story [**His** story]. They'll come to see that their scripture is part of a bigger message from **God** that includes everyone and everything, not just the tenets of their own faith.

Once Abrahamic believers recognize that **God** cleverly gave them 1//7th of **His** recipe, they'll take more interest in the way their inner world turns, not just their little corner of the outer world. They'll humble themselves to **His** whole plan, not just the part **He**'s revealing to them.

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

If you're only focused on the pronouns brought into the discussion by the trans community, your focus is too narrow. **God** isn't just a **He** or a **She**. **God** is a **Them**. That's paradoxical. That's the essence of why you must struggle to know **God**.

The way for Jews to apply what I'm teaching you is to recognize that tikkun haolam [repair of the world] comes after repair of the Jewish people. Zionism today calls us to use our nation [Israel] as a template for inner healing. Without a strong boundary between us and them, we produce less inner strength to defeat the voices within us that weaken us morally. This, then, creates weaknesses ethically.

The end to the wars against Israel will reveal the hidden war against **God**. Do you really think that Christianity or Islam have the answer to peace on Earth? Don't be ridiculous. Your right and left hand don't do anything separately or together without orders from your head.

When I explored life from my navel where I contemplated the world through the physical evidence of the mother/child experience in us all, I was surprised to discover

I'm heartfelt and soulful. Once I concluded that everyone has the potential to figuratively look up from their navel to perceive the workings of their head, heart and soul, it then became a question of how to look down to also illuminate myself to the urges that figuratively emanate out of from between my legs.

Adam and Eve defied **God**. Cain wanted to kill **God**, not Abel. Noah chose to work with **God** against humanity. The people who built the Tower of Babel united against **God**. And Abraham set Ishmael and Isaac against one another in his foolish attempt to appease **God**.

Please **God**. Don't appease **God**.

The heightened consciousness that originates from the center of my body produces awareness of all the spiritual forces in me. With a sufficiently developed soul that puts my belief in me above my belief in all others, I'm able to question whether I act in a self-serving – rather than selfish - manner.

My motivations include all my feelings, not just the feeling of love that I have for others. I'm definitely a people pleaser. I love pleasing people. What I've learned about myself is not to be a people appeaser.

As a Jew and a gay man, I can't allow myself to appease anyone. I have too many enemies. They surround me on all sides. I must identify with the gays and the Jews who were hunted down and killed by the Nazis in the Second World War. I must be wary of the Nazi in everyone. I don't have the luxury of taking sides. This, I identify with the American mindset that emanates out of our heartland.

Once I'd explored the idea of the rainbow of hope that first shined for Noah, I saw that **God** had given me a good heart in order to question other people's feelings, not to embrace others mindlessly.

The seven colors of the rainbow begin at the uppermost range with rage [red] and end with ecstasy [violet]. The rainbow is a sign of the path of the love I give myself. I don't

have the luxury of wasting my feelings on others. As a cross-eyed bear, I look down at my nose. I see myself. Smell-no-evil is an important part of my monkey mind.

My cup runneth over. All that's in my cup is for me. The rest I collect in my saucer. That's for everyone else.

So many of my thoughts are illogical. So many of my feelings are irrational. So many of my beliefs are unreasonable. And so many of my wants and desires aren't sensible.

Therefore, the conflict boils down to the assumption of insufficiency in my life. The more I give to others, the more I discovered that the feeling of insufficiency leads me to see how afraid I am of loss.

I can't stop feeling guilty. The apple I stole is stuck in my neck. I'm not that far from Adam and Eve. I know how they felt.

Cain never wanted to kill Abel. Cain wanted to kill **God** for choosing Abel's sacrifice over his. I can't get rid of my guilt in having wanted to kill **God**, not myself. I can't hide from my rage anymore. It's not about my brother. It's just about me and **God**.

Leave my religion and sex life out of your judgment of me. **God** created me this way. I'm not hurting you. You're hurting me.

The serpent in my tree will never shut up. It's always telling me that I should kill **God**. My penis never tells me to kill myself to retaliate against **God**. But that's what it's implying. My desire for a bigger penis conceals my desire to fuck myself up and fuck myself over. I had to tell the serpent in my tree to shut the fuck up!

I couldn't see what I thought of all of myself from my head. I couldn't feel how I felt about all of me from my heart. I couldn't believe what I believed about me from my unconscious until I came down to my navel to get a better look at the six spokes [head, heart, soul, conscience, penis and anus] from the hub of my wheel [navel].

The main metaphor of Moses is a description of the human body as a tree of knowledge. It's the first lesson in the Jewish class on the oneness of **God** and the interconnectedness of all human beings as students in the school of life. We're all spiritual trees that look different on the outside, but which are growing from within using the same operating principles.

We're all in need of self-knowledge [wisdom] to help us see our thoughts, feelings and beliefs more accurately. We're all in need of self-intimacy to appreciate how we were made in **God's** image. This makes it possible for us to improve ourself. This makes it possible for us to grow.

Without the creation story of the Jews, we can't behave more righteously than our parents or more righteously than how we behaved yesterday. The fruits of self-knowledge turn us from animals into angels disguised.

You're a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. But if you don't get under the hood to figure out how you operate using the manual called Torah, you're going to find yourself stalled by the side of the road seeking help from someone who knows more about how to fix you.

That's not a good place to be. The drivers on the highway of life don't give a damn about you. You've got to stay in your ark, basket or tabernacle. You've got to expand your appreciation of Torah to survive.

The subtitle of this coursework I'm presenting to you is, "A Cross I'd bear." You're not Jesus. But if you're Christian, you're like a Jew. You're like a rabble rouser who's being crucified for loving **God** rather than wanting to kill **Him**.

You don't have to make Jesus the God within you to embrace him for having gone through what you're going through. You don't have to cry out from the ground like Abel for **God** to know what you're going through.

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

If someone who grinds his organ can make music with a gorilla, a cross-eyed bear can bear his cross even if he's not Christian.

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

I'm constantly sacrificing the gay or the Jew in me. I can't give to both at the same time all the time. In choosing between the left [gay] side of me or right [Jewish] side of me, I move like a snake from side to side to make my way forward. That's just the way I was made.

I'm not afraid of people anymore. I'm only afraid of **God**. **He**'ll protect me, or **He** won't. **He**'ll protect Israel, or **He** won't. **He**'ll protect the gay community, or **He** won't.

Human beings who misuse words by making promises they don't keep will adulterate everything they stand for. You can see that happening in politics. You can see it happening in religion. You should be able to see it happening in yourself.

As someone who was diagnosed paranoid-schizophrenic, you can take this conclusion about words from a world-class expert on insanity. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't discover another way in which I've been driving myself crazy with assumptions, presumptions and speculation. And it all boils down to a disrespect of the words I utter in loud.

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

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

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

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

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

Although I suffered from obsessions and compulsions I couldn't fathom, there was always a method to my madness. There were an inner poise and grace to how I behaved that I couldn't explain at the time. That balance behind my inner forces, I believe, saved me from undue embarrassment and shame, and probably even from some humiliation from the **Lord**.

Today when I'm in a hurry, I use abstract, geometric patterns rather than words to communicate with myself. This is a sort of shorthand I created when I was a child when I couldn't find words to describe what I wanted to say. Not even hand gestured seemed adequate in expressing what was happening deep down inside of me. Abstract, geometric patterns are what I still use when I'm occupied in the outside

world and don't have time to talk to myself in complete sentences at the same time.

Think of the geometric patterns you see in your imagination as shorthand you can refer to later to recall what you thought about. This will be useful in recalling feelings to reproduce them later in words if, like me, you suppress your feelings.

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

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

Her job isn't to fetch your coffee or make reservations in restaurants. Her job is to guide your head. Her job is to help you further your love and respect for yourself, so you can then share that love with your soul.

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

This expression of the feminine voices within you won't degrade your masculinity. They'll enhance it. Allowing the feminine side of yourself into your mind will happen in a way that'll be unique to you. It doesn't have to affect your penis. You don't have to become gay to become beautiful and soft inside. But you can't become gorgeous inside if you

don't appreciate what gay men can do that you need to learn to do.

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

Becoming the C.F.O. of an inner corporation made up of 50% men and 50% women requires a consolidation of your inner assets. In the first volume, I described this as marrying yourself. I described it as the z factor we all got from our mother that differentiates us from the x or y we got from our father. In this book, I'm describing it as spiritual incorporation in which you've gone into business with yourself to level the playing field from the inside out.

You're your best customer. If your bottom line [the crack in your back] doesn't remind you that your bottom line is vertical, not horizontal, you're going to get obsessed with money rather than honey. You're going to focus only on your external success, not on achieving the wisdom you need to age gracefully.

The Republicans were once fond of saying that "Corporations are people, too." That's asinine. That very idea is a sign of the insanity that overwhelms their reasoning. But the opposite is true. People are corporations, too.

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

Most people are sad. Most people are depressed. Most people are so frustrated and angry that they don't know what they're doing or how to do better. But that's because most people don't have a business relationship with themself. For

that matter, most people don't have a business relationship with **God**.

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

Stockholders are family, friends and colleagues who've invested in your wellbeing. But they may only care about their investment. They may not care about your spiritual success over the long haul. Even if they don't want your money, they may want you to remain a small business owner so they can dominate the market.

When I realized I couldn't do "business" any longer with some of the people in my life, I realized I was losing a good "customer," not just someone I cared for. I worried that that wouldn't look good in **God's** eyes after years of feeling like business partners without saying so.

I'm so proud of myself for having ended relationships with people who betrayed me. They may have claimed to love the gay or the Jew in me. But they didn't love both.

I used to feel sad that people wouldn't accept all of me for who I am. Now I'm so proud of myself that I don't accept them anymore.

And I didn't have to separate angrily. I didn't have to take them to court. I didn't have to retaliate in any way. I simply dropped them like a small business owner who puts up a sign saying, "No shoes, no shirt, no service." I simply walked them to the door and told them not to come back.

When I tell people that our relationship is over, they rarely express disappointment, only more anger and resentment. That's the sign that they don't really care about me. They only ever cared about themself. All their words come out flat. There's nothing 3D about anything they say, especially when they tell you about their sentimental and nostalgic memories of you.

People may be good in many fine ways, but I'm now producing a spiritual product that's of no use to some. They're mad, and they're getting madder as they get older. They're not interested in seeking the sanity that's now become so precious to me. I've changed my spiritual product. I'm no longer able to serve many people's spiritual needs the way I did before. It's over.

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

Over a lifetime of business deals with **God** and man, I see that I'm no longer producing the same spiritual products I produced in the past. I produce a lot more wisdom than love, and a lot more love than loyalty.

I've upgraded my production line. Therefore, I've had to look for new customers and suppliers. Not everyone wants what I've got. That's why I don't even try to sell my books anymore. I merely write them for posterity. There's no market in today's world for what I produce on paper. But what I'm producing within is simply out of this world. It's amazing! I couldn't be happier. And I give 50% of the credit to me, the C.F.O., and 50% to my **C.E.O.**

You may notice that Israel is doing the same. Israel is finding new customers in the Middle East while losing customers in Europe and the West Coast of America. The times have changed. The needs have changed. The product has changed. Get used to doing business with Jews. If Muslims in the Middle East are now doing it, you can do it. And you can all do it with gay Jews, too.

Life is a business venture, and I'm in business with **God**. If you don't want to go into business with **Him**, don't expect

to make a lot of honey. But as a gay Jew, I'm a busy little bee. My hive is always buzzing.

It takes flowers to make honey. We're all gleaning what we can from other people budding, blossoming and flowering to serve our needs.

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

If you're only interested in milk [love], not honey [wisdom], people will milk you like a cow. They'll package what you produce like dairy products in the frigerated section of a market.

But if you get too cynical with age to produce milk [love], don't be surprised to discover that you've been living life like a sheep. Don't be surprised if others butcher your limbs like leg of lamb and chops, to sell them instead. People will sacrifice you to serve their own business needs if you no longer produce the milk they were getting from you in the past.

Don't let people pull the wool over your eyes. Don't follow. Don't let yourself be herded by dogs who threaten to bite you if you wander out on your own. The teeth of the anti-Zionists and homophobes will threaten you. But they're old dogs with no new tricks.

Some people don't want to see you ever change. They don't want you to grow. They don't want you to withhold the love you gave them up until now. But they have no interest in your wisdom. In truth, they don't even want your love. They just want your loyalty.

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

"Where's the beef?" is a good question when looking at others. Where's my lamb is a better way of looking at yourself. Have you figuratively sacrificed your arms and legs to satisfy the hungers of others? Are you so crippled by appeasing others that you can't please others? Know that that doesn't lead to self-love. That's self-hate masked as martyrdom.

Believe me, you don't get "awarded" the label of paranoid-schizophrenic without having literally and figuratively damaged yourself beyond repair. It's only in coming to see the truth in what I did to me that I discovered the meaning of milk [love], honey [wisdom] and eggs [closets]. Without all three, I'd have turned into a spring-green Republican who's jealous of my Jewish container or a forest-green Democrat who's envious of my queer contents.

I understand why Americans don't want to do business with me at this time in **His** story. I've become the world's greatest pariah. But I'm not afraid to accept self-blame. That why I'm not violent, dictatorial or obnoxious.

That said, I haven't become a messiah worshipper, either. I'm not waiting for someone to come along and save me. My Hero isn't Adonai, Jesus or Allah. I'm not joining the masses who believe their God has given them the right to lord over gays and/or Jews.

Prelude

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

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

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

Over the years, I slowly turned into a cracker. I needed to become coarse and crusty [cynical] inside and out. Just adding a spoonful of other people's jam [forbidden fruit] on my cracker didn't improve my taste. I could see what I was doing to myself. I was playing a game with sex.

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

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

The man I most love in this world has got to be me. The men I lusted for were mirrors of myself. The more I've come to love myself, the happier I've become making love to Will in myriad, wonderful ways.

Monogamy has only augmented my self-love. Monogamy has become my spiritual passage to loving life, although I know that monogamy isn't for everyone.

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

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

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

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

I'm a child of **God**. I'm a self-made creation in a **God**-made creation. I'm a spirit evolving in a body. I'm a visitor from another **Place** discovering who I am through the two worlds **God** has given me. a world throughout and a world within.

Understanding what's happening in the world throughout has become the consequence of understanding what's happening in the world within. Both my worlds enhance my understanding of reality and the reason for me being.

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

When you discover loyalty to yourself, you act out of devotion and allegiance to yourself. You become trustworthy to others because that models your faith in

yourself. Constancy and reliability you demonstrate in the external world should be based on self-fidelity.

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

The Reformed movement in Judaism started in America in the 1880's. Outwardly, it claimed that in order to create a bridge with non-Jews, Jews would need to eat with them at their table, giving up the laws of kashrut that had historically kept Jews and gentiles separate.

But inwardly, the pledge the Reformed Jews made was to put repair of the world before the return of Zion. Here we are 150 years later, and Reformed Judaism is virtually dead. Israel has been returned to us, and the world hates us more than before.

It's repair of the Jewish world that we need to work on. Let the world repair themselves. As the Jew goes, so goes the world.

But we can't repair ourselves without gay Jews. Leviticus 20 must be denounced by all Jews. There's no reason for any Jew to kill another Jew – no reason at all. All Jews must struggle to live with one another, not just with **God**. Israel was recreated to teach us to struggle with Jews. We've already succeeded in struggling with **God**. How else could we have gotten Israel in the first place?

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

I had a boyfriend for 13 years who was Jewish. Our relationship ended. It was a timed marriage. It was timed to explode.

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

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

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

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

My parents weren't **God**-fearing people to begin with. My parents feared Nazis, not **God**. Today's **God**-fearing Americans are turning into Nazis who hate gays [Republicans] or Israelis [Democrats]. We all have good reason to fear our political system, not **God**.

Prologue

I had a powerful experience this morning when I woke up and was lying in bed thinking. It had to do with a reoccurring dream a friend described to me yesterday. He often dreams about two houses. In one of the houses, he seldom goes up into the attic because it's in such a state of disarray. The other house in his dreams is modern and clean, and situated in a much better part of town. In his dream, he always struggles to decide where to live. He asked me what the two houses mean.

I had to search for one word to describe to him the power within him associated with both domiciles. This morning I realized the word is "ambivalence." In older age, my friend now finds he's ambivalent about his relationship to himself.

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

My problem lies in my back yard [external world]. I spent my whole life looking over both my neighbors' fences, thinking the grass was greener on either side. Over a lifetime of coveting what others had, I was finally able to see that I'd become ambivalent to those on both sides.

With regard to the political spectrum, the Republicans and Democrats look like they both need a gardener. There are weeds and bald spots in both their yards.

The dictionary definition of ambivalence is "the state of having mixed feelings or contradictory ideas about something or someone." I've become ambivalent about matters in the external world with the exception of what happens to gays and Jews.

For a lifetime, my unconscious mind had been trying to communicate to my conscious mind that I can see good and evil on both sides.

I now see that the "I" in me is my head. The "you" in me is my heart. I'm a spirit in a body with a head and a heart. I'm in a contraption that requires me to choose between my thoughts and feelings with every step I take.

This relationship has evolved into self-intimacy, a delicate balance in which bad habits have made me realize that I must accept that both my mind and body are frail in some ways.

Differentiating between good and evil involves choices that boil down to listening to my head or heart. Because I didn't want to have to choose, I became ambivalent without realizing how that outcome affected my life in myriad ways. I didn't feel like a lucky person. I didn't feel I had good friends. I didn't really feel comfortable out in the world, even after almost four score on this planet.

If self-intimacy is the prize in life, then I had to learn to make choices that would be in my best interest both now and in the future. I had to think logically and feel rationally. I had become like a Jew in my head and like a Christian in my heart. I had to become Judeo-Christian. And the United States is the only place in the whole, wide world where I can feel free enough to do that.

Politics in America makes strange bedfellows. But when I wake up in the morning alone, as I make my bed, so shall I sleep in it. Self-scrutiny has required me to look at how I feel about everything.

As someone whose inner world was deeply scarred with self-violence, I've had to look at the feelings the outer world stirs up in me, especially since I've wished to heal myself above all else.

I'm now at peace inside knowing that I'm ambivalent to much of what's going on around me. This gives me a faraway view of the world that allows me to avoid anger

[red], agony [orange], fear [yellow], jealousy and envy [green] in favor of sorrow [blue]. I now see that I'm really sorry I tried to kill myself. I was too nice a guy to treat me so unkindly.

Moses was telling me that Adam and Eve only brought guilt into the world. They were at the infantile level of awakening. Their son, Cain, brought us murder, the childish level of arising. I now identify as like all three of them.

When **God** asked Cain where his brother was, Cain wasn't asking **God** if he was his brother's keeper. Cain was accusing **God** of not being a good enough **Keeper** to protect Abel from Cain. He was implying that **God** couldn't do **His** job. Cain was insinuating that he was more powerful than **Him**.

In retaliating against **God** by killing Abel in Genesis 4, Cain set a precedence for future generations that Moses summed up in Genesis 6:5 "The **Lord** saw how great the wickedness of the human race had become on the Earth, and that every inclination of the thoughts of the human heart [feelings] was only evil all the time."

Like Cain, I feel ambivalent to the future of humanity. What will happen after I'm gone doesn't concern me.

But I'm also a descendant of Noah, the third story in Genesis, the juvenile level of emerging out of darkness. I want to survive. I want to live a good life while I'm here. I have to feel some of the time. I can't help having positive feelings for some people in my life.

I built my ark unconsciously in childhood to get me across puberty. I filled it with a sample representation of all the animal instincts **God** brought into this world in nature. My ark was the aron [closet] I created to get me across the deluge of adolescence. The rainbow at the end of the storm was a promise from **God** to me, personally, that I could fight my inclination to feel vindictive. My ark [body] was the first of three aronot [closets] described in Torah [ark, basket and sacred chest]. The fourth closet is the one described by

Harvey Milk. I've come out of all four. This leads to the evolution of man as like an angel disguised.

I'm ambivalent to the homeless. I'm ambivalent to drug users and alcoholics, even though I once was a drug addict/alcoholic. I'm ambivalent to children, thieves and global warming. When I think about how I really feel, I now realize that I'm ambivalent to everybody except Will and me.

All my bridges to the world are the result of the island of love I live on with my boyfriend, partner and soulmate. Nothing else matters to me. I love a Catholic man who claims to be agnostic. I love a man who's ambivalent to **God**.

God has granted me this incredible gift of companionship. I've never been so happy in my life. If you're ambivalent to gays or Jews, you'll never know what **God** has given you. You'll wander inside yourself like a blind man who instinctively knows his way around impediments, but who can't see what he's avoiding.

I love offering others insight, but I'm always wary about being rejected as stupid, mean-spirited and unrealistic. I now anticipate rejection because I've been betrayed enough times to recognize those outcomes as lessons from **God**. I don't think **He** wants Will and me to be threatened. I now think our safety is more important to **Him** than what happens to the whole world. That's why my books don't sell. Not even the Jews have shown any interest in my interpretations of Torah.

