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]

by
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The Beatles' yellow **submarine** [1966]
isn't the submarine I'm referring to.
We don't all live in a yellow submarine.
I'm talking about man's penis.
We live in an underwater vehicle that scares us.

The **North Pole** I'm referring to
isn't the North Pole of the Earth.
It's the Destination after life we're moving toward
while striving for success during life.

The **Santa Claus** I'm referring to isn't the jolly, old man
who shows up once a year
to hand out gifts
to good little boys and girls.
He's God.

His workshop
isn't manned with little elves
who are doing His work for us.
It's that place in your soul
where your beliefs are being constructed
day-by-day that you disseminate to yourself
through your subconscious and conscious mind.

The secret to the Psalms lies in a melody
that can't be played like notes on a written page.
But you can raise the volume in your heart
to hear that tune within you.
This turns your thoughts into lyrics;
your feelings into melodies'
and your beliefs in harmonies.

I'm a 70-year-old man with special needs
writing to young men somewhat like myself.
This book is about men like me
for men like us.
If you're a woman,
this book will be a comedy of male errors
that ought to make you laugh through your tears.
If you're a doubting Thomas,
prepare for the greatest tragedy of your life:
your **penis problem**.

This book is about
facts of life
our father couldn't teach us.
And if your son has to learn these facts from me,
he may not honor you
in the way you wish to God he would.
Life's a school.
You now have the opportunity to make up
all that undone homework
just by reading this one book.
You won't want to graduate
without having taken my class
on how to honor,
not love,
your parents.
Your final exam may depend on it.
All my books serve as nails in the coffin
of the hyper-religious
in Hinduism, Judaism, Taoism, Christianity and Islam,
and the philosophy of Buddhism.
There's something they're all missing
that you and I have.
And that can be summed up in two words:
personal experience.

What if…

we could come to understand
the personal, private and spiritual reason
for having been given our penis?
What if we could access our inner good,
while accessing our inner evil just by bettering ourself?
What if brotherhood were the only reason
for doing anything for another guy?
What if religious Jews, Christians and Muslims
could study scripture together
in an effort to understand God's plan for every man?
What if gay men and men with special needs,
not "normal" straight men,
ruled the world?
What if I were your father for a couple of days,
and I told you everything your father couldn't tell you
about his penis?
What if you could discover all by yourself
why you were created
and why you have the body and genitals you were given?

I'm a gay Jew with special needs.

I hold spiritual concepts
inspired by God that
hyper-religious men won't like.
In the way that David slew Goliath,
I fling stones at those who think they're
bigger, better and more powerful than the rest of us.
But I don't aim for their head, heart or breastplate.
I aim for their left testicle.
The hyper-religious rely on the serpent between their legs
to guide them,
which beguiles them
and forces them to fail.
Hopefully, they'll come to see
that they're filled with hatred
at the way they were made in God's image.
They'll see how they sodomize themself
with their head up their ass,
only to discover that **their** behavior is abominable,
not mine.
They're who they loath,
not me.

That said,

some gay men and lesbians
may not like some of what I have to say, either.
I think **our** differences are grammatical issues
that I'll address candidly, as well.
Suffice it to say for now
that the struggle between the pronouns
he and **she**
stem from God.
Is God a He or a S/He?
And if we speak about **Them**,
are we going back to the nightmares of polytheism
in our past?

There is,
of course,
only one God.
That, we all know.
I will solve our differences with that in mind.

Introduction

This is my 27th book. You'd think that after having written 26 books that no publisher has been willing to touch with a ten-foot pole, I'd have given up on trying to write professionally, gotten a gun and blown my brains out – or at least admitted that writing will always remain a hobby for me.

The truth is that discussing God's plan for man is my mission in life. My boyfriend, Will, calls me an academia nut. I'm both a fruit and a nut. Trees can replicate through various methods beyond producing fruits and nuts. One significant method is **vegetative reproduction**. This process involves creating new trees from leaves [thoughts], stems [feelings] and roots [beliefs].

I was once a vegetative reproducer. I had to be instructed in using the fruits [testicles] hanging down from my tree to reproduce life spiritually.

I attempted suicide three times in my youth out of confusion. I didn't see myself as like a tree or my testicles as like forbidden fruit. And I certainly didn't see my penis as like a talking serpent.

Writing books about God that don't get published isn't the worst curse in the world. People out there are suffering much more than me. I may be writing about spiritual life without getting paid for it, but others have to live life as best they can, whether they consider themself a professional or amateur at it. And many are paying dearly for their ignorance about the meaning of their life.

> I thought I'd begin with a little self-deprecating humor based on the plain truth as it is in March of 2022. I thought that if I make myself the butt of my joke, you'll be less intimidated by me.
>
> In some ways, I'm like a fatherly gay man. In some ways, I'm like an older brother who came

back from a war. But in some ways, I'll always be childlike till the day I die.

I may also be autistic. Although I've never been tested for autism, I was twice involuntarily committed to mental institutions. They labeled me paranoid schizophrenic. But I like to think of myself as adorably odd, far beyond the point of just being queer.

From personal experience, **I believe there's no hate crime worse than suicide.** Failing as a writer is nothing after what I put myself through. Each attempted suicide I now see as attempted murder because I'm a person, too.

So, I'll just keep **righting** myself a little more each day with every book I **write** regardless of what may or may not come of it.

Each of my books has been a steppingstone to the next. Each is a view of my life from a slightly higher perspective. It may just be irrational of me to expect anyone to grasp my ideas, given that nobody took the steps I took to get where I am today.

The Beatle's claimed, "We all live in a yellow submarine." I wanted to know what their words mean to me. And that includes understanding the musical notes that accompany their lyrics.

The best I could do at first was google my question, only to discover that Paul McCartney wanted to write a children's song where all his friends were in a band.

I'm not in a band. I can't sing or play an instrument. I'm not even that fond of the Beatles. When they came to America on February 7, 1964, I was 12 years old. I couldn't understand why they were so popular then, and I still have trouble understanding pop culture today. It's one of many forms of cultural communication I can't follow. Long ago, I had to declare myself a conscientious objector when they wanted to draft me into the culture war.

This book is definitely **not** for children. But it **is** about music. It's about the unsung song that accompanies the Psalms and how you can come to hear it inside yourself, thousands of years after they were written, whether they were written by Moses, David, Solomon or other ancient composers.

Some people don't like what I have to say about scripture. They give me plenty of clues in conversation that they want to change the subject. They only want me to say what **they** wanted to hear to deflect their doubts about what life is all about.

Life is about overcoming dread. "Dread" means to be in terror of, fear intensely; to anticipate with alarm, distaste, or reluctance; to hold in awe or reverence. [internet]

Some people don't want to learn to interpret morality in a new way to overcome dread. I even get the sense from some of them that they think I'm manipulative, deceptive and overbearing.

I'm not manipulative or deceptive; although I'm often overbearing. But that's because I consider myself very well informed about the world's sacred texts.

To be very candid with you, I'm actually a world class expert on insanity, not scripture. I've more interested in overcoming my insanity than arm-wrestling true believers over their scripture. I only used the world's scriptures to heal myself, not to profess any one path.

I hope that people who believe in God will yearn for the crazy kind of optimism I hold inside. I think that book agents and publishers just can't see how green with envy they are that they aren't as sane as me.

Since I found my calling as a spiritual writer, I no longer fear old age and death. What I fear is a return to what I feared all my life: meaninglessness and lack of emotional control.

As much as I've grown from personal experiences that have helped me understand myself so I could better reinterpret scripture to help everyone else, editing out my

angry attitude is no longer necessary. I'm furious with this world. I'm enraged at everyone. Take the following four paragraphs, for instance. You'll surely be able to detect a note of cynicism, scorn and derision in my message:

> Before dogmatic, religious, straight men even have a chance to close their mouth after lecturing me on their traditional interpretation of their scripture, I can already tell they don't want to hear what I have to say in response. I've already offended them. They can read my facial gestures like a clock. We're not in the same time zone. I'm many hours ahead of them. In fact, I'm well into the next day.
>
> But if these dogmatic traditionalists were to read my words on the written page without my body language accompanying my message, they might be able to expand their knowledge of themself and their knowledge about God and His intentions for all mankind. But that would require them to sit still and really listen to moral concepts that are brand-new to them.
>
> Just telling me to nod in tacit agreement with what they believe to be true about God through their forefathers' interpretations of their scripture has left them with the mess they've made of themself, and by extension, the mess they've made of the whole world.
>
> Gay men and men with special needs have never had the numbers or power to destroy hope and courage the way dogmatic, religious, straight men have. We don't kill people. We love them. You'd think the traditionalists would see that as an advantage. You'd think they'd see that as a clue from God. But they don't.

That's an example of how I aim for the left testicle of the religiously dogmatic, and why they always cringe in pain as I hit the mark. You might think they have **penis problems**, just like the rest of us, but their problems are rooted in a thirst for power that's deeper than that. You can't get them to raise their consciousness from their crotch as far as their navel to see their hatred of their own mother for having brought them into this world. Only in their dreams do their desires rise as high as their waist. Forget about them using their head, heart or soul to make good decisions.

These men would like me to remain vague and wax poetic about the mystery of life when I talk about their scripture and God's relationship to it. But I'm not going to do that. I have a different agenda.

If you like mystery and magic with meaning, try this on for size:

> Torah is the core of the Hebrew Testament. You can't appreciate the fruits of Torah [the Gospels and the Quran] if you haven't chewed on and swallowed the seeds at the core of the Hebraic **creation story**. Without the main metaphor of Moses, the two symbols of Jesus and the 114 similes of the Prophet Muhammad will escape your notice.

Now, **I** think that's intriguing! Who knew that there's a metaphor that runs throughout the core of the Hebrew Testament [Torah]? Who knew that Moses had a hidden topic that winds through his autobiography? Now I understand where the word "mosaic" comes from! Torah is a puzzle.

What could the two symbols be that Jesus gave to the world in His biography [the Gospels] if not His body [bread] and blood [wine]? But how do the container/contents of His symbolism teach us how to fill ourself with self-love, and

then let that pour over into love for God and tolerance for one another?

When I mention God's similes, I'm referring to the 114 suwar [chapters] of the Quran. But how can these similes for God be neatly tied together in a way that magnifies the messages of Moses and Jesus?

If you decide to plummet these questions with me, knowing that I still have an angry attitude about life after three attempts at killing myself as well as a lifetime of abuse from people who were terrified of me because I was severely mentally challenged – may be a challenge for even someone like you. But if you're yearning for new meaning to the pain and suffering you've been through, I think I may be able to help.

If you aren't terribly knowledgeable about any of the three Abrahamic scriptures, don't worry about that. It's not you I'm angry at. It's those who think they're God's gift to the world who'll have trouble understanding my ideas. I wish I could make them understand why God gave everyone smelly farts. Surely, that's a clue to the spirit that lies inside each one of us.

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Previous Books

In your beginning

"In the beginning" [Genesis 1], Moses rushed through the first seven days of the creation of the universe and life on Earth. In it, he described the **big** bang that created everything as well as the **little** bang in the creation of Adam that created him. Sure, in Exodus he describes his infancy and childhood again in greater detail. But first in Genesis, he described reality as it is for us all in the abstract.

Although he describes the beginning as the creation of the universe, humanity and the Jewish people - throughout the Book of Genesis, the mosaic agenda [the hidden agenda] lies in a single metaphor which I call **the main metaphor of Moses**.

On the sixth day of creation [Genesis 2], Moses describes the creation of man [everyman]. The word for "everyman" in Hebrew is "adam." In Hebrew, the name of a specific man with a name is "eesh."

The word for "Eve" in Hebrew is "chava." "Chava" means "life." The story of **Adam and Eve** is a play on words. It's really about "adam ve chava" [**man and life**]. It's not about two people named Adam and Eve. The story of every man and life begins when a man's life comes to life. And a man comes alive when he experiences a sensation between his legs [orgasm] that he never felt before.

Adam is one aspect of a metaphor for every man's mind. **Eve** refers to his feelings [heart], or, more broadly, feelings for life itself. When an infant realizes that s/he has feelings that are quite separate from his or her thoughts, s/he smiles. S/he laughs. S/he comes alive. And this encourages others to continue to coax the infant in the direction of liveliness.

There's no woman, per se, in this story. Eve [life] is perceived as something taken out of everyman, something he wakes up to soon after birth that he discovers outside himself. This is true about life whether the infant is male or female.

The cause of an infant's feelings is usually attributed to outside circumstances. The first person a baby feels feelings for is his mother. But her feelings are a mirror of his own. And yet, to get hyper-religious men to explore their feelings beyond those they experienced in infancy for their mother can be harder than pulling teeth.

The story of **Adam and Eve** is a metaphor not a myth. The universe wasn't created in six days. Each day of creation is being used euphemistically as a spiritual step in a spiritual process with an end goal [Sabbath/death/Eternal Rest] in mind. Surely, you don't believe that God needs a day off to recuperate from His handiwork?

When God gave man dominion over the birds, fish and creatures that move along the ground [Genesis 1:26], Moses was preparing us for his main metaphor. He was introducing us to forces within us that God gave each and every one of us. The **birds**, **fish** and **creatures** are euphemisms for man's penis, his animal instincts that can travel the world through land, sea and sky.

If you had a religious upbrings and find this interpretation shocking, welcome to a modern interpretation of scripture that you didn't see until now. If you find that this inquiry into God's word makes you angry, frustrated or confused, at least you're experiencing feelings early on in this book. Congratulate yourself for including your heart in with what your head may be telling you.

Here are the elements of the main metaphor of Moses broken down into their individual segments:

1. Adam	man's head	thoughts
2. Eve	man's heart	feelings
3. Serpent	man's penis	desires
4. Fruit #1	man's right testicle	goodness
5. Fruit #2	man's left testicle	evil
6. God	man's breastplate	conscience

The life of a man [not an infant, toddler or a boy] begins when he perceives life as happening within himself, not just around him. The story of man and life [not Adam and Eve] is really the story of something specific that happens to every boy on the cusp of manhood, the experience of orgasm.

An infant falls in love with his mother [Eve]. But his mother is just a projection of his own feelings of love that he perceives as coming from within himself that he's curious to explore with her. He finds that his feelings are often mirrored by her. She brings his existence to life.

So, most boys grow up to fall in love with a woman somewhat like their mother who they marry and call their wife. But their wife is still just a more advanced and complex level of self-love that they've projected out onto another very special woman.

In the end, the average man dies mourning the world he has to leave behind without having achieved a full understanding of Eve [a life filled with feelings that mirror his love of life].

When you understand that the main metaphor of Moses is about the inner workings of every **man**, [and by extension, every **woman**], you prepare for Torah becoming a description of your inner world as told in metaphoric form. The relationship between our inner forces advances us with instructions on how we can learn to master ourself from the inside out.

There's no woman in the Hebraic **creation story** who literally comes out of a man. There's no "talking" serpent who literally speaks to her. And there's no tree in a garden that's literally forbidden. There are no fruits on a tree in a literal garden that are literally forbidden to any of us. And there's no God Who literally stomped noisily through that garden looking to question us about what we did to defy Him. These are all aspect of the main metaphor of Moses.

A literal acceptance of the Hebraic **creation story** as fact is preposterous. No intelligent human being in his right mind

would buy into such nonsense. And yet, all the hyper-religious men and women in the Abrahamic world do. That says much more about them than it does about God, Moses, you or me.

Thank God most modern individuals aren't that easily beguiled by figurative speech. No woman should ever buy into the proclamation that they were created as an afterthought out of man. Nor should they accept that they were carved from a bone that was removed from the 206 bones in a man's body. Did that man have 207 bones before, or was it really his **boner** that he donated to the creation process?

Moses was the most inspired man on Earth in his day. His insight into himself was so great that he had to couch his revelation of reality in metaphoric terms. There was no way he could say what he had to say to the world without hiding it from the oh, so common and primitive religious men at that time who worshipped manmade gods.

Sadly, his metaphor has been stripped from our discussion of Torah, leaving us with a ridiculous, literal retelling of his story that makes no sense to anyone other than children who easily fall in love with fantasy.

The introduction to life on Earth [Genesis 1-2] leads up to Eve's conversation with the serpent that represents the birth of **spirituality** [Genesis 3]. What occurs when the serpent [penis] communicates with the heart [Eve] of every boy on the precipice of adulthood is the core of the secret Moses revealed about how God made man in His image.

The Hebraic creation story is really a metaphor for a boy's first wet dream, the experience of ecstasy he couldn't attain when he was still a child.

This is the sensation that makes a young man suddenly aware that he's fully alive and in touch with his feelings. This is the experience of being alive on the inside that no child can know or have explained to him.

Every man is forbidden from picking the fruit of his forbidden tree until the day he moves out of childhood innocence into the experience of manhood. “Picking fruit” is a euphemism for ejaculating. Not only have you picked fruit. You’ve tasted the fruit juice from the fruits hanging down from your tree. That fruit juice came out of the mouth of your serpent. That’s what it means to have a talking serpent between your legs.

> I had my first wet dream at about the age of 15. I’d already completed biology in high school, so I knew all about sex from a scientific point of view. I just didn’t know how to achieve orgasm to ejaculate semen.
>
> When I woke up from that exquisite dream I had, I discovered that my underpants were wet with a sticky substance unlike urine. But I felt as though I’d been to an amusement park and had gone on a ride that left me feeling exuberant. I just didn’t know how I’d bought the ticket, where to buy another or how to get on the same ride twice.

These were the facts of life Moses tried to describe to the Israelites that would apply to their journey to a promised land. When Moses’s heart [feelings] had its first “conversation” with his penis [sensations], “words” [semen] started to pour out of the mouth of his penis. That experience beguiled his mind in a way that left him without a meaningful way to describe what had just happened to him. He felt guilty for not knowing something about himself. So, he couched his experience of sex in a metaphor about a forbidden tree of knowledge.

The juice [semen] of Moses’ fruits [testicles] produced a sensation so exquisite that he didn’t know how else to describe it except in figurative form than his wife [chava/life] having tempted him [adam/individual man] with

the fruits of good and evil [emissions from his testicles] that got him in trouble with his conscience [God].

> I played with myself for about a year unsuccessfully until the age of 16 when, thanks to a book my father sent me, I read instructions on how to masturbate. From those instructions, I ejaculated with the help of my hands for the first time. I figuratively found the way to buy unlimited number of tickets to the ride at the fair. From then on, all I could do was reproduce that incredible sensation while thinking of all the boys at school I wished I could take to the funfair with me.
>
> Of course, I knew that there was something unacceptable about asking other boys to have sex with me in high school in the late 1960's. I had a very clear sense of the ridicule and danger that might cause. So, I felt locked inside myself with no one I could invite in. I was different. I was alone. And sometimes I was scared. In those days, the punishment for being caught having sex with someone of your own gender was much worse that just ridicule. It was humiliation and separation from the rest of society. It was a living death.