The **Teacher** has plans for us that we have to discover on a daily basis. Every day is different. Every day is fascinating because I'm not bored with what I'm learning. Repetition is now like climbing a spiral staircase. I never look down on the same view. My big **picture** is always getting bigger.

I suppose that with enough pain and suffering, people eventually can learn anything. I now see that hating me will

only cause others more pain and suffering. I'm just a mirror of what they hate about themself.

God gives us misfortune to teach us to help others avoid theirs. Just concluding that you've got to suffer without questioning why, affords no insight into the importance of your suffering.

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

Torah started with two people [Adam and Eve] who made guilty mess of everything they were given. Torah then proceeded to tell the story of one man [Cain] who committed murder. But **God** intervened with hope [rainbow] in the third story. The spiral staircase you're on is like the Tower of Babel, the fourth story of Genesis. You can't get **There** [above the clouds to **God's** realm] without going through here, now.

If mankind later murdered **God's** one begotten son [Jesus], it should be obvious by now that we're all in an adversarial relationship with **Them** that mirrors an adversarial relationship with ourself.

After having tried to kill myself three times, it's not hard for me to acknowledge that self-intimacy is the only way to achieve intimacy with **God**. The more I know and love me, the more I know and love about **Him**. **He**'s a caring, gentle **God** who gives us ways to grow if we choose to grow.

Being ambivalent to others is the result of being relieved to be me. I'm going to continue to pretend to be like everyone else on the outside to fit in, but I'm never going to forget what a relief I feel in getting to be me.

I'm not dreaming about going back and forth between two houses, trying to decide which one to live in. I live in my head. I have a vacation home in my heart. I make the best of life whether in one of my two homes or traveling the world to discover my soul.

I no longer look over the fence into my neighbors' yards on either side to check out their grass. I only want more of what I've got. If I see something you've got that looks good to me, I'm just going to ask you how you got it and then try to get it myself. I don't covet what **God** gives anyone anymore. I'm not still stuck at the beginning of Torah. I'm Abrahamic in the true sense of the word.

Therefore, I love Israel. Israel is like the angel at the top of a Christmas tree.

I suffer from O.C.D., but now I'm proud of it. Now I've learned that making love from my heart is different than having sex from my groin. Now I understand much more of the conversation Eve had with the serpent. Now I understand the meaning of the Hebrew word "Israel" [struggle with **God**]. I'm in an Israel of my own when making love to Will.

Obsessive wants and compulsive actions are the result of sensations below my waist that don't include sincere feelings from my heart. Now I find the mystery of my life magnificent. I'm inoculated against the madness of life making me miserable again.

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

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

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

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

This perspective feels especially powerful when my thoughts are touched in ways that guide my feelings to achieve emotional grace to express the depth of my beliefs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blind people walk cautiously through the external world. Deaf people look for ways to use body language to interpret others' intentions. And the mute who can't speak for themself seek others to speak for them whether through literature, song, dance or film.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Limitations create limitless creations.

Forward

When listening to opera, I'm incapable of determining the quality of a singer's voice other than whether or not they're on tune. I'm also unskilled when it comes to the fields of acting, painting and sculpture. I don't love those forms of creativity and artistry because they don't move me spiritually.

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

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

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

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

This division only goes away fully when I pray. When conversing with **God**, I know that **He** knows what's going inside of me as well as what I'm conveying to **Him** about what's going on outside of me.

Speaking to people, I feel I'm using a different part of my brain than when praying. It's rare for me to feel completely in sync with another person. Surely, this is true of all poets and madmen.

Consequently, I don't often resonate as deeply with others as I think I should. I feel guilty if we're not on the same page, even if the topic we're discussing lies in the same chapter. I don't just like to be a people pleaser. I also feel guilty if I'm a people displeaser.

Morality, my righteous relationship with myself, is the core meaning of my life. For most people, I think it's ethics, their righteous relationship with others. I think most people put family first. Most people just want to be surrounded by people they love who love them in return. I suppose that's adequate for them, but for me, a wise and truthful relationship with myself is the vehicle to love and loyalty.

They say, "familiarity breeds contempt." But I think that's because lack of familiarity with myself breeds contempt of me.

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

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

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

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

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

Virtuosity without interpretation stifles creativity. Being good at something is no reward without developing variations on those skills. If I don't strive to reach for my own cutting edge, I'll remain passive to my potential. And passivity, I find, always leads to aggressivity. The less I seek to know me, the more I distain others.

Finding the courage to spend time with myself within myself becomes the essence of every artistic experience I go through. External results are always sublimated to the primary goal of self-discovery.

I don't write books on spirituality to change the outer world. I write books to change my inner world. As the result of me rereading what I've written, editing myself and correcting my errors of judgment and mistaken conclusions, I've become a wiser righter who produces a better written product. I can now look in the mirror with kinder self-regard.

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

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

Opening

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

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

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

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

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

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

My claim that my lesbian cousin was my best friend was my way of stating that love without sex is purer than love with sex. I was wrong.

Making love from the heart may be very different from making love below the waist, but I find making love with my genitals and anus is an abomination if I'm not making love with my heart as well. I feel guilt ridden if I leave my heart out of what's going on below my waist.

Exploration of the "purity" of love has always been the pastime of Nazis and their sympathizers. We're all exploring the meaning of love. We're all dropping droplets of white paint [love] into a can of black paint [guilt]. We're all producing love and distributing it throughout our spiritual system to discover the power love has to transform us from within.

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

Love isn't improved by the gender you love. Love isn't improved by the technical ways you express your love in bed. Love improves you by following the path of that love back to your own heart.

Peace of mind is a misnomer if you think your mind lies in your head. Peace of mind lies in your head, heart and soul. Peace of mind comes from uniting these three inner forces to produce actions you can be proud of.

I'm proud of myself for ending my relationship with my lesbian cousin. She's a self-hating, anti-Zionist Jew who discredits what Harvey Milk taught us because she doesn't have a clue what the word "closet" even means in Hebrew. I saw her doing dirty business with other lesbians in particular, giving them excuses for being anti-Zionists, too.

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

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

I also can't love myself when I show off. Just performing like a trained seal to bounce a ball on my nose in an effort to get a fish doesn't help me respect myself anymore. I've lost

my desire for fish. Let fish [Christians] catch fish [Christians]. I've moved on.

Respecting myself was difficult to do when people scorned and derided me. That brought up intimate feelings about the ways in which I scorned and derided myself. And that made me want to retaliate against others in lieu of facing my exasperation with myself.

I'm through caring about what others think of me, especially gay people who scorn me for being a Zionist Jew. I've cleaned up my act. I'm proud of myself. I have no problem defining myself as an independent thinker who's loyal to gays and Jews. I put gay people who are anti-Zionists in the same pot with my lesbian cousin. I'm ambivalent to their views. They're washing out the color from our rainbow flag. Our promise comes from **God**. Our promise comes to us through the Jews. Our promise comes to us by coming out of the aronot [closets] described in Torah. We are a holy people thanks to our proximity to the Jews.

Ultimately, your heart is healed when you realize that your heart was broken to get you out of your heart to make your way to your soul. Being heartfelt isn't as important as being soulful.

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

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

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

everything I started. Now I'm not impatient to finish projects because I've done so much more of my inner work.

I don't embarrass myself by forcing myself to hurry anymore. I don't want to go any faster than I do. I'm going at the speed of **God**. If that's not fast enough for some people, they're welcome to go around me.

Nobody really thinks about killing **God**. But when your anger at yourself is so great that you can't face it head-on, you're going to seek a scapegoat. And the scapegoats people usually choose are other people, although plants and animals are suffering greatly because of our unconscious desire to hurt **God** for hurting us. The soulful know that **God** conveniently steps out of our conscience when our heart is filled with self-hate.

Hateful people don't do the right thing. They only want to blame the gay du jour, Jew du jour, Black du jour or woman du jour. They come home from work and kick the dog du jour.

Hateful people don't become soulful because they don't know their way around themself inside. **God** doesn't enter their conscience to turn it into a soul. They remain heartfelt [emotionally brittle]. But they're actually seething inside about something.

They're fruit on the vine without sunshine. They aren't ripening. They aren't getting sweeter from within. They do their best to look good on the outside. But their saccharine smile is accompanied by a vacant stare. As much as I'd like to please them, there's nothing I can do.

I used to sit on the hood of their vehicle to gesticulate through the windshield at all the controls on their dashboard. I've stopped doing that. They find that annoying. Besides, it doesn't work.

Inside, they're ridiculing themself unconsciously while swearing I'm odd and peculiar. Inside, they've got their hand in their back forcing themself to do whatever they have to do faster. Inside, they're a toddler who can't figure out how to

grow up. They're crawling. They don't yet have the strength to stand up and walk. Naturally, they conclude they've got forever to get to their destination. Mortality is an abstract concept in their eyes.

The institutions of faith will never discuss hating **God** instead of hating people. They'll always find reason to turn gays, Jews, Blacks, Browns, Asians, cops, the FBI, CIA and when all that fails, women, into scapegoats.

This is because fanatics are either religious or atheistic. Either way, they can't blame **God** for what they're going through. They've got no one else to blame but others. They seek ways to obligate others to do what they say. They use guilt like cheese they're using in a mousetrap. And when they snap, they have no clue why. They haven't got a clue that loyalty comes from their soul. They have no idea how to use loyalty to help themself.

If only the institutions of faith would teach their constituents about their unconscious need to blame **God**, they could face all their scapegoats. But they're not spiritually awakened enough yet to do so. They don't want to admit that Cain wanted to kill **God**, not Abel. It wasn't Abel's fault that **God** liked him more. When Abel's blood cried out from the ground for justice, **God** knew why. **He** took Abel's tears to heart.

Adam and Eve were infantile. Cain was childish. Noah was juvenile. Those who built the Tower of Babel behaved like young adults who conspired against **God** to get their way. Only Abraham, as flawed as he was, was willing to devote himself to repairing his mistakes in the sight of **God**.

The hyper-religious don't want to study Torah as though the Creation Story is a metaphor for the essence of morality. They'd much rather pursue knowledge than wisdom. They'd much rather work from the outside in than the inside out.

Turning metaphors into literal edicts to blame others while maintaining their own sense of purity is the work of the religious, not the devil. This is why the Nazis wanted to

kill all the gays, Jews and the disabled. The Nazis couldn't ask themselves why they did what they did. Today's Germans are somewhat better human beings than their grandparents.

The Nazis really wanted to kill **God** for loving gays, Jews and disabled human beings more than them. They were especially jealous of the Jews.

If my lesbian cousin wants to point fingers at the Republicans for siding with the Israelis over Sunni and Shiite Muslims, she's lost me as family and a friend. She's suicidal. Been there. Done that.

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

The Jews have two names for **God**, the **God** around us [**Elohim**] and the God within us [Adonai]. This is why we don't kill one another even though **God** told us to. We'd rather reason with **Them**. Jews don't kill Jews.

Today, Christians still kill Christians. Christians kill Muslims. Muslims kill Muslims, Christians, Jews and gays. Christians are tearing Jesus to shreds. And Muslims are pulling Muhammad apart. Meanwhile, Jews read Torah in weekly portions and try to make sense of our leader, warts and all.

Gays can love their brother in a way that straight men can't. We'd rather fuck a man than kill him. Straight men would rather kill a man than fuck him. We won't stop wars until straight men figure out how we talk to our penis. We don't just let it talk to us.

The disabled have reconciled themselves to a broken vehicle for the duration of their journey. When you can see

that you're not going to get the satisfaction others are seeking, you make other arrangements. You compromise. You reconcile. You resolve to find another way of getting where you're going. The abled are unable, and the disabled are able. The disabled should be giving classes to the abled on spiritual mobility.

These are the challenges I'm dealing with soulfully that have developed my strengths and built my character. This is why **God** has blessed me in a way that drives anti-Zionists on the left and homophobes on the right crazy.

God told the Israelites, "You shall not bow down to them [idols] or worship them; for **I**, the **Lord** [**Elohim**] your God [Adonai], am a jealous **God**, punishing the children for the sin of the parents to the third and fourth generation of those who hate **Me**." [Exodus 20:5]

The German people are still being punished for their prior hatred of **God**. They're only approaching the fourth generation since the Holocaust. You can give up your name for **God**, but that's as silly as touching up your x-rays.

The Palestinians and Iranians are jealous of the Jews and Christians. They're jealous of the gays. They're even jealous of the disabled.

The world is waiting for Muslims to act in ways that are wise and loving. That's when we'll be ready to discover the mystery in the faith **God** gave them through loyalty. That's when their eggs [secrets] will enrich our milk [love] and honey [wisdom].

My parents never hated the Nazis. The Nazis killed their parents, siblings and all their relations. The Nazis stole all their possessions and humiliated them before the whole world. But my parents couldn't get themselves to hate the Nazis because they couldn't get themselves to hate the **God** who created them and put the Jews through such mayhem.

After the Second World War, **God** gave us back Israel conditionally. That means that all Jews have to improve themself to keep our homeland, and not let it slip through our

fingers as we did with the Babylonians and Romans. Third time's the charm.

I'm the next generation of "meek" Jews who chose to appease **God** rather than please **God**. **He** didn't punish me with mental illness. **He** gave me harsh life-lessons that caused me pain and suffering to reveal to me that, like my parents, I was too meek a Jew.

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

As the result of my lessons and tests in life, I've learned not to hate myself when I make mistakes. I face my mistakes from a soul that's been transcended with self-love. My conscience guides every word that leaves my lips.

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

Without seeing myself as a living metaphor, I can't call myself a human being. If I act like an animal, I shouldn't expect to receive the rewards bestowed upon human beings. If I make my way through the journey of life like a zombie, I'm in neutral, spinning my wheel. I'm going through the motions without getting anywhere substantial. Until I became spiritual, I had no idea what the word **Destination** might even mean for me, personally.

PART TWO

Unfinished Business

When I was insane, I had a reoccurring daydream about a gorilla with a banana in its right foot. But the right foot of that gorilla was underground as though the ground was a trap. Its foot was clutching the banana, and because it wouldn't let go of the banana, the gorilla remained in the trap. I suppose that if the gorilla had chosen to let go of the banana it could have removed its foot from the ground it was trapped in. But it refused to do so.

This was a metaphor for the truth about my relationship to my penis. There was no reason to deny how powerful my urges were. There was only good reason to understand why they were as they were and why I felt trapped by my wants [-] and desires [+].

I couldn't make sense of the dream at the time, but I can now that I have more experience. Experience comes with a **Teacher**. My experiences and my relationship with the **Teacher** led me to make choices that led to other experiences. The lessons will end at the end. By then the outcome will be determined.

This sequel to The Organ Grinder's Gorilla is about what happened to the animal within me. I went from a tree with a serpent in it to an organ grinder's gorilla to a cross-eyed bear.

A banana is never just a banana, Anna. [Retort to Sigmund Freud who told his daughter, Anna, that sometimes a banana is just a banana.] A banana is always a symbol of a penis unless you're a child who hasn't yet been through puberty.

So, a gorilla that won't let go of a banana [penis] is a complex image of a man who can't let go of his wishes [+] and wants [–]. He's stuck with awareness of himself below his own waist. He's a gorilla in the eyes of an organ grinder [masturbator] clutching the truth about the banana in his

hand. Until he comes to understand the predicament that he's in from a spiritual perspective, he isn't going to advance in understanding the mission of his life.

Because bananas go from green to yellow as they ripen, we ought to include the influence jealousy [green] and fear [yellow] have on our urges. Without an emotional relationship to our penis, we turn into something less than human. We struggle with jealousy [green] and fear [yellow] rather than learn to love ourself passionately [violet].

This struggle is expressed externally as an obsession with the literal words of scripture, while ignoring the potential to plummet words from **God** to discover their figurative meanings to add inspiration and passion to their importance in our life.

My banana was green 50 years ago when I went insane. I only wanted other men's bananas. But as my banana slowly turned yellow by ripening, I began to fear what I wished for [+] and wanted [–].

This didn't mean that I was turning into a heterosexual. It meant that I was turning into a more spiritual homosexual. I was going from a nut to a fruit. I began to blossom and bloom with love for my life above and beyond everyone else's. It means that the gorilla within me was learning how to open and shut its foot with conscious regard for what it was doing.

I don't feel trapped by my sexual thoughts anymore. I feel that sex, like bananas, is a force that ripens within us all. I feel I've made my way out of the trap in the ground [mind] of my being.

I believe **God** gave me lust to question the talking serpent in my tree. **He** gave me the ability to lust to discover the importance of self-love. And **He** gave me greed to have an unending inner motivation to know and love myself. So, when I looked what I'd done with my lust and greed by projecting it onto others, I could see that I'd gone insane.

To proclaim that love can only exist between a man and a woman is absurd. To proclaim that any man who loves a man like a woman [lustfully] is an abomination before **God** is ludicrous.

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

You'll only know whether it was worth the self-knowledge that comes with succumbing to temptation after you have inner knowledge of the meaning of good and evil.

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

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

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

If you choose to believe that you're worth less than a Jew because you were given the ability to choose after we were, that's your choice. But don't blame us for your resentment. Blame **God**.

We don't claim to be superior. We claim to be enrolled in this school longer than everyone else. But our actions are questionable. And so are yours.

We choose to continue to follow **God** our way because that choice is worth the pain and suffering of being a Jew. The knowledge we've gleaned about love [heart] from the Christians and faith [soul] from the Muslims makes our wisdom [head] worth the price.

There'll always be pain and suffering in this world. There'll always be death. But there's only a limited time

given to each one of us to appreciate the knowledge that comes with knowing and loving yourself better by the end of today than when you woke up this morning.

This is why self-love is my goal, not the love of others. Claiming to love other people was only for practice. Once I could love them, I used that experience by applying it to myself. It was then that I discovered a reservoir of self-love in me that I didn't previously know existed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

duct orifices, these tiny holes usually number from around four to twenty per breast. [internet]

The plastic nipple I was given as an infant was like the udder of a cow with only a single opening in each udder. And that initiated my confusion when it came to the topic of making love.

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

Acceptance, adaptation, resilience and flexibility open the mind. They connect Adam [x or y] to Eve [z] as two aspects of one person. They connect us to one another and to our original state of being in which **God** was like a gardener and we were like **His** precious seed.

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

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

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

The simile of **God** as like a fisherman connects us to **Him** as though we're like fish in the seven seas. **He** traps us en masse in **His** nets [institutional religion]. Or **He** catches us individually using a worm on a hook.

The metaphors change, but the message remains the same. Truth impales us all. Jesus embodied only one way in which we're all crucified.

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

Who cares what hole you're filling? What's important is what you're filling it with. The best in you comes out of your heart, not out of your testicles.

Fish [Christians] who swim up from the depth of the ocean of their emotions to the surface see the world of spirit above the world of waves. But it's not possible to convince anyone to do the same. Some fish live far below in darkness under great pressure. Their inky world leaves them blind to what life looks like for those of us who've surfaced.

Some have been caught and brought onboard the **Fisherman's** boat. We look at where we are in a different light. From the world of spirit, we watch **Him** fish, and shake our heads in sorrow at how those who only believe in one name for **God**. We seem them as underwater emotionally when they could be embracing the world of spirit as we do.

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

The body you're in evolved over millions of years. But the mind in your body may be quite unevolved. We're at the level of evolution where you have to choose to advance. For this, gay Jews were chosen.

"Go Your Own Way"
Composed by
Lindsey Buckingham
Sung by
Fleetwood Mac
1976

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

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

That's hard to do. Fish [hyper-religious Christians] don't want to leave the comfort of the environment they're used to. When we pull them out of water, they flop about gasping for breath. They don't think they belong in the world of air.

Some become holier than Thou [Jesus] and **Thou** [the **Father**] They insisted on telling us how to live our life instead of telling themself how to overcome their own loneliness and imperfections with **God's** help.

Fish in politics and government abuse their messianic view of life with hate. Their religious leaders want to go forward backwards. They must be turned around.

We defeated the **God** of Moses with the Emancipation Proclamation. [Leviticus 25] We defeated **Him** with marriage equality. [Leviticus 20] Both are prohibited by the **God** Moses described. Outlawing slavery and permitting gays to marry are prerequisites in the modern world for calling your nation a civilized society.

Arm wrestling with **God** is hard to do, especially if you use scripture. But we've done it in the past. We'd never kill a man for adultery anymore. Yet in Leviticus 20, adultery is a capital crime, too. We'd hardly have any men left if we killed every man who broke his word to his wife.

Israel isn't yet a civilized nation. But it's only a little older than me. I'm just now coming to realize what it means to love me. I certainly hope the Israelis will soon learn what it means to **God** that men can love and marry men.

"Quizás"
Composed by
Osvaldo Farres and Johnny Burke
Originally sung by Bobby Capo
1947
Popularized by Pink Martini

Siempre que te pregunto
Si algun amor me escondes,
tú siempre me respondes,
"Quizás, quizás, quizás."

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

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

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

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

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

you answer,
"Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps"

You are wasting your time thinking,
thinking for **God's** sake,
"How much longer? How much longer?"