Long before Moses described his first wet dream in his autobiography, he'd already been in trouble with God for having killed a slavedriver. He was well aware that he'd lost all social creds with Egyptians once he'd been declared a killer.

Who would have believed a murderer who was inspired by God to describe the inner workings of every man? Who

would believe a murderer about anything he had to say about the meaning of life? [1]

After having taken a life, Moses chose to reveal the preciousness of his own life. This awakening had begun for him at puberty in a way that transformed his understanding of the vessel he'd been placed in for a journey of life that was, by the time he wrote Torah, behind him.

Moses wasn't a child when he killed the slavedriver. He was by then a prince at the age of 40 living in a palace. He'd surely experienced orgasm long before he was overcome with a desire for retribution through murder.

It was his desire as a man on the precipice of middle age, so different from what he'd experienced as a child, that awakened Moses to the moral consequences of vengeance in a way that, by the end of his life, compelled him to describe to others the meaning of life in a code everybody could relate to.

Moses had been labeled a murderer. Because he'd been an orphan, he didn't know **love**. He didn't know the **loyalty** children receive in a healthy household.

But he didn't need love or loyalty. His mission in life was **wisdom**. And that, he did achieve.

Moses knew that the only people who'd believe him about the power of one God were his own people, the slaves

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[1] Perhaps because I attempted to murder myself three times God revealed these truths to me through figurative speech. I required these revelations to make sense of myself and my importance to me. The truth revealed in Torah has helped to heal me of my own insanity. I'm no longer the Sorcerer's apprentice. I no longer read through His book of magic with the urge to find ways to be lazy. I'm no longer a slave who just wants to turn people into brooms to sweep up after me. But you'll have to decide for yourself if these conclusions about my relationship to Torah will lead you to trust me.

of the Egyptians, the Israelites who'd been oppressed for 400 years. The Israelites needed answers to the reason for their misfortune, and they needed a reason not to give in to their desire to get even with their oppressors. They were overwhelmed in numbers. They had to escape their oppressors.

The Palestinians are in the same circumstance. But the Israelis aren't their pharaohs and slavedrivers. Islam is the cause of their suffering, not Israel. Until the Palestinians learn how to escape the bondage of ignorance that hangs over them like a shadow, they'll remain in the dark. They'll continue to oppress gays and Jews because God isn't listening to their cries of anguish.

Hope and faith in themselves were what the Israelites needed to change their outer circumstances for the better. A **slave** without wisdom turns into a cruel **master**.

It's obvious to me now that the last men on the planet who are going to subscribe to the main metaphor of Moses are old, hyper-religious, straight men. That's because they have **penis problems** that they don't want to deal with through figurative interpretations of their scripture. That's why they remain in a fantasy gripping literal interpretations of their sacred text. Facing their penis envy is the last thing they want to do with God in the presence of the spiritually awakened as witnesses.

> Now would be a good time for women reading this book to laugh out loud with relief. Thank God that S/He didn't create women like old men! Thank God, women have been spared the testosterone fog young men have to go through.
>
> Women who turn into old men are called "hags." They're considered to be ugly or frightening. They're associated with black magic and demons.
>
> The male equivalent of a hag is a "codger" or "curmudgeon." The world is run by people who are

> ignorant of what they've turned into over time. They need to be guided away from positions of power. They need to be humored. The God that they're facing in old age is a figment of a nightmare they've lived through their entire life. Let the Teacher grade them. Let those who sit at the front of class work with their classmates to improve the classroom decorum that's been lost. Let the bozos at the back of the room know that their leaders have retired and won't be replaced by those whose grades reflect their prejudice against gays and Jews.

Every pubescent boy [Adam] becomes troubled with his conscience [God] when something totally new and different suddenly happens to his body, especially to that one part of his body that he was taught as a child to keep hidden and not talk about to anyone. It's even called his "private." It's the part of himself that he's least motivated to talk about with others, let alone with God. It's the part of his body that he'll talk about with a male doctor if he absolutely has to, but no one else.

> A couple of years ago, a friend of mine told me he thought he broke himself when he was a teenager playing with himself and semen suddenly poured out of his penis. He thought he needed to call an ambulance to be taken to the hospital!
>
> But not even he wanted to discuss with me [a gay gurlfriend] the spiritual meaning of the amazing sensation that came with orgasm and how that changed his life forever. He couldn't find words to describe the "words" his serpent had whispered into **his** heart alone.

Some boys think they've done something forbidden when they ejaculate for the first time. Some focus only on

their desire to recreate that sensation in ever more intense ways that lead to sadistic and masochistic sex practices. Others want to avoid the topic altogether by being secretive about what happened. They want to keep the intimacy of their relationship with their **private** utterly **private**.

But orgasm is only figuratively forbidden to boys. It's biologically forbidden until their hormones release the instructions that make orgasm possible. It's got nothing to do with one, special tree in a garden among many other trees that a man is forbidden from eating the fruits of, or even touching. If that were the case, every man who's tasted his own semen would be damned to everlasting Hell by God.

Moses was describing the mystery of orgasm through a metaphor at the beginning of his figurative tale mixed with real events that happened. That metaphor has influenced every man on Earth ever since.

"In the beginning" are the three most powerful words in civilized societies because everybody secretly wonders when the beginning began. [2]

We all know I'm not exaggerating when I say that the story of **Adam and Eve** has influenced every man, woman and child on the planet because everybody on Earth uses the seven-day moral calendar Moses gave to the Israelites. The concept of time being mosaic in meaning has permeated every society on Earth.

Granted the Christians gave us a yearly moral calendar based on the life of Jesus. Muslims gave us a monthly moral calendar based on their religious symbol of a crescent moon

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[2] "In the beginning" can be loosely translated from Hebrew as "at the root of it all." For a story about a tree, the root of it is precisely what we all want to know about.

It's the root of the penis that the testicles are attached to. It's when the mystery of his penis becomes apparent with his first orgasm that a man's beginning has begun.

and star. But both are built upon the weekly moral calendar that the whole world uses.

What separates all boys from adolescent males is the ability to reach orgasm. Every mentally normal, adolescent male has been blessed with the ability to figuratively enjoy the fruits of his own labors [masturbation] in a way he couldn't previously. And every Adam [man] is forever perplexed by this change in his body that occurred about 13 years of age.

> I had my first sexual experience on my 18th birthday with a gal I was dating. She was nine years older than me and knew I was a virgin. It was her birthday present to me.
>
> I unwrapped her like a very special gift that night, but I couldn't help being disappointed with what I found inside. She just wasn't what I wanted. Neither of us enjoyed the experience. I couldn't cum. And although I repeated that experience with other women, and did eventually succeed in cuming, I've never been attracted to sex with women. It's just not right for me.

Superstition about the number 13 begins in Torah, not the Gospels. It was just before that age [at 12] that Jesus went with His parents to the Temple in Jerusalem, where He amazed the rabbis and priests. Surely, He could never have done so successfully without having first completed this physical passage of His life.

What is **wisdom of the heart** if not the method by which a boy whose achieved orgasm can learn to use that power to love? How could Jesus have amazed the rabbis without having plummeted the secret of Torah in new ways they hadn't considered before?

The biological change of life that leads every boy into manhood produces a spiritual conundrum that all adult males

have been through and understand in that knowing sort of way that separates us from pre-pubescent boys and, of course, also separates us biologically from females.

The Hebraic creation story is about **man** and **life**, not just about **Adam** and **Eve**. It's not only about proper nouns that designate the names of two people. It's about a topic [fact of life] that has universal importance and applications.

This is the secret hidden in plain sight that nobody has talked about before I [a mad, gay Jew] came along to reveal it to you. This is the play on words that not even native, Hebrew speakers have spoken about.

This knowledge is like the story of the Emperor's New Clothes that a child can understand but that I predict every dogmatically hyper-religious man on the planet will continue to insist is false. The intransigent will continue to assert that the Emperor is fully clothed in splendid regalia. If you don't believe me, look away from scripture at the world of politics and finance.

God stands perfectly naked before us. We just don't have the strength to look at Him. We must glance in His direction for a glimmer of what He looks like. That can't be described to others other than using figurative speech.

The world is full of many men who behave like juvenile delinquents rather than responsible, grown men who cherish the same God Who created us all. This is a truth about life that every boy who's achieved orgasm needs to be warned that his peers have to go through it, too, and why so many of them behave as irresponsibly as they do.

This is why you should be curious about going on this mysterious journey by submarine with me to the North Pole to visit Santa's workshop. I must treat you like a child. And you must follow me like a child. If you haven't achieved the modesty of your body, humility of your character and grace in your relationship to God, you won't be able to walk behind me as I take you to the North Pole within you to meet Santa. It's only with childlike innocence that you can move

out of your deep cynicism, scorn and bitter derision of others to make sense of who you are; why you feel the way you do; and how you can come down from the North Pole where every step goes South.

Nothing in life is what it appears to be until you can see through the words that describe some actions in obscured ways. There are meanings beneath the meanings every man holds, and if you're not willing to explore them, you're going to make mistakes in life that may cost you dearly.

Timing in life, as in sex, is everything if you want to get where you're cuming and going at precisely the right time.

When **desire** [penis] conspires with **feelings** [heart] a man [Adam] becomes overwhelmed with **thoughts** that seemingly go against everything that he thinks God wants of him. He may become deceptive, elusive, disingenuous and untrustworthy. He may even become overbearing. This is a **fact** of life. This isn't a **myth**.

> I had my first sexual experience with a man a few months after I'd "officially" lost my virginity on my 18th birthday. Long story short, it was amazing! I finally felt like I wasn't locked inside myself any longer. I finally felt that there were lots of rides to go on at the fair. Although I was eager to marry the first man that I had sex with, he asked me to leave his hotel room about 4:00 in the morning that night. Our encounter was over as far as he was concerned. He rejected me.
>
> I was an aspiring dancer. The next day I took a ballet class at 10:00 am and was so exuberant and exhausted that I broke my left foot doing grand jetées across the room. My hymen was unofficially broken. I was in a cast for six weeks. I felt like a woman, no longer like a girl. I knew what it meant to have a man's seed planted inside me. I felt like good, clean earth. I felt alive. My beginning had officially begun.

The consequences of this biological process in youth create beliefs in older age that go in myriad, mad directions in an effort to account for something so simple and natural as orgasm. Sex becomes a spiritual challenge for us all.

My coming out of my closet now includes a mission to bring every man who's read Torah, the Bible or the Quran out of his misunderstanding of his sacred text that was compounded by misinterpretations of the main metaphor of Moses.

I'm not just here to insist on being treated equally as a gay man and a Jew with special needs. I'm here to reveal something obvious about God's plan never before described in this way.

Man was created with four inner forces: **thoughts**, **feelings**, **desires** and **beliefs**. And yet no father fully explains to his son how to use them harmoniously.

If you were a child on the cusp of puberty, and you saw the cruelty of this world, you, too, would blame your father if he didn't properly prepare you for this simple description of reality. You, too, would be cynical, sarcastic and damning of a world full of dogmatic, old, hyper-religious men and women who can't answer the simplest of questions about why this world looks the way it does if God is instructing us all?

Torah isn't meant for children. People who interpret Torah without awareness of its sexual component with regard to their moral awakening have missed the starting gun. They're already late to the human **race**.

Men evolve much more slowly than women because most men are physically attracted to women. They don't want to talk about their **penis problems** with God or other men. They also erroneously assume women could never understand what they're going through because women don't have a penis. This is condescending and a great disservice to women's intelligence.

I'm not going to let hyper-religious, straight men simply shrug their shoulders and ignore me by using their belief in a sexless God as an excuse for their actions. I'm going to adapt my use of scripture with personal stories that will help others overcome their sense of moral superiority if they so choose.

God isn't wearing anything. If you want to face Him, you're going to have to come before Him physically nude, emotionally naked and spiritually exposed. Otherwise, you're going to add fig leaves to those parts of yourself that you abhor. Rather than blame Him for having made you this way, you're going to use self-sabotage to get Him to correct your erroneous conclusions about yourself [Adam] and your woman [Eve].

Revolutions originate in the penis. **Evolutions** originate in the soul. This book is evolutionary, not revolutionary. This book is going to teach you what "x" [women] and "y" [men] have in common.

But if you don't believe in evolution, you're not going to want to hear the rest of what I have to say about **man** [y] and **life** [x]. If that's the case, I strongly recommend you shut this book immediately and then burn it.

Recap for the Madcap

To say what I've already said in a slightly different way, the spiritual **infancy** of a man begins with the onset of hormonal changes that triggers a young man's first orgasm. Man is like a tree forbidden unto himself until God allows him to touch himself to achieve ejaculation in this oh so awesome way. [3]

The spiritual **childhood** of a man is described in the story of **Cain and Abel** when the next generation of man's head [Cain] dominates the next generation of his heart [Abel]. This struggle between thoughts and feelings goes on and on until a man's emotions are completely neutralized and seemingly dead. The world around him ignores his efforts; neglects his dreams' rejects his conclusions; and abandons his soul. But even then, his heart still cries out from the

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[3] God allows room for evil. God hopes against man doing evil, but He understands the need for men to be able to make mistakes so that they can correct them and learn from them. The "words" [semen] that come out of the mouth of a man's serpent are a liquid blend of good and evil that literally produces life, but that figuratively parallels the essence of the moral beliefs he holds inside.

Drinking alcohol is like drinking semen if you're hoping alcohol will improve your spirits. The way to improve your spirits is to figuratively minimize the emissions from your left testicle and maximize the emissions from your right one.

But this requires God's help since it's an inside job that only He can share with you. Learning about morality requires learning about yourself. It's not always learning to do what other people tell you is right. **Redemption** [correcting your mistakes] leads to greater moral strength, which, over time, turns knowledge into **wisdom**. **Wisdom** leads to **love**. **Love** leads to **loyalty** to God.

ground of his being for just answers to the question "Why?" [Genesis 4]

God has greater plans for spiritual children who wish to grow up. Justice, like answers, are always slow in coming because they must be earned. Just giving a man relief doesn't teach him a thing. When all is said and done, a Cain will always kill his brother because he can't get up to God to kill Him.

The next story about what happens in the beginning [Genesis 6-9], **Noah and the Ark**, is even more complex. It describes the spiritual **adolescence** of a man. A boy figuratively constructs a boat out of all the trees of knowledge he's been surrounded with his whole life. Cutting down his parents, teachers and classmates to build a vessel is just for practice. He'll do as he's told as he floats through the deluge of hormones at puberty. But that dreadful experience will leave him with doubts about God's intentions and the efficacy of giving him a rainbow as a promise never to do that again.

The ark that Noah built is really a rearrangement of the thoughts in an adolescent's mind with regard to his relationship to his penis after discovering what it can do that it couldn't do before. He slowly fills his ark with a sample representation of all the animal instincts he sees around him. He wants to experience his power through his unique nature.

Some teenagers badger. Some are flighty. Some roar like lions. Some whine like fillies. Some are as sly as a fox. Some are as dirty as rats. Some are as creepy as hairy spiders and as poisonous as some insects. Some are as wise as owls. Some are as lazy as sloths. Some are like wild stallions or as loyal as dogs. Some are as horny as goats. Some are pigs. And some are like shrimp, clams and crabs; lowlife living off the excrement of others that sinks down from above.

The list of possible animal instincts goes on and on. The important thing to note is that Noah took a sample

representation of all the animals on Earth, while each of us took only those basic instincts we'd been introduced to by our country, clan and kin.

In this way, a young boy grows up to become like the "animals" around him. He discovers **his** unique nature which is a part of **mother nature**. He becomes predisposed to express himself through certain characteristics [virtues and vices].

> Between the ages of 18 and 21, I didn't get the chance to have sex very often. But each man I presented my secret to opened me up a little more to a fuller expression of my love for men. Each ride I got on at the amusement park gave me a greater understanding of life as an opportunity to discover the mystery and ecstasy of orgasm, and what that meant about being me.
>
> I removed my clothing to expose myself before those men I was attracted to with the hope of them wanting to marry me. But after our first encounter, I usually felt mysteriously frustrated because I wanted to marry them but they didn't want to marry me and devote their life to me. But I couldn't explain why they were so finicky and I was so desperate for companionship.
>
> I knew little about visual and verbal clues in conversation that help us find a compatible mate. I had problems communicating meaningfully with people. I was excited about men the way a child gets excited about animals at the zoo. But unlike this analogy, I was the one who was caged.

When the flood of hormones rains down and overwhelms a pubescent boy's system, he's psychologically prepared for it by getting onboard his ark [penis]. He's then lifted up by

the same waters [hormones] that figuratively drown many of his peers.

Getting submerged in confusion, self-indulgence, autonomous behaviors, arrogance, vengeance and self-destructive habits and violence is of little concern for some teenagers [Noah]. Their heart [Abel] is already dead or crying out for justice through meaningful answers to the reason for his being.

The head of the child [Cain] may have won the fight with his heart [Abel], but the mind of teenagers [Noah] has nowhere to go. He's stuck onboard a spiritual vessel [ark] without a sail or a rudder. He's without any way of disembarking from the wild ride of adolescence that his penis is on, other than with alcohol, drugs or suicide. [4]

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[4] The outcome of those prone to suicide is later described in the story of Jonah and the whale. Jonah [the young man with a chip on his shoulder] sails anywhere he wishes onboard other people's boats. He's projected his spiritual work onto others to avoid the guilt of not doing what God obviously wants of him.

When the weather gets rough, he gets frightened and jumps overboard. He's swallowed by a whale [wail] but later forced to fulfill God's intentions anyway. [There's a Hebrew pun in this story. It's not a whale, but a big fish that's swallowed Jonah. The words for "big fish" are very similar to the words for "big worries."]

As someone who tried to jump off the boat three times [suicide], I consider myself very much like the prophet Jonah. I denied the Noetic stage of my spiritual development. Such is the mystery of the madman who realizes that the chip on his shoulder was put there by people, but God didn't stop them from doing so. God has the moral authority to use any means He chooses to get us where He wants us to go to learn what He wants us to know.

My first suicide attempt was at the age of 24. I'd had lots of sex by then and had taken a lot of drugs, as well. But I'd also become extremely sensitive to rejection by men, especially in the workplace [career] and in bed [sex]. I'm sure the divorce of my parents which separated me from my father by 3,000 miles was a psychological trigger that recreated that first loss of a father figure when I was six years old.

Not realizing that trying to heal the rift between my mother and father **for** them led me to conclude that I was unlovable. Nobody wanted me. And those who did, I rejected. Nobody could explain to me who I was or why I was negatively influenced by others. But I was doing things to myself that only exacerbated my existential suffering.

Just telling me that I had a **penis problem** wouldn't have been sufficient. It might have been better to tell me that I was missing a penis and testicles entirely. What was hanging down from between my legs body only reminded me of what I was missing inside. I had no understanding of the four forces within me, especially that of desire. The sensation of orgasm in my penis and the feelings of all that I loved in my heart [**feelings**] weren't enough. I was locked in my head [**thoughts**]. And my **beliefs** were locked in my soul which was a million miles from my understanding of what it means to have a soul.

The average teenager sits backs and watches with detachment at the amazing and horrifying changes at that mysterious time of life. Childhood is over. He realizes he can't go backwards in time. He must go forward. But how to get across his ocean of emotions to safe harbor is beyond his ken.

Every ark [penis] finally reaches safe harbor about the age of 18 when the adolescent is allowed to vote and die for his country in war, even if he isn't yet given permission to buy alcohol or enter an establishment that sells it.

But that sense of autonomy only describes external reality through a cultural lens. Internally, the spiritually uninitiated and unprepared adolescent may become arrested at this stage of his spiritual development for an unspecified length of time. He might be an adult who still plays with skateboards, bikes, skis, cars, trains, boats or planes. He doesn't connect his favorite forms of transportation to what's between his legs moving him forward in a very inexplicable way.

Such young men let most of the animals off their ark to experience emotional aspects of their nature in sexual relationships. But some of those animals remain onboard in his unconscious.

When Noah got off the ark, he built a vineyard, grew grapes, produced wine and got drunk as a skunk. He lay naked in a state of drunken stupor. His son **Cham** [hot] saw him naked and told his two brothers **Shem** [name] and **Japheth** [beauty].

Shem was worried about his reputation in seeing his father's penis. **Japheth** was worried about not looking good in seeing his father naked. So, they used a blanket to cover their eyes while covering their father.

When Noah was sober, he didn't blame **Cham**. He blamed Cham's son, **Canaan**, instead. Noah vindictively wanted to punish Cham indirectly. It was the offspring of Canaan who lived in the place God decided to give to the Israelites. The people of Canaan were removed from that land through a war with the Israelites, and it was given to the ancestors of today's Jews.

We're the descendants of Shem and Japheth, not Cham. We respect our father's private parts, even though we're curious about their spiritual importance.

> I was never a wild **stallion** type. I was never a **bull**y. I was never somebody's **dog**. I didn't hunt men like a **cat** with mice.
>
> I was more of a **monkey**. I liked to play with other guys. When I got naked, I felt like a primate swinging from the branches of a tree. I felt at ease. I felt safe having sex with other "monkeys" like myself. I felt uninhibited.
>
> But I was also like a **parrot**. That was another one of the animals on my boat that never disembarked. That bird sat on my shoulder [in my unconscious] squawking incessantly in my ear.

I was always fascinated by language, accents and word play. I was able to play with words and learn foreign languages in the same way that I was fascinated by playing with penises.

The **monkey** and the **parrot** were the two creatures that were at the helm on my ark. They held the wheel, tiller, toggle, and other parts of the console that steered my ship. That's what it means to think you're in charge of your destiny, when you really have no clue where you're going.

For an adolescent boy to finally look up and see a rainbow with a promise of hope from God is meaningless scriptural nonsense that he has no way to take personally unless someone can explain it to him.

Perhaps someday, fathers will be able to have this sort of conversation with their sons. They'll be able to warn them that all boys go through the same hormonal storm. They'll be able to teach their sons to excuse, forgive and even guide their peers through something in Torah that the Jews have been living out through our scripture [albeit unconsciously] for thousands of years.

Just look around you if you need proof of what I've said about men today. Many men are still boys at heart. They're juvenile and irresponsible in existentially vital ways. Their

attitude about sex is untrained and their ability to speak about the meaning and mystery of their life, shallow.

The rainbow that God gave to Noah was really a promise not to repeat another shock like orgasm out of nowhere. But who can believe a God Who'd throw a curveball like orgasm at a boy even once?

It's only when you can bring this story to consciousness using personal experience that the story of **Noah and the Ark**, and by extension all of Torah, comes alive.

Just reading the Hebrew Testament as literature is useless. And taking it literally can actually be dangerous.

In my other books, I described the emotional stages represented by the rainbow. Here they are again:

1.	R	Red	Rage
2.	A	Orange	Agony
3.	I	Yellow	Terror
4.	N	Green	Jealousy and Envy
5.	B	Blue	Grief
6.	O	Indigo	Mystery or Madness
7.	W	Violet	Ecstasy and Orgasm

Needless to say, violet [ecstasy and orgasm] is the color that's most appealing to almost everyone. A young man's desire to repeat the ecstasy of orgasm during adolescence is limitless. It's all he really has on his mind [which at that age is located in the head of his penis].

Since desire is physically associated with the "words" that flow out of the mouth of the serpent, consider the possibility that Moses wrote his autobiography in the **ultra**violet realm by using an incredibly well-developed imagination. This is what I'm recreating for you here.

This will give you the out of body perspective necessary to perceive Torah [and the rainbow] from a whole new place in inner space. This will give you a different light by which to shine your illumination [wisdom] and warmth [love] onto

yourself, as well as the insight you need to shine your light with laser-like focus on the outside world in a brand-new way.

The mystery of the rainbow within you, so unlike the fascination we have with the rainbows around us, is that the rainbow within is figuratively shining in the dark. These seven emotions glow on a man's face, even if he can't see them shining out of the darkness in his heart.

> They say that love is blind, but I wasn't blind to love. I fell in love with every man I slept with! What I was, was **colorblind**. I couldn't associate the colors of the rainbow with the feelings in my heart. I couldn't communicate my feelings to anyone. I couldn't see that I was stuck in an inner world of orange [agony] when I wasn't experiencing ecstasy [violet].
>
> In fact, the tint of orange I had to deal with was burnt orange [dread]. I was certain that everything in my life was dreadful. If I made my way out of orange, I generally entered the realm of yellow [fear]. I rarely made my way up to red [rage]. Regardless, I thought feelings were a very unpleasant inner force that I wanted to avoid if at all possible.
>
> I felt like Jesus on the cross. I was in constant pain and suffering, but there was a taboo in my upbringing that wouldn't allow me to identify with that one Jew. I could identify with the 6,000,000 Jews the Nazis exterminated. I could identify with any Jewish hero, male or female, living or dead. I'd even dressed up at Purim in costumes that revealed the instincts I held inside me. But identifying with Christ's agony was verboten because I was a Jew. That was fruit forbidden to one such as me.

If you don't associate your feelings with a promise from God that you experience **in** your heart so you can learn about yourself **by** heart, you're going to get mad at someone. You may even go mad! But later, you're going to regret the actions you took in such a state of mind.

What I'm describing to you should really be described as spiritual, toilet training. I'm taking you through the stages of physical infancy and early childhood again, with a new view to adolescence through a spiritual lens. We're reliving your life page by page in a way that can't confuse you again the way you were confused the first time.

If you find yourself struggling to understand the reason for me comparing this to toilet training, just think back to the struggle your parents went through when you were a toddler as they tried to make you understand the need to use a toilet and stop crapping in your pants.

Torah is spiritual toilet training given to the Jews by God through Moses. Torah comes alive when you take it to heart. But Torah dies on the page when you take it only as historical fact with cultural implications.

We all seek to achieve our **destiny**, but instead [through ignorance] move toward our **fate**. Old, hyper-religious, straight men may consider themself very close to their destiny, given their devotion to their belief in God, while, at the same time, they cause terrible destruction to others and the future of Israel, to say nothing of the ways in which they undermine the rest of the world.

We can't allow them the autonomy to dump on us without offering them a series of spiritual solutions to the questions raised in Torah, and by extension, the Gospels and Quran. They need to be spiritually toilet trained. They need to grow up and stop crapping all over the rest of us. If not, we need to put them in diapers and keep them away from others. They're simply not ready for civilized society as we know it today.

Left to their own devices, some hyper-religious, straight men may not regret their choices as they watch their fate come closer and therefore come more into focus. They may double down and make further, horrible errors of judgment that will hurt people even more.

In maintaining their innocence through dogmatic insistence on literal interpretations of scripture, these men will continue to cry out to God that they're victims, when, in fact, they're perpetrators of their own ignorance. It's always the same old story. Waking up the good in people is all we can hope to do.

The job of governing the self-righteous has become untenable now that they've attained such a stronghold in politics and finance. A rift between the **religious** and the **spiritual** is now occurring in every society. Needless to say, what I'm describing is most obviously happening in America and Israel.

Many of these men behave like juvenile delinquents who think they have the right to play God. But that's not just a religious mistake by Protestants and orthodox Jews. This is true of men generally. If you're a male Catholic or Muslim and think you're better than others, your penis is standing straight up. You're eager and ready to screw someone over who's different from you.

After the adolescent stage comes the **young male** stage of manliness when every young man builds a tower to his own power. He bangs his head against his ceiling and Heaven's floor in an effort to get God to listen to his cries for revenge at how he's being treated.

In a sense, every young man intuitively realizes that his penis isn't in his own hands. It's in the hands of his father's generation. And he wants what's his!

This is described in the **Tower of Babel** story that comes after the story of **Noah and the Ark**. [Genesis 11] The

young man learns how to knock down other people's towers [insults]. He learns how to put pressure on others until they sway any way he chooses to make them lean [propaganda]. He plays God with his penis in the form of guns, missiles, bombs and nuclear fissionable material [he destroys property and kills people].

> As a gay man who only wanted to love men, not kill them, I couldn't join anyone's army. The Americans wanted me to kill Vietnamese men. The Israelis wanted me to kill Muslim men. I couldn't do either.
>
> I couldn't even play sports because sports reminded me of war games. All rackets, bats and clubs are like penises. And all hoops, holes and nets are like vaginas. All balls are euphemisms for semen. I don't want to play with my semen. I want to understand its spiritual significance. Sports doesn't interest me.
>
> I couldn't relate to some straight men because they hold the opinion that they're superior to women and need to "conquer" them or at least defend themselves against their wily ways. They take the story of **Adam and Eve** literally and blame all women for **their** misfortune and the misfortune of all men, past and present.

Literalists want to make their way above the clouds where the rain [hormones] came from to get to God's abode in the heavens above their head. They want to usurp God's power with their own. They want to prove to their peers that they're far more powerful than He is.

This stage in the development of a spiritually maturing man is obviously based on a misunderstanding of what civilized societies are trying to accomplish. But young men at this stage in their spiritual development see only what they

see. And so, they **react**, rather than **respond**, given how little they understand themself and the delivery device of power [penis] they were given.

Every young man has to erect a tower to power in the outside world to appreciate the effort it takes to strive for heavenly results. It isn't God Who confounds young men by knocking their tower down and separating men with foreign languages, miscommunication and literal interpretations of scripture so they can't communicate any better with one another.

They do this to themself by projecting their **penis problem** out onto the world. Such young men become vindictive. They hate to see progress made by others because they know too little about themself.

That said, God is like a teacher who hands back an assignment to those in the front row. They take one and hand the rest of the stack to those behind them. In this way, everyone in life participates in the lesson, even though only those in the front row know that it comes from the Teacher.

Those who understand this about young men the best are the gays and the Jews. We're the scapegoats that are most commonly created for young men to relieve themselves of their anger at God having created them without giving them instruction on who they're meant to be and what they're meant to do.

The internet has now presented us with the possibility of uniting all towers of power. There's no longer a reason for men to conspire **against** the older generation, gays, Jews or civilization itself. Everyone has the means to communicate **with** everyone else. We live in the information age. Knowledge is ubiquitous. The potential for young men to achieve wisdom, love and loyalty to life has never been better. Yet sadly, some men with **penis problems** use the information age against those they've chosen to despise.

Those in law enforcement know that criminals will sabotage themself sooner or later. They know that they only

need to watch and wait for their opportunity to stop evil in its tracks.

The young, male, spiritual stage of life corresponds to the mechanics of the penis. (1) The **erection** of an erection. (2) The **ejection** of semen from that erection. And (3) the **rejection** of power that always happens for however short a period of time thereafter, until a young man becomes recharged and can prove himself once again.

In the external world, every young man chooses his own way to inseminate the world with his amazing, life-giving attribute. There's no one-sized penis that fits every possible opening. Every man penetrates his world differently.

You should now be able to see why Genesis had to be told in generic, metaphoric form before Moses could talk about his personal journey of life in the four other books that together make up the Five Books of Moses [Torah]. No simple story encompasses the individual choices every male will make in life. No two heroes' stories look exactly the same.

Moses had to prove to us that he was no different than any other man. We all grow up to react vindictively to the injustice we perceive around us that now emanates out from within. He had to create a level playing field before he could describe his life in the Book of Exodus as heroic in some ways and tragic in others.

Suffice it to say, every young man knows the difficulty of getting figuratively hard [**erection**]. He knows the difficulty of figuratively cuming [i.e., infusing his desires in others [**ejection**]. And every young man knows the embarrassment of not being able to keep it up, having to rest it and start all over again [**rejection**].

After the story of the **Tower of Babel** come the three stages of spiritual **adulthood** in becoming a man, described by Jews as the Patriarchs of Judaism: **Abraham, Isaac and Jacob**.

As an **Abraham**, a man learns how to **bargain** with God to get his desires [penis] met. As an **Isaac** [the next generation in the quest for maturity], he learns how to **deny** his passions [penis] in favor of his mind [Adam]. And as a **Jacob**, he learns how to **unite** his will [penis] with his thoughts [Adam], but only to advance his own [unconscious] agenda.

All three of these Biblical characters depict stages of spiritual development in men who haven't interpreted the Hebraic creation story correctly as a metaphor.

Abraham bargained with God to help his nephew Lot. [5] Abraham and his wife, Sarah, were rewarded for their righteous behavior by being blessed with a son [Isaac]. A mature man [Abraham] finds himself having to choose between his desire to love and protect his son [Isaac] and the erroneous conclusion he comes to about God's desire for him to give back what He gave him.

Abraham didn't have to literally sacrifice Isaac because God sent an angel to stop him. We stop ourself using common sense. Self-**sacrifice** is quite different from **masochistic** and **sadistic** ways of trying to please God.

> Every man I dated when I was a young man I saw as an Abraham and I as his son, Isaac. I saw them taking me on a sacrificial journey to appease their God. But I was too naïve at the time to realize where

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[5] Lot lived among the Sodomites at the Dead Sea. He was willing to allow his neighbors to have sex with his daughters if they'd give up their desire to have sex with his new, male friends.

Lot's wife could see how he was putting the wellbeing of strangers over their own children, but she couldn't describe his misplaced loyalty. She was shut up [wisdom that's denied and then suppressed]. She was censored. That's what it means to be figuratively turned into a pillar of salt.

> we were going or why. Somehow, I got out from under my boyfriends' clutches every time in the nick of time. I escaped being figuratively bound and gagged like an animal. I instinctively knew that I wasn't going to allow myself to become a gift to their God. I didn't want to be used like an animal sacrifice.

In an effort to answer to myself for my behavior, I had to understand how I, like **Isaac**, had been traumatized by my father's misplaced efforts to use me as **his** sacrifice [scapegoat] to God. I had to understand why he beat me, silenced me and then abandoned me.

As a man at the Isaac stage of my spiritual development, I sought intellectual prowess to unlock the secret of my desire to understand my father's unconscious intentions. I exercised my mind. I learned how to think critically.

The next generation on everyman's spiritual journey, a **Jacob**, seeks the power to achieve his own will, regardless of the external cost. Just as Jacob struggled with his brother in the womb, I struggled for space to be myself with the boys in elementary school. Just as Jacob stole Esau's birthright, I yearned for what my peers in high school had that I hadn't been given.

Jealousy of a man's container [body] and envy of his contents [virtues or position in society] drives all men through the color green in the rainbow that shines in our heart. Getting through red rage, orange angst, yellow fear and green coveting turns a good man blue [sad]. Life is so much harder when you realize you've been given two worlds, one within and one you need to learn to share.

None of the Patriarchs realized that the "talking" serpent in their tree had the kind of control over them that it did. So, each of them pledged his allegiance to God to lead him toward answers to the mystery of being a man whose serpent had its hood cut off [circumcision].

This is the covenant between Jewish males with God. This exposes us to the mystery of signing on to a relationship with God using our **penis** as our **pen**. But it doesn't tell us any more about what it is we've signed up for.

Jesus was the first Jew to question the meaning of the rainbow for personal insight, the only promise God ever made to man in the Hebrew Testament. To this day, He personifies the rainbow of hope in the flesh.

> I, too, personify a rainbow in the flesh. I, too, am a symbol of hope. I'm a man with a range of awesome feelings. I want to love my brother, not kill him. Why some men have figuratively treated me like the Romans treated Jesus is due to their misunderstanding of scripture. I, too, am a son of our Father.

Good men and women are blue [sad]. Those who are curious enough to go through the mystery of life [indigo] make their way through the darkness we see in this world. They cherish their sanity by seeking truth, justice and the American way. They discover the ecstasy [violet] that makes their life worth living.

Today many men are like me. They don't want to offend anyone. They prefer to avoid confrontation. [This is why I write and don't talk too much to people about my mission.]

These seven emotional options represented by the colors of the rainbow have produced the soulful qualities in some men that make them true leaders. They're statesmen who care about the next generation, not politicians who only care about the next election. They shine like the sun with an inner glow [charisma] that reveals the promise [rainbow] they were given that they want to explore all day every day through personal growth and productive means [job/career/mission].

In the outer world, this has produced three Abrahamic religions out of one, each claiming to be closer to God than the others. This is the modern world as we now have to live in it.

The word "modern" simply means "present." We're all locked in the present moment in time. We're all modern. Our ancestors were modern in their day-and-age, too. And our descendants will be modern, as well. The next generation will claim to be more modern than we were. The concept of modernity changes. If you don't keep up, your scripture will become old fashioned.

The last, spiritual stage of everyman in Genesis is the **story of Joseph**, the favorite son of Jacob. Joseph personifies old age in the initiation into spirituality. ["Yosef" means "to augment" in Hebrew]. Joseph was the scapegoat in his family, the Jew du jour, the dreamer who only wanted to help out but who was blamed for everything he did.

Joseph was sold out [betrayed] by his family. [They figuratively screwed him over rather than kill him.] They literally sold him into slavery. And yet, Jacob and all his sons mysteriously ended up coming to Joseph for help when times got bad.

A Joseph is like the old man today who looks back at the schemers and takers who used him, while biting his tongue. He knows he wasn't perfect, either. He concludes that surely God has a plan that includes everyone, not just him. He sees his successes as measurable. But he sees his losses as, too.

What the men in Torah couldn't perceive or personify was the men of today who see themselves as students in a school with one Teacher. They were enrolled at birth and will graduate upon death. All their efforts are like lessons and tests in anticipation of rewards in life and after life. But most men die with a chip on their shoulder at all their losses. They lose their good reputation in some others' eyes. They feel weakened in having been ignored, neglected,

overlooked, mistreated and abandoned. But they don't learn why God let them go through their losses. They don't advance through their own guilt. They only accuse others of deserving of guilt and punishment.