And days pass like this…

Who knows how much longer you'll be registered in this hospital under the care of one **Doctor**? Who knows how much longer you'll be enrolled in this school being taught by one **Teacher**? Who knows how much longer you'll be planted in this nursery being managed by one **Gardener**?

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

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

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

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

There's nothing to do day-after-day but pursue truth. Nothing. Nothing else is worth your time. If you're consumed with your survival, that's fine. You can't learn to live even if you struggle to survive.

You'll turn into a sadist and masochist if you confuse pain and pleasure with that soupy mix of good and evil that emanates out of the mouth of your talking serpent. You'll seek the good life without consideration of the end of life. Don't die without a greater understanding of the whole truth than your institution of faith has fostered.

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

The Palestinians aren't ready for a nation of their own. No Muslim nation is ready for the modernity. They're all backward. They all need to learn about milk and honey to discover how to come out of the eggs **God** has put them in.

The Jews were once like animals. The Christians were once like fish. But the Muslims have the potential to spread their wings and fly if they could just break through their shells.

"Sympathique"
Composed by
China Forbes and Thomas Lauderville
Sung by Pink Martini
1997

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage.
My room is shaped like a cage.
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
The sun sticks its arm out the window.
Les chasseurs à ma porte,
The hunters at my door,
comme les petits soldats
like little soldiers
qui veulent me prendre…
who want to take me…
Je ne veux pas travailler.
I do not want to work.
Je ne veux pas déjeuner.
I do not want to eat.
Je veux seulement l'oublier.
I only want to forget.
Et puis je fume.
And then I smoke.
Déjà j'ai connu le parfum de l'amour.
I have already known the scent of love.
Un million de roses n'embaumerait pas autant.
A million roses wouldn't smell so good.
Maintenant une seule fleur dans mes entourages
Now a single flower in my surroundings
me rend malade.
makes me sick.
Je ne veux pas travailler.
I do not want to work.
Je ne veux pas déjeuner.
I do not want to eat.

Je veux seulement l'oublier.
I only want to forget.
Et puis je fume.
And then I smoke.
Je ne suis pas fière de ça.
I'm not proud of that.
Vie qui veut me tuer.
That life wants to kill me.
C'est magnifique être sympathique,
It's wonderful to be nice,
mais je n'le connais jamais.
but I'll never know it.
Je ne veux pas travailler, non.
I don't wanna work, no.
Je ne veux pas déjeuner…
I do not want to eat…

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

The second color of the rainbow is orange. It stands for worry that leads to angst [mandarin], which, over time, turns into agony [burnt orange]. Agony turns to fear [sunflower yellow] that gets magnified as horror [mustard yellow] which turns into covetousness [green] which leads to sorrow [sky blue] which darkens into self-disappointment [cerulean] and then grief [midnight blue].

These are the first five colors of the rainbow that we seem to need to repeat over and over again in our effort to achieve a taste for the marvels of mystery [indigo] and ecstasy [violet]. Without lavender men [gays], you'd never know this.

To claim to know love without knowing the hope that's derived from the seven colors of the rainbow is a fool's paradise. How will you reach **ultraviolet** [**God** consciousness] if you don't use the rainbow of hope to get **There**?

You must fracture the white light of love to come to know that it's made up of the seven colors of hope. Your heart is as dark as the night sky. But in that inner darkness shines a rainbow. In coming to understand your hopes and dreams for you, you'll come to know your love for you.

“Smackwater Jack”
Composed by
Carol King and Gerry Goffin
Sung by
Carol King
1971

Now, Smackwater Jack he bought a shotgun
'cause he was in the mood for a little confrontation.
He just a-let it all hang loose.
He didn't think about the noose.
He couldn't take no more abuse,
so he shot down the congregation.
You can’t talk to a man with a shotgun in his hand.
[shotgun]
Now, Big Jim the chief stood for law and order.
He called for the guard to come and surround the border.
Now, from his bulldog mouth as he led the posse south
came the cry, “We got to ride to clean up the streets
for our wives and our daughters.” [oh, no, no]
You can’t talk to a man when he don’t wanna understand.
No, no, no, no, no
The account of the capture wasn’t in the papers.
But you know they hanged ol’ Smack right then
instead of later.
You know, the people were quite pleased
'cause the outlaw had been seized,
and on the whole, it was a very good year
for the undertaker.
You know, you know, you can’t talk to a man
with a shotgun in his hand,
a shotgun in his hand. [Smackwater Jack, yeah]
Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun.
Yeah, Smackwater Jack bought a shotgun.
Oh, Smackwater Jack, yeah [Smackwater Jack, yeah]
Talkin’ ‘bout Smackwater Jack, yeah

[ooh, and a shotgun]
Talkin 'bout a-Smackwater Jack, oh
Talkin' 'bout Jack and his shotgun
Talkin' 'bout Smack
Talkin' 'bout Jack
Smackwater Jack, yeah

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

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

Water is the medium of Christianity thanks to John the Baptist who baptized Jesus in the Jordan River. Submersion in water is the key to love, the means to move out of our head and into our heart.

Smackwater Jack is the kind of Christian who rejects love. To slap or smack water is a sign of disapproval and rejection of love. It's a way of hardening one's heart, not opening it.

Pharaoh's heart was only hardened by the first nine plagues. It was only the tenth plague, the death of his own son that softened his heart momentarily. **God** hardened Pharaoh's heart. [Exodus 4:21, 7:3, 10:1] And then Pharaoh hardened his own heart. [Exodus 8:15, 8:32, 9:34]

There comes a point in life when you have to decide whether you're going to harden or soften your heart. Without a full understanding of the forces within you, it's more than likely that your conscience will make a bad choice.

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

Even in the 17th Century, the breast was considered the source of feelings. Soothing the heart is made possible

through music, but music can also raise your blood pressure and make your heart beat faster.

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

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

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

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

The hearts of the Israelis have been hardened by Muslims. Now the Muslims wish to prove to the world that the Jews have hard hearts. That's disingenuous.

“The Sound of Silence”
Composed and Sung by Paul Simon
1964

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

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

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

When the sound of silence within me was deafening, I ran away from myself into the arms of others. I interacted with them lovingly and loyally in an effort to drown out the silence within me. I did so with drugs, alcohol and sex. I did so with blind agreement to leaders who promoted hatred of Israel. I did so with so many, many smiles. But in the sound of silence I heard a sheep, not a lamb.

For the sound of silence to become pleasant to my ears, I had to find a relationship with myself within me waiting for me with open arms. I had to seek a relationship with the Jewish **God** of Israel, the Jewish God of Christianity and the Jewish archangel of Islam. That's when peace and quiet became music to my ears.

"Leaves That Are Green"
Composed by
Paul Simon
Sung by Simon and Garfunkel
1966

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

I thought I was very deep and soulful when I was young. I thought I was very unfairly treated, too. And I thought I knew a love that no one knew but me. But I was wrong about that, too.

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

ground. They pursue ecstasy. But what they achieve is, at best, fantasy.

Joy is the bittersweet result of dreams, not fantasies. Happiness is sickeningly sweet. Happiness is far too sweet. The pursuit of happiness will rot your teeth.

People know about anger, fury and rage [red]. They know about worry, angst and agony [orange]. They knew about fear, terror and horror [yellow]. And some people have even witnessed unspeakable traumas that have left them terrified.

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

You'd think they'd know about leaves that go from green to brown. Who doesn't know what it feels like to age? Who can't see that no one is evergreen.

We all face various shades of blue: sorrow, regret, remorse, disappointment and grief. We're all forced to face loss. If you want to use happiness to conceal loss, you're a fool. **God** didn't plant you in this garden to grow like a weed. The **Teacher** didn't enroll you in this school to excel in truancy. The **Doctor** didn't bring you to this hospital to defy **His** efforts to heal you. The **Warden** didn't lock you up inside yourself to scorn the closet metaphor. The **Coach** didn't choose you to play this game by helping the other side.

I didn't consciously come down the rainbow through sorrow to regret to remorse. I didn't want to think about what I'd done wrong. But I was deeply disappointed with the way things turned out. I grieved my losses while swearing to **God** that this world was unfair to me.

I now look back on my life with a few regrets. There are things I said and did in life that I wish I hadn't done. These are secrets I share with **God**, my **Partner**. "Better late than never," I say.

Now I grow like a tree, not a plant out of place. I learn like a scholar, not a dropout. I heal like a patient who's thankful for my medicine. I face my sentence with courage, looking out the barred window of my cell without longing. I play the game; I don't armchair quarterback.

My relationship to **God** is evolving. I see myself as evolving. I see the human race as evolving. And I see evolution as preparation for humanity to appreciate the spiritual evolution of our species, what Arthur C. Clarke called, Childhood's End. [1953]

"Stand By Me"
Composed by
Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller
Sung by
Ben E. King

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

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

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

So **Darlin'**, **Darlin'**, stand by me.
Oh, stand by me.
Oh, stand,
stand by me, stand by me.

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

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

I may growl about it. I may bare my teeth in anger at what I'm being forced to go through. I may expose my cuspids in a snarl rather than a smile. But I rarely bite. I believe in **God**. I let **Him** do the biting for me. **He** has men and women with sharp teeth and sharp tongues who are made for that.

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

But then I see that that hole is there to hold my soul. **God** had to scoop out a place inside of me to plant my soul. **He**'s my **Gardener**. My soul is **His** seed. **He** gives me faith after having given me life. This is the true miracle of life. This is the miracle of soulfulness. My hope spreads from my heart to my soul for everyone, but especially for gays and Jews since I'm a member of these two tribes.

A newborn experiences a yearning for **God** with its first breath. It screams its first prayer. This is when life begins for a Jew.

It's those of us who have two spirits [head and heart] who are meek. It's those of us who identify with native cultures around the world who strive to be more civilized. If you don't know that **His** story began with indigenism and progressed chronologically to Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity and lastly Islam, then you can't take the seven steps up to **God's** throne. You'll trip and fall at some point along the way.

The religious sit on one step. The spiritual go up and down the steps every day with gifts from **God** and for **God**. If you seek freedom, liberty and emancipation through kindness for others, you're spiritual. If you're forced to protect gays and Jews, you're spiritual. It makes no difference if you believe in **God**. **God** believes in you.

The gays are the abomination of those religious Jews who refuse to defy **God** by protecting us rather than agree with **Him** to kill us. The religious Christians and Muslims who agree with the religious Jews about the gays will never stop killing each other.

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

Thoughts on Thinking

I suffered a very bad case of senioritis when I was a young man. I was in a hurry to grow old because I wanted to graduate from the school of life as soon as possible. I was rushing to my grave.

I was in a hurry to get things done and out of the way. But what was always left crawling over me was the shadow of death. I rushed to the finish line and then sat there in the limelight with nothing to do.

Now I suffer a bad case of junior high school jitters. I'm impatient with others. They can't do anything right. I've gone from very old to very young. Now I'm juvenile, worrying about becoming childish and then infantile.

When I realized I'm now repeating a period in my life that corresponds with puberty, I had to admit to myself that I'm regressing. The religious look back at the way it was with yearning. The spiritual go back to relive the past.

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

An older, wiser part of me has seen these parts of me and labeled them immature. I've humbled myself to relive my past rather than drag it with me to the grave. This wasn't an outcome of life I anticipated, especially in light of the fact that older people who claim to be wiser and more experienced never told me to tear down my egotistical tower [penis] to power rather than wait for **God** to do it for me.

I became the adult in the room by acknowledging those ways in which I was acting like a kid. I parented myself in real time. I completed the job my father and mother started.

Now that I no longer rush around impatiently, at last I can admonish me for my juvenile foolishness. I can deal with the adolescent in me with a firm hand.

It says in Leviticus that parents should stone their disobedient children. I disagree. But I do believe in taking Torah personally. Therefore, I stone myself inside with ridicule and score for behaving within myself with myself as though I were a defiant teenager.

Life is a school. My desire to graduate and get my diploma isn't becoming of a student who claims to hold great regard for the **Teacher** and for learning. Wishing to get the hell out of here isn't an attitude I find attractive anymore.

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

I wish my parents' generation had said something about this tendency in them. I certainly could see by the way they got grumpier as they aged that they suffered from something. I thought it was senioritis, but it turned out to be reverse aging.

I now get the impression that they concealed from themselves how immature they really were. I'm young at heart because I've gone back to my past to correct my attitude then, now. I don't want to die with a silly smile on my face and drool running down my chin. I'd rather die with an annoying, self-satisfied smirk on my face.

I wish people were more attentive to their attitude in this school. When I was a public-school teacher, it was so easy to see the difference between those students who came to class to learn and those who came with a resentment in having to be there.

It didn't make my job as a teacher any easier to have to work on the attitude of my students as well as on their grades. In Japan, they spend the first few years only teaching an attitude of gratitude. The subject matter comes later.

Honey is much sweeter than milk. But money is sweet, too. Don't tell me that money is the root of all evil without also affirming that money is also the fruit of goodness.

Because I have a personality that people don't find immediately appealing and attractive, I now see why I was never popular. I looked at popular people enviously. I wanted what they had that I felt was denied me.

Maybe it wasn't just my personality. Maybe it was also my looks. Maybe it was even my religion and my sexual preference. Maybe people weren't drawn to me like iron to a magnet for many reasons. Maybe I just didn't have the kind of chemistry I could see in those who are charismatic.

Because I no see I lack charm, I realize I have to make up for it in other ways. Developing a working relationship with myself has finally become more valuable to me than working on my relationships with others. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that the relationships I'm now able to forge with others are the direct result of the improved relationship I've created within myself with myself.

What's more I no longer feel hypocritical. Yes, I still have secrets. But what you see is what you get. I'm not hiding me from you any longer. I've come out of my ark [aron], basket [aron], holy chest [aron] and closet [aron]. I'm more Jewish than gay, but I'm not hiding either. Deal with it.

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

When I look at the Creation Story as a metaphoric description of the spiritual operating system of humanity, I find it interesting that the larynx was given the name, "Adam's apple." It would seem more logical to call man's testicles Adam and Eve's apples. Eve ate [+] one, and she gave the other to Adam [-].

We're constantly trying to determine what's male [y] and what's female [x] about us. We're constantly having to separate our thoughts from our feelings to determine what we believe to decide how we're going to behave.

But it's the voice box that we call Adam's apple. It's as though the forbidden fruit Eve gave to Adam got stuck in his throat. We can't swallow it, and we can't cough it back up, either.

All men produce a liquid love [semen] that creates life. It emanates out of our fruits [testicles] through the mouth of our serpent. In tasting our milk at puberty, Adam's apple gets lodged in our throat.

Straight men are mystified by the liquid love [milk] that sustains life. It emanates out of the fruits [breasts] on women's chests through their nipples.

This is the poetic truth that leads men and women to seek justice and equality through sexual intercourse. To fully digest forbidden fruit, we have to admit it was never stolen from **God**. We have it. We enjoy it. Now we have to learn to understand it.

God never meant for mankind to presume knowledge was forbidden. **God** was speaking to us poetically. **He** was using figurative speech to teach us about our spiritual operating system. Self-knowledge is no less forbidden than knowledge of others. But people seem to avoid self-knowledge as though it was taboo.

Taking the Creation Story literally will drive you nuts. Before you know it, you'll believe in the personification of evil as Satan, an angel who **God** can't stop from tormenting us. You'll interpret "pardes" [Hebrew: orchard] as "paradise," and seek to go back to the grove of trees you came from before you were born.

You can't go back. You came from your father and mother's sexual organs. You only became a seed ignited with life in your mother's fallopian tube. That produced a

chemical fire that brought you to life. You must go forward to get to **God**.

It was only when you reached puberty that the fruits of your tree of knowledge ripened. It was only then that you were "permitted" biologically – through menstruation or the production of semen, to produce life.

These biological changes in our operating system indicate that what had been previously permitted [learning] was later expanded to include knowledge of how to move forward to produce life. Over a lifetime, we learn to move toward death to be introduced to [not united with] **God**.

God never said we were forbidden from learning, growing and maturing. **He** never said we were forbidden from pursuing the pleasure principle, which is located below our waist, which includes pain [anal sex] if we so desire.

Therefore, the previous religious interpretations of the Creation Story are wrong. We're not being punished by **God** for original sin. That's nonsense. Puberty is the time in life when we're biologically awakened to the potential to pursue much more than we could as a child.

Granted, guilt is the emotion that separates us from the animal kingdom. But most people dismiss guilt as something to overcome with denial. Confession is ridiculed as self-defeating. People would rather behave like animals than admit the importance of guilt in evolving. But then they wonder why they end up feeling victimized. If you get in line with domesticated beasts about to be slaughtered, you're behaving like a cow, pig or sheep.

The pursuit of knowledge will lead to banishment [alienation, disaffection, hostility, isolation, separation, distancing, division, dissention and estrangement]. But this is only a fact of life when you look at life as a survival issue. When you look at life as a gift from **God**, we all get our heart broken trying to pursue love from the outside in rather than the inside out.

God doesn't dislike you because you're knowledgeable. **He** doesn't dislike you because you're sexual. **He** doesn't even dislike you because you feel distant from **Him**. These are all conclusions religious fanatics come to that the spiritually inclined dismiss as superstitious [ignorant fear of **God**].

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

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

Thinking you shouldn't think is illogical. Feeling you shouldn't feel is irrational. Believing you shouldn't believe is unreasonable. And sensing that you shouldn't enjoy your sensations is senseless.

Most people are wolves in sheep's clothing. Most people fight like a dog when their survival lifestyle is threatened.

The problem in learning how to become a human being lies in the experience of banishment from ignorance. This causes alienation, disaffection, hostility, isolation, separation, distancing, division, dissention and estrangement. We don't talk about these feelings, but they're unintended consequences of learning. We also don't talk about cynicism as being an unintended consequence of experience. But these are all natural offshoots in the pursuit of knowledge that can be managed with wisdom.

The sense of loss and punishment in achieving knowledge increases our cynicism over time until we become bitter [disappointed] and sour [angry]. To compensate for these negative feelings, we seek things we believe will make us sweet [loving].

This is normal. If we can talk about how knowledge changes civilizations, nations, religions, cultures, tribes and

subtribes, we can come to understand how knowledge affects families and individuals.

Communication within yourself with yourself is the key. If we address the spiritual operating system **God** gave us as inherent to everyone, we can come to understand how we behave as a species and how we're unwisely destroying the planet out of defiance.

The more you can unify the seven forces within you, the more you can embrace life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness through the pursuit of truth as a poetic, rather than literal, gift from **God**.

I must bear my own cross. I must find my own mission. I must earn my own wings. In order to give to others and receive what I need from **God** to better myself, I must make the first move toward my destiny or accept my fate.

Moses had to turn around after he met **God** at the Burning Bush. I had to go back to my own inner Egypt. I had to help free those who were like me in me. And only **God** and I knew who they were.

Unless I better myself in the time I've been given, I'll spend my days struggling against **God** rather than struggling with **Him**. A struggle against **God** takes many forms, but the seven most obvious ways of trying to hurt **God** are [1] antisemitism, [2] anti-Zionism, [3] racism, [4] homophobia, [5] misogyny, [6] misandry and [7] xenophobia.

Giving up your struggle against **God** may bring up unintended anger, frustration and resentment. But if you don't make your way down from red [rage] through orange [worry], yellow [fear] and green [coveting] to blue [sorrow], you'll never make your way through indigo [mystery] to violet [ecstasy]. You won't be able to personalize the pursuit of hope, which leads to love and loyalty to life.

War is a struggle to kill people instead of **God**. The Muslims have been pursuing anti-Zionism since 1948 in an effort to kill **Allah**. The Germans did the same in the Second

World War to kill **Jesus**. **God** always puts the gays and Jews between **Himself** and killers.

Those who want to kill **God** are obviously racists. They're in a struggle over who has the better container. They're also misogynists and misandrists trying to decide whether to trust their thoughts or their feelings. And they're xenophobes who are terrified of the stranger within.

The good in us corresponds to fire. The evil corresponds to ice. The more you understand the figurative secret to the warm words that spill out of the mouth of your penis [or nipples], the more you'll understand how you were made.

Create a bond between your head and heart. Don't reject your feelings for yourself. Don't follow the dictates of the serpent in your tree or worm in your apple without considering the outcome of your urges.

You're anti-social until you begin to talk to yourself and answer yourself in complete sentences that include a tone of voice that you'd find pleasing if it arrived at your ears from another person. You'll discover how intolerant you really are when you realize how your shyness emanates out of your unwillingness to talk to yourself.

"Miles From Nowhere"
Composed and Sung by Cat Stevens
1970

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

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

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

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

Now, I don't feel alienated anymore. I feel a healthy distance from everyone. I feel at home here far from **Home**. The disaffection, separation and division I felt that emanated out from within me are no longer doing so. The sense of wanting to riot and demonstrate externally became internalized. Then, I put down that inner unrest by improving my society.

When the political spectrum is curved to form a ring, extremists at both ends stand back-to-back shouting insults. They sound identical [angry]. They unknowingly send normal people toward the center where everyone just wants to get along.

It was normal to get off psychiatric medications after 25 years, despite the outcry from my previous boyfriend and his friends. They didn't want me to change, transform or transcend who I'd been to become someone better.

After having tried to kill myself three times, I just wanted to change my mind, transform my heart and transcend my beliefs. I've been clean and sober for almost 40 years and off psychiatric meds for almost a quarter of a century. I've achieved too much to go back to being the way I was before.

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

If you look too good or sound too good, they'll try to take you down. They'll try to make you doubt yourself. They see that as their mission. But their bad behavior is a projection of how deeply they doubt themself.

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

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

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

I was a seed planted in a garden by a **Gardener**. I was a bud that flowered. I'm now a tree that fruits, while so many others are nuts. I was transplanted from that garden to work for a **Farmer** in **His** orchard where I learned to pull a plow. Then I was admitted into a hospital where I was under the care of a great **Doctor**. Then, I was enrolled in the Ph.D. department in the school of life where my dissertation was "me." Now I'm an administrator in this university. The **Chancellor** is my boss.

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

"Sugar Sugar"
Composed by
Jeff Barry and Andy Kim
Sung by The Archies
1969

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

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

For me, this song is about the production of vaginal fluid that the male singer anticipates his girlfriend excreting out of excitement before receiving his penis in her. I think he sees her as a flower, and her vaginal fluid as nectar, a sugary fluid secreted by plants to encourage pollination by insects and birds.

Hummingbirds drink nectar from flowers with their long tongue. Nectar is the foundation of their nutritional palette. So, I assume the composers of this song, Jeff Barry and Andy Kim, were hummingbirds singing their heart out over flowers they adored.

Drinking nectar may be normal for insects and birds, but it isn't normal for gay men, even if it's poetically appealing to lesbians and straight men.

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

I'm like a bee and a flower. The two of them may have separate voices, but I get the last word. Therefore, I can say "no" to myself.

The power I have to disapprove is something my parents tried to beat out of me. They terrorized me with corporal punishment that left me with P.T.S.D. I've been moving through trauma every day of my life in an effort to learn how to disapprove of my parents tactfully and politely. That was a master class in the school of life. This is why I need a Tutor within me [Adonai] to help make sense of the **Teacher's** [**Elohim's**] assignments.

"**Homeward** Bound"
Composed by
Paul Simon
Sung by Simon and Garfunkel
1966

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

This song is really about dying. **Home** [Heaven, Paradise or Nirvana] is faith in a final **Destination** while on the journey of your life. That **Destination** should contribute to the meaning of your life, whether or not you believe in the

Christian, Muslim or Buddhist **Destination** purported by their religious leaders.

When you're **Homeward** bound, you're preparing for graduation from the school of life by working on your final exam. You know that that'll determine your final outcome. You're holding your **Destination** in your thoughts and prayers for yourself, not in thoughts and prayers for other people. Offering others your thoughts and prayers is a fool's errand. Improve the world to increase your faith in your **Destination**.

Even if you don't believe in **God**, believe in putting your right foot forward with every other step you take. Believe in moral excellence even if perfection is impossible.

The hyper-religious claim to be doing just that, but they don't show it through their all their deeds. They talk about the prohibitive financial cost of helping people they hate and the need for trickle-down economics so that the financially endowed will grow in wealth and power. Do you really think they're going to arrive at the **Destination** they strive for with the methods they're using? A gay Jew has a much better chance of getting into Heaven, Paradise or Nirvana than they do.

There's that which is **Given** and that which is given. Being gay or Black [or both] is a **Given**. Being Jewish, Catholic or Muslim is a given.

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

If you insist on living the way other religious people live, you still don't have to force your lifestyle on anyone else. Normal for you will always be abnormal for some others. I've had sex with women. I know it's nice, but it's not like the real thing!

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

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

There are certain choices I've made. Being gay isn't one of them. Being Jewish is. I've chosen to be a Zionist Jew. It was my parents' religion. They were treated horribly in Europe by people who called themselves "Christians." I made a choice to keep my parents' religion through my love of Zion [Israel].

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

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

Just accepting that I figuratively have a talking serpent hanging down from the trunk of my tree is one way that I embrace my faith with a new interpretation. Whether I'd choose to cut off the hood of my cobra if I could do it all over again is another question. I don't believe in using pain to reinforce convention. I prefer to use poetry.

There are other gifts I've chosen to give myself that are also valuable to me:

1. I married myself.
2. I ordained myself a rabbi.
3. I bestowed the noble peace prize on myself.
4. I see myself as an American Shakespeare with a poetic message for my people for a new age.

In these four ways, I express the unfolding awakening of my beliefs despite the voices inside of me that recoil at what I'm doing. I've come out of my four closets to profess my truth. I refuse to live in secrecy. Those voices around me that disapprove will live life their own way. But those voices within me will have to do as I say.

I've become more intimate with myself and comfortable in my own company. I've become more inspired by the mystery of my life and how each day unfolds in an unfathomably miraculous way.

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

She attributed the difference in communication style to a difference in philosophic outlook regarding communication. New Yorkers, Tannen concluded, want to show one another that they're so eager to reply to what they've heard that they interrupt one another slightly to express their enthusiasm. She felt that Angelinos want to show one another that they're so impressed with what they've heard that they pause for a moment to express their awe at what was said.

You never know why people behave the way they do unless you study people. Since so much of our cultural nuances are unconscious, it sometimes requires scientific experiments to discover what it is we really believe and are trying to convey through our actions.

Provided people are telling you the truth, they're using the communication style they believe will convince you of their veracity and trust. That said, you can still doubt people,

even if they're telling you their truth. Don't belittle their manner of telling their truth if the facts support their beliefs. Their communication style is as meaningful as yours, even if their methods are different.

Muslims may tell you they have nothing against gays and Jews, but reality doesn't substantiate that assertion worldwide. As a group, they're as prejudiced as the Germans were in the 1930's. If you support Palestine over Israel, you're threatening the freedom of gays and Jews. The Palestinians are in league with Hamas, Hezbollah and the Iranian Guard. They don't want to make peace with Israel. They've had almost 80 years to make peace with gays and Jews. It will take generations to prune their trees and weed their garden.

People can come from their head and speak to you honestly. They can come from their heart and speak to you sincerely. They can even come from their soul and speak to you authentically.

But that doesn't mean that they have the self-knowledge needed to behave wisely. Often people are unconsciously motivated by the character defects that plague us all: antisemitism, anti-Zionism, racism, homophobia, misogyny, misandry and xenophobia.

If you discover people are lying to you, it's a different story. Butt once the facts have been proven again and again – and people still maintain denial of their hatred of you – then you have to avoid cynicism entirely.

Then, you have to take a serious look at their beliefs as the cause of their faulty thoughts and hateful feelings. Then you know that they're motivated by character defects that they refuse to deal with.

I don't accuse most people of being motivated by greed or power. I don't accuse people of hating **God**. But I don't even accuse them of being self-serving.

Most people are simply in denial of how much they hate themself. We saw this in Christianity in Europe in the first

half of the last century. We saw self-hatred growing in Islam in the second half of the last century. We see it worldwide today.

God will see to it that the truth comes out. The truth is that the gays and the Jews aren't the problem. We never were. Today, the Jews can see that the gays aren't the problem, and the gays can see that the Jews aren't the problem. Progress is being made, albeit it slowly and painfully. The problem lies in each one of us rather than in some or in us all.

I'm **Homeward** bound. I don't know where you going, and, frankly, I don't care. Your grades aren't going on my report card.

"All of Me"
Composed by
Gerald Marks and Seymour Simon
Sung by Billie Holiday and Lester Young
1931

All of me,
why not take all of me?
Can't you see I'm no good without you.
Take my lips.
I want to lose them.
Take my arms.
I'll never use them.
Your goodbye
left me with eyes that cry.
How can I go on dear without you.
You took the part that once was my heart,
so why not take all of me?
All of me…
You took the best,
so why not take the rest?
Baby, take all of me.

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

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

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

The sense of violation and betrayal that ensued after my heart was broken left me floundering inside at why I had to go through a pain I didn't deserve. That pain brought up the

decision to distrust others in the future. It brought up feelings of bitterness [disappointment] and sourness [anger] that **God** already anticipated in foods I learned to taste, chew on and swallow. Over a lifetime of disappointments and anger, I developed a taste for bitter and sour foods I didn't care for as a child.

My broken heart brought up distrust of **God**, not just of men. If I couldn't trust **God** to introduce me to guys who wouldn't abuse my trust, then **He** was abusing my trust. **God** not only left me floundering with regard to my trust in **Him**. **He** left me floundering at my inability to trust myself. After all, **He** and I are in this together. Therefore, the God within me and the **God** of us all must have conspired to hurt me. Life may be a school, but I started out unable to trust my Tutor or **Teacher** with good reason.

Misfortunes with love became a spiritual issue between **God** and me. If love is a divinely inspired feeling, then a broken heart asks us to question why **God** would allow us to lose our faith in ourself, not just in **Him**. It begs the question how loss of love and faith in ourself could possibly bring us to greater faith in the bond the two of Us hold with One another.

This is a reasonable query. This is a question that revolves around arrogance, the arrogance of trusting my thoughts, feelings and beliefs, when I knew too little about myself. It brought up the ignorance in choosing to put my trust in others before I could trust myself.

Life may be a school, but the lessons are harder and more complicated than they first looked. A broken heart became a lesson in giving myself more cautiously to others. Loss of faith in others even became a lesson in giving my soul more cautiously to **God**. I never know where I end and **God** begins.

This stripping of my defenses left me raw and exposed. Not only did I learn that I can't trust others to treat me with respect. I discovered that I couldn't trust myself, either. By

having allowed myself to be so brutally abused by those I trusted, I lost some of my own trust. I concluded there was no one left to trust but **God**. But if I put all my trust in **Him** and refused to judge anyone or anything, I'd run to the opposite extreme.

Positions of cynicism and scorn stem from bitterness and defeat. Some people go so far as to turn their back on **God** and man. The spiritually inclined choose, instead, to ask and seek answers to hard questions.

Going from a religious to spiritual outlook parallels graduating the metaphor of life as a hospital with an inner Nurse and outer **Doctor**, to life as a school with an inner Tutor and outer **Teacher**. I no longer seek to be healed. Now I seek to learn.

God never healed my broken heart. But **He** did teach me to see myself as a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. What I experience on my journey is now teaching me to appreciate the wisdom I'm amassing along the way.

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

Only with such scrutiny can I explore and expand my relationship with myself. Only by seeking truth rather than happiness can I come to believe in myself, thanks to my previous mistakes. What difference would it make if I was happy or sad if I lived like a hypocrite?

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

Don't worry about being happy. Seek the combination of happiness and sadness: joy. If you reject sorrow, you'll never

learn to say you're sorry. "Sorry seems to be the hardest word." [Elton John/Bernie Taupin]

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

All of me,
why not take all of me?
Can't **You** see I'm no good without **You**.
Take my lips.
I want to lose them.
Take my arms.
I'll never use them.
Your goodbye
left me with eyes that cry.
How can I go on **Dear** without **You**.
You took the part that once was my heart,
so why not take all of me?
All of me…
You took the best,
so why not take the rest?
Baby, take all of me.

Now, the relationship is one of you to **God** [although the nicknames you have for **Him** are hardly respectful]. Now, it's a question of why **He**'d treat you in a way that makes you question your faith in **Him**, as well as your faith in yourself and others.

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

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

Then, when you question the ways that you communicated with yourself in the past, you better understand why **God** had to interrupt you to make you see what you were saying to yourself about **Him** that was so unkind and untrue.

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

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

I can't imagine that **God** didn't create everyone with the potential to use their head and heart wisely. If you've suffered from mental illness [as I have], that doesn't mean **God** hates you. If you've suffered from a broken heart, it doesn't mean you hate some people. The **Teacher** gives us lessons to prepare us for **His** tests. If we don't do our homework, it should be no surprise if we don't do well on spot quizzes.

The problem with men in general is that they don't realize there's an Eve [heart] in their Adam [head]. Women don't come out of men as Moses stated in the Creation Story. There's a woman in every man who he has to learn to let out.

The problem with men in general is that they don't realize there's an Adam [head] in every Eve [heart]. Women have a head, not just a heart. Men aren't as different from women as they think they are.

If all men would use more of their heart and women would use more of their head, we wouldn't have the problems we have in society in celebrating the LGBTQIA+ community. It's our community that promotes understanding of the serpent in every tree and worm in every apple.

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

But there are also DINO's. They're Democrats in name only. They, too, come from their heart. They're also

resentful, angry, intimidating and scornful. So, they, too, vote their party line in the hopes of getting revenge.

Neither wants to use more of their head and heart than they're doing. RINO's and DINO's put money before honey. This is why so many young people are so frustrated with those in leadership positions that they don't vote. They forget that everyone's listening to their penis or clitoris [urges]. It's hard to give everybody what they want [-] and wish for [+] when nobody is able to talk about how we all operate.

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

In some respects, all religions use their **God's** name in vain. If you want to use your scripture as a blueprint of how to lead your life, that's wonderful. But don't force other people to do the same.

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

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

Let's be clear. We Jews never forced our scripture on anyone. The State of Israel was recreated after 2,000 years of living in the Diaspora. It offers religious tolerance, something we didn't experience in Christian and Muslim countries. Yet now orthodox-Jews are forcing their scriptural lifestyle on the rest of the citizens of Israel, specifically with

regard to homophobia. All ultra-religious people hate gays and use their scripture to validate their hatred.

If you've got a head and a heart, use them. If you only want to react irrationally to every situation in which you can't get your way, don't be shocked when **God** doesn't give you what you want. Learning tolerance is a lesson in everyone's curriculum.

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

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

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

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

I've already said that I don't mind the emotional ramifications of pursuing truth. Nor do I mind being mad, so long as it's righteous indignation and not insanity that I promote.

I got so mad as a young man that they had to lock me up against my will in mental institutions. And they gave me the label "paranoid-schizophrenic" before they let me out [which my sister took no time to share with me].

Today, I find the pursuit of truth upsetting, but it doesn't make me mad. I'm resolved to pursue truth from within.

Greasy Spoon or Clip Joint

The definition of a *joint* in the human body is, "a structure in the human or animal body at which two parts of the skeleton are fitted together." [internet] A *joint* is a connector of bones that allows for movement. The joints of the body allow us to go in some directions. If we go too far, we injure the joint and possibly even break a bone.

A *joint* is also a place where people go who aren't concerned with boundaries. A clip *joint* is a nightclub or bar that charges exorbitant prices. People who frequent *joints* are looking for a form of movement and expression that they don't associate with the *joints* of their body. They're looking for the autonomy to move any which way they like.

There are three ways to move parts of your body:

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

People who see their body as the *joint* where they reside will eventually learn about the boundaries of their body, as well as the boundaries of movement figuratively.

People with *joint* problems have problems with boundaries. Over a lifetime of abusing my *joints*, I was forced to face the figurative meanings of words associated with my body. Medical doctors seek to heal us of problems on the physical plane of reality. Rabbis seek to heal us of our problems on the spiritual realm of reality.

I associate my physical problems with moral [internal] issues. The more I feel that my pain and suffering are spiritually meaningful to me, the closer I approach **God**.

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

Most of my life I assumed my body was just the *joint* I was residing in. I didn't like the place. I didn't treat it particularly well. In fact, many aspects of my body repulsed me. Now I'm suffering with the consequences of that self-abuse.

I've since become well aware that my body is my temple, not some *joint* I happen to find myself in. I respect my body as a creation by **God** given to me to discover my relationship to **His** gifts to me; my gifts to myself; and my gifts to others. The more I expand upon the world's scriptures to interpret them as poems with figurative meanings that I can apply to myself, the more serenity I achieve in a world that's become very loud and boisterous.

As a Jew who applies the main metaphor of Moses in the Creation Story to my life, I have a predisposition to use the word "grow" metaphorically in the way that botanical life grows. And because the Jews created the first representative democracy under **God**, our use of words has permeated the mindset all civilized peoples.

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

I speak English without a foreign accent, but inside I feel limited in using language wisely. I'm more comfortable expressing myself with dance. Movement through the space around me corresponds to babel in the world within me. I'm a tower swaying in the **Wind**.

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

This activity makes me feel young at heart. I feel more innocent the more truth I achieve. I wake up in the morning with a sense of mystery and curiosity about what I'll learn about myself each day. Faith without mystery produces certainty. Certainty slays poetry, replacing it with prose.

I feel that I still have a lot to learn about the words I use because each day new words [thoughts] need to be filled in with color [emotion]. It's up to me to choose just the right tint and hue for me to use these words in a sentence meaningfully. As I do, I make sure to stay between the black boundaries [thoughts] by making sure my words are logical, rational, reasonable and sensible, so as not to be offensive or hurtful. This makes coloring in my coloring book a herculean challenge. It's hardly child's play.

Being me is like having a full-time job. I can't imagine why I was once so afraid of getting old, retiring and having nothing to do. I have so much to do! I've never been so busy being in my whole life!

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

Because my intuition developed very slowly over the years, I was shocked to discover I'd hindered myself from speaking to me. I needed to filter some of my thoughts when I realized that what I was thinking was ruining my relationship with **God**.

That was a prudent conclusion to come to, especially after having tried to kill myself repeatedly. I couldn't trust myself to tell me the truth if it only validated external reality.

I was particularly shocked to discover that many people truly believe that gays and/or Jews are the worst people on Earth. But when I looked more closely at my own thoughts and feelings, I discovered I struggled with those forces within me.

Therefore, I've had to classify information as public, private, secret or top secret. Not everything I used to say in public was good for others to hear. Not everything I said in private to the people I trusted was good for them to hear. Not everything I kept secret from those I cared about was good for me to hear. And there were some things so top secret that I had no idea what they were until they were leaked to me by voices inside me. These voices I now refer to as my intuition.

It's only when I began talking to myself in loud that I realized these levels of classification of knowledge determined my wisdom. After 70 years of being me, it was a shock to discover how unwise I was.

You might find it hard to believe that someone so erudite on paper could complain about sometimes being lost for words within. But that's the truth. I write to learn what to say to myself. I use my fingers on a keyboard to draw out ideas, concepts and theories that lie in my unconscious that I'm afraid to express for fear of offending myself.

I'm not as afraid of offending **God**. **God** know what **He** has to listen to from us! I'm not as afraid of offending Will. And I'm not as afraid of offending my friends and acquaintances or even the public at large. I'm afraid of offending myself.

I offended me by trying to kill me. I offended me by running away from my problems into food, alcohol, drugs, cigarettes and sex. And I offended me by befriending people who were untrustworthy. I don't want to offend me anymore.

Therefore, I have to behave in exemplary ways to others in order to earn the reward of me revealing top-secret information about me to myself. Although I fantasize telling people what I really think, I want to earn my respect of me more than I want to be fully candid with anyone.

I know that if I want to be more honest [head], sincere [heart] and authentic [soul], I've got to give my conscience [breastplate] more power over me. As it stands, there are many thoughts, feelings and beliefs I hold that my conscience finds offensive.

It's not like my conscience reacts by tempting me to punish myself as it did in the past with forbidden acts. Today it reacts with a sense of odious smells inside. I feel dusty, dirty and unclean. I feel rancid, rank, rotten, putrid foul and stale. My conscience has moved into a deeper realm of self-disclosure.

Being passive is natural for a man like me who's been fearful most of my life. I always dreamed of being aggressive, not assertive. I wanted people to look up to me as macho and manly. Now that that level of masculinity has been denounced as fetid, I sit passively inside asking the God within me what to do.

I still want to appease people who are aggressive, but now my intuition tells me that that smells bad, too. Nevertheless, I want to appreciate my passivity as a virtue. Being passive seems like a much better way of letting people be themself, including letting me express my aggressivity through my fantasies.

Inside, I'm aggressive. Outside, I'm passive. I don't want to confront anyone, least of all me. I see every external fight as against gays and/or the Jews. Taking sides politically undermines one side of me or the other.

I feel like Samson with long hair. And I feel like Delila. We agree that we love my hair. She even encourages me to grow it longer. She only trims the split ends. For that, I'm grateful to the s/he in me. That's what inner strength has

done to unite my head [Samson] and heart [Dehlila]. I'm not the Adam [head] and Eve [heart] I once was.

Evolving the forces within me has made it possible for the Ishamel in me to come to terms with the Abraham who banished me. [Genesis 21] It's made it possible for the Isaac in me to come to terms with the Abraham who tried to kill me. [Genesis 22] My inner brother and I have come together at the grave of our father to reconcile with one another over how he betrayed us when we were a child. [Genesis 25]

Although I call myself Abrahamic, I'm far more Jewish than Christian or Muslim. I'm far wiser than loving or loyal. I use my head much more than my heart or soul.

I thank **God** that I no longer live in a greasy spoon or clip joint. I live in a cafeteria where I can see my options before I choose what to put on my tray. I can even get out of line and look at what the options are up ahead. I can't tell you how excited I was as a child when we went to a cafeteria. Now I can see why.

I don't imitate anyone anymore although I've never felt more covetous of what others have that I'm missing, including youth and beauty. I refuse to take sides unless I feel that the gays or the Jews are being threatened.