> My own siblings betrayed me. I never expected to discover that there were enemies in my family! I'd always expected to find my enemies among strangers. I've had to distance myself from my siblings because they financially stabbed me in the back.
>
> Alienation from my family has been difficult for me to live with because I'm very loyal to my country, clan and kin. I've had to unlearn what I learned as a child about loyalty over truth. I've had to choose **truth** over **loyalty**. That's been a painful lesson.
>
> Therefore, it's not my job to excuse, forgive or exonerate anyone. I judge everyone as wanting. But I leave it up to the Teacher to decide how to improve their grades. If they come to me looking for answers, I can always provide suggestions in how to improve their mood. I can provide instruction in how to change their attitude in ways that will lead them to laugh at themself and others for their ignorance in advancing in this school.
>
> I've had to accept detente over denial. And I've had to let go of money as the root of all evil. It's the **love** of money that roots our desires [penis] in good [right testicle] and evil [left testicle]. This was an unpleasant fact of life until I learned how to make **honey**.

Today's Joseph is the dreamer who's learned to follow his desire [right testicle] to help others with their path to redemption rather than just seek to serve his own selfish cravings [left testicle].

The **story of Joseph** describes the stage of a man who's learning the importance of maintaining a charitable disposition throughout life despite the abuse he has to endure. He's a man who understands how he was made in God's image using four forces: **thoughts**, **feelings**, **desires** and **beliefs**. He's a man who consciously knows how to operate himself as a mensch [human being], not like an animal or machine.

In the Book of Exodus, a new Jew [Moses] is born out of the old [Joseph]. A Moses is a man who has a burning bush experience, a man who can see that he's got to become the hero of his own tale. He can't just help the guilt-ridden [Joseph's half-brothers] redeem themselves. [6]

Moses may have been a murderer, but he found his personal reason for being honest, sincere and authentic in all his affairs despite what others thought of him. If a murderer can find a way to please God by taking on a mission, despite his impatience and imperfections, surely God finds reasons to put some hope in us all.

We all have the potential to do well on our lessons and tests. But we all have a different syllabus and curriculum. When you realize that your major is **you** and my major is **me**, we come together with good reasons to share our answers with one another.

This is the essence of marriage. This is the foundation of the family model of instruction for children. I married myself. My boyfriend is my study partner in the school of life. He contributes enormously to making my life a delight. His wisdom, love and loyalty enhance my own in myriad different ways.

This can't happen in the Middle East until the Israeli/Palestinian problem has to be solved. But this can't

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[6] In the biblical context, a half-brother is someone who shares the same **honey** [semen], but he's a brother from another mother. His **milk** [love] is different.

happen until both the Jews and the Muslims make marriage equality their primary goal. Until men can marry everywhere in the Middle East, those students are obviously not ready to seek peace. They aren't ready to love their own penis. How could they ever love their neighbor's penis as their own.

All the men in Genesis struggled with good and evil, the mixed juice of their fruits [testicles]. But Moses [the main character] had an inner sense of right and wrong that none of the previous men in Genesis had a clue to. Moses struggled with his conscience for the sake of his people, not for the sake of his family or himself.

Moses [the author of his tale] was connected to God although Moses [the main character] was separate from others. How else could he have written his autobiography with the expansive, spiritual understanding of life that he expressed through the combination of literal and figurative speech.

Each of us is the author of our story as well as our main character. Each of us is writing our autobiography with our **pen** [**penis**]. It's up to your head, heart and soul to decide if you approve of the story you tell. Don't let others pressure you into following their standards when it comes to your personal relationship with God.

God told Moses at the Burning Bush that his brother [Aaron] would be waiting for him with open arms. What man in Genesis could count on his brother for help? Since **Cain and Abel**, Genesis was about the various permeations of brother against brother.

To become a brother unto your brother, as Aaron did for Moses, is a great achievement in the development of a man's life. Heroic behavior by men who behave with brotherly love are few and far between. A man who can support his brother's mission has been given a special mission from God. The man who can apply brotherhood to his actions, like Aaron with Moses, is a man who'll have the strength and

skill to lead many others. Such is the definition of a priest [and by extension, a rabbi, minister and imam].

And yet, Aaron later betrayed Moses by helping the Israelites construct the Golden Calf. As deep and abiding a joy as Moses had with his siblings [Aaron and Miriam], Torah only serves as the beginning of God's plan to develop the feeling of brotherhood and sisterhood in a man. It would require a new Jew to come along 1,400 years later to fulfill the next level of spiritual awakening in mankind. [7]

That Jew was Jesus. I think Jesus may have been a gay Jew Who had the ability to bring brotherhood to physical fulfillment by including orgasm with another man. I think He may have been willing to share his **honey** [semen], not just his **milk** [love] with men. He imbodied **the land of milk and honey**.

I suspect there was a sexual relationship between Judas and Jesus that was censored from the New Testament. I think that's the secret [sauce] alluded to in the Gospels that explains the love between some gay men today in a way that some straight men can only envy or scorn.

Even if I'm wrong about Christ's sex life, I still think 30 pieces of silver [$2,000 today] wouldn't be enough for anyone to be tempted to betray a popular, public figure. I think Judas was far more motivated by envy over what Jesus had that he didn't.

In the same way that Torah **figuratively** censors the reader from its deeper meaning with metaphor, I think the Gospels **literally** censors the depth of intimacy Jesus held for Judas in order to reveal the spiritual symbolism that Jesus personified. For a Jew to understand the meaning of **Israel**, a land of **milk and honey**, he must discover the meaning of those three words.

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[7] The mother of that new Jew was also named Miriam [Mary]. The Jews and Christians are connected by Jewish mothers [Miriam/Mary], not just by their Father.

Modern man figuratively holds his spiritual knowledge in his breastplate, thus making a **hairy chest** a sign of a man's **burning bush**. Call that spot the figurative location of his conscience, where he weighs his thoughts against his feelings to determine good from evil; right from wrong; and better from worse. It's from this place that a man moves figuratively forward toward life or back toward death. It's out of this **literal** place that truth **figuratively** emanates.

Loving God like a brother rather than a father produces a **sacred heart**. Such is the mystery of God's plans for every maturing man. We're all different. Each of us has a different mission. That's why it's called the human **race** and not the human **rivalry**.

It wasn't until mankind was given a soulful experience via the Jewish archangel, Gabriel, with Muhammad that God's revelations were completed. Only by making your way over the rainbow in your heart that you arrive at the pot of gold at the end of both ends. That's hopeful!

Our Creator achieves intimacy with those of us who are soulful by bringing us back from our right nipple halfway to our left nipple through brotherhood and sisterhood. This makes our breastplate our conscience. Here, we share the thoughts in our head, feelings in our heart and beliefs in our soul with God. Here, He invites us to take actions that'll raise the class curve for everyone. Those who don't come to class have no idea what they're missing.

If having a soulful relationship with a woman is **good**, having a soulful relationship with a man couldn't be **bad**. And if both are good, having a soulful relationship with God could only be **better**. S/He loves everybody regardless of our sexual preferences.

Every modern man has the equivalent of a burning bush experience. I have them daily. When you know good from evil and right from wrong, it isn't hard to decide what's better or worse in your humble opinion. And if you're willing to discuss these matters with yourself in terms of

your destiny, not just in terms of others' behavior, you develop a conscience which becomes **your** guide, not anyone else's. You become an individual, not a facsimile of other people's intentions for you.

> I have my burning bush experiences at night. When the sun has set and darkness falls over the land, I descend into the realm of indigo [midnight blue]. I allow myself to experience my finnicky form of madness with God as my Witness.
>
> I call this time of night, "office hours with the Teacher." I let down my hair, so to speak. I reveal the Samson side of me.
>
> I allow my head, heart and penis to collude with one another without impediment. I believe it's better to wreak havoc within me than with others. It's better to experience madness at night by myself than during the day in the company of others. [For someone who was labeled a paranoid schizophrenic this is a vast improvement on the way I behaved in my youth when my erratic actions signaled that I was a danger to myself and others.]
>
> From these nightly previews to the lessons that come the next day, I realign my leaning tower a little more. I get up in the morning standing a little taller on the inside. Therefore, I can pierce reality the next day with a straighter arrow shot from a tauter bow.

When you're this deeply guided by a conscience that creates your most intimate and cherished beliefs for God - and meld your thoughts, feelings and desires in new ways – you develop an intimacy with yourself that's so powerful and beneficent that you yearn for greater knowledge of God's desire for intimacy with you. You come to believe that you're the greatest miracle S/He has ever created from your personal perspective, however arrogant that may appear to

others. You feel as though the whole world was created just for You two.

This conclusion will certainly alarm those who see you as misguided, emotionally aloof or insane. Therefore, caution is the key when communicating your innermost thoughts to others. When doing psychic surgery on yourself, just as in the medical model, do no harm.

This sense of personal importance in God's eyes leads a man on a mission with cautious confidence. It gives him a sense of belonging to the family of man, not just to his childhood family or the nuclear family he's created.

This is when S/He becomes a universal God. And this is when you become like an Aaron [priest] unto your brother [Moses] who's on a mission.

For some not even this will be enough. They'll want to become like a sister unto their brother. This is what Jesus accomplished thanks to the valuable spiritual input about love that He held for His mother.

> I was like my mother's daughter when I was a child. I became like her sister when I reached maturity. And when she grew old and infirm, I became like a mother to her.
>
> I've gone through the stages of womanhood. I've become a sister to myself. I know brotherhood and sisterhood from within. And I know how it feels to be a beloved grandmother to my inner child.
>
> As a Jewish mother and grandmother, I've had to learn to control my feelings for others. They're not my family. My family lies within. People are just going to have to raise their esteem in their own eyes. Waiting for others to esteem you is a waste of valuable time that will leave you bitter and resentful.
>
> Don't do it.

"**Anticipation**"
by
Carly Simon, 1971

We can never know about the days to come,
but We think about them anyway.
And I wonder if I'm really with You now,
or just chasin' after some finer day.
Anticipation, anticipation
is makin' me late;
is keepin' me waitin'.
And I tell You how easy it feels to be with You,
and how right Your arms feel around me.
But I, I rehearsed those words just late last night
when I was thinkin' about how right tonight might be.
Anticipation, anticipation
is makin' me late;
is keepin' me waitin'.
And tomorrow We might not be together.
I'm no prophet and I don't know nature's ways.
So I'll try and see into Your eyes right now,
and stay right here 'cause these are the good, old days.
And stay right here 'cause these are the good, old days.
[These are the good, old days]

They say that today is the first day of the rest of your life. What they mean by that is that today lies in the present. All other days lie in abstract locations called the past or the future. What we all share with one another is the here-and-now. And we're always here, now.

If that doesn't excite you, maybe that's because you, like me, are an introvert, not an extrovert. When I'm not excited about being with myself, I feel nervous, anxious, worried concerned, uneasy and apprehensive about being with others. Sharing the moment is an awesome/awful experience for those who are really in the present moment in time.

For people like that, the now only becomes meaningful when we dive down into it with curiosity and awe at what interests us the most. For me, that's scripture. Being with me in the present is only possible when I'm here with God.

The We in me is evidence of Him and I united in one unique way that nobody else can know. They can duplicate what We have, but they can't be Us. This makes my relationship to God unique. When I'm naked with Will, God is there with Me. I don't believe He's there with Will because Will is agnostic. But that doesn't matter because it doesn't diminish my relationship with God or with Will.

I can't know what excites you about spending time with yourself. And if you don't know, you ought to ask yourself to find out.

The Marvel of Miracles

Every Moses has a gift from God, an ability to part an inner Red Sea to reveal a path that was previously submerged in ignorance. Every man has a superpower. As he goes on his unique path of authenticity, others will follow him. When he gets out of bondage to go to the other side of his Red Sea, he'll see that his enemies have figuratively drowned in their pursuit. And so, every good man continues on toward his goal with hope – to a land of **milk** [love] and **honey** [knowledge of all God's names from within].

> Moses could literally do magical, mystical things with his staff. His staff could turn into a serpent that could swallow all the Pharaoh's magicians' serpents. He got God to part the Red Sea with the same staff.
>
> I can figuratively build bridges with my staff [penis], too. I hold a mystical, magical property within me that's no different than the semen of every other man. But mine holds seeds unique to me.
>
> I plant my seeds in fertile soil. I water them. And I celebrate each and every seed that germinates and grows up through the rock of reality into a sprout that reaches for the sky.

This journey in search of self slowly ends the nonsense of one scripture uber ales. It teaches a man to look for bits and pieces of the scattered mystery of his secret in everyone he meets. It teaches him to be proud to share his belief system while being with all others before our one God.

How many times have you, like me, prayed in synagogues, churches and mosques? What do you know about what happens in Hindu, Buddhist and Taoist temples?

Men who believe in the wisdom of only one belief system become misogynists, anti-Zionists, racists, and

homophobes. [And when all else fails, they go after those with disabilities.]

That's true of all men, even if they claim never to have met a Jew or gay man in their life. The answer to the meaning of life lies in all the roads [scriptures], not just in one road to God.

I put misogyny before all the other forms of self-hatred that emanate out of men because so many men blame Eve, and by extension their own mother for them having been born.

Milk [love] comes from women's breasts. The love of a woman, like the milk from her breasts, is the same, regardless of which breast it comes from. By extension, women have the ability to love all their children equally.

Honey [knowledge of God through the creation of life] figuratively comes out of man's penis. But semen, the life-giving substance emitted by men, is a unique blend of good and evil produced by his testicles. This explains why men are far more dangerous to life on Earth than women.

The honey [semen] of **men** becomes the source of our knowledge of God's plan. The milk of **women** becomes the source of their knowledge of His love. This knowledge, male [y] and female [x], is something no child can know. It falls to adults to reveal this to children through enlightened parenting techniques and a well-rounded education. That said, each of us is a unique combination of wisdom [knowledge of God] and love [knowledge of humanity].

Jesus amazed the priests in the Temple when He was 12 years old. He was on the cusp of adolescent and therefore was surely personally knowledgeable about how to achieve orgasm. [Luke 2:41–52] He went on to prove that He could bridge the gap between male knowledge from His Father [wisdom] and female knowledge from His mother [love].

No child can hold more self-knowledge than an adult male who's been through puberty. Resistance to this

argument defies logic. It defies reality. Denial of such a fact of life succumbs to childish fantasy.

Torah is the core of the story of the Jewish people and our quest to solve the mystery of monotheism. There are very few pagans left in the world. Everybody uses the Jewish calendar of seven, moral days to make meaning out of the time we're allotted.

But almost everybody treats the Jews like the Joseph in the family of man: the scapegoat. And yet, many later come to us to solve problems to change the course of His story.

Israel is, thank God, back in existence after a 2,000-year hiatus. But every generation still question why the Jews evolve to become more powerful. The truth is that all good people evolve to become more powerful.

Yet many modern men are dogmatically insistent on sticking with what they learned from their father, when their father didn't teach them nearly as much as they needed to know.

Only some young men are eager to go on their own exodus. Not every man is ready to call himself a Moses, a brave man with a mission who was born into a new age.

Many men don't want to talk about their burning bush experiences because we've all been overwhelmed by nuts who can't explain their own desires with a Biblical insight that's inclusive, kindhearted and forgiving.

It takes a fruit who's gone nuts to understand what it means to be a tree of self-knowledge. We were all planted in this garden to wrap our roots around the Rock; to rise up through the ground of our being; to unfold our leaves to the sun; to branch out with worldly knowledge; and to rise up toward the light.

It's only when you begin studying Torah figuratively as an adolescent that the main metaphor of Moses explains something about your life that's personally meaningful. Only then does the Book of Genesis becomes a path to the Book of Exodus. It's only then that you see:

1. that the spiritual **infancy** of every adult male began with his first orgasm [Adam, Eve, serpent]

2. that his spiritual **childhood** began with the ensuing struggle between his head and heart [Cain, Abel]

3. that his spiritual **adolescence** began with the construction of his ark [body] that holds the animal instinct he figuratively keeps in his hull [prostate gland] [Noah]

4. that his spiritual **young adulthood** began with the construction and ascension of his tower to power [Babel]

5. that his spiritual **adulthood** evolved in three stages [Abraham, Isaac, Jacob]

6. that with spiritual old age he felt like his brothers' scapegoat [Joseph]

– that these six stages of life make sense in anticipation of the arrival of the seventh spiritual stage of every Moses on a mission for God.

This gives Torah personal meaning that's universal, not just Jewish. This opens the mind of those who've studied Torah, and by extension the rest of the Hebrew Testament, to the arrival of Jesus and the importance of spiritual symbolism [a container being filled with love as its contents]. This then opens the Gospels to the revelations of the Prophet Muhammad and the importance of similes in achieving loyalty to the one God of us all.

The Prophet Muhammad wanted what Moses and Jesus had, but he was willing to seek it his own way by going on his own mission via a spiritual flight with Archangel Gabriel through Jerusalem to Heaven to convene with Moses, Jesus and God. This was the genius of Muhammad. This was his solution to moving through the green envy of the rainbow without fear [yellow] or sorrow [blue], but with confidence that he could contribute something new to something so old. [8]

[8] That said, Muhammad's relationship to women lacked the righteous love we all seek. Marrying a six-year-old child

I had to go through decades of jealousy of other men's bodies and envy of their social skills before I could see myself from within as a spirit in a vessel on a unique journey that was somewhat similar to the journeys of Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad.

Only by learning to read myself could I come to understand what I was saying using body language in addition to what the forces within me were revealing about my relationship to the one God of us all.

The autobiography of Moses [the author] ends in the Book of Deuteronomy a couple of paragraphs after the death of Moses [his main character]. The mission is then handed over to Joshua [Hebrew: savior].

Joshua becomes the next vessel [penis] to personify God's word, which every Jew should take to heart in order to discover the wisdom of His mysterious ways. A Jewish man, and by extension a Jewish woman, who can't see him or herself as a savior isn't going to respect a humble Christian who sees Jesus as his or her Savior.

We all know how disrespect of both these religions took Europeans to Hell and back twice in the last century. And we can see what's happening in Europe now with Muslim acrimony added to the mix.

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and having sex with her when she was nine isn't something good men strive for.

Trying to take Jerusalem away from the Jews is no different than the Jews trying to steal Mecca out from the Muslims. What's next? Are the Muslims going to invade Rome and take it away from the Christians? This animosity has been addressed violently for 1,400 years. It's time we look at our scriptures differently.

The milk of human kindness was relayed symbolically as mother's milk by the Jews to Christians through Jesus, the new Joshua [Savior]. He transformed our understanding of mother's milk into the combination of His body and blood. He became the next holy vessel in God's ongoing message to man.

Jesus may have been a gay Jew Whose relationship with His serpent was hidden from view by His editors and straight fraternity brothers: the Apostles [Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, James, Jude and Paul]. They called His confrontation with Himself the "Three Temptation of Christ" by Satan. [Matthew 4:1-11]

The Apostles may have been afraid of their own desires [penises]. They may have been guilt-ridden about masturbation and sex between men. If you read the writings of Peter and Paul, you can see that they knew nothing about the main metaphor of Moses.

In those days, ignorant Jews promoted the idea of a magical creature called "Satan" whose evil power could overwhelm a man's conscience. They exacerbated the Jewish **penis problem** that existed at the time. No man could perceive the personal power of the serpent in his own tree.