I'm proud of my passivity outwardly, and I'm doing what I can to enjoy aggressivity in my fantasies without guilt. I've turned into a less assimilated, gay Jew. I don't need to fit in anywhere. Life is San Francisco feels like the penthouse in the skyscraper that's reaching for Heaven. I don't need to be perceived as "one of the boys." I'm not even interested in being one of "The Boys in the Band." And I certainly don't identify as a Proud Boy.

Pro Nouns

I think pronouns are the greatest part of speech in every language. Not only do they distinguish **God** from man [**Him** from him]. Pronouns distinguish **Him** from me [**You** from you]. Pronouns even distinguish one idea from another [this verses that]. If you don't know how to use pronouns correctly, you're going to get lost inside and out.

Trans people are deeply concerned about their own pronouns. They distinguish between him and her in a way that I don't. The him and her in me produce a we that I've united internally. I don't need to express the conflict between my pronouns externally. Some people do.

My problem with pronouns produced insanity. I solved my problem by talking to myself. This forced me to look at how I say what I say so I don't confuse myself when talking to myself in loud.

There were parts of my brain that didn't seem to get the linguistic skills I apply to communicating externally. Those parts of me were infantile, childish and juvenile depending on how unconscious they were. Today, if I don't communicate to those undeveloped parts of my brain in ways that are extremely succinct and accurate, I create glitches in my spiritual operating system that create linguistic conflicts I have to deal with. This problem is revealed in the title of this book: a cross-eyed bear and a cross I'd bear.

When I first started talking to myself, I had to differentiate one thought[1] from another thought[2] with superscripts. Now that I've learned to use the pronouns this[1] and that[2], I can keep better track of

<u>one idea</u>

over another.

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

I found that not talking to myself produced loneliness. Talking to myself produced solitude. I had to overcome loneliness with solitude to achieve serenity.

It's not like I'm living on a cloud divorced from reality. But I am looking down on humanity wondering when people will question their hatred of gays and Jews as an internal problem quite separate from gay Jews.

The words "gays" and "Jews" are nouns. This is why I'm pro noun.

"It's Now or Never"
Composed by
Aaron Schroeder and Wally Gold
Sung by
Elvis Presley
1960

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

This once was a song about the impatience men could use to pressure women into having sex. I now see it as a song

about self-lust. For me, it's about pressure being put on my feelings to love my thoughts.

It's so easy to see why women are so frustrated with men nowadays. But it isn't as easy to personalize the problem as the masculine side of us [our head] pressuring the feminine side of us [our heart] to love us unconditionally.

My conscience is able to see what my head and heart want. When my thoughts have been weighed for their logic, and my feelings have been registered and recorded for rationality, then I must note the conflicts I'm left with for the possibility of forever or never.

Now my conscience must wrestle with my soul to judge the situation within and take action on the conflicts I'm consigned with.

"Just like a willow, we would cry an ocean if we lost true love and sweet devotion." This is the truth when I imagine myself as a weeping willow tree that would be devastated without my love for me.

Either my head and heart are going to act together on my behalf, or they're going to act separately in a way that expresses my devotion to others over devotion to me. This is the essence of self-denial. This is the cause of the majority of the problems in the world.

My conscience now sings this song to me about self-loyalty. Either I'm going to put my greatest need [me] first, or I'm going to go with everyone else who puts duty to others above themself. It's now or never. I must decide who comes first.

This song is also about the ramifications of guilt. Am I going to obey the laws of man to achieve the greatest good [**God**], or am I going to succumb to self-indulgence, self-pity, resentment and denial? Am I going to behave like a hypocrite to get what I want? Am I going to love gays or Jews, but not both?

My lips excite me. I let my arms invite me, for who knows when I'll meet myself again this way. This expresses

the struggle in the Catholic Church when it comes to loving itself.

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

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

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

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

But I can now embrace myself. I can reach my arms around me literally and figuratively. But in doing so, I now know that it's not my physical relationship to myself that matters so much as my love for me. This is the sweetness I'll never get enough of from food.

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

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

I don't express my love for me by dancing for money. I dance alone in my garage three days a week to spend quality time with myself without words. The naked light bulb in my garage is a symbol of my God within. The mirrors on wall are my inner Wailing Wall. I pray with my hands and feet while watching myself move rhythmically before my eyes.

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

In making my conscience my guide, I can now appreciate the wisdom of my own heart in rejecting many of the thoughts in my head.

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

If people judge me as a dufus, so be it. I live in a world where my feelings for me are more important than my thoughts for others, and soulfulness is the most important inner strength of all. I believe in me. I believe that my conscience can guide my thoughts, feelings and beliefs. I also happen to believe that Israelis will believe more in themselves when they approve marriage equality and become the 39th civilized nation in the world to do so.

I live in an inner world where I know the difference between up and down morally [internally] and ethically [externally]. Where others are going, I can't say. But it doesn't look like they're getting where they say they want to be.

I believe the wars in the Middle East are over gay Jews. Extremist Jews, Christians and Muslims hate the gays. Moderate Jews, Christians and Muslims are seeking peace with homophobes. Liberal atheists hate the Jews, but love the gays. I see them all going nowhere at full speed.

The 6th Commandment

The 6th Commandment is not to kill human beings. Before we take our first breath, the rabbis claim we're not yet a person. The Christians say that we're a human being as soon as we have a heartbeat.

Even if you don't like some human beings, let alone the way they behave, don't kill them. I recommend you admit to **God** you'd like to kill **Him**, instead. Get your frustrations out of your system by threatening **God**. If you insist on raging like a madman because you can't get everyone to believe what you believe, swear to **God**. **He** can take your threats. **He** knows what you're going through.

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

The difference between a fruit and a nut can be seen in the way gay men differ from straight men. Look at both and decide for yourself whether fruits or nuts hang down from your tree.

I'd prefer you don't intimidate anyone with violence, threats of violence or postures that imply violence. I don't want to see anyone strut around with a gun. I don't want you pointing fingers at law enforcement nationwide or pizza parlors in Washington D.C. because you're prejudiced against authority figures.

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

I live in the U.S. not the U.S.S.R. I live in the freest country in the West and the freest country in the history of humanity. The U.S.S.R looks to the East for help. It's been rejected by the West.

There are institutions of religion where hypocrites can go to pretend to love **God** while hating aspects of humanity. But the U.S. must maintain its position as the head of the West. We don't have the luxury of letting those who envy us take away our control.

Choose the U.S.S.R. or the U.S. Choose the East or the West. Choose anarchy or democracy. Choose the past or the future.

If you've turned the talking serpent in your tree into a supernatural force [Satan] that's producing all the evil in the world, leaving you feeling squeaky clean, you're a nut. Fruits don't believe that.

There is no Satan. There is no personification of evil that's trying to take over the world. That's just a reflection of your wants [-] that you've disowned. If you insist that there's a devil, swear to **God** that you're going to kill **Him** for **His** stupidity. **He** created Satan.

I know how I think. I know how I feel about life. I'm not a mystery to me. I'm not ambiguous. I make myself crystal clear. I was mentally ill. I was emotionally sick. And I was spiritually ailing. Most of my life, I was in a hospital setting inside, learning to follow the instructions of the **Doctor** and avail myself of the help of my Nurse.

The Ten Commandments are **God's** response to man's intention to excuse himself. That's why **He** began them with **His** defense against our excuses. [**I** am the **Lord**, your God, who took you out of Egypt.] **He** took us out of the Egypt within us to give us a taste of a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom].

The 1st Commandment isn't about anything we're doing. It's **His** response to our innate dislike of **Him**. That dislike is a reflection of our dislike of ourself. It's about how we all

feel having to answer to one and the same **God** in both the world around us and the world within.

God put love [milk] before wisdom [honey], as should we. Wisdom of the heart doesn't seek revenge against gays or Jews. Once you get revenge out of the way, you're ready to explore the world of justice and mercy.

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

Here are the Ten Commandments as I see them:

1. **God** is **God**. The God within me isn't **God**.
2. **God** is before me, but I come next.
3. I don't utter **His** names vainly. I respect them all.
4. Every day is a reminder that I'm going to die.
5. I honor my parents. I save my love for me.
6. I don't kill myself or others.
7. I keep my word not to adulterate my relationships.
8. I don't steal my reputation out from under me.
9. I don't live in denial.
10. I covet everything I am and everything I have.

Go ahead and try to kill **God**. Break the 6th Commandment. If you can't succeed in doing that, see if you can make **Him** miserable by hurting yourself and others.

If that doesn't work, try killing yourself with bad habits and sick beliefs. Behave like a nut, not like a fruit. And then tell yourself that **God** would love to keep you by **His** side for all eternity. See if you believe you.

Nontracts

I recently heard about "nontracts." Atheists create nontracts to release themself from unconscious contracts they've created with themself that they now realize are harming their mental health and spiritual wealth.

I get it! I like it! Hyper-religious people who insist we sign on to their contracts with **God** are obnoxious. They insist we behave in accordance with what they believe, based on **God's** words. But **God** said seven things, and religious extremists are only interested in 1/7th of what **He** said. That doesn't achieve freedom. That doesn't produce self-determination. That doesn't move us towards peace. It only produces antisemitism and homophobia. That's self-will run riot. That's Naziism, plain and simple.

I'm not an atheist, but I honor the concept of nontracts. We should all question the contracts we've unconsciously signed onto with others, ourself and even with **God**. We should all take the time to create contracts that promote peace and understanding.

Will doesn't believe in a transactional relationship with **God**. He hates people who say, "I'm so blessed to have [fill-in-the-blank]." He sees that as a way of saying that they did what **God** wanted them to do to get a financial reward.

He believes transactional relationships with our **Creator** produce a materialistic attitude about everything. He thinks the rich will see themselves as good, and the poor will see themselves as bad. As a Catholic, Will believes that the poor are just as blessed as the rich and just as worthy of working to attain eternal rewards. He doesn't like to look at rewards from **God** as dispensed in dollars and cents. He's got more sense than that. He feels rich within even though he doesn't have money.

I agree with him. But I also feel blessed by **God** for caring for my body in scientific ways that relieve me of pain,

discomfort and physical hardship. I'd rather live free than merely survive. Living a good like requires self-discipline.

I choose to consider the health and wealth of my soul, not just my body and my financial portfolio. I consider what's best for me after life. And since I won't be able to take any of my monetary wealth with me, I want to become as spiritually rich as possible, so I leave here with an inner wealth that can't be measured, counted, saved, invested or spent.

My books are my legacy. I leave them behind as the rainbow of hope I shine down for all those who are getting off their boat [aron], crying in their basket [aron], carrying **God** in their sacred chest [aron] and coming out of their closet [aron]. My books are my promise never again to make the mistakes I made.

The world is envious of other people's contents and jealous of their containers. You can't stay here forever in the container you were given. You must move on. That's just one of many facts of life.

Money has its place. I tip in restaurants because I live in a society that forces a transactional relationship on me when it comes to service. That said, I carried a resentment about tipping for a long time.

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

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

My relationship to everyone in the service industry is really an exercise in practicing humility. I take those experiences into my private life where I extend those lessons to those I love, including myself. That's spiritual transactionalism. That's how I make the best of being a

consumer and producer. That's how I see myself blessed by **God**. That's how I turn contracts into nontracts.

When it comes to my service to **God**, I begin with prayer. I tell **God** what I believe with all my heart and soul, and how I'd like to behave in accordance with **His** wishes for me. Invariably, that brings up moral issues in the way I treat myself that I must question.

This is why I need less mercy and more justice. I need the **Teacher** to teach me, not to excuse me. I need to devote myself to learning, not to teaching. There are so many teachers and so few students in this school.

My disappointments in the outcomes I get in the outside world affect how I feel about myself, not just how I feel about others. My disappointments in the external world leave me with moral questions about what to do about it.

I have to accept that my right foot is right, and my left foot is wrong. I have to accept that in moving forward morally, I'm never going exactly in a straight line.

Snakes move forward like an accordion in wave-like motions. They slither. Men also move forward in a morally zigzag fashion. When a good man sees that the snake in his tree is forcing him to slither, he should recoil in horror. Then he should rise like a cobra in pursuit of a flute.

I had to become like a snake charmer to succeed in this world. I got bitten many times as I learned my craft. But I don't make the same mistakes twice anymore.

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

Therefore, I've had to learn to accept the seven forces within me. In accepting what I can do, I've come to see what I can't do. I've come to appreciate what others do for me that I can't do for myself. I've come to see how most people are serving me indirectly.

My appreciation of people who are doing things differently from me isn't something I see happening in religious institutions. There, I see people fawning over one name for **God**, pretending to love **Him** [Adonai, Jesus or Allah] in exchange for "blessings" while using their collective power to constrain gays and/or Jews.

They don't honor themself. They don't honor the way they were made. They can't see the potential to improve themself by embracing diversity. They're not even trying to listen to gays on their left and Jews on their right.

Nobody needs to do things my way. But if they're only willing to listen with one ear, I'm forced to run from one side of their head to the other to speak my mind. I resent the run-around.

I'm not here to love or like people. I'm here to learn by judging everyone, especially myself. If learning creates cynicism, so be it. The more cynical I become, the more patient I have to become, too. Not expecting perfection in others leads to tolerance if people try to obey the Ten Commandments.

Expecting perfection in others leads to Naziism. But if most people don't hate me for being gay, they hate me for being Jewish. Modern life is an Animal Farm [George Orwell]. I can't tell the pigs from the farmers.

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

Sometimes I have to disengage from people I used to love or like. Because of forks in the road, I now find myself further from some people than ever before. If I can't build a crossroad to reconnect the two of us in a new way, I have to go my own way.

The fork in the road between Judaism and Islam began with Ishmael and Isaac. The Palestinians and the Jews are now so far apart from one another that war is the only way

to solve their problems. The Jews must win. The Palestinians must lose.

When the Arab Muslims comes together with Israel to defeat Iran, the Palestinians will realize that our father [Abraham] was wrong. We [Ishmael and Isaac] were right.

For the most part, Democrats are Christians who've ethically separated from Republicans. Republicans are Christians who've ethically separated from Democrats. But they're tearing Jesus in two, just as Muslims are tearing Archangel Gabriel in two.

I have news for both of them. Jesus and Archangel Gabriel are both Jewish. When the Jews stop tearing themselves in two over marriage equality in Israel, peace will magically reach the Middle East. Jews, Christians and Muslims will all be humbled [and/or humiliated] by **God**.

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

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

I know that I'm right and they're wrong. But I also know that **God** puts forks in roads to teach me lessons. I'm far wiser than ever before. I'm more tolerant of those who don't wish to kill me for being gay or a Zionist Jew. And I'm more fun to be with, too.

Nobody's grades will be going on my report card. My indifference to other people's pain and suffering comes out of my ambivalence. I can't go two ways at once.

I care more about gays and Jews. If people want to improve their grades, I'm doing my part to help just by being the best me I can be.

In truth, I loathe the homeless. Anyone who doesn't do everything in their power to shelter themself from the heat,

cold and damp is a failure in my eyes. I believe I must create a home for myself that mirrors Heaven, Paradise and Nirvana. I must make my ancestors proud. I had no home until my father's sperm penetrated my mother's egg. That created the spark that gave me a sense of being at home. That's when I began my journey **Home**. Homelessness is the most degrading form of nontract.

In truth, I loathe escape artists who use food, alcohol, drugs, gambling, cigarettes, workaholism and sex to avoid living life. Just surviving isn't good enough. The gift of life isn't fully received if you don't seek the wisdom needed to interact with **God** soulfully. You must create a contract with **Him** if you want to pursue morality and ethics.

Prayers aren't answered because they're disrespectful, rude, uncouth, offensive, vulgar, foul and boorish. Change the way you pray and watch how you'll feel blessed by **God** in extraordinary, new ways.

When my mother died, I went from a princess to a queen. I'd already inherited a crown from my father. I'd already gone from a prince to the king of my own castle. But when I inherited my mother's crown, I became a member of **God's** court. **God** is the **King** over kings and queens. I became of service to the **Lord**.

Then the question arose over how much I'd miss having lost the woman I loved the most in life. So, I strove to honor my mother by using her virtues to advance my mission.

Most people have a rainbow made up of six, not seven, colors. In their pursuit of happiness, they became colorblind to the joy in being blue. This is probably why **God** painted the sky blue. Look up. Remind yourself from time to time how joyful it is to be alive. That will make you both happy and sad.

Loss leads to denial. Denial leads to impatience. I find irritated by little things. Everything turns into the tip of an iceberg. I try to hold my irritations inside. I let them out through prayers I present to **God** about the way my mother

treated me, so differently from how mothers treat children today. I'm amazed at how I'm now learning to give up my fantasy of stagnant world to embrace my dreams.

My mother not only helped me get through mental illness when I was a young man. She helped me avoid loneliness. She was there for me at all times.

But as she aged, a fork appeared in our road: dementia. She moved further and further away. And I couldn't create a crossroad to help her. The staff at the Jewish Home had to feed her. They had to wipe her butt and changed her diaper. And they had to move her from one location to another by wheelchair. My mother turned into a vegetable. And I was a fruit who could do nothing to change that.

After she died, I was willing to admit that in some ways I hadn't liked the direction she'd taken in life. In some ways, she wasn't the kind of person I would have chosen as a friend, even though she later befriended me so wholeheartedly.

My mother modeled both discipline and friendship. She excelled in tolerance in some ways. Her Bavarian, Christian father and Austrian, Jewish mother produced a German, Jewish, Holocaust survivor who had a gay son. She was made for the road of tolerance. Tolerance became her mission in life. But with dementia, she avoided having to take the final exam.

I like my friends, and they like me. We tolerate one another. We refrain from interfering with each other's lifestyle choices. We recognize and respect each other's rights, beliefs, and practices. We prove to ourself that we're accepting and patient by enduring each other with humor.

Tina Turner asked, "What's Love Got To Do With It?" The answer is that when you like someone, love has very little to do with it.

I put up with the people I like. I like them and let them do as they please, whether my opinions are the same as theirs or different.

Believe me, Will and I don't share a lot of opinions, but we don't fight over our differences of opinion. We're in a like affair, not just a love affair. That's what I promote for anyone who wants a soulful relationship with another human being.

Straight people promote love. But look at how they behave. We had to force them to grant us marriage equality so we could love like they claim to love.

Love yourself. And give some of that love to **God**. But endeavor to like others. That's harder than it looks.

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

Life's a school and my grades are being recorded in the **Teacher's** roll book daily. If my classmates don't like what I'm doing with my life, they can complain to the **Teacher** about it. I'm not interested in their opinions about me. If they believe in **God**, they should let **Him** change me. They'd be surprised to learn how much **He**'s already done so.

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

My umbilical cord is now severed. My mother went her way out of this world, and I'm going my way without her. Fortunately, I'm not lonely. I'm enjoying solitude, instead. It's just **God** and me from here till the end. It's just the two of Us. What we share, I call "serenity."

Bubble Wrap

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

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

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

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

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

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

This bruising effect in our body and in our emotions is a natural occurrence that some experience more severely than others. Some people seem to go out of their way to pop the bubbles in their bubble wrap. They become loose, shapeless, grumpy, disagreeable and bitter.

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

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

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

When my mother died, I realized I didn't want to die like her either, looking like a vegetable who once thought she was the most delectable, forbidden fruit ever to have blossomed on a tree.

It isn't difficult for me to talk like this about my parents. I can tell you the truth about what I now think of them because of the way they aged and how determined I am to die differently. I speak as I do in the hopes of helping you avoid your parents' suffering.

It's not difficult for me to say all this out loud because I've already shared it with myself in loud. I'm not betraying the memory of my parents or the Jewish people. I'm honoring them by helping you avoid their mistakes.

The Jews are the smartest people on Earth. We have just as many opposing opinions as others, but we don't kill each other. That's something everyone ought to learn how to do. We'd be happy to teach the world how to do so because we've been striving to live this way for 3,400 years.

The truth has set me free to die another way, but only because I've overcome my guilt about speaking ill of the dead. This is my nontract.

I won't rest in peace if I don't use my guilt and truth to help others achieve their truth to make their way through their guilt. It's only by giving away what I have that I can keep it.

I cherish my guilt. I know that embarrassment of my body will lead me to modesty. I know that shame of my character will lead me to humility. And I know that by being the most honest and sincere person I can be, regardless of the humiliation I have to face from **God** to do so, I'll be blessed with grace. This is how guilt leads to self-love, and self-love to loyalty to life in all its amazing permutations.

I now want to wrap myself in an object that I've labeled with a tattoo: fragile: handle with care. I can't replace my shock absorbers. I'm a person on a journey in an old jalopy on a rocky road. Nevertheless, I'm excited about moving toward a bittersweet end, bitter only because it has to end.

I've had to add bitters to my beer [bier]. I've had to promote my appetite for life and my digestion of harsh lessons with medicinal additives that taste bitter. but I've grown accustomed to the taste of bitters. I now like bitters.

I may be a fruit, but I'm more like an olive. I've had to be cured to become edible.

I live for peace, but I promote war against all those who hate the gays and Jews. I'm bitter [disappointed]. I'm sour [angry]. But I must do what's right. I know that a world without tolerance for gays and Jews is a world that **God** will destroy.