Moses gave us his autobiography with an emotional description of his penis problem [rage]. He confessed that his anger overwhelmed his reasoning, causing him to kill a man and later alienating him from God.

There are no men in Torah who had only one wife. There are no men in Torah who didn't have problems with their brothers. And by further example, there haven't been any men in any generation thereafter without problems caused by misplaced desires.

The desire of a man to prove to the world that he's mature enough to handle responsibility doesn't suddenly arrive when he can achieve orgasm. Guilt is the great light. Pain and suffering are the great teachers. This is what changes the heart of man leading him back to Torah, to the

beginning [basics], in his quest to understand man's relationship to man before God.

God uses us indirectly to shape us like clay. If you don't like someone, thank God for that lesson He's bringing you and then use your conscience as your guide to solve that rift in your relationship. Learn to laugh at the foolishness of your neighbors. You're a hand of God and in the hands of God.

> My guilt became apparent to me through the rainbow of colors I associated with my feelings. I suddenly realized that guilt was pitch black, but that there was a rainbow shining in that darkness inside me.
>
> It was then that I overcame spiritual colorblindness. I could then suddenly see how we're all using our body to express ourself emotionally. People are carving their story into the rock of reality with body language, regardless of what comes out of their mouth.
>
> In late middle age, I could finally see that I had an amazing ability to translate personal tales into stages of spiritual growth to help men understand themselves as spirits on material journeys to achieve moral awakenings.

Every modern man with a penis ought to use his time to contemplate reality for personal, spiritual edification. His maturation requires a vibrant sex life, something he can strive for before, during and after marriage through monogamy. It's a question of personal interest in evolving himself with our Teacher in the privacy of his own mind.

Gay men express brotherhood to such an intimate degree that we can learn to love a man with our body, head, heart and soul. But even we've got **penis problems**. We, too, need to mature. Each of us has special needs. By extension, all other men and women do, too.

When Jesus told His followers that one among them was going to betray Him, surely, all eyes secretly turned to Judas. No other of His flock thought of knowing Him in the biblical sense of the word. No other disciple of Jesus was as jealous of His body [container] and envious of His blood [contents] as Judas. We know Jesus wasn't in a fraternity of gay men who were having sex with one another because none of them conspired with Judas. They conspired with the concept of a devil instead. They couldn't see that Satan was another name for the serpent in their own tree.

"The one who has dipped his hand into the bowl with Me will betray Me." [Matthew 26:14-38, John 13:1-30, Mark 14:12-26, Luke 22:7-23] Translation: The one who knows Me intimately symbolically will betray Me. The one who converses with my serpent in his heart will be beguiled by his own serpent [desires].

I suspect Judas was a gay Jew who could only know Jesus physically with carnal lust, not spiritually with divine passion. He couldn't know Him with pure desire [love]. Judas wasn't evolved enough to plummet the depths of **His** heart, let alone his **own**.

That drove Judas up the rainbow from ecstasy [violet] into the realm of madness [indigo]. That made him jealous of Christ's body and envious of His blood. Judas didn't have the skills to question his feelings for Him, let alone his feelings for himself.

Many today still lack the skill to look within that deeply. They can only blame others, usually the gays and/or the Jews for their misfortune. They're spiritually colorblind to the emotional meaning of the rainbow that shines up from their broken heart on the left side of their body to their Adam's apple and down to their soul on their right side. This colorblindness poetically addresses the tension in our society between so many Black and White straight men who can't yet address each other's rainbow issues.

To love a **brother** as Jesus loved Judas and to love a **Brother** as Judas should have loved Jesus would have required a depth of self-knowledge that Judas couldn't perceive or pursue. No one in those days could. Few today can and do.

God's story of the birth of love needed to proceed as slowly as it did in order to bring us to where we are now. There's still much we need to do as a society to help those who can't help themself to love themself before they learn to love their brother.

Even if you're a modern, gay man living in a modern, tolerant society, your special gift requires a contemplation of your conscience that will help you transform your heart with brotherhood to such a degree that your love for yourself will turn you into a soulful person who can, at least, envision "the love that dare not speak its name" [Jesus/Judas].

This is the path to personal transcendence. This is the love of God that Judas failed to achieve with his Savior. But this is a level of self-intimacy that every man can achieve within himself in his own way.

The concept of an evil angel [Satan] who pursues you is ridiculous. There's no such thing as an angel who defies God. Civilized societies are constructed upon the main metaphor of Moses. There's a talking serpent in your tree. You need to unify the thoughts in your head, the feelings in your heart and the beliefs in your soul to arrive at the burning bush in your breastplate. Only from there can you discern the wants [-] and desires [+] that rise up like whispers to inspire or demoralize you. This is your **penis problem**.

The Medieval period was known for chivalry, a relationship of respect and allegiance between knights in shining armor and princesses [damsels in distress]. Those knights fought fire-breathing dragons [penises] across the land and swore fidelity to their king.

Many romantic, gay men seek fairy tale relationships based on this Medieval ideal. I'm no exception. But out of cynicism, spiritual laziness and greed, many gay men seek ecstasy through orgasmic delights with many men using drugs and alcohol to advance their agenda.

A satisfying, monogamous relationship is a spiritual achievement that romantic types want to pursue, achieve and protect at all costs. This gives our life meaning. This gives the concept of marriage equality importance. This leads us to soulfulness as we live out our life with love.

A straight man can't enjoy sex with a gay man, but he can enjoy sex with himself. Therein lies a level of brotherhood he **can** celebrate. Therefore, we should teach all men to love themself in their pursuit of brotherhood. The future of humanity depends on encouraging pubescent boys to develop a spiritual relationship with themself through masturbation in anticipation of a more profound exploration of the meaning of love with others.

For a **straight** man to love God, he ought to at least be willing to entertain the idea of accepting some theoretical, spiritual instruction from **gay** men. There's no other way for straight men to learn all the theoretical paths to brotherhood. We're the experts when it comes to penis solutions to problems.

My gay agenda isn't to turn straight men gay. It's to convince straight men that their relationship to themself and one another needs improving. I find that's best accomplished by sharing scripture with men who believe in God regardless of their religious tradition.

If religious, straight men have doubts about what I've said, I suggest they ask women what **they** think of my "gay agenda."

The meaning of Torah

When interpreted through the heart, rather than the head, Torah is all about the fear of **penis problems**. It's God's little way of setting up all three of the Abrahamic religions with a spiritual foundation of fear of Him that men were aware of in the past but must face today more deeply from within. Without the pursuit of brotherhood with yourself, global warming and threats of nuclear war will surely destroy our species.

A **penis problem** is a predisposition in men to treat other men, and by extension women, in infantile and childish ways [hatefully]. A **penis problem** that isn't addressed externally as fear of others will become internalized as a **penis problem** that causes fear of yourself. Every man must address his **penis problem** in both his worlds.

When each of us went through adolescence the first time, we projected our penis onto others with ignorance of our **penis problem** entirely. Over a lifetime, deflected, intuitive answers to the meaning of our life that lay in our unconscious slowly rose to consciousness. This happened willfully to the extent that we were pressured to make external choices based on charitable feelings and goodwill of others. That led to the sense of awakening that came with age that created a soulful spirit in us. But it didn't motivate many others. They became vitriolic, violent and a danger to society. They turned into terrorists who are bent on destroying the **Judeo-Christian** values that we've worked so hard to achieve and promote.

The young consider themselves soulful because they're sad, in contrast to so many others who are angry, frustrated and confused. Don't confuse anger, frustration and confusion with soulfulness. Even sorrow is a state of the heart. Soulfulness is a state of such faith in God that you express your loyalty to Him through everything you believe in, not just feel.

Confrontations with reality happen to everyone. For those men who defy their **penis problem**, their confrontations occur through exceedingly uncomfortable conflicts with others that give them a sense of having their penis and testicles figuratively sawed off with a dull, serrated knife or even with garden sheers. They feel a loss of power; a loss of importance; and a loss of participation in life. Just pursuing a career or family doesn't solve this problem. What's more, they may even see themself yearning for aggressive solutions to problems that will create self-sabotage. Drugs and copious amounts of alcohol are symptoms of this problem.

> I didn't realize how unconsciously terrified I was of ejaculation before I ejaculated the first time. But there was nobody to address this issue with me then. My father was M.I.A. Once I got through my fear by myself and achieved orgasm through masturbation the first time, I wasn't consciously afraid of cuming any longer. I felt I'd moved through an enormous barrier.
>
> However, unconsciously, it was a different story. I was actually still so terrified of what ejaculation meant in the spiritual sense that I projected my horror and fear onto anyone knowing what I was doing when I was alone at home masturbating. By learning how to face my feelings of getting caught, I slowly pierced my fear of the passage from childhood to adolescence. I slowly became a man in my own eyes by becoming capable of describing this truth to myself.
>
> My fear corresponded to the raising of the head of my penis through sexual stimulation which caused erection. Once the head of my penis was fully exposed and stimulated by my hand, I became a sexual slave to all that I was holding deep down

> inside. The physical discharge of semen corresponded to telling others my deepest, darkest secrets. Sadly, I couldn't reveal my secrets to myself through ejaculation. I had to develop a much deeper rapport with myself in the sight of God to become more honest [head], sincere [heart] and authentic [soul].

A religious Christian or Muslim who refuses to take responsibility for his desires will choose to project them onto a mythical creature called "Satan" or he may simply cut corners by blaming others for his fear of cuming, instead. This leaves such men in a state of spiritual arrest and confusion. They're stimulated and willing to allow secrets from their unconscious to rise to consciousness, but their fear of doing so in the sight of **God** still holds them back.

This self-arrest may be expressed outwardly in many ways, but **misogyny** is the most prevalent. Then **antisemitism** holds a man back. Later **racism** shows up as an impediment. Then his spiritual arrest is manifested as **homophobia**. This becomes a self-made brick wall inside that a man can't ascend or circumvent. Once a religious man hates men who love men, he hates the thought of loving himself because he sees himself as **crippled**. Then he's completely arrested. And all this he's done to himself.

Yet fathers blame their father for the difficulty in becoming a man that their father's father didn't teach them. In this way history becomes a rap sheet of offences that are blamed on others' ignorance.

The only way to stop this blame game is to develop your conscience sufficiently to know how and when to blame yourself.

We can avoid future problems if we're wise enough to use God's scriptures inclusively to move us through our sexual discomfort in the sight of God. This becomes feasible if we're willing to explore hatred before we profess love.

Self-hating men first project their frustrations with life onto their mother, and by extension all women. **Misogyny** is the first escape into denial for men with **penis problems**. They hate the container they came from [mother] rather than the container they were given [self].

Spiritually arrested misogynists will then choose to avoid further frustration with their belief in the God Who created them with **antisemitism**. Even Adam blamed God and that woman He gave him. [Genesis 3:12]

Men with **penis problems** blame the religious Jews for interpreting Eve as a woman instead of recognizing that the Hebraic **creation story** is really about every man and his relationship to life, not two people named Adam and Eve.

The secrets in Torah that the religious Jews couldn't warn anyone about because of their own fear of God then became a slippery slope into the hatred of all Jews that history will attest to.

Jesus was a **self**-ordained rabbi. Today's orthodox rabbis ordain one **another**. It's a boys' club. No women are allowed in. It's a club made up of men who hate women and gay men. It's a club made up of men who hate the penis God gave them because they don't know how to get through the fear their penis produces. And the women who love those men hate the clitoris God gave them. They're serpents in trees and worms in apples that know nothing about the secret Moses revealed to us one step at a time through his autobiography, Torah. Such men and women shouldn't be in positions of power over others. They should be in gayborhoods exploring the meaning of brotherhood. They should be at women's sporting events exploring the meaning of sisterhood.

Then the spiritually arrested project their self-loathing onto people of color [**racism**] because they presume that the darkness of a container mirrors the darkness in the heart of those God seemingly created differently. No one has to look at his own **content** if he can just blame others for their **container**.

Associate bad behavior with poor grades in the school of life, not with clothing, skin color other physical differences. Some of the most crippled people I've ever met could have won beauty contests because of they looked so good on the outside.

Now that men are becoming uncomfortable blaming women; Jews; and men of color for their own inadequacies - there are still gay men, and, by extension, trans and non-binary people to blame for the relationship they hold with the serpent in their tree. Those "words" are being shouted out in the modern age by the LGBTQIA+ community. We're not whispering inside ourself or in corners anymore.

This is why **homophobia** is the penultimate spiritual impediment for religious men and women before they take out their frustrations on the disabled. This is why Leviticus 18 and 20 is something religious people grasp to tenaciously and why the word **conservative** is a euphemism for **homophobic cripple**. Their politics has nothing to do with **money**. It's all about concealing the secret to **honey**.

That said, the anti-Zionism in **liberals** is equally offensive to me, a gay, Zionist Jew. The Palestinian people have made no attempt to make peace with gays or Jews. They've built up terrorist armies that surround Israel. Their goal is to eradicate every Jew and gay person on the planet. It's got everything and nothing to do with the land God gave the Jews. And the bitter irony is that so many in the LGBTQIA+ community are on their side. Talk about a self-sabotage!

Torah to Psalms

The issue of embracing Moses as an imperfect hero with a **penis problem** [anger issues] lies in the challenge of accepting his successor, Joshua, to the position of an even more spiritually evolved leader than Moses.

Moses got the Children of Israel across the Red Sea. Joshua got them across the Jordan River into the land God reserved for them. Moses was intrepid and brave. But **Joshua**, whose name means "savior," was truly heroic.

If you don't interpret **Torah** [Teachings] in this metaphoric way, you won't be prepared for a more imaginative examination of **Nevi'im** [Prophets] or **Ketuvim** [Writings], which is made up of the Psalms, Proverbs and the Book of Job.

The new **Joshua** [Savior] of the New Testament [Jesus] advanced the spiritual evolution of the Jews to the next level of challenge in making peace with our penis. Jesus brought the ancient Jews of His time out of their head and into their heart. This was a great spiritual accomplishment because it brought them down out of their head through their stiff-neck.

Jesus internalized the Exodus. He brought each of His disciples out of an inner Egypt into his own land of milk and honey. He universalized Israel as a personal destiny that every Jew, and by extension, every man on Earth could seek for himself.

If you don't see me as a Moses who's already parted my inner Red Sea to lead you to a personal path from Genesis into Exodus and from there through to the rest of Torah – if you don't see me as valiant and brave for passing along my self-knowledge to the Joshua [savior] in you – you won't be able to take my insights personally. You'll remain cynical and suspicious of my intentions. You'll project your **penis problem** onto me.

The Psalms holds a melody you can only hear inside yourself. It's not a tune you can hum. It's not possible to

notate this melody on a page. But it can be sung in your heart and give you a sense of hope that you won't get from traditional interpretations of the Psalms.

I ask nothing of you other than an open mind. I'm not asking you to convert to Judaism or give up a straight sex life. I don't need your adoration [fame]. And I've got enough money to live out my life comfortably [fortune].

All I'm asking is that you give Israelis a chance to help modernize the world without having to look over their shoulder for the next hyper-religious, Muslim fanatic who comes at them with a murderous look of revenge in his eyes and a bomb in his hand. The Israelis are in the same struggle with religiosity as us all.

Israel is now in crisis over the schism between gay Jews [Tel Aviv] and Orthodox Jews [Jerusalem]. **We** take Torah figuratively. **They** take Torah literally. Ours is a marriage made in Heaven like that of Lucille Ball [Protestant] and Desi Arnas [Catholic]. Our marriage is also complex. We each have incredibly different interpretations of the meaning of power.

The difference between these two cities literally in miles is 42. And as we all know from Douglas Adams' The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, the answer to life, the universe and everything in it is 42. But the real difference between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem is figuratively more than a million miles!

Taking Torah figuratively doesn't require dismantling the Jewish state. It doesn't require a Holocaust brought on this time by **Iran** rather than **Germany**. It doesn't require dismantling Judaism, Christianity and/or Islam. It doesn't even ask you to dismantle your own belief in a Creator who inspired your favorite sacred text.

It just asks you to consider the possibility that God created all the other scriptures in the world, as well. It asks you to take your God out of government and finance and

replace Him with our God [a universal God]. It asks that you treat poor and rich alike.

There are horribly bad people on both sides. So, any confusion in being a **liberal** or a **conservative** should include character defects in yourself that you haven't been able to acknowledge until now.

God knew what He was doing right from the start, even if you didn't. As you learn more about His intentions, your intentions should change accordingly. You're like Job. But it isn't God and the **devil** who are betting on you failing. It's God and your **penis**. The only way to win is to teach your penis what it doesn't know about itself. If you thought orgasm was an unexpected surprise you discovered about your body, just imagine what more God may have in store for you that could make you believe in miracles.

Religion is based on literal interpretations of one scripture over all the others. **Spirituality** is based on figurative interpretations of all scriptures that link us as a species to nature through our own individual natures.

Spirituality asks you to be inclusive, to do more than tolerate or accept gays, Jews and those with special needs. It asks you to allow us to participate in life as you enjoy it, as **you**'d claim to do for any other group of people you respect.

Men who've moved through their **penis problems** spiritually solve their antagonism with women. By extension, they have no problem with Jews. By further extension, they have no problem with people of color. If such men can learn to love one man [themself] the way gay men can love other men, straight men can consider themselves seekers of brotherhood. Women will then consider them the sort of men who'll make good fathers.

Figurative interpretation of Torah, the Gospels and Quran will reveal that all men suffer individual **penis problems**. Life on Earth can no longer survive the way we did in the past when religious intolerance gave people license to exclude some others. If we don't learn to

cooperate with everyone, we'll just continue to **conspire** against ourselves.

Misogyny leads to antisemitism, which leads to racism, which leads to homophobia, which leads to incapacitation. The consequences of these escapes from contemplating the reason for our being have turned our planet into a toilet, and our body as well, with us seemingly floating like a turd inside it.

My impatience

For years, I tried to become more patient. I didn't succeed, but I finally realized I didn't have to. What I need was to control my **impatience**. I don't even bother to pray for patience anymore. I've got all the patience I'm ever going to get. I now pray for God to teach me to control my impatience. That has opened my mind to those parts of myself that I have every reason in the world to be impatient about.

If you're reading about my highly unorthodox instruction on sacred texts for the first time, I hope you'll start by giving your parents a break. What your father didn't know about his penis and your mother didn't know about her clitoris has given me volumes to write about. You could call his **penis problem** and her **clitoris conflict** my mission in life.

You couldn't have been completely prepared for the real world when you were on the cusp of adolescence. Nobody was. Your parents couldn't tell you the facts of life as succinctly as I have. But you've survived until now. You can still catch up by making God your Witness in all your affairs. But canned prayers taste like canned food. You're going to need a personal relationship with the Teacher to relay your impressions about life in this school any better than you're doing now.

It's never too late to say, "I didn't know" or "I was just doing what I was told to do." It's never too late to ask God "Why?" like a six-year-old kid. Now is a great time to learn something new that will humble you to a deeper understanding of the importance of your life.