I don't want life to end on Earth. I like life. I like learning about myself. The more I learn about me, the more I learn about others. I find the spiritual process of learning through metaphor, symbols and similes creative, challenging and fun. I'll be sad when it's over for me, but I hope it will continue for others.

But because I believe in **God**, I won't be upset with **Him** when all is said and done. I won't want to kill **Him** for all that I had to go through. I'll be grateful for the experience of having been alive.

I may have started out beautiful on the outside and ugly within. But now I'm ugly on the outside and beautiful within. And that's made all the difference when I look at the difference between fate and **Destiny**.

It's been a privilege being me. I don't know if I'd want to be again. But having been here once has been amazing. I wonder if there are any other ways **God** has come up with to teach us about **Himself**. I'd be up for the challenge. Surely, **He**'s gay and Jewish.

"A Candle in the **Wind**"
Composed by
Bernie Taupin and Elton John
Sung by Elton John
1973

Goodbye, Norma Jeane,
though I never knew you at all.
You had the grace to hold yourself
while those around you crawled.
They crawled out of the woodwork,
and they whispered into your brain.
They set you on the treadmill,
and they made you change your name.
And it seems to me you lived your life
like a candle in the **Wind**,
never knowing who to cling to
when the rain set in.
And I would've liked to know you,
but I was just a kid.
Your candle burned out long before
your legend ever did.
Loneliness was tough,
the toughest role you ever played.
Hollywood created a superstar,
and pain was the price you paid
even when you died.
Oh, the press still hounded you.
All the papers had to say
was that Marilyn was found in the nude.
And it seems to me you lived your life
like a candle in the **Wind**,
never knowing who to cling to
when the rain set in…
Goodbye, Norma Jeane…
Goodbye, Norma Jeane

from the young man in the twenty-second row
who sees you as something more than sexual,
more than just our Marilyn Monroe.
And it seems to me you lived your life
like a candle in the **Wind**
never knowing who to cling to
when the rain set in…

You can't see Marilyn Monroe as someone who was more than sexual unless you can see yourself as more than sexual. You have seven inner forces. Only one of them emanates out from between your legs.

If gays are only perceived by the hyper-religious as sexual perverts, the hyper-religious aren't going to behave in ways that are fully human. They're going to sexualize everything they oppose in an effort to internalize and personalize their problems with sexuality. They're going to project their sexual issues onto Black men who are coming after their wives; gay men who are coming after their sons, and Muslims who are coming after their God. They're going to forget the importance of affection.

Many gay men and straight women see themself as in a cage. We used to call this cage a closet. I referred to this in Volume 1 as a corner we can now make our way out of just by turning around and being willing to walk through the wet paint [convention] others have painted us into.

If you don't consciously see yourself as cornered or caged, you're going to scheme unconsciously. You're going to become cagy.

Nobody wants to feel cornered or caged. But nobody is more cornered and caged than gays and Jews. Fortunately, I saw through the bars of my own cage, and let myself out. Not even I wanted to be locked in there with me.

I was a candle in the **Wind**. My flame flickered uncontrollably until I realized that to shine brightly the **Wind** would have to teach me to unwind.

Lord of the Dogs

Being lord of the dogs is better than being Lord of the Flies. [William Golding]

Some people see themself as a guardian and others as dogs. Many of these people see themself as animal lovers. They love nature and may even be great proponents of owning pets. But what they can't see is that people are like pets to them.

When it comes to human interface, such people think anyone can be properly trained with the right treats mixed with mistreatment.

Being the guardian of an animal doesn't teach you how to treat people like human beings. To treat people like human beings, you have to learn to master yourself.

Will spoils me. But I spoil him, too. He's like a pet to me, and I'm like a pet to him. But we have no illusions about how we care for one another. We know how men have a tendency to behave like animals, and we use that knowledge to our advantage.

What's so wonderful about guarding my boyfriend like a dog is the opportunity to express my affection for him unconditionally. That's the great achievement in making my best friend my dog rather than my dog my best friend.

If dog guardians would expand their sense of affection and friendship to people, they'd be amazed at how differently they'd see themself and their relationship with all mankind.

Some people want to lord over a dog. Some are interested in a cat [an animal that lords over us]. Some want a relationship with a bird [an ancient dinosaur that's perfected the art of escape through thin air]; fish [someone underwater emotionally]; turtles [slow, cumbersome creatures who are never homeless because that carry their domicile everywhere they go]; or snakes [those consumed

with sex and power because they've been so humiliated that they haven't got a leg to stand on.

Some people project their self-image onto non-human containers to discover the mystery in the way they were made to mirror the natural world. They spend a lifetime getting their animal instincts off their ark. They get as far as a Noah, the third story in Genesis, but go no further.

Getting to see yourself as a tower [babel] to your own power isn't the end all, either. Then you have to face becoming an Abraham unto yourself. That's why we have the Ishmael/Isaac problems we see in the Middle East today.

Rotten Cucumbers

I had a dream last night about an old, shopping cart full of smelly, rotten cucumbers. The cart represented my mother's opinion of men, and her cart was literally filled to the brim with soft, rotting, cucumbers.

In my dream, I knew the cucumbers were penises. Each of them was rotten in its own way. But all of them had to be discarded.

I tasted all my mother's discarded penises. In other words, I tried out a variety of men, myself, to see just what cucumber I found the tastiest.

But in my dream, all of them had to go. I had to get them out of the building and into a dumpster. In doing so I was cleaning up the beliefs about men I'd been given by mother. I even gave up the dream of turning cucumbers into pickles.

I don't want to change Will. He sat in enough brine all his life. He doesn't need me to pickle him any further.

This dream gave me the determination to see more than my ethical reasons to discern good from bad for others. It gave me the moral motivation to be proactively good to myself.

My opinion about the right man for me was something I'd consciously been seeking. But the quest for the right penis was something I had to internalize as a dream to realize that all those rotting, old penises were in contrast to my own.

I don't need an English cucumber. I don't even need a Persian cucumber. I'm fine with the gherkin I got.

I'd been so willful all my life that I thought I knew what willpower was. I thought I knew what I wanted. In truth, I only knew how to react willfully to what I wasn't attracted to. I didn't know how to act from an inner place of spiritual awakening.

Willpower is defined as "control exerted to do something or restrain impulses." But spiritual willpower has to do with allowing my penis to tell my heart and head to do as they

please. Getting my way isn't our way. I want to achieve our way. That had to happen first within.

This dream didn't come from my penis. It was a dream about my penis in relationship to all the other penises I'd erroneously attracted into my life. I was keeping my own "cucumber," and getting rid of all the others that my mother had collected that I'd coveted far too long.

Now that I'm more secure with the penis I got, I'm more relaxed about all those other penises out there hanging down from handsome trees. They're not what I'm looking for anymore. They don't speak to me.

The dream about cucumbers meant I was moving through temptation to the source of all enticements: my lure to know and love the penis I got. With that self-knowledge and self-love, I'm now able to express loyalty to my penis alone. That's quite an accomplishment!

Most men pretend to be in love with their penis. But it's a tool meant to be used to express love and loyalty, not just pleasure.

My penis isn't a serpent in my tree that's speaking malevolently to me. It isn't the personification of evil by the name of Satan. My penis is the appendage **God** gave me to express my wishes [+] and wants [–]. Now that I know myself better, I'm less tempted by other men's wants [–] and more by my own wishes [+]. Now that I listen to my penis the way I listen with my heart, I hear things I didn't hear before.

Once the Adam [thoughts] in me was aware of what my Eve [feelings] discovered from what the serpent [urges] in my tree told her, I felt guilty about outcomes, whether good or bad. I had to seek the freedom [head], liberty [heart] and emancipation [soul] to get it my way without worrying about how that would get me in trouble with **God**.

There are unlimited number of potential [conditional] worlds for me to choose from within. My mind can go anywhere in my imaginary universe. I find that doing so

[whether in my conscious mind or in my dreams at night] gives me insight into my wishes [+] and wants [–]. It teaches me about good and evil without having to suffer the consequences of taking action.

Other people's urges for evil and good are more obvious to me now. We no longer share the same priorities because I'm no longer as naïve as I used to be.

Just knowing what my urges are trying to achieve and allowing them to have their way in my inner world is often rewarding enough for me. It's amazing how seldom I need to behave defiantly once I've done so in a conditional world within me.

Now I can be willful while moving freely through my feelings of guilt. I can exert, release or restrain my mind over my impulses and watch what happens next as my imagination acts out its ideas of what could happen if my thoughts turned into actions in my outer world.

When interpreted personally as a metaphor meant for me alone, the Creation Story becomes a blueprint for the operating forces within me. It allows me to explore my feelings of fear of reprisal from **God** in my mind where I know I'm safe to do so.

God would never punish me for what I think, feel, believe, wish or want. **He** only punishes me for what I do to myself and others. Anything I do within myself to explore good and evil in the laboratory setting in my mind is fair game.

By being aware that I'm made this way, I deepen my intuitions and advance the power of my prayers.

Moses gave us the spiritual operating system. Jesus used the system to get past his fear of **God** to his love for **Him**. Muhammad added to their experience by getting past his defiance to express his loyalty to **Him**. There's no reason why we all can't do the same. Taking action in the real world out of loyalty rather than love or guilt will make it possible to act more wisely.

Living in a Judeo-Christian society gives us the latitude to fear **God** and to love **Him**. And the justice system gives us the boundaries to punish people fairly for misunderstanding how to use love rather than fear as the motivation of their actions. Greater loyalty to gays and Jews will make it possible to seek more peace with one and all.

When looked at in this way, the history of the Jewish people reached a fork in the road with the birth of Jesus. Along came a Jew who refused to be motivated by fear of **God** anymore. He insisted that getting out of his head and into his heart gave him the liberty to explore his feelings for himself.

This is especially telling of Jesus on the cross when he was quoted as saying to **God**, "Why hast **Thou** forsaken me?" He didn't get angry at **God**. He got sad. He asked his question with real intention. He was disappointed and wanted to know why he'd been betrayed. Jesus didn't ask this question rhetorically. And he didn't ask it bitterly. He truly wanted to know why he felt forsaken by **God**.

I've also felt neglected, abandoned, rejected and betrayed. When added together, that's how I interpret the word "forsaken."

When I move out of my heart into my soul, I looked back at my feelings of having felt forsaken, and could see how much I admired myself for how I'd behaved. I'd been true to the gay and the Jew in me. That's all I could present to **God** as proof of my faith in **Him**, regardless of my experiences of others.

I actually think everyone eventually comes to feel forsaken. But people also feel resentful. They feel enraged. And then they feel a powerful urge to seek revenge.

When you feel forsaken, you feel so overwhelmingly blue [sorrowful to the point of grief-stricken] that you can't even associate that feeling with that band of color of the rainbow anymore. You slip from blue into indigo. You get very, very dark inside. And then you may find it impossible

to make your way down the rainbow from indigo [mystery and madness] to violet [ecstasy and orgasm]. You can't imagine how hope could possibly be associated with **God's** plans for all of us and each of us.

Jesus felt forsaken. I've felt forsaken. I've even felt so hopeless that I tried to take my life again and again.

In coming out of my head into my heart, I should have become hopeful. I didn't get stuck in my head. I got through my stiff neck into my heart. I could feel! And even if many of the feelings I felt were negative, just not being depressed [without feeling] anymore should have been a sign of hope.

Now, I no longer feel bitter, angry and vindictive about the state of the world and the darkness in the human psyche. I feel sad about it. I feel forsaken. But I also feel lucky to be me.

Like Jesus, I survived it. It was a cross I bore that I'd bear again. It wasn't a cross-eyed bear that will terrorize my dreams in the future. My own words don't confuse me anymore.

Now I'm grateful to **God** that I've experienced neglect, abandonment and rejection. Now I'm grateful to **Him** that life has taught me to see myself as betrayed to the point of having been forsaken.

Like Jesus, I love **God**. Like Jesus, I feel that I've become a great rabbi and spiritual leader. I feel I've touched people's lives. I've made a difference.

But now I can tell others that like the Prophet Muhammad, I was led by an angel of the **Lord** out of my heart and into my soul. I can look back on my feelings with more than wisdom and love. I'm loyal to a promise I made to myself. I can respond soulfully to all matters of life here on Earth.

The Muslims can keep the Temple Mount. There's nothing Jewish up there anymore. I'm in a tabernacle [closet], a moveable house of prayer on a journey to a land of milk and honey. I don't need a temple to pray in. All

people who go to synagogue, church, mosque or Far Eastern temples to pray are tabernacles in houses of prayer. The God within us and the **God** around us are one and the same.

Come out of your ark, basket and tabernacle. Come out of your closet. Torah lives. Without Hebrew, there is no hope.

The Wailing Wall was built in a straight line. But figuratively it's been turned into the L-shaped corner of a room. It's been figuratively bombarded by Jews praying at it for 3,400 years. This has figuratively pushed the wall back until now it resembles a 90-degree angle. All the questions Jews have aimed at the Wailing Wall have figuratively bent it until it now looks to me like a corner Jews go into to face away from the world.

Well, I'm not interested in sitting in a corner mumbling to **God**. Last time I went to pray at the Wailing Wall, a boulder became transparent, and a path was revealed to me under the Temple Mount. I've now been privileged to view the other side of the mysterious Foundation Rock that has changed my view of **God** as my **Rock**.

The first time I went to the Wailing Wall this century was in 2008 to marry myself before **God**. The second time was in 2011. I prayed to **God** for direction as a man in a committed relationship with another man. **God** had brought me a boyfriend in 2010. Will and I have now been together 12 years. I wanted to know how I could serve **God** in gratitude for performing the miracle of bringing me my soulmate.

God led me through a boulder in the Wailing Wall, down a tunnel to the underside of the Temple Mount to view the Foundation Rock lodged deep down in the earth where Abraham had wanted to sacrifice Isaac and where Muhammad rose to Heaven to consult with Moses, Jesus and **God**. My books describe my impression of the Foundation Rock from the side people can't see when they look down from the Dome of the Rock.

I've come out of the corner of reality called the Wailing Wall. I've turned myself around. I walked out into the world to make a difference.

Each and every one of my books is a footprint that depicts one of my steps along the way. My first 14 books moved me toward the Foundation Rock. The rest have been footprints away from it, further out into the external world known as "reality."

If you read all 32 of my books in the reverse order I wrote them, I'll bring you out of the corner you're in. Most people are standing in a corner, facing two walls, not even realizing where they are because they can't see ahead. If they'd just turn around inside, they'd see outer reality as it truly is, the result of inner reality.

Reality is like a room you wander about in like toddlers exploring the living room of their parents' home. After numerous accidents and incidents, kids finally realize they're also in a room of their own, inside.

Only those of us who've defied ourself, defied the world and defied **God** come to discover that we're now in a corner in both rooms. For us, reality is a corner we're coming out of that has two walls. These two walls are boundaries given by **God** so that we'll come to discover our sense of morality and mortality. This produces the ethics and principles we wish to live by. The further we step out of the corner, the more we see our room in a new light. We see no containment other than our inner urge to walk a straight line in a 45-degree angle away from the 90-degree corner we were once facing.

But whether we go forward faithfully or with doubts that make us weave, we'll all eventually step over the edge of reality and disappear entirely from life as we know it. Such is the truth about the impermanence of being.

If you want to make promises to others about what will happen to them when they take that final step, be my guest. But don't try to make me buy your snake oil. Heaven, Paradise and Nirvana are only guides in how to move in a straight line. There's no coming back once you're gone. We're all on our own, together.

That said, there's so much we can do if we embrace freedom, liberty and emancipation. Free your mind to change your mind. Liberate your heart to feel your love for yourself. And emancipate your soul, so you can appreciate **God's** constant contributions to your life.

Pursue truth, not happiness. Whether you're happy or sad, you'll hedge your bets when you take the last step if you've been true to yourself without hurting others.

You were made in seven images. These seven images correspond to the seven paths of faith in **God** that we were given historically. These seven religious paths correspond to the seven days of the week, the seven colors of the rainbow, the seven spiritual forces within us and even the scientific classification system, which is divided into seven major groups, [1] kingdom, [2] phylum or division, [3] class, [4] order, [5] family, [6] genus, and [7] species.

The seven spiritual forces within us also correspond to the seven attributes of fire [1] illumination [wisdom]; [2] warmth [love]; [3] burn [learning]; [4] mystery; [5] sound [mission]; [6] smell [intuition]; [7] and smoke [prayer].

Don't get stuck with only what you want in life. There's so much more to discover if you wish for the best for everyone.

The Muslims can have the Temple Mount, if you ask me. We only need the Wailing Wall. We've completed our studies in sacrificing animals to **God**. We don't need a third temple. The Muslims are still learning not to treat gays and Jews like animals. They still need to learn not to kill us to satisfy their bloodthirsty need for human sacrifices to **Allah**.

We're human beings, not animals. When **God** allowed our ancestors to be taken in chains for the third time [after Egypt and Babylonia] by letting the Romans overpower us, we soon discovered we didn't need our Temple to kill animals on **His** behalf. We learned the meaning of self-sacrifice. Now it's the Muslims' turn to learn the same lesson.

Self-sacrifice can't be achieved by strapping a bomb on your body. Suicide isn't self-sacrifice. Suicide is proof that you're a nut. If Muslims want to learn about the meaning of self-sacrifice, they'll need to learn it from gays [fruits] and Jews.

When I was at the Wailing Wall in 2011, I thanked **God** for having allowed me to marry myself at the Wailing Wall in 2008. And I asked **Him** what was next for me.

After viewing the Foundation Rock from below ground, I wrote a seven-volume book on the Quran. Then I went on to describe the spiritual contributions of Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism before writing about the contribution to spirituality from psychology and sociology.

I since ordained myself a rabbi. This made it possible for me to use the main metaphor of Moses given in the Creation Story as like a tree in something like a garden. It allowed me to use the two symbols from Jesus to see myself as like bread and like wine. And it brought me the 114 similes from Muhammad that correspond to something like the myriad faces of **God** to mirror my own. This has enlightened, inspired and encouraged me to see myself as an old man in an ancient light with somewhere to go.

"*Amado Mio*" [My Love]
Composed by
Doris Fisher and Allan Roberts
Sung by
Pink Martini
1997

Amado mio, love me forever,
and let forever begin tonight.
Amado mio, when we're together,
I'm in a dream world, of sweet delight.
Many times, I've whispered,
"*Amado mio*."
It was just a phrase
that I heard in plays.
I was acting a part.
But now when I whisper,
"*Amado mio*,"
can't you tell I care
by the feeling there
'cause it comes from my heart?
I want you ever.
I love my darling,
wanting to hold you
and hold you tight.
Amado mio, love me forever,
and let forever begin tonight.
Many times, I've whispered…
I want you ever…
And let forever begin tonight.
And let forever begin tonight.

This, again, is a love song to oneself. The mystery of the passion we hold for ourself can't be fathomed just from our heart. We must make our way into our soul to look back on our feelings for others from a third place in inner space.

There, within, we discover our faith in ourself. We seize our faith in life. We perceive our faith in the mystery in being authentic.

There, within, we achieve a passion for discovering the secrets we hold inside. Only we can answer our most intimate and private questions. One of the greatest miracles of life is finding those answers within.

Passion for the love of life is powerfully presented through Latin rhythms, melodies and lyrics. The Latinx cultures come out of ancient civilizations in the New World that assimilated old ideas in new ways. This New World perception of our relationship to ourself before **God** holds a mystery that reinterprets what we gleaned from the Old World here in the New.

The Latinx understanding of the Old Testament and New gives me hope. Their idea of affection between men lightens my heart. And their idea of romantic love as a vehicle to self-love and the love of **God** teaches me to look at life in new, creative ways.

"*Ninna Nanna*" [Sailor Lullaby]
Composed by
Alba Clemente and Massimo Audiello
Sung by
Pink Martini
2009

Ninna nanna marinare
Sailor lullaby
'*Ngopp a varca, miezo o mare*
On a boat, half in the water or all in the sea,
Lo te parl e nun respunn
I'm talking to you, and you don't answer.
Te si perze miez o suonn
If you feel tired or sleepy,
Te vurria magna' de vas
it would hurt you a lot.
ma ho paura e te sceta'
But I'm poor, and I'm afraid.
Cosi' guarde da luntane
So he watches from afar
Co' stu core innammurat
with his heart in love.
Quann aggia' spetta
When is it waiting
D'averti questa sera
to warn you this evening
Co' sta luna chiena?
what this moon dog is?
Quann aggia' sogna'
When you dream
Di dirti quanto t'amo
to tell yourself how much I love you
Co' stu' core 'man--ma tu -
with this heart man - but you -
Sogni qui nel blu...

dream here in blue...
Ninna nanna marinare
Sailor lullaby
Tu si bell comme o' mare;
You are as beautiful as the sea;
a vote calm, senza creste
a calm vote, without waves.
A vote tutta na' tempesta
The whole vote is a storm.
Ma tu suonn d'ate cose
But you know things,
E chissa se t'arricuord
and who knows if you remember.
Che tra a luna e mieze e stelle
Between the moon and the stars,
Lo t'aspette a braccia aperte
it awaits you with open arms.
Quann aggia' spetta
When is it waiting
D'averti questa sera
to warn you this evening
co' sta luna chiena?
what this moon dog is?
Quann aggia' sogna'
When you dream
Di dirti quanto t'amo
to tell you how much I love you.
Co' stu' core 'man--ma tu -
With this heart man - but you -
Sogni qui nel blu...
dream here in blue...
Ninna nanna nanna nanna
Lullaby lullaby lullaby

The relationships we have with our dreams are relationships we're having with ourself within ourself that

are unimpeded when we're asleep. All the people and places in our dreams are aspects of our spirit and body described using figurative speech.

This is also true of our nightmares. It's even true about our fantasies. The hopes and dreams you hold dear are released in your sleep, as are your greatest loves and fears.

When you realize that the person you're most attracted to in the whole world is yourself, you can only imagine how many secrets you're keeping from you. The body you were given is the body you most want to love and cherish. The soul you've developed is a symbol of the inner wealth you wish to horde, as well as give away. That's what it means to have your cake and eat it, too.

It's all personal. It's all about you for you. There are no people from beyond the grave communicating with you when you're asleep. It's all about your relationship with yourself that you construct in order to share yourself more thoroughly with **God** and others.

If you take yourself more seriously, you'll take yourself more personally. You'll learn to love the one you're with for the entire journey, not just for certain side trips along the way.

People come and go in your life. You're the only one who's with you for a lifetime. When you overcome your cynicism about your importance to yourself, your secrets will unfold like the pedals of a flower, revealing a nectar inside that's sweeter than anything else on Earth.

"Can't Get Used to Losing You"
Composed by
Doc Pomus and Mort Shuman
Sung by
Andy Williams
1980

Guess there's no use in hangin' 'round.
Guess I'll get dressed and do the town.
I'll find some crowded avenue
though it will be empty without you.
Can't get used to losin' you
no matter what I try to do.
Gonna live my whole life through
loving you.
Called up some girl I used to know.
After I heard her say "Hello"
couldn't think of anything to say.
Since you're gone it happens every day.
Can't get used to losin' you
no matter what I try to do.
Gonna live my whole life through loving you.
I'll find somebody, wait and see.
Who am I kiddin', only me.
'Cause no one else could take your place.
Guess that I am just a hopeless case.
Can't get used to losin' you
no matter what I try to do.
Gonna live my whole life through loving you.
I can't get used to losin' you
no matter what I try to do.
Gonna live my whole life through loving you.

Men [Adam] aren't yet willing to admit how much a debt of gratitude they owe to women, so you can imagine how low their opinion is of the woman [Eve] within themself.

You'd think that with so many experiences that prove to men how badly they're behaving, they'd get the message. They'd see through their testosterone fog. But it doesn't seem to be happening sociologically nearly as fast as we'd like.

Now some women are joining these deranged men by insisting on using violence, threats of violence, intimidation and bad behavior to double down on their need to get what they want at any cost. These women [x] are also in denial of the woman within themself [z].

These people blame those who make them feel guilty. They want no part of guilt. They avoid embarrassment of their body with vanity. They reject shame of their character with retaliation and revenge. And they denounce grace [loyalty] to the **God** of all the names for **God** by obligating themselves to self-pity and constant, minor grievances with minorities.

Surely, for those of us who see ourselves as students in a school, these lessons from our classmates are very hard to watch. They're failing themself, and they don't see how they're failing us all, as well.

Once you know love, you can never go back. You can only be left with conflicting feelings. Some people will forsake you rather than feel guilty. Don't you do the same. Leave the door open to sincere apologies and atonement with mercy and forgiveness. But don't appease. Your enemies will do anything to get you to give in.

The ability of the mind to embrace ideas that aren't logical is as apparent as the ability of the heart to embrace feelings that aren't rational. Disliking some people's behavior is a very real experience. Unfortunately, hating is much easier because hate overrides guilt. Avoiding guilt is all some people care about.

I know people say that love conquers all. But what they don't say is that hate conquers guilt. Throughout history we've seen how people have embraced hatred in their quest

to avoid their bad behavior. It works for a time, every time. But it doesn't work over time.

The hatred of the Iranian Guard, Hezbollah and Hamas for Israel has captivated the fools. There are even gay fools who stand with our enemies. Don't let your conscience become their guide. We, Jews, have conquered our enemies for 3,400 years. If you choose the wrong side, the outcome may echo well past your lifetime.

If you really want to bestow a noble peace prize on yourself, you're going to have to recognize that you can love and dislike others while remaining rational. You can feel ashamed of the way you behave and still have reason to dislike other people. Feelings don't have to be pure or singular. Rationality allows for conflicting feelings within yourself.

It's only when you choose to hate another person [or persons] because you don't want to feel the discomfort of guilt, that you bring disastrous repercussions down on yourself. This is the root of evil in your tree. What you'll be judged for is how these roots end up in your fruits.

But if you find yourself opposing gays and/or Jews, know that you're on the wrong side of the struggle. It's just that easy to see the error of your ways.

There's no such thing as the "devil." There's no personification of evil coming from a hellish source. We're all a combination of good and evil. We all have a talking serpent in our tree or worm in our apple.

You're both an angel and a devil in disguise. And whether you're more of one or the other depends on your willingness to experience guilt as it arises. Avoiding guilt with loud opinions, threats and predictions isn't going to work. Question your motives.

Traditional patriarchs, priests, pastors, parsons, ministers, imams and clerics are only telling you their portion of the big **picture**. If you don't listen to gay Jews, you're living a lullaby. Consult a variety of rabbis.

Blowin' in the **Wind**

Perhaps I should start this chapter with the song of the same name, but I'm not. I'm starting with the Christian concept of Christ hanging on the cross. I'm going to compare myself to him.

I'm also on a cross. The cross I'm on is biological, intellectual, emotional and spiritual. I experience pain in my body. I experience suffering in my head, heart and soul. Pain in my body and suffering in my mind motivate me to look for new ways to relieve myself of negativity.

In my effort to understand my pain and suffering, I studied the words of Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad. Moses gave us his main metaphor [man is a tree of knowledge] in the Creation Story so we could see ourself as growing with the fruits of good and evil to achieve the wisdom needed to atone for our guilt. Jesus gave us two symbols for himself [bread and wine] so we could see ourself as a container we're filling with holy contents [love]. And the Prophet Muhammad gave us 114 similes for **God's** loyalty to us so we could understand how **He** works in mysterious ways.

This makes it possible to believe in all the Western names for **God**: Y.H.V.H. [What will be, will be]; Jesus [the personification of love]; and Allah [the Holy Spirit in each and every human being on the planet].

This world is made up of land, sea and sky. Moses gave us the grounding we need to become wise. Jesus gave us the underwater world of emotions that fill us inside with a world that's neither like earth nor air. And the Prophet Muhammad gave us the spiritual world above the land and sea to envision a world after this one where we can reap the rewards of all that we've given of ourself to make the world we share better for everyone.

You can imagine the fire within you that was ignited when you were conceived. All the kicking you did in the

womb were efforts to push back against **God**. You screamed out to **Him** for help when you took your first breath. That primal scream was your first prayer.

You're grounded; you think. You're underwater; you feel. And you're flying through the spiritual world inside yourself; you believe.

You've been ignited with a quest of your own making. Either believe in yourself by lighting this world on fire with your inner flame or you'll suffer a burn for not doing so. Your mission must be divulged. If you truly care, pray to **God** to reveal that.

"Blowin' in the **Wind**"
Composed and sung by
Bob Dylan
1963

How many roads must a man walk down
before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the **Wind**.
The answer is blowin' in the **Wind**.
Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist
before it is washed to the sea?
And how many years can some people exist
before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
and pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the **Wind**.
The answer is blowin' in the **Wind**.
Yes, and how many times must a man look up
before he can see the sky?
And how many ears must one man have
before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows
that too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the **Wind**.
The answer is blowin' in the **Wind**.

Some questions can't be answers with wisdom or love. You have to dedicate yourself to the mystery of life to find some answers slowly over time. This is why age is something we should respect. You never know what questions an older person has asked and answered that might be of value to you.

For this reason, you might say that answers are blowin' in the wind. If an answer comes to you, you should be grateful. You've waited for that answer for a long time. Nobody can tell the wind where to blow. Nobody can order up answers. **God** is in charge of such things. Revelation goes beyond anything man can control.

God is like the wind. The answers that are blowin' in the **Wind** will come to you if you face the **Wind**. If the **Wind** is at your back, you'll call what happens "luck."

Pain and suffering arise when you face the **Wind**. The **Wind** won't douse your flame. The **Wind** will teach you to protect your flame.

Israel is like a mighty wind. The whole Middle East is like a wind-swept desert. If you claim to love the **Wind**, you'll come to love Israel.

External time is relative. Internal time is eternal. You can experience the past, present and future whenever you want from within. You can even experience conditional tenses using the words: might, would, could and should.

This is what it means for answers to be blowin' in the **Wind**. You can't see how answers come to you. And you can't determine when. You can only analyze an answer or ignore it.

Caring about the welfare of others isn't something you can achieve overnight. You can only care about what you care about. You can't care about what you don't care about until something happens to change your heart. This is what creates wisdom of the heart.

The prosaic don't seek answers. They take their scripture literally and then pontificate. Only the poetic find answers to the big questions of life. Only the poetic, like Moses, Jesus and Muhammad, know you. Only through poetry will you come to know them.

Here are some steps you might like to take to express what's going on inside of you:

Move your right hand over your left nipple and then turn your hand outward as though you were giving something to someone.

Move your left hand over your right nipple and then turn your hand outward as though you were giving something to someone.

Now take what's figuratively in your two hands that you received from your heart and soul and put your hands together and place them at your breastplate. Now lower your head, as though you're filling your head with the love and loyalty you've received from all that lies within you.

Now lift your head and move your hands up to your Adam's apple and then out towards the world to express your ability to communicate what's going on inside of you to others.

This is where the mix of good and evil got stuck in your throat, making it nearly impossible for you to describe the struggle within you. This was where your stubbornness came from. This is the waterline that separates the tip of the iceberg from all you couldn't see below the surface.

Now, move your hands down to your navel to express your love of your mother and your eternal connection to her and to the life she nurtured in her body so that you could join us in this world we share. That umbilical cord may have been literally severed at birth, but it will always figuratively connect you to the rest of us. Every person on Earth has a scar on their belly, just as you do.

Now cover your nose. Your intuition is a relationship you have with your nose. Your nose knows. Your intuition grows as you become soulful, making it possible for you to understand things that you can't see or hear. Dance with your nose by turning your stiff neck from side to side to show

others the remarkable change you've experienced as the result of having become soulful.

Lastly, let's express your prayers. Prayers emanate out of the fingers of your two hands. Your hands are tablets. Your ten fingers are commandments. Raise your hands to your Adam's apple and type out what you want to say to **God**. You might like to use the lyrics to songs you know and love, or you might like to use your own words. The more you share your inspired questions with **God**, the more honest, sincere and authentic you'll be able to be with yourself and others.

People who are addicted to sex are obsessed with the orgiastic delight of paradise after life while still here on Earth. They're stuck between their legs, [often with their head up their ass], trying to figure out how they were made in **God's** image. They can only speak with one finger.

The dance I've described to you is a dance before **God** in which you can beseech **His** help. It's a dance that expresses your Spiritual Operating System [S.O.S], made up of [1] thoughts, [2] feelings, [3] beliefs, [4] wishes, [5] wants, [6] intuition and [7] prayer. All that emanates out of your Adam's apple will tell **God** what it's like to be a tree of knowledge that's fruiting with wisdom, love and loyalty to the life **He** gave you.

"Botanically, fruits contain seeds and come from the flower of a plant, while the rest of the plant is considered a vegetable. In the world of cooking, fruits are considered to be sweet while vegetables are described as savory." [internet]

That means that by eating your spinach, you're getting your nutrients from a vegetable. But by eating squash, you're getting your nutrients from a fruit.

People have tried to squash me all my life. They seem to have even taken glee in doing so.

It didn't occur to me that this is what people do to fruits, even if, like me, you're a fruit that's not particularly sweet [loving]. I may not be a tempting, juicy apple on the inside or look pear-shaped on the outside, but I've got seeds inside me. I'm not a vegetable. And people who squash me because they think their scripture gives them the right to do so, simply don't see the value in fruits.

I like vegetables. I like the root of plants. I like the stem and leaves of plants. But I don't like people who treat fruits like vegetables.

That goes against my religion. My religion states that **God** created a tree in a garden. And since wo/man has eaten the fruits of that tree, s/he ought to know by now the difference between a fruit and a vegetable. Knowledge of the difference between fruits and vegetables shouldn't be beguiling anymore.

People tend to think that I'm clever just for the sake of looking smart. That's not the case at all. I'm dead serious. Just because I use words euphemistically instead of literally doesn't mean that I'm not stating the importance of my case.

Just because people associate gay men with fruits doesn't mean that lesbians aren't fruits, too. And just because we're fruits, that doesn't mean that straight people who are nuts aren't fruits, too. That's true, too, by definition.

From that it's easy to conclude that squashes, peppers, beans, wheat and rice are fruits. There are far more types of fruits than you might have previously imagined.

Bread is a fruit product. Wine is a fruit product. If you cut bread into slices, you're dividing the love of Jesus. If you add vinegar to your food, you're ingesting sour wine.

The body [bread] and blood [wine] of Jesus have been symbolically introduced into everyone's diet. We're all feasting on love. We can't live without Christianity.

I say, "Fruits of the world unite against the vegetables." You don't want to regress to a vegetable once you've been allowed by **God** to fruit.

The subtitle of this book is, "How my O.C.D. has helped me help others. But there are other questions that must be asked and answered before I get to the topic of how helping others has helped me.

A. Why do people get grumpy when they get old?
B. Why do DINO's and RINO's get so angry?
C. What makes a person normal?
D. How do we decode ourself?

These four questions are big questions, but my answers to them will start out small. Sometimes big questions require small, simple answers to augment the magnitude of the question.

Here are my simple answers to these four questions:

A. People get grumpy when they haven't learned how to love themself sufficiently.
B. The extremists in the Democratic and Republican Parties sound very much the same [exasperated] because they're grumpy. They're grumpy because they're ambivalent to the gifts **God** gave to the other party.
C. Normal people know they're going to die. Therefore, they prepare for it in the ways in which they live cheerfully with hope for a future that goes beyond their own lifetime. Grumpy people who are merely political keep forgetting that. They aren't spiritual.
D. To decode yourself, observe the ways other people behave, and then ask yourself in what way am I behaving toward myself the same way they're behaving toward others.

Let's go back to the first question to answer it with greater scrutiny: Why do people get grumpy?

The modern societies of the 21st Century aren't yet sufficiently focused on helping the individual live life successfully to get old gracefully. In addition to people having little, financial security by the time they reach old age, they have little, spiritual security, as well. Without money and honey, people get grumpy. They don't feel that they're well prepared for death. They don't feel that they've amassed the wisdom, love, loyalty and money to maintain a comfortable lifestyle inside and out as they inch toward the end of their journey.

Because most societies [perhaps with the exception of the socialist societies of northern Europe] don't guarantee their citizens the physical comforts of a pension and medical assistance from birth to death, most people aren't well prepared for old age unless they've worked themself to death to amass a lot of money. This pursuit often costs them precious time they could have dedicated to the pursuit of wisdom, self-love and loyalty to life. Rather than pursue money or honey, people would rather have fun.

In addition to the monetary reason for people getting grumpy, they get grumpy because they haven't faced their family of origin issues.

I, for one, grew up in a family of five Holocaust survivors who were more than grumpy. They were enraged at what they'd had to go through. The most enraged member of my family was my father who'd survived concentration camp. He was a slave. I am the son of a slave.

In addition to his rage at having been forced into slavery in Germany after having been a rich, powerful and respected businessman in Lithuania, he was also furious simply because he gave himself the right to be.

He indulged his self-indignation. He was the head of the household. So, he gave himself permission to be a rage-a-holic. He was the master, and all of us were there to serve

him. When you aren't stopped from expressing your rage, it destroys your family life and your health.

My mother saw what was happening and divorced him. His older children abandoned him. And his younger children [my sister and I] were taken so far away from him that he didn't get to know us as we grew up. I found myself alone [without a guiding father]. So, I pursued happiness through food, alcohol, drugs, cigarettes and sex.

Most people grow grumpy slowly over a lifetime by giving themself permission to get more and more enraged. Some retreat from their anger into forms of dementia where they can let out their feelings by abandoning them in a pit of forgetfulness [dementia]. And some turn that anger inward at their body with cancer, heart disease, strokes and the like. Cancer eats them up inside. Heart disease is a poetic manifestation of a bad heart in the emotional sense. And strokes are a way of setting off bombs in your head to blow up your trains of thought.

Because all five of my family members were so extremely angry, I reacted by doing the opposite. I became frightened. I became passive. I was timid. I was shy. But I was also manipulative in order to get what I wanted using every compliant course of action at my disposal.

That said, making some decisions on my own were extremely difficult for me because I was always worried about guilt, even though I didn't even realize how guilt-ridden I was.

I was so worried what others would say about me that I became an expert at anticipating what other people were feeling. I presumed I knew where the outlines were in their coloring book, and I filled them in with the feelings I felt for them.

This led to depression. If you use your feelings to feel for others, you won't use them on yourself. But if you use your feelings only to feel for yourself, you won't use them to ask others what they're feeling.

Now that I've stopped filling in other people's coloring book, I find that my hand isn't as steady when filling in my own coloring book. My feelings are messy. They go out of bounds. Here I am in the eighth decade of my life finding it difficult to use the crayons **God** gave me to color in my own book. Thank **God** this test isn't going to be on my final exam. I get to work on it now.

Now that I've faced my fear of guilt instead of everyone else's, my conscience has become a better guide. When people accuse me of having good reason to feel guilty [i.e., I didn't do what they wanted], I take that to heart. I question whether I've done what they say I've done, or whether they're acting out their frustrations with life on me. Are they coloring in my book?

In this way, I've discovered how sorrow is so much preferable to rage. I'm sorry people are so angry. I regret I can't do anything to help them see how their anger is controlling them. But I'm disappointed in them, nonetheless.

This has helped me perceive how sorry I am that I was once so angry at myself. Three times I tried to kill myself, even though I was always sure to hide my anger as much as possible from others.

I regret not having been able to respond to my anger at myself. I regret not having faced my frustration in being me. My guilt has helped me perceive how disappointed I became in myself. I appeased me and pleased others.

I'm not sorry I want to please people so much. But I'm very sorry I did so to appease me. Now I wish to please me as much as I wish to please others.

It's taken me a lifetime to understand that "sorry seems to be the hardest word." [Elton John/Bernie Taupin] Because I couldn't feel sorry about the way I'd treated myself until I'd gotten many of the pieces of my emotional puzzle together, I couldn't confess to myself how sorry I was in loud.

Looking deeply into my inability to speak to myself in loud revealed the secret to self-discipline. I don't have to blame myself, berate myself or hurt myself in order to discipline myself. What works best is to beseech myself to do the right thing. Treating other gays and Jews respectfully is the next best thing.

I'm touched, but not moved, by people begging.

The LGBTQIA+ community is constantly complaining about external injustices – which I suppose is normal. The Jews did it. The Blacks did it. The women did it. And now the LGBTQIA+ community is doing it.

Each one held the door open for the next to come through to improve this world as much as they could. But it's never enough. The religious fanatics [especially the Christian and the Muslim religious fanatics] keep coming back with new ways to make money, consolidate power, discriminate and oppress. They keep using their names for **God** to define us, when anyone can see that they're just projecting their self-hate onto everyone who doesn't believe solely in their name for **God**.

Some people just don't care about abortions. They don't care about homosexuality. They don't even care about racism. All they care about is promoting lying and stealing to get ahead [a head]. They look at which way the wind is blowing to decide what to say to get what they want. That always entails stealing to make themselves rich. The richer they get, the more they conclude that **God** loves them. They presume **He**'s blind, or **He**'d stop them.

It doesn't matter if they happen to be Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist or Taoist. It's the same game. These people get rich on the outside and then convince themselves that they're also rich within. If you ask me, most people only blame the Jews for this tactic. They see modern Israel as a theft, not restitution of a theft.

It's not until you turn your greed for money, power and prestige inward that you discover why **God** created greed. It's greed for inner wealth; greed for power over ourself; and prestige [recognition of our own good name] in becoming who **God** always wanted us to be – that allows us to let our greed run free.

I sold my books on Amazon for years, thinking I'd get rich because I had something others would want. It turned out that nobody wanted what I had for sale. I don't think I made $10 on my dozens of books in print.

Now that I've taken all my books out of the marketplace and offer them for free at my website, I feel a thousand times richer. I paid dearly for my wisdom. Why should I ask other people to pay for it, too?

I'll never try to make money with my honey. My honey will always be free for bees. I don't want to charge bees. They're busy enough making local honey.