I'm not ashamed of myself for being gay or promoting my gay agenda. I'm not ashamed of being a Zionist Jew who's promoting the spiritual importance of Israel to the whole world. And I'm not ashamed of my personal history of mental illness. If you have issues with me as a person,

you're going to have to face those issues throughout **your** life, not in **my** books. You can close this book and I simply disappear. You can't close the diary you're writing to yourself in God's presence inside and be done with you.

If you choose to reject me for my sexuality or political views based on my faith in God, that's a part of **your** agenda. But there's much more to **me** than where I put my penis, who I vote for or the God of my understanding.

My father reversed his opinion of gay men on his deathbed, probably because he finally felt that the conflict between loving his son or loving his Creator was too great a choice for him to have to continue to make.

He relived the **akedah** [binding of Isaac] while he was dying. He chose me over God without the help of an angel as an intermediary. He chose to believe that he could love **Us** both. I don't recommend you take that long to reconcile those of your desires that are based on protecting Abraham's reputation. I'm a child of God, too, you know!

You might say that my father made his way from **Adam and Eve** to the story of **Abraham and Isaac** over the course of his lifetime. That's really not very far into Torah when you consider all there is to learn about yourself in your lifetime. Just imagine what he, a straight, male, Holocaust survivor and father of four, thought about women! Is it any wonder he went through three wives? And don't get me started when it came to how he felt about people of color if he only changed his opinion about gays under the duress of his impending death. My father wasn't moving at the speed of light when it came to spiritual awakening.

In my 26th book, I revealed how shallow I was until I looked at what I'd learned about myself from my previous, sexual partners. That book profoundly changed my life. I'd been projecting my desires onto gay men until I saw the lessons I'd learned with my penis and the importance of my penis in all my spiritual affairs.

Until I wrote that book, I was still somewhat beguiled by the "words" of my serpent. My heart then confounded my head which sometimes got me into trouble with my conscience, leaving me feeling lost and confused. It wasn't until I realized that I'm half woman [x] and half man [y] that I was able to see myself as figuratively filled with my mother's **milk** and my father's **honey** [x] + [y] I'm just like every other good human being on the planet. I'm not a pervert. I'm learning how to be honest [head], sincere [heart] and authentic [soul].

My **penis problems** today still stem from problems I had with my father growing up. And his problems stemmed from problems he had with his. My lineage is part of the world stage personified. What I'm saying about the past and present is accurate. But God only knows what the future will bring. I know that everything depends on how we change the present, not how much we yearn to rewrite the past.

The Abrahamic Triangle

The modern world is stuck in an Abrahamic love triangle in which religious, straight Jews, Christians and Muslims will tell you that they're the pickle in the middle.

So, let's take out the **pickle** and replace it with a **penis**. Now how many of them are left complaining about being the **shmuck** stuck at the center of it all? Suddenly, they look around with a blank face and a sheepish grin on their face. Suddenly, they're not so eager to play the victim card any longer.

Women and gay men can read **ordinary**, straight men like a book. And this is the book that will help you read **hyper-religious**, straight men.

Today, we need to teach young people to butter **themself** up, not **God**, with praise for all that they're doing right. Once we can teach young people to believe in themself, it won't be such a shock when they discover all they're doing wrong.

Improving a man's character is a basic fact of life. Let's not make too big a deal about shaming him, or we'll never create men who are humbler than those who've come along up until now. We were a little reckless too when we were young and spiritually immature.

But don't kid yourself. Ignorance is everywhere, not just among the young. Don't turn yourself into a scapegoat that God will have to sacrifice in some horrible way to wake you up to your ignorance of yourself.

The anti-Zionism that's leading to antisemitism is a lesson from the Teacher. We seem to get this lesson every other generation. One generation loves us. The next generation hates us. But the matter is always complicated by having to hate those the Jews have helped, like women, Blacks and gays.

Look more closely at the history of the Palestinian people. It looks like the history of all other Muslims. The misogyny, racism and homophobia in Islam is off the charts.

Do you really think that adopting their anti-Zionism is going to help anyone?

We've been dealing with **penis problems** since God told Abraham to circumcise Ishmael and Isaac. We know more than anyone else when it comes to dealing with shmucks. Abraham was a shmuck who circumcised himself. [Genesis 17:23–27] Don't treat yourself sadistically and masochistically. You don't need to punish yourself to appease God. There are betters ways of relating to Him.

As I said before, the greatest hate crime in the world is suicide. So, to have survived three attempts on my own life made me realize that I'd been like a Hitler unto myself. If I'd know better, I would have seen that my issue emanated out of my penis. My head, heart and soul weren't all that impaired. I was spoiled like rotten fruit. I'd been dented like a car that had been in an accident. I was **marred**. I need to **marry** myself to heal my wounds.

That's a bitter irony since my parents were both Holocaust survivors who survived monsters who were determined to kill every man with a circumcised penis on the planet. And yet today, neo-Nazi, Muslim terrorists with circumcised penises want to do the same to the Jews.

What's the point of having a conscience and calling it your guide if you don't exercise it on yourself? What's the point of exercising your conscience by pointing fingers at others for the way they were made? It would be much more advantageous to look at their faults as lessons given to you to wake you up to your own.

Nothing is happening in a vacuum. But rage [red] is never the right answer. **Rage** is a very **male** answer. Sorrow [blue] is never the right answer. **Sorrow** is a very **female** answer.

Get past your rage [red] and sorrow [blue]. Come into the realm of mystery [indigo]. Seek ecstasy [violet] and the invisible range of God consciousness [ultraviolet].

If you don't suffer through the agony [orange] and envy [green] in having to be who you are, you're never going to learn how to take the escapades of the foolish, hateful, disloyal and fanatical to heart to make you a more heroic person.

Find reasons to become more confident, even if some others may look at you askance. You have to improve yourself, even if your experiences have led you to moral and/or financial ruin.

Making mistakes is like going down a road that turns into a dead end. You have no choice but to turn around, go back to the main road and continue forward. I've gone down many dead ends and look at how confident I've become. I have no fear of people disagreeing with my interpretation of scripture. I believe their arguments are based on dogma and ill will.

My father survived concentration camp and my mother survived running like a fugitive from Nazis in Germany, her native land. I'd like to be able to say that I come from a family where I was taught to reflect on my actions with religious intention. But that's not the case.

When it comes to self-reflection, the chip on my family's shoulder was bigger than the Grand Canyon. They weren't the kind of people who eagerly looked for their own imperfections. They preferred to point fingers at others rather than at themselves.

But don't think that surviving suicide three times made me any different than them. It took me six decades to find my own way of placing my staff in my Red Sea to reveal my path out of bondage from my ancient Egypt. It took me a lifetime to achieve a sense of freedom [head], liberty [heart] and emancipation [soul] from myself.

It even took a failed love affair of 13 years with another gay Jew to reveal my spiritual shallowness. Like Jesus with Judas, I can see myself from "Both Sides Now." [Song by Joni Mitchell, 1968]

I recommend we teach our children to see the best in themself before we teach them how to deal with the worst in themself. That will introduce them to the liberty that comes from a heart open to admiring, accepting and tolerating having to be someone as human as everybody else.

Only with confidence based on good deeds will our children be able to go on their own quest to soulfulness, as did the Prophet Muhammad with the Jewish archangel, Gabriel.

You and I may not have an archangel whispering in our ear to recite God's commandments to us through similes, but we do have a conscience we can rely on as our guide if we're curious about what will happen if we develop that conscience of ours into a soul.

That said, mistakes are emotionally costly. Mistakes require us to pay attention with greater discipline and self-restraint. That forces us to take more control over our own life and leave others to fend for themselves.

When you witness how you previously excluded those you found ugly, feminine, soft or even gay, you should now be able to see something about yourself that you were denying. You should be able to see how your mistakes led you down dead ends that revealed prejudices in you that you're now ashamed of.

Forgiving others instead of doing the hard work within isn't going to help anybody. Just do the right thing. Let God take care of outcomes. We put far too much emphasis on forgiving others, and then we end up punishing ourself, instead.

If you don't look at the gentle souls you disliked as projections of your own fear of spiritual renewal, you'll remain a misogynist, antisemite, racist, homophobe or incapacitated imbecile. You'll watch as your **penis problem** or **clitoris conflict** gets worse and worse.

We're all scared of ugliness. External ugliness reminds us of our moral challenge to better ourself. If we cringe at

the ugliness around us brought to us by God, we won't see the ugliness within us that we need to beautify. It's possible to go from ugly on the outside to beautiful within. In fact, it's more than just possible. It's spiritually compulsory.

They say that beauty is in the **eye** of the beholder. [Margaret Wolfe Hungerford] I disagree. I think that beauty lies in the **soul** of the beholder.

We know that trying to look beautiful isn't something that can only be achieved on the outside. **Vanity** of our body leads to **conceit** of our mind. **Conceit** leads to **mistakes**. **Mistakes** lead to misfortune, which then forces us to face our inner ugliness anyway. Just look at Vladimir Putin and all the other pharaohs around the world if you want to see what ugly looks like.

Billionaires are some of the poorest people on the planet. Just look at how petty and mean-spirited they are. They're students of life who'll be shocked when they see their transcript upon graduating the school of life. **Money** is no indicator of **honey**.

None of us lives in a vacuum. We're all spirits figuratively going to spiritual school on a daily basis. Lessons from the Teacher with our classmates are intended to help us grow.

If you don't take other people's feelings to heart with **sympathy** if you haven't been in their shoes or **empathy** if you have, you're missing the message of that day's curriculum. You're sleeping through class.

Your skin marks the end of you and the beginning of the external world. National borders are no different than skin. Despots who don't acknowledge other nations' borders are like rapists. Personal integrity is expressed through respect of other peoples' personal, social and national boundaries.

If you're ashamed of your White skin, you don't just have to make up for that with good deeds. You could go within to the source of your guilt. God doesn't let me off the

hook just because I pass as White. The same can be said about Black, Brown or Yellow skin.

God plays favorites. But, if you decide that you want to pursue money, property and prestige without exercising your conscience, you're going to indulge your desires without giving a damn about the wreckage you're creating within you and around you. You're going to turn into a penis with arms and legs, not a head, heart and soul that can control your urges.

If you want to convince God that you're someone He ought to **like**, [even though He **loves** everybody], you're going to have to pull yourself out of the realm of religiosity into the realm of spirituality. Modernity demands that of us all.

As a man constructs his unique spiritual operating system in the same way that he personalizes his computer and phone, he realizes that the religions are bankrupting the masses. They're forcing us to use one religious operating system to the exclusion of all the rest. They're doing harm so long as they aren't motivating their congregants to learn about the greater depth of their individual, spiritual, operating system in relation to all the others.

The war in Ukraine is just one more war between Orthodox Christians, Catholics and Protestants over who Jesus loves more. It's just one more nail being pounded into His body with hateful intent. They each insist on their religious belief system uber ales.

The wars in the Middle East are all based on antisemitism, which is even more bitterly ironic since Jews and Muslims are both Semites. They both erroneously think that Christ's symbolism has nothing to do with them. They fight Torah [metaphor] against Quran [similes] without concern for the Christian, symbolic concept of God through love.

We should all agree that the Hindus have thousands of names for God because God wanted them to have that many.

Brahma-consciousness [identification with your mother through contemplation of your navel] can be achieved in one lifetime without reincarnation and separation of the classes. All the Hindu gods are like steps up from the basement to the ground floor of God's earthly edifice.

We should all agree that the Jews have no name for God because He never gave us His name, and with wise reasons. Once the Jews relinquished animal sacrifice after losing the Temple twice, they learned to honor their father and mother by repeating what they did right and not repeating what they did wrong. They were free to use their parents' traits to better their own nature. They could let the animals off their ark figuratively two-by-two at their discretion.

The Buddhists have a religion that's absent of God-consciousness. It focuses on avoiding suffering by managing desires. You now know that desire is the fruit juice that emanates out of the two fruits that hang down from a man's tree. The way to Nirvana can be achieved without God. But what will you do without Him when you get there?

The Tao explains the perplexity of paradox. Yin corresponds to our inner world. Yang corresponds to our outer world. The Tao is the way. The Tao is God.

The Christians have three names for God [Father, Son and Holy Spirit]. The Christian God [Jesus] corresponds to wisdom of the heart. His body and blood create the symbolism that advances the idea that love is the greatest force in the universe.

The Muslims have been given God's last name, Allah. The 114 chapters of the Quran correspond to similes for God and His intentions. But without metaphor and symbolism, what will Muslims be like?

The first polio vaccine [Salk vaccine] was developed in the early 1950's by American physician Jonas Salk. They asked him how he discovered it, and he presented the image of a hallway with many doors. At each door, there was a scientist who was trying to find the key that would unlock

that door. He humbly described his work as a door he approached where no one was working to unlock it.

The world's religions and the philosophy of Buddhism are like doors to God that provide us with our individual, spiritual, operating system. Finding the key that will open one of these doors isn't sufficient in this day and age. We need keys to all of them to get where we're all going without killing one another.

The key to indigenism lies in the harmony are ancestors achieved with nature. Without understanding all the doors in the hallway of life that need to be unlocked, we aren't going to find the courage and conviction needed to explore old ideas in new ways. We're going to get bogged down with convention based on dogmatic misinterpretations of the superiority of one scripture over all others. And then we won't be able to use our individual nature as a guiding principle in reaching for God consciousness.

Our religious roots all come from geographic centers around the world. Now that the world has been united with technology, we need to know more about all our religious heritages. When anti-Zionism has been defeated, we'll be in a far better place to appreciate the humanity we hold inside.

History is His story. The way things have worked out are the way things were meant to work out as the result of how deeply humanity has been challenged to explore the mystery of life from within and throughout. All the pain and suffering people went through in the past was the result of God's intentions to better our nature.

The students of life today who are **rewarded** are **happy**. The students who are **punished** are **unhappy**. And we're all students who are rewarded and punished, happy in some ways and unhappy in others. We're all going to die sooner or later. It's the direction we're going in that makes all the difference in whether we find life meaning**ful** or meaning**less**.

We're all like the blind men who touched the elephant and came away with individual impressions. If you want to appreciate **your** impression of the Elephant, it behooves you to be open-minded to all the other blind men doing the same thing. But if those blind men tell you to hate, reject and discount **gays**, **Jews** or those with **special needs**, know that they're wrong and misguided.

Goodness isn't based on who you sleep with or your name for God. Goodness is based on how you behave toward yourself within yourself. This will determine how you behave towards others. This will determine your destiny or fate.

To discount me for being a gay Jew with special needs is a spiritual hate crime. Don't join the ranks of those who are prejudiced against anyone like me. That will boomerang back onto you in ways you'll regret. What comes around **inside** goes around **outside**.

For a gay Jew who lived in Israel, speaks some Hebrew, loves the Jewish people and who feels a responsibility not to allow neo-Nazis to do to any of us what Nazis did to my parents in the last century – is saying more than some will ever be able to imagine. If it goes over their head, it'll go over their heart and soul, as well.

There isn't a Muslim country anywhere in the world where a gay Jew is safe – not even Morocco, and I visited Morocco. I was treated beautifully by a Muslim man I met on a train to Marrakesh who welcomed me into his home. He had only two rooms, a kitchen/bedroom and a living room. He was a soldier returning from his job on a ski patrol in the Atlas mountains. While he'd been away, his wife slept with a young gal to "protect" her reputation.

He and I made up a bed in their living room the first night, where we enjoyed sex with one another. Over the course of the next few days, we smoked hashish and snuck

into the bathroom in their apartment building to have sex again and again. [9]

I also met some Moroccan Jews in Rabat, the capital of Morocco. But when we switched from speaking French to Hebrew, others heard us, and a kind woman warned us that we were soon going to be attacked. We scattered. I never saw any of them again.

You can have God's name in the palm of your hand and behave like a savage, or you can be without a name for Him and behave like an angel in disguise. And there are many options in between. A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet. [W. Shakespeare]

[9] Granted, I contributed to his adultery, a breaking of the 7th Commandment. I'd never do that again.

Autism and Anti-Semitism

I feel a great comradery with the autistic, even though I've never been tested for autism. Perhaps my "brand" of insanity is different from theirs. But I feel a deep resonance with how they strive to use their spiritual operating system to better themself. "Love on the Spectrum" of autism isn't disconnected from the love of humanity I know. [10]

Most of my life, I found it difficult to communicate with people in conventional ways because I didn't have all the social skills needed to understand the confusion within me. [I didn't see myself as gathering together the ingredients to make my own spiritual soup of good and evil. I was a Campbell's can without any way to access the soup inside it.]

One of the most brilliant things I learned from a gal in "Love on the Spectrum" was that she had panic attacks and had been taught to separate from others to deal with them using time outs.

I have panic attacks all the time. I just never addressed my fear of punishment and retaliation from my parents by labeling my sudden fears as panic attacks. My parents trained me using corporal punishment and other outdated forms of coaching. I can now see how that further damaged and confused me.

Now, at the age of 70, when I have a panic attack and I think about the possible repercussions from it, I'm forced to

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[10] Marvelous Australian documentary that changed my life. It helped me see myself as "on the spectrum" in my own special way with my own special needs.

As Shakespeare told us in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "the course of true love never did run smooth. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind." [Act 1, Scene 1]

laugh through my fears [not tears]. Nobody's left alive to punish me like before anymore. Even ridicule from strangers doesn't leave me feeling as rejected and hurt as it used to. I can handle cruelty from others by myself. And in a world such as this, that's a monumental achievement.

I'm no longer as thin-skinned as I used to be. Life has left me calloused in some ways and deeply emotionally touched in some others. And that's a miracle that I attribute to the spiritual operating system given to me by Moses that I've used to my advantage. That's an example of the guidance I've received from God that has made it possible for me to laugh through my tears and fears thanks to faith.

If there'd been a test for autism when I was a child, I'm sure I would have passed it with flying colors. My social skills were erratic and unconventional because knowledge of the forces below my neck was concealed from me through an inadequate upbringing. I could only hide up in my head. Learning more about my relationship to all of myself has been a lifelong moral challenge that's made all the difference. [11]

Probably the greatest door that opened for me was in my neck. When I suffered from severe mental illness, I had fantasies about being a cuckoo clock. And at certain strange moments, a bird would fly out a door in my Adam's apple and start chirping.

Now I can say that that bird, poetically speaking, was my mother. That was the image my mind created to explain why I have the ability to parrot accents and use language in mysteriously creative ways. That explains my search for my own voice, not repeating hers. And that explains why I've

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[11] Another movie that transformed my relationship to me was "The Road Within." [2014] The three main characters display aspects of myself. If all three had been male, it would have been easier for me to fully relate to them as sexualized aspects of myself.

discovered a personal relationship to my Adam's apple that goes beyond standard, religious interpretations of the Hebraic **creation story**.