I'm not worried about bears and boars. They're not interested in making honey. They think it's a racket to capitalize on those with a sweet tooth.

I have enough money. I don't want to be greedy externally. I only want to internalize my greed to get richer from within.

Therefore, I needed **God** to tell me how I felt. I didn't know. I knew what I thought, but I didn't know what I felt. I could see that a lot of people have very strong feelings, especially about gays and Jews. I didn't.

I know a lot of gays and Jews. I grew up with Jews. I came out of the closet in Israel. All my first boyfriends were gay and Jewish. But I didn't know how I felt about me, the one gay Jew who matters the most in my life.

It now seems that the God within me led me to anticipate what others were feeling instead of teaching me to see how I felt about me. I became so intuitive that I saw myself as empathic. In truth, I never know what others are really feeling. I'm only guessing. And although I'm a good guesser, I'm not always right. And even if I am right, there's nothing I can do to change how they feel.

Now I describe myself as an emotional fatalist, "someone who believes that their emotions and life outcomes are predetermined and beyond their control, often leading to resignation or passivity. This perspective can

result in a sense of hopelessness or acceptance of negative emotions as inevitable." [internet]

I believe this is true about me. But I also believe that getting out of my broken heart into my soul has made it possible for me to evolve. I now believe that if I change my place in inner space, I can change my luck. I believe that evolving is the only way to ensure that I'll be pleased with the outcomes of my life.

"Sway"
Composed by
Norman Gimbel, Pablo Beltran Ruiz,
Luis Demetrio and Tracon Molina
Sung by
China Forbes [Pink Martini]
1954

When marimba rhythms start to play, dance with me.
Make me sway.
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore, hold me close.
Sway me more.
Like a flower bending in the breeze, bend with me.
Sway with ease.
When we dance, you have a way with me.
Stay with me.
Sway with me.
Other dancers may be on the floor,
dear, but my eyes will see only you.
Only you have that magic technique.
When we sway, I go weak.
I can hear the sounds of violins long before it begins.
Make me thrill as only you know how.
Sway me smooth.
Sway me now.
Other dancers may be on the floor,
dear, but my eyes will see only you…
When marimba rhythms start to play,
dance with me. Make me sway…

"Other dancers may be on the floor, but my eyes" are now crossed. I see only my nose. This is the part of me that intuits what I'm learning in the moment.

I once was a cross-eyed Barry. Now I pay attention to what I tell myself. Now the volume of the voice inside me has been raised. I hear it. I listen to the wisdom I offer

myself. I ask myself what I now know that I didn't know previously.

Now I'm involved in the cross I'd bear to help make this world a better place for everyone. Now I've crucified myself with my own principles.

It's not my job to tell the Israelis how to run Israel. It's not my job to tell the gays how to have sex, with whom and when.

Now that I'm retired, I find that the golden years aren't golden. They're platinum. Now I have the time to get up early every morning to be with me as I write. I don't have to spend my day with others. I can use my time to get to know me better. Most of the world is consumed with externals. I have to luxury of concerning myself with internals.

I've internalized the seven deadly sins. Now I *lust* for intimacy with me. I revel in my *gluttony* of food for thought. I'm *greedy* to know myself. I'm *lazy* enough to always look for easier ways of becoming spiritual. My *wrath* is with me for making the same mistakes over and over again. I *envy* the secrets I still hold inside that I haven't yet revealed to myself. And I'm *proud* of the amazing progress I've achieved in becoming such a great person.

I'm not vain. I'm honest, sincere and authentic. I don't use my high opinion of myself to make money. I have no agenda in acknowledging my internal wealth. All that I've achieved, I plan to take with me when I leave.

Don't Blame Me for Loving Me

I felt blamed for loving others, especially gays and Jews. Is it any wonder I'd feel conflicted over loving myself? Many still want to tell me who to love and how. I wish they'd get their head out of my heart and their nose out from between my legs.

Who I love is nobody's business. And how I love who I love is our business. If my partner came to you and told you I abused him, hurt him and endangered the world in some way, I could see that you'd make my love your priority.

But 99% of the time, that's not the case with anyone. And still, most of the world insists that what I'm doing in bed is their business. I call these people "ancient Egyptians" who are trying to recreate a society of pharaohs and slave drivers who want to rule over me.

These ancient Egyptians are trying to make me their Israelite slave. They want me to work for them. They want to control my time and wages. They want to control my private life. They even want to control the production of new slaves.

And the reason for this is because they've misunderstood the messages of Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad. Jesus didn't tell anyone how to love. Lust comes from our genitals. He told the ancient Jews how to make peace through love in their heart. Peace out in the world comes from peace of mind that overflows your head into your heart to produce tranquility.

The word "shalom" in Hebrew means peace. It comes from the verb "lishalem" which means to make whole. Jesus, advocated for the symbolism of his container [body] and contents [virtues]. He taught the ancient Jews to fill themselves with a love for peace. And we see today how today's modern Jews are trying to do just that, despite the resistance of some Muslims on the left and some Christians on the right.

Israel has always advocated for peace with its neighbors since its inception in 1948. Some Muslims are beginning to hear and understand the meaning of shalom. Peace requires safe borders. So long as Iran's Shiites fund the destruction of Israel through Palestinian resistance among Sunnis, there will be no safe borders anywhere in the Middle East.

The word "Jerusalem" means "city of peace" in Hebrew. But until the world recognizes that Jerusalem is the capital of Israel, there will be no safe borders anywhere in the world.

I'm sick of religious acrimony. I'm sick and tired of ancient Egyptians telling me how to live my life. My land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] lies within me. I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying right here in San Francisco.

My heart is the source of my milk, and my head is the source of my wisdom. I combine the two [thoughts and feelings] in my soul to achieve beliefs that serve my humanity.

Today's ancient Egyptians [fanatical Jews, Christians and Muslims] believe only in Adonai, Jesus or Allah. But if I don't believe in their one name for Him – bow down and pray to their literal interpretation of His story – they claim I'm infringing on their religious rights.

They don't believe I have the right to my own interpretation of **God**. They don't believe I can use the generic name "**God**" without using their specific name for Him, as well.

Those of us who are spiritual are poets. And as a poetically inclined person, I don't believe in the literal interpretations of the ancient Egyptians who are threating democracy today.

I think scripture is magnificent when taken figuratively. When you take the words of Moses metaphorically; the words of Jesus symbolically; and the words of the Prophet Muhammad analytically as simile, they turn into steps up to **God's** throne. You can't achieve wisdom, peace or even faith in **God** without self-love. It's as simple as that.

You can't give away something you haven't received. But you haven't received it until you've given it to yourself. Without your love for you, you're nothing in your eyes. You're a shell of a person. You have no wisdom. You have no faith. You're scribbling in your coloring book. You're not yet old enough to understand what the black boundaries are there for.

Don't blame me for who I love. I don't hate anybody. But I certainly don't like everybody. And the reason why I don't like most people is because I find them disappointing.

Getting through my disappointment with my parents, siblings, lovers, family, friends, acquaintances and colleagues helped me see how disappointed I was in myself. I had all sorts of expectations for me that I couldn't realize without self-intimacy.

It was easy, by comparison, to get through my rage [red], agony [orange] fear [yellow] and even my jealousy and envy [green] of others. But when I hit blue, I was stunned. I couldn't figure out why I was so sad.

Now I know. I suffered from extreme self-disappointment! And it affected me so deeply that I was finally able to see that my sorrow was emanating out from within. I couldn't feel sorry for myself because I didn't know how I felt about me. I felt blue.

Y.H.V.H.

The God within the Jews [Y.H.V.H.] is an acronym not a word. The ancient Egyptians had their own gods. So, when God told Moses to go back where he came from to help release the Israelites from bondage, it was natural that Moses would ask Him what His name was. Who was he going to tell the Israelites had sent him? How was he going to describe his relationship to a Burning Bush that could talk? The Egyptians had names for their gods. Anyone would have surmised that Moses had been talking to himself, that he was crazy.

A burning bush was the way Moses described his relationship to his conscience [the combination of his thoughts, feelings and beliefs]. No one can explain to another person how s/he comes to a conclusion based on their conscience guiding them. So, a name for the God within you to enjoin your conscience is essential if you want to convince people you're honest, sincere and authentic.

If you want to convince yourself that you're honest, sincere and authentic, the name of your God doesn't matter.

God was too smart for Moses. When Moses asked Him His name, He gave him an acronym. [You wouldn't tell anyone that you're giving your hard-earned money to Iris. But nobody questions you when you hand over your money to the I.R.S.]

We Jews don't have a name for the God within us. This is because we know that that aspect of **God** is a generic name that replaces a concept that can't be described with one word.

Just look at how Christians and Muslims have been fighting over their names for the God within them [Jesus and Allah] for 1,400 years. They're still fighting over His names today. The Christians claim that their God [Jesus] stands for love. The Muslims claim that their God [Allah] stands for loyalty.

The Jewish God [Y.H.V.H.] stands for wisdom. Without wisdom, you can't achieve a lasting love or loyalty. Without wisdom, you're a boat without a sail or rudder. You're a Noah on a stormy sea.

That's not to say that the word Y.H.V.H. is better than the words Jesus or Allah. These three words for God are an acronym; a proper noun; and a generic noun. They complement one another. Without the scriptures of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, you can't come to know your God or the **God** of us all.

Without a head [wisdom], heart [love] and soul [faith], you're left with nothing inside you that matters. You'll only have material possessions around you that you won't be able to hold onto forever.

Without the God of the Jews, the God of the Christians and the God of the Muslims within you, you're a homeless drifter. You're a wandering Jew, a roaming Christian and an aimless Muslim.

So often when I'm praying, my comments to **God** begin with a question that ends with the implication of, "what will be, will be." The outcome of my prayer depends on righteous effort. **God** will help me to the extent that I help myself and help others. Isn't that what Moses did? Isn't that what Jesus did? Isn't that what the Prophet Muhammad did?

I have no choice but to go with the flow. The world within me is even more inconstant than the world around me. I can't predict what I'm going to learn next. Life is a mystery. I'm enigmatic.

F.a.m.

The letters f.a.m. remind me of the words fame, family, famine and familiarity, I put these four words in this order because I was hungry for something I couldn't put into words most of my life. First, it was the fame I sought as a ballet dancer in my teens. Then I wanted a close relationship with my family in my twenties. Then, an inner famine in my forties forced me to explore the meaning of my life. Ultimately, I realized it was familiarity with myself that I'd been seeking.

Seeking fame as a young man probably wasn't a great idea, especially in light of the fact that my failure as a ballet dancer led to insanity. I didn't have the inner strength then to accept that I was no different from anybody else.

Seeking family helped me through the hard times. But in the end, my parents died, and my siblings betrayed me. I realized I was too old to participate in the family model any longer. I have no children. Most people maintain a relationship to family through their kids. That wasn't in the cards for me.

That's when I experienced a famine no less painful than what we see poor people enduring around the world who literally lack food. That drove me deeper within to search for answers that would satisfy a hunger I couldn't put into words.

Familiarity with myself was the result of quenching my thirst with self-love and hunger with self-knowledge.

The Nazis said, "Work will set you free." That became the American anthem of the 20th Century. I'm not willing to sing that song. Truth, not work, has set me free.

Fortunately, my body is comfortable today thanks to having solved my survival issues. But without peace of mind, it would have been impossible for me to achieve wisdom, self-love or faith in myself.

Work in the outer world didn't set me free, but it set me on a course of action that gave me the comforts of the body that afforded me the freedom to pursue my truth. That's why I can now say that my truth has set me free.

My familiarity today with fame, family and famine forced me to concede that familiarity with myself had always been my underlying goal in life.

I'm still afraid of famine. Hunger, whether literal or figurative, is a terrible way to suffer through life. I'm committed to helping the world overcome famine in all its forms. But the hunger for truth is of special interest to me.

The Future

What we call "the future" is an imaginary extension of the present that doesn't exist. The past doesn't exist either. All that exists is the present. We're all in the here-and-now.

Externally, time is relative. But internally, we're all in a timelessness in which we can create any time we choose. We all experience eternity internally.

Although we have evidence of the past around us, we have no evidence for the future around us. We assume that today will end, and there'll be a tomorrow. Because of this assumption, we make plans.

People who are mentally ill often have no sense of the future. They live from day-to-day. Their suffering in the present is all they perceive. More suffering tomorrow is too painful for them to even think about. Recreational drugs are useful in avoiding that scenario.

But most of us live with suffering and do what we can to avoid it by changing the present with plans for a future that will make things better than they are now.

Plans for the betterment of our life and the lives of others run from wise to absurd. We can't always tell a good plan from a bad one. Sometimes we do things that look ridiculous when we look back on them. This is true for individuals, nations and religions. This is why we look back on **His** story as history. This is what we were allowed to do at one extreme and rewarded for what we did at the other.

You might be wondering why I'm talking about a verb tense [the future] that doesn't literally exist. As you recall, I spoke about the conditional verb tense earlier that also doesn't literally exist. The conditional tense only exists in our mind as a possible world, a possible outcome that we can entertain in our mind to decide what actions we're going to choose to take in the present, in the hopes that the future will turn out in our favor based on having examined a range of possible outcomes conditionally.

This is how the mind operates, giving our thoughts a sense of depth. This is how we think. This is something your parents should have explained to you a very long time ago. It's almost criminal that parents create children without telling them how they operate. They only tell them what to do and not do.

Most parents don't think about how they think. Therefore, they can't teach their children how to think. Therefore, children grow up wondering what they're missing.

The past and future you experience within you are just as real as the here-and-now you experience around you. To the extent that you understand the differences in the nature of time when viewed from within and without, you're going to make your life meaningful in the time you're allotted. If time becomes more meaningful to you as you age, more truths will become evident that you weren't able to perceive before.

With more of the truth, you'll be able to be more honest, sincere and authentic with others. This will ultimately make it possible for you to be more even affectionate with strangers and less grumpy with those you love.

You don't need to be sexual with people you find attractive. You may think you need to get in their pants, but you don't. What you need to get into is their heart. If your heart is more open than your legs, you'll be able to communicate with people more easily.

Everyone has to keep some secrets, but no one needs to keep secrets from himself. To the extent that you can be open with others, you'll perceive that openness; be thankful for it; and conclude that you have what it takes to be more open with yourself.

In this way, you'll reveal your secrets in you to you. You'll overcome denial. You'll become more of a friend to yourself. And you'll discover how the world is dying to know what you've got and how you use it. You'll become your own familiar.

Everyone's got to eat. You have to find a way to make money to survive. But you don't have to do it with a bad attitude. You don't have to be resentful of others because they disappoint you. You could laugh at them for the ways they promote their fate rather than their destiny. That's what faith in myself has taught me.

Looking down at others with laughter is much better than looking down on them with scorn and disgust. I had the other options [disgust or love]. I took them and used them. Neither appealed to me. I chose laughter instead.

Get real! People who love people who disappoint them are victims who'll eventually turn into martyrs. It's impossible to love people who disappoint you.

Disappointment in others will make you bitter. Bitterness will make you cynical in regard to expectations in the future. Cynicism will make you distrusting of yourself and even your God. And distrusting Him will make you hateful of life itself. This is the motivation for murder.

Don't hate yourself. It's OK to be disappointed, cynical and distrusting of others. Turn it into laughter. I guarantee you that laughing at others is the prerequisite to laughing at yourself.

Don't do what religious Jews, Christians and Muslims are doing with their self-hatred. Don't turn Blacks, gays, transgendered people and women into your Jew du jour. Don't create scapegoats and **God** won't have to humiliate you.

“Vincent”
Composed and sung by
Don MacLean
1971

There was a boy,
very strange, enchanted boy.
They say he wandered very far,
very far over land and sea.
A little shy and sad of eye,
but very wise was he.
And then one day
a magic day he passed my way.
Though we talked of many thing, fools and kings,
this he said to me.
“The greatest thing you'll ever learn
is just to love and be loved in return.”

Starry, starry night -
Paint your palette blue and gray.
Look out on a summer’s day
with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.
Shadows on the hills -
Sketch the trees and the daffodils.
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
in colors on the snowy linen land.
Now I understand
what you tried to say to me.
How you suffered for your sanity.
How you tried to set them free.
They would not listen; they did not know how.
Perhaps they’ll listen now.
Starry, starry night -
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze,
swirling clouds in violet haze
reflect in Vincent’s eyes of china-blue.

Colors changing hue -
Morning fields of amber grain
weathered faces lined in pain
are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.
Now I understand
what you tried to say to me.
How you suffered for your sanity,
and how you tried to set them free.
They would not listen; they did not know how.
Perhaps they'll listen now.
For they could not love you.
But still your love was true.
And when no hope was left in sight
on that starry, starry night,
you took your life, as lovers often do.
But I could've told you, Vincent.
This world was never meant for
one as beautiful as you.
Starry, starry night -
Portraits hung in empty halls.
Frameless heads on nameless walls
with eyes that watch this world and can't forget.
Like the strangers that you've met.
The ragged men in ragged clothes.
A silver thorn of bloody rose
lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.
Now I think I know
what you tried to say to me.
How you suffered for your sanity,
and how you tried to set them free.
They would not listen; they're not listening still.
Perhaps they never will.

The title of this book is A Cross-Eyed Bear [A cross I'd bear]. But I now see that this book has evolved into a cross I bore.

I began with the assumption that God loves **God**. Jesus loves his **Father**. But I can now see that I loved my mother more than my father. In fact, I think I loved my mother much more than Jesus loved his mother. Maybe that's only something a gay man can say.

I love my soulmate. If **God** were to take him from me, I couldn't hate **Him**. But I might not be strong enough not to hate Him. I might come to hate the God within me. I might become so despondent that I'd try to kill myself a fourth time.

It's not easy when "A Song Sung Blue" goes round and around in your head. [Neil Diamond] "Everybody knows one. Song sung blue, every garden grows one."

"Me and you are subject to the blues now and then. But when you take the blues and make a song, you sing 'em out again."

I can't stop loving my mother. I can't stop loving my lover. The only thing I can stop doing is filling in the coloring books of others. I can stop assuming I know how other people feel. If they don't tell me, I don't know. I assume I know.

If **God** is jealous of the God within me, I understand. Man must evolve. I assume Jesus loved **God** more than his mother. That was his cross to bear. I loved my mother more than God. That was my cross to bear.

Could I be more evolved than Jesus? It's just a question. You don't have to try to kill every gay and Jew on the planet to avoid asking yourself that question.

Previous Books

Read my books in the reverse order they were written except those that have more than one volume.

31-32 The Organ Grinder's Gorilla
How I learned to love my obsessive, compulsive disorder
Volume I

A Cross-Eyed Bear
[A Cross I'd Bear]
How my O.C.D. has helped me help others
Volume 2

30. The Ugliest Duckling
If you sucked your thumb as a child,
now is the time to put a ring on it.

29. For God's Sake, Tell Me How You Feel!
If you think about what you think about,
you'll discover how powerfully you feel.
A guide to solving personal problems with humor

28. Knowing God in the Biblical Sense of the Word
If you've got a banana and two plums
I'm sure you already know
that your fruits were once forbidden

27. Welcome Aboard My Yellow Submarine
Our Destination is the North Pole
where Santa has his Workshop.
The melody that accompanies the Psalms
[A book for men with special needs]

26. David Met Jonathan *After* Slaying Goliath

How I made peace with my penis and testicles

25. God's Gay Agenda
penis envy or semen envy?
that is the question.

24. Chicken Salad for the Soul
A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

23. Star-Drek
A Science-Friction Adventure to a Very Strange Planet

22. It Wasn't My Heart I Left in San Francisco…
A Philosophic Look at Semen and the Delivery Device that Emits It

21. How to Find The Man of Your Dreams by Intensifying Your Orgasms
A Self-Help Book for Unicorns and Horny Wild Stallions

20. Lampshade for the Light
of the Last Day of the third Month of the Year

19. Call Me Glinda
a book for friends of Dorothy

18. Home Schooled
why my inner child refuses to go to college

17. Lazy Susan
How Taoism Spins Paradox into Food for Thought

16. Your Buddha Within

Inside Every Buddhist Lies an Anti-Authoritarian
Who Yearns for Peace of Mind

15. Playing god With God
Hinduism, Health and Healing
How to Believe in God by Believing in Yourself

8-14. Quran: The Book of Lights

Volume 1	High Lights
Volume 2	LAND: How to Become a Genius and Save the Planet
Volume 3	SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 4	SEA: How to Love Life
Volume 5	*Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 6	*Sky*: How to Believe in Yourself
Volume 7	Flames: How to Circumcise Your Own Soul

5-7. A Guest at Their Table
My Gay-Jewish Review of Christ's Feast of Self-Love:

Volume 1	Christ's Bread and Body
Volume 2	Christ's Wine and Blood
Volume 3	Communion in a Human Body

3-4. The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective
Torah For Straight People

Volume 1	The Genesis of a Moses Like You
Volume 2	The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy of Everyone

2. The Wisdom of Self-Love
Life Is a School. I Am My Major

1. Becoming
89 Poems of My Love for Me