I wish parents of autistic children would tell their children that we're all autistic, but only some are labeled autistic because of **overt** behavioral differences. We all have difficulty doing some things and seeing some things that we need others to help us with. That's why inclusion and cooperation are so important in all societies. We're all **brilliant** in some ways and **on the spectrum** in others.

A Brief Introduction to the Psalms

A psalm is a sacred song, a poetical composition for use in the praise or worship of God. The Book of Psalms in Hebrew is **Sefer Tehillim** [the Book of Praises].

"The Psalms give us the means to come to prayer in a fresh state of mind. They enable us to see that we're not the first to feel that God is silent when we pray, nor are we the first to feel immense anguish and bewilderment while praying." [internet]

I have to admit I'm not especially fond of the Psalms. For the most part, I find them antiquated. They mainly serve the purpose of showing us what Jewish warriors like King David thought about their relationship to God vis-â-vie the pagans around them who the Jews needed to kill to survive despite the 6th Commandment which commands us not to.

Living in a world where nobody but the Jews had a conscious relationship with God at that time must have been horrendously challenging for the ancient Jews. How do you explain God to someone who doesn't have a clue what you're talking about?

Today we're challenged differently. The Jews have to explain God [without being self-righteous about it] to those who assume they already know all there is to know about Him.

This makes the Psalms useful in getting the warrior mentality out of our system, especially now that Israel must find ways of making peace with the other two monotheistic religions [ironically whose roots lie in Judaism]. **Defending** Israel is not the only answer. But **offending** Christians and Muslims certainly won't work!

What makes the Psalms modern and useful to us is their **melody**, not their **lyrics**. The melody to the Psalms is erroneously believed to be lost because there was no way to notate music in any of God's scriptures.

The melody of the Psalms was never lost. It was always meant to be played and kept alive within us in our heart. Therefore, it lives in the heart of all those with a good heart. You can only hear the melody of the Psalms from the silence of your soul not the cacophony being churned out by your head and the nonsense spewed forth by your penis.

Perhaps you already march to the beat of a different drummer. Perhaps you sing your own song acapella. But for these songs from God found in the Hebrew Testament, you are a very special violin.

The lyrics to the Psalms are mostly gimme prayers that try to butter God up with praises. I don't think that's helpful in today's world where we're all so spoiled from self-indulgences that we should feel guilty if we ask God for more than we've already been given.

It may have been useful to ask God to help the ancient Jews kill their enemies when there were no other monotheistic peoples to appeal to. But it's hardly helpful now that there are three monotheistic world faiths.

All our religions believe in the same God. How can we pray to God to kill people who also believe in Him? And how could He answer such prayers in the affirmative to all of us? This is a spiritual Catch-22.

Modern men are like children who claim to see all and know all. But when you read the **Creation Story** as every boy's first wet dream, that changes everything about the way you look at the mystery of your life and your relationship to God.

All **little boys** think they can anticipate surprises. Yet, all **adolescents** look back on childhood with nostalgia because orgasm made such a great difference in coming alive. Our relationship to our body changed dramatically as teenagers, to say nothing of how it changed our relationship to other people's bodies.

What they didn't tell us when we went through puberty is that God gave each of us two worlds, a world around us

and a world within. After an infancy and childhood in which we were taught to focus only on managing the world **around** us, adolescence was a rude awakening to our world **within** – especially in light of the fact that our parents didn't properly prepare us for negotiating our inner world by ourself once orgasm frightened us.

We've all been soured [angered] by life. We're all cynical, sarcastic and skeptical, to say nothing of also being distrusting, suspicious, disparaging and even contemptuous and scorning of others.

But our negativity doesn't end there. We're also bitter [disappointed] about the way things have turned out, especially after we discovered we didn't get the body we most desired.

It wasn't until puberty that we discovered a yearning for bodies very different from our own. For most boys that yearning is for a body of the opposite gender.

But the fact of the matter is that we're all **sweet** [loving] in some ways, too. But because we've also been **soured** by life, we're all **bittersweet**.

I was particularly soured on myself because of my three hate crimes. And yet, I'm now bittersweet because my life has turned out amazingly well, even if I had to turn 70 before I could say this out loud.

Now I'm really pleased that I cared for my body as well as I have, even though I smoked, drank and drugged, to say nothing about all the STD's I needed to be treated for in my youth. [12]

I stopped **smoking** when I got clean and sober almost 40 years ago. But in many ways, I was still **fuming** inside until

[12] Go ahead and judge me. It's OK. Monogamy with a trusting partner has ended my humiliation through STD's.

I learned more about how God made me. Now, I consider myself a Samson of spirituality. [13]

I don't mask my inner forces with inebriants anymore. I don't drink, drug or smoke. I don't fan the flames of my desires for sex with strange men. I have one sexual partner [and we spend most of our time laughing together]. I still stuff down feelings with food, but I discuss the feelings, not the food. I look for God's hand in everything I reach out to grasp.

Despite a slow start in life that included destructive behavior that led to severe mental illness for which I had to be twice involuntarily hospitalized, I finally made my way through many of my projections onto the outer world to find a better way of understanding and orienting myself from within. This, in a nutshell, is the greatest achievement of my life.

I have enough money to make it through to the end. I have a loving partner. I have good health. And I'm free from loneliness and meaninglessness thanks to my writings, which have become my mission.

Having found the correlation between spoken language and body language [thanks to my career as a ballet dancer in my youth] I'm able to describe life using figurative interpretations of scripture. This is something I find so amazing and fulfilling that I consider it on a par with orgasm for ecstatic delight.

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[13] "Samson is derived from the Hebrew word for sun [shemesh]. He's a legendary Israelite warrior and judge, renowned for the prodigious strength he derived from his uncut hair. He's portrayed in the biblical Book of Judges [chapters 13–16]. He followed the proscriptions of Nazirite life, which included not drinking nor trimming his locks. But his power was sapped after his lover, Delilah, cut his hair." [internet]

If you wish to claim you're as soured and bittersweet as a gay Jew with special needs, feel free to do so. I don't hold a monopoly on my own words. God gives me concepts to explain me to myself which I share gladly with you.

I didn't become a writer for the **money**. I'm a writer for the **honey**. I don't think more money is going to make me any sweeter or reduce the bitter aftertaste of my life. I'm a writer to learn more about all God's names from the inside out, including His last name: Allah.

But I do so in my own unique way. God knows I didn't learn what I know about Judaism and Christianity from Bible study. This was done on my own.

I thank the indigenist God^{1+}; the Hindu God$^{1\text{-}10,000}$; the Jewish God; the Buddhist God^{0}; the Taoist God$^{1\text{-}16}$; the Christian God$^{1\text{-}3}$; and the Islamic God^{1} for all that I've achieved. The harder I've worked, the luckier I've gotten.

You might say that YHVH is God's **first** name. But this acronym for God isn't a name. You might say that **Jesus** was His **middle** name. Jesus was a gay Jew in my opinion. But many Christians in the past didn't want to associate God [Jesus] with Jews, let alone gays. Allah is obviously His **last** name.

I'm curious to build upon my Judeo-Christian foundation to develop the spiritual skills needed to incorporate Allah in with what I already know about an inclusive God from having lived the previous 30 years of my life among inclusive Americans here in San Francisco, and from my travels around the world.

I suppose there must be some people who regret that I'm a Jew, a gay man and a former, mental patient who sings the praises of Allah, the last name for God. I suppose they'd prefer I integrate the Abrahamic religions privately rather than through public discourse by writing books about spirituality through all the faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism.

By now, I should be used to people rejecting my ideas. But it still hurts. I obsess on being liked and doing things right. I now consider **me** my cross to bear.

I like to imagine that the Abrahamic faiths are in one edifice with the story of Moses on the ground floor and the story of Jesus above ours. That makes our Jewish ceiling the Christian's floor. I see the story of the Prophet Muhammad as constructed with the potential of being above their ceiling.

That said, the foundation of our building lies in the Hindu basement in the Bhagavat Gita and Kama Sutra. The Hindus have windows out onto the world, just as we do, although their windows all have to be at the top of their walls to be above ground.

The indigenists who came before us all are the ground in which all our faiths are rooted. Like a tree, we're all standing tall thanks to what's happening far beneath what we can see with our eyes.

We in the gay community were mysteriously blessed by having been thrown out of the edifice of faith to construct scaffolding around the building. In the 1980's, we tried to save our brothers from the AIDS epidemic worldwide despite the humiliation and condemnation we had to faith by "good" God-fearing believers. We'd already been evicted from the building. We had nothing to lose.

Needless to say, our dogmatic, old, straight, hyper-religious "brothers" responded very inadequately to our medical needs at the time. They thought AIDS was a sign from God that He hated us. Straight men then saw themselves as superior to us because they avoided anal intercourse as literal, moral instruction from God.

What kind of moral achievement could there be in vaginal intercourse? Making too many babies has become the greatest burden of the world! Just from the standpoint of population, humanity should pray for God to bring more gay people into the world.

Don't kid yourself if you think your children will be a gift to us all. They're just gifts to you, and even you know that they're only the gifts you hoped for some of the time. If you need a mirror, buy a mirror. Don't turn your children into a mirror of you. That's vain and conceited.

If you don't need to have children, get a mirror instead. It's cheaper and much easier to use. Just look in it, and the fix anything you see in your reflection that you don't like. Some will only go for **plastic** surgery. Those who are wiser will go for **psychic** surgery.

When you've proved to yourself that you're really wise, loving and loyal, you'll trade your mirror in for a cosmetic mirror. Then you'll be able to use one side to look carefully at the features on your face and the other side to look more deeply into your pores, blemishes, blotches, discolorations, scratches, wounds, scabs, burns, disfigurements, pockmarks, mutilations and scars.

When you've faced your face completely, you'll be ready to face your parents' faces. You'll come to realize how much you covet their **virtues** and deplore their **vices**. You'll realize that the 10th Commandment describes a depth of self-regard that will bring you back to 5th Commandment. The last commandment on the first tablet is to **honor** your parents. The last commandment on the second tablet is to love only their virtues as your own.

Only in this way will you be able to love your neighbor as yourself and love your God with all your might. These are the two additional commandments given by Jesus.

I don't love my **parents**. I love their **virtues**. I love their mission in life because part of that mission was to create me. I'm an inextricable combination of the two of them. I must look at them as mirrors of myself. And I must seek the best in them to share it with the world through all that I do.

The **story of Sodom** in Genesis isn't about anal intercourse. It's about screwing your parents over. God isn't

advocating in favor of vaginal sex in Torah. He's pleading with us to treat one another respectfully by acknowledging the virtues passed down to us. Intercourse, whether vaginal or anal, is no barometer of courtesy, civility and respect. Intercourse says everything and nothing about your parents' virtues that you should wish to infuse into every person on Earth.

By the turn of the last century, the dogmatically religious were more self-righteous and condescending than ever while we, in the gay community, had buried 500,000 of our loved ones. The hyper-religious are still self-righteous today. Therefore, the time has come for gay men to address our behavior scripturally. Embarrassment and shame haven't fully worked on others. Granted the world is more modest and humbler than it was when I was a young man. But it's time for us to expose their humiliation of us. We must teach the world loyalty to God and allow Him to humiliate whomever He wishes. We don't want to play God like they've done.

Sadly, they can't create peace on Earth without us. So many of them still worry about our "agenda."

Now that we're all suffering through a world pandemic [COVID], either God hates everybody, [not just those gay men who died in the AIDS epidemic], or He's got reasons for loss and grief that aren't as apparent as thought.

Life was just a masquerade for **us** in those days. Now it's a masquerade for **everybody**. If you think that wearing a mask is the work of the devil, you've got a **penis problem**. You're covering up the wrong end. You're confusing your mouth with your meatus. You've got openings, canals and passages that you haven't adequately explored.

The figurative scaffolding we've built around the Abraham edifice is based on Buddhism, the discipline given to the world by God that doesn't include Him. This has made it possible for us to achieve marriage equality in the outside world. This will give us the strength to defeat Leviticus 20

in Torah, setting an example for the world that all scriptures were given by God to be modernized. That's the miracle hidden in all the words of God.

In the spiritual realm, our gay agenda has given us the responsibility of washing the windows of dogmatically religious Jews, Christians and Muslims from the outside so they can see more clearly that Torah, and by extension all scriptures, were always meant to be interpreted figuratively using the strength of our divine goals.

The windows of the Hindus are at the top of the foundation of the edifice of humanity. They're easy for everyone to reach. There are no windows for the Buddhists, just as there are no windows in scaffolding. Our LGBTQIA+ agenda is also without windows. But the windows of the Taoists are two-way mirrors. They're a window on one side and a mirror on the other.

When you can wrestle with the fears you project onto others, you'll discover the difference between a window and a mirror. When you can stop blaming Israel for the problems in the Middle East, you'll help Muslims overcome their fear of God that's made manifest through orgasm, something they don't dare talk about with Allah. They'd rather circumcise women, conceal their faces, kill gay men and swear to kill every Jew on the planet rather than explore their fear of orgasm in Allah's presence.

There are stairs from the basement [Hinduism] to the ground floor [Judaism] and to the second floor [Christianity]. But there are no stairs from the second floor to the third floor, attic [Islam]. In the last century there was only a scuttle hole with a removable panel to access the attic. Today, we have a pull-down ladder. Today's youngsters will build a staircase up to the attic. They'll build dormers so anyone up there won't have to bend over constantly. And their children will remove the roof altogether to create a proper third floor. And our grandchildren's children will,

with God's help, plant a garden [Paradise] on the roof that everyone in the building will have access to.

Without gay men as examples of how straight men can remodel their inner sanctum to live together in peace, brotherhood will never be perceived as an achievable goal.

Now that we've reached marriage equality in civilized countries around the world, we should encourage good Hindus, Jews and Christians to build stairs between their stories and up to the third story to help Muslims make their way down out of the attic and into the rest of the spiritual edifice. [Sorry **India** and **Israel**. You don't yet qualify as **civilized societies** because you don't yet have marriage equality.]

Just by washing windows on the outside for straight men, the LGBTQIA+ community has made it possible for straight men and women to see that the schmutz remaining on their view of reality lies on the **inside**, not the **outside**. We're not their problem. They're their problem.

The greater truth is that the problem of self-loathing figuratively lies between everybody's legs. Either you have a serpent in your tree or a worm in your apple. Everybody's thoughts, feelings and beliefs are being influenced by their unwholesome wants [-], not their desires [+].

In many ways, the business community will be the first to accomplish these goals. **Money** will drive **honey**. Straight men will realize that they need pharaohs with **vision** to buy slavedrivers with **hungers** to manage slaves with **dreams**.

The problem for the religious lies in their misinterpretation of the Hebraic **creation story** and, by extension, their own perverted desire to dominate and control others. They don't understand the relationship between the 5th and 10th Commandments. They don't see how they can get from honoring their parents to loving their greatest goals. Today, straight men are still struggling to accept gays and Jews. They're still fighting over Israel instead of the land of **milk** and **honey** within them. That's

why religious, straight men create laws about what can and can't occur between anyone's legs. That's why they don't know what to do when they meet a gay Jew.

If you find yourself with an unsightly view of others from where you're standing and looking at the world, I suggest you stand up for yourself within yourself. And if you're in your attic and can't stand up fully, I suggest you raise the roof!

"Pardes" is the Hebrew word for "orchard." "Pardes" has made its way down to us as "paradise." Life was a **garden** when we were infants. It became a **grove** with our parents and siblings when we were children, and it turned into a **forest** we got lost in when we grew up.

But for those of us with a vision given to us by God, life will always be an **orchard** of wonderful experiences we wish to enjoy fully. We extend the analogy of scripture to our inner world naturally. We seek a **pardes** here on Earth before we arrive in **paradise** after life.

If you intend to make your way through the Abrahamic edifice from the ground floor through to the third floor and up to the garden on the roof [paradise], you'd better reconsider what actions you're taking to get where you want to be by the time you take that awesome leap off the building when you die.

In the spirit of waking myself up with more insights into reality than I allowed myself in the past, I had to go further **in**, rather than just come further **out**. I'd come out as far as Harvey Milk had told me to come out. I had to delve into my inner world by breaking through my religious projections. This is what turned me into a spiritual poet and self-ordained rabbi.

The combination of poetry and scripture has conferred sanity on me because I found my voice through God's word[s]. I suppose I'm still **strange**. I know I'm still **queer**. And anticipate always being **peculiar** in my own way. But I'm happy now because I can be myself. And that's not

something I see most people excited to tell everybody about themself.

The more I faced my rage [red], agony [orange] and fear [yellow], the more I began to see how jealous and envious [green] I was of my parents' virtues. Moving further in to discover the gifts they'd bestowed upon me motivated me to descend into the realm of sorrow [blue] at all God had "seemingly" forgotten to tell me.

There's little need to look deeply into others' lives to find sorrow. We're all grieving over our own losses in life. God seems to take so much we cherish away from us just to drive us further into grief [blue] so we make our way from there down to mystery [indigo]. It's only because people hide their grief so well that I tend to forget how great everyone's losses are.

Needless to say, it was only when I descended into the realm of mystery and madness [indigo] that I found answers to why I'd been labeled a paranoid schizophrenic. I thought that label was a bit harsh at first. Granted, another psychiatrist concluded I was manic depressive. He put me on lithium which I took for 25 years. That alleviated many of my **physical** symptoms, but not their **spiritual** cause.

Now I think I may be more like the autistic. I'm more of an idiot/savant.

Sooner or later, a man has to face his demons [not Satan]. In the spirit of helping you to face yours, I thought of a few other subtitles for this book that I pondered using to describe the underwater journey through every man's ocean of emotions to reach the top of his inner world where he can partake in Santa's [God] workshop with His elves:

1. How to raise a Muslim child not to hate gay Jews.

2. Every bisexual is like David who slew Goliath to learn how to love Jonathan.

3. How to read the fine print, not just the handwriting on the wall.

4. How to become like Ann Sullivan and Helen Keller by learning to see **yourself**.

5. A Modest Proposal:
   How to marry yourself in a way that you'll never want to untie the knot.

6. Even if you don't suffer from gender dysphoria, you may not be celebrating gender euphoria.

Me

I suppose it's about time for me to talk a little more deeply about my past. To follow me with avid curiosity, not just cynicism or bored disconnect, you ought to know something about how I feel about you. You ought to feel that you're following along with a friend, not someone who's going to pull the rug out from under you as was done to me so many times.

To follow my lead, you'll need to perceive me as trustworthy. You ought to believe in your heart that I want the best for you because the best for **you** will produce the best for **me**.

If I can't help you overcome your prejudice against gay men, Jews and those with special needs, **my** future is at stake, not **yours**. So, I'm completely committed to teaching you everything you need to know about penises whether they're circumcised or uncircumcised.

As a gay man, I'm an expert on all penises! And as a man with very special needs, I'm a world class expert on insanity. If I can't hold your interest about the mystery of man's penis from a spiritual perspective, this surely isn't a book that will be of much interest to anyone other than me. [14]

You should now be mildly curious about the spiritual importance of your own penis. I hope to increase that interest in penises [unless you're a woman] by becoming your trusted teacher, friend and compatriot on our figurative journey together "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" [1869-70] in your heart. [15]

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[14] My boyfriend doesn't read my books. He has to listen to me chatter about this stuff all the time.

[15] If you're a woman, there's a worm in your apple, not a serpent in your tree. But everything else I've described metaphorically about scripture is the same. The apple of a woman's eye is very different from a man's Adam's apple.

Under my clothes, I'm nude. Under my skin, I'm emotionally naked. And within my bones, at the marrow of myself, I'm spiritual exposed. Therefore, it's possible for me to tell you the naked truth without taking my clothes off. It's possible for me to expose my weaknesses to you without literally exposing my boner. It's even possible for me to inadvertently fart [blunder] without causing a ruckus on the written page.

This is because we're adults who believe we were all made in the same way. We know how to behave like adults because we've moved through the trials and tribulations of adolescence and are only revisiting them for personal insight into the traumas we experienced when our childish body seemed to betray us at puberty.

Adults are in a mysterious bond with themself that they're going to need a lifetime to unravel. They try not to behave like juveniles because their reputation depends on them proving to themself that they're an adult who treats other adults like adults, not like children.

Therefore, in an effort to be perfectly candid with you, I'd like to tell you about my greatest, physical weakness. I was born with very poor eyesight. But at the time, my parents didn't even notice. It wasn't until I started school at the age of five that my parents were told I needed glasses. My first pair of glasses were as thick as Coke bottles and very heavy. They created discomfort on my ears and nose.

Kids made fun of me for being "blind." They concluded they could smell my low social creds from afar. And when they spoke to me, they confirmed that my thinking, not just my eyesight, was out of focus.

When I was about eleven, my mother bought me contact lenses. They'd just come out on the market. Bless her heart for finally trying to help me with my social creds by realizing that my physical appearance needed serious attention. Up until then I had buck teeth, Coke bottle glasses and a potbelly. As I approached puberty, she got me braces,

contact lenses and put me on a diet. But soon after, a face full of pimples forced me to give up seeking social creds altogether. It was a lost cause. I looked marginally better on the outside, but I still couldn't face myself, my past or God's reason for having turned me into a Jerry Lewis rendition of a nutty professor because of the erratic way I looked, thought and spoke to my peers. I felt more comfortable around my elders who were more forgiving. Now that I've become an elder myself, I'm learning to talk to people younger than me with a candor I didn't have when I was a kid.

Although my eyesight is adequate today thanks to Lasix surgery in my 40's, cataract surgery now looms on the horizon. The medical model has been able to keep up with my visual needs, but they've never been able to "correct" my thinking. I still think I think very differently from most people. And I still imagine I look very different on the outside because of the way I see myself, even though my skin isn't too badly pock-marked from puberty and my weight is under control.

I'm painfully shy. I'm so shy that I've developed a personality that's so outgoing that people think I'm a rock of confidence. But my tremendously outgoing, seemingly extroverted personality is just a cover. Inside, I'm like a Medieval knight dressed in armor riding an old, grey mare [the feminine side of me].

Even though I look good enough physically for a 70-year-old man, I know that I'm so peculiar that every morning when I get out of bed will be a new mystery in the making. It took me a lifetime to move through my embarrassment to come to realize that I'm actually adorable.

I suppose overcoming that hurdle is proof of my modesty. Honesty and caring mixed with physical ugliness produce modesty. So, I guess I just found it hard to express my modesty honestly until old age. This is now the level of guilt I've arrived at that I call "being at home inside."

Modesty describes my relationship to my container. Modesty is my soup can with my own label glued onto it. I only have to be realistic about what that label advertises. All cans are basically the same. That's why it's so important to work on the label.

Andy Warholl, the great, gay, American, pop artist and cultural icon, described this using Campbell's soup labels. His series of 32 paintings created between 1961 and 1962 depicted a variety of Campbell's soup. But I've had to create my own label and logo. I've had to determine my own ingredients and nutrition facts. I've had to remove the artificial additives in my recipe. I even had to replace the lid on the can after insanity opened me up to myself in a very unexpected and unorthodox way.

Humility describes my relationship to my contents. Humility is the soup I've made to serve myself and others. The proof is in the tasting. It doesn't really matter what the label states if the soup doesn't taste good.

G**race** describes my relationship to God, the place I've been given on the shelf. My social creds growing up indicated that I wasn't able to maintain a sought-after place on the shelf at eye level. I was always relegated to one of the lower shelves. Moving myself up to eye level hasn't been easy. People instinctively understand this pressure and covet a place that the public will see.

The more I can decode the meaning I hold about my body [tin can], the more I come to describe my inner gifts [label], and the more I can gift others with what I hold inside [soup]. This leaves me having earned the grace [shelf space] to express myself authentically. This is what's given me a literary voice.

If there were two creatures who never disembarked from my ark, I'd say they had to be the **parrot** and the **monkey**. I once believed I was more like a parrot [mother] and monkey [father] than a bona fide human being.

I couldn't understand how or why I could parrot back accents in English and even other languages with incredible accuracy. Being with me is like watching a parrot talk. We all know that the parrot doesn't know what it says. It's just so amazing to hear words come out of its beak!

I also couldn't understand how, like a monkey, I could have had liberated, sexual encounters with total strangers in which I could express deep affection and love with pure, unadulterated commitment in the moment. Monkeys are amazing creatures in that respect, too.

These were the traits I'd inherited from my parents. These were the ways in which I was going to live out my birthright as a man who literally came out of a woman, not, as Torah asserts, that the first woman [Eve] literally came out of a man [Adam]. I finally understood how I could advance the cause of humanity by using my parents' nature to elevate my own nature with increasing candor.

This process is apparent in the star of David, the Jewish label. The triangle [arrow] pointing up to God is male. The triangle [arrow] pointing down to the earth is female. I am a child of the two. We all are, even if we're only Jew-ish.

Because I'm so sensitive about how I feel about myself, I have a tendency to drop people if they disappoint me. I'm very sensitive to the feeling of neglect, rejection and abandonment. I still feel like a baby that's been dropped but not allowed to fall. The loss of the sense of gravity terrifies me. If I can't trust the Earth to hold me tight, how can I expect anyone to do so?

The feeling of being dropped comes again and again from both sides of the political spectrum. They're using this form of cruelty to manage me. I don't like it. It's not working anymore. I'm letting everyone know how they're treating us.

My search for God is my quest to be held in a way that's totally trustworthy. I know that there are a lot of sensations I need to explore for spiritual insight. The same can be said of feelings. But as my thoughts grow like branches on a tree,

my beliefs, like boughs, become more massive and secure. I can hold myself in ways I couldn't when I was a mere sapling.

I came to this conclusion about my sensitivity to disappointment in matters of trust late in life when I looked back on my tumultuous past, only to see that I'd been like the cartoon character Mr. Magoo. [1960-62]

"Mr. Magoo was an elderly and wealthy, short-statured retiree who got into a series of comical situations as a result of his extreme near-sightedness, compounded by his stubborn refusal to admit the problem. However, through uncanny streaks of luck, the situation always seemed to work itself out for him, leaving him no worse than before." [internet]

I, too, had seemingly magically made my way through adversity without dying or getting seriously, physically hurt. That was a miracle of sorts. And I think it's important that you know this about me, too. The harder I work on me, the luckier I feel.

But being lucky [blessed] has required me to admit my weaknesses out loud. Disappointment is one of my weaknesses. I can easily get enraged over the littlest things people do that disappoint me. And when my boyfriend points this out to me, it forces me to smile sheepishly, sometimes even to laugh out loud. He's got my number.

For years I couldn't admit I was figuratively near-sighted. I couldn't admit that I couldn't see beyond the tip of my nose when it came to looking at inner reality. That's now become funny because I used to think I could see from "Here to Eternity." [1953 movie]

I was the epitome of a monkey in tights who could dance ballet and look graceful. I could also parrot back what people wanted to hear. I was an amazing facsimile of a human being imbued with gifts from my parents.

But I've been angry at the world since childhood. I didn't have the modesty or humility to face my physical and character defects.

If people shamed me for my character, I got furious deep down inside. I couldn't learn about myself if I felt shamed into self-disappointment.

My parents' traditional, training techniques weren't appropriate to the kind of person I was. I needed psychological, metaphysical and spiritual reasons to try harder. I needed poetic answers to the way I was and the way the world was.

But I was still shy as I moved into middle age. I was easily embarrassed by externals. I felt guilty about my body, my character and my lack of a personal relationship with God. Because my parents couldn't school me on a greater reason for feeling guilty other than by disobeying them, I became a stranger to myself and others.

As I developed greater familiarity with myself through abstract knowledge of guilt, I became increasingly immodest. Then I became embarrassed by my immodesty. Then I became proud of myself for feeling shameful, instead of shameless. Then, I became grateful just to be able to be more like my true myself than ever before.

Did you know that Jesus was a **gentle man**? If you ever go to church, you'll hear them talking about Him being "the son of man." I could understand if they said He's the Son of **God**. But what are they going on about Him being the son of **man**?

Then I realized this is actually a bad translation from Hebrew. What they want to say is that He's the son of Adam [man]. He's like everyman. But that doesn't make much sense either unless you know that the expression "ben-adam" [son of every man] translates as "gentleman" in Hebrew.

"The word "Cain" means "to acquire" or "possess," which is why Eve [chava] said "I've gotten a man." [Genesis

4:1]. Another way of saying this is that every man who's achieved orgasm has become aware of the ecstasy of coming alive through carnal sensations. The opportunity to search for the meaning of his life has now been given to him. He's got his man. He's achieved the first physical evidence of manhood. And it came to him through his heart when the serpent in his tree beguiled the woman in his heart through orgasm.

The word "Abel" means "to be empty," often translated as "vain" in the sense of being empty of substance. Abel made his sacrifice to God after Cain did. Abel copied his brother. Abel didn't do so out of inspiration, as Cain did. Therefore, for God to have chosen Abel's sacrifice over Cain's defies logic.

The sense of possessing yourself [manliness] and being empty of self [vain] is the next generation in the search for self in unpacked the main metaphor of Moses. The mystery of man and life evolves into the mystery of being a possessor of emptiness.

Just having the ability to achieve orgasm and the carnal delights they bring isn't enough to call ourself a man. In an effort to assuage our serpent [penis], our head [Cain] and our heart [Abel], we fight over possessing nothing. Thoughts [Cain] wrestle with feelings [Abel] to bring us through moral conundrums in deciding which force to agree with and obey.

Thanks to God, Cain realized his guilt. What he didn't realize was that he was furious with God, not Abel. Cain had really wanted to kill God. He only killed his brother to hurt God. This is the second lesson in Torah. Don't be vindictive to anyone to anyone. Learn from the outcomes of your life, instead.

Cain was beside himself when God confronted him and said, "My punishment is more than I can bear. Today You are driving me from the land, and I will be hidden from Your presence." [Genesis 4:13-14] Translation: Now I see that my head is literally separated from my body where my feelings,

desires and beliefs reside. I won't be able to decide right from wrong without Your help. I need experience to teach me good from evil, right from wrong and better from worse. [16]

When you continue to unpack Torah for figurative truths about yourself in Genesis and from the birth of Moses in Exodus to his death in Deuteronomy, you achieve the title of **ben-adam** [gentleman]. You understand how **God** works differently in **everyman** and how God is working to help each and **every man**.

What they're trying to say in church is that Jesus was a gentleman. They're trying to tell you to try to behave like a gentleman, too. However, that goal must be strived for from within, not just in the way you treat other people.

You'd think that most men in America today would declare that they're not practicing Christians, so why bother to behave like Jesus. I've met many Jews and Muslims who don't believe in Jesus but behave more like Jesus than some practicing Christians! I've even had sex with some gay men who could love me with all the essence of Christ's love. Yet some Christians are offended when I tell them that I believe Jesus was a gay Jew. Why? What's so terrible about being gay and Jewish?

"The Lord said to Cain, "Why are you angry? Why is your face downcast? If you do what is right, will you not be accepted? But if you do not do what is right, sin is crouching at your door; it desires to have you, but you must rule over it." [Genesis 4:6-7]

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[16] In Exodus 32:9, God revealed to Moses that He saw the Israelites as a stiff-necked people. We're all like the ancient Israelites who struggled with believing in God rather than the idols of the indigenists who had enslaved them. We're all stubborn. We're all impatient. And our animal instincts for survival for the sake of ecstasy only make the meaning of life that much harder to understand.

Jesus modeled how to live Torah like steppingstones to becoming a gentle man, to rule over desire. A **ben-adam** [gentleman] is the culmination of all the characters in Torah.

Jesus modeled how to supplement Torah with His personal experiences, thus bringing the symbolism into being that gives us the ability today to see ourself as allowing God within us, not just having to endure Him around us. This He accomplished by describing His container [body] and contents [blood] as bread and wine. We're symbols from God here to interact with one another like the hands of God. As we come to perceive God as within us as well as around us, we behave more pleasingly to God.

Andy Warhol's paintings of Campbell's tomato soup cans are depictions of the human condition. We're all like metal containers with red contents. We're all like armor that holds within it a very unique mixture of good and evil mixed together. Good evolves into love. Evil evolves into strength that rules wisely when wisdom is mixed with love.

It's a shame the Church doesn't teach Christians how to appreciate Jesus as a Jew who broke the mosaic code given in metaphor with symbolism. Christ's depiction of the meaning of love would make a lot more sense if they did since we can all see how children become loving human beings if they're raised wisely. That would help make the 114 images of Islamic loyalty to God more valuable to us all. These 114 wooden planks of self-knowledge through similes in Islam could be fashioned into stairs up to the third story. If love doesn't seek loyalty, why would loyalty seek love?

Attendance in the houses of prayer in Judaism, Christianity and Islam is waning. Spiritualists, on the other hand, don't need to pray together. Some spiritualists don't feel they need to pray at all. They see that gimme prayers humiliate God and man. Such prayers imply that God doesn't know what He's doing, that **He** needs **our** guidance to repair what's happened down her.

I need to improve **myself**. There's little I can do for others unless I put my own mask on first [airline adage]. More compassion for me **from** me would be an enormous improvement in that regard. Then I could share that compassion with **others**. God doesn't need to be told that He's got to stop gay Jews. I think He knows quite well why He created us.

The fact that I think there are **horrible** people on both sides may go against what you say you think. But I don't see Democrats defending Republicans or Republicans defending Democrats. Loyalty without love creates more enemies. Love that seeks loyalty creates more friends.

I pray all the time. But my prayers are questions about my nature. I ask God to explain to me why He's allowed me to be this way for so long. This kind of prayer leads to revelations about myself. Death threats won't change my mind. Have death threats done any good at all in changing the world for the better?

Life is a school, and the bozos at the back of the room believe that death threats will advance their cause. The Palestinian problem has been magnified until it's now a world problem because of death threats. But the problem hasn't been solved. And it won't get solved because life is a school with one Teacher. And the Teacher has allowed the problem to grow to teach the class how to deal with students who don't conduct themselves civilly in class.

I'm sitting at the front of the class where I can get a good look at the board. The bozos at the back of the room can't see what I can see. The bozos want revenge. The students at the front of the class want answers from the Teacher.

Now I watch myself behind the wheel driving my car on the streets of San Francisco. I see that I'm often afraid of stopping courteously to allow other cars to get through because I'm terrified of the drivers behind me blowing their horn and rudely telling me to keep going because they're in a hurry. I'm not more courteous to those in front of me

because I'm afraid of upsetting the impatient drivers behind me.

That's irresponsible driving! I ought to slow down and help others despite anyone behind me who gets impatient about me doing so. I need to drive more boldly and confidently from within.

The driver I'm afraid of behind me corresponds to the impatient person figuratively in my backseat who's tapping me on the shoulder telling me what to do.

I don't like backseat drivers any more than I like people behind me in traffic who honk to tell me to keep going. I've had to befriend the imaginary guy who's in my backseat by courteously asking him to discuss his ideas with me rather than simply kicking the back of my seat or tapping his finger between my neck and collarbone to make me go faster.

By using my imagination to find answers to life within from experiences around me, I'm becoming a more socially aware and trustworthy person. I'm expressing leadership skills I never had before.

Myself

The next subject I'd like to discuss is an epiphany I had while writing my 7-volume series on the Quran about seven years ago.

The 18th sura [chapter] of the Quran is entitled "The Cave." It describes an encounter with a dog at the entrance to a cave.

Without adding extraneous detail from Muhammad's story, life is like an ascent up a mountain in a northerly direction. We'd all like to achieve success. We're all seeking fame and fortune. We'd all like to go as far, figuratively north as we possibly can. [17]

Once those, oh, so powerful "words" start to pour out of the mouth of our serpent, we get a deep **hunger**, not just a **taste**, for fame and fortune. We start to dream big. We want to become a man who'll be respected by other men. And that's no different for gay or straight men, rich or poor, Jew or gentile.

The only difference in the "wording" of the serpent of straight men is that they want **women** to adore them, in addition to the fame and fortune they achieve. The adoration of women is something gay men usually achieve without even trying. [Another reason why some straight men despise us.]

When a man reaches a particularly challenging life lesson, he's forced to figuratively turn in a westerly direction, toward the setting sun. He becomes cynical, sarcastic, morose, pessimistic and forlorn at what life is serving him. He sees his own death in the setting sun. He faces mortality directly.

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[17] That's why the destination of the title of this book is the North Pole. You can't go further in a northerly direction than that. Reaching the North Pole is the equivalent of making all your dreams come true.

Most men continue on in life going west, not north, toward the setting sun not the top of the world. Like the sun does each night, sinking slowing below a mysterious horizon never to be seen rising from that place again, most men die inside from disappointment in their fellow man, from their bad luck and from their perception of their perceived cruelty of God.

The sun never rises in the morning in the west where it sank the night before. So, don't bother to look for men rising from the dead. Many men are more like the living dead, zombies marching in lockstep with one another west toward the setting sun.

They've become cynical and hopeless about life because they follow the noonday sun, down into oblivion. And they follow the sun because something bad happened to them that forced them to turn west. They couldn't continue any further north toward happiness. They gave up on fame and fortune in a personally, vitally important way.

I, too, gave up on the paltry serving of fame dispensed to us all by Andy Warhol: 15 minutes. That's called celebrity. I'm not interested in 15 minutes of celebrity. I want fame 24/7. I want the angels to sing my praises for all eternity. Keep stardom. It looks like a pain in the neck if you ask me.

Perhaps my dream of happiness through self-love was dashed early in life. I compromised to get **a head**. I compromised to get **ahead**. I got neither.

Maybe that happened in puberty when I realized I wasn't going to become a movie star, sportsman or a Marvel hero. That's the time in life when every young man is supposed to climb aboard his rainbow, even though my parents didn't instruct me on how to do so.

I tried to become a ballet dancer in my teens. I discovered I had a passion for dance. I studied ballet in Beverly Hills with Tatiana Riabouchinska the Russian-American prima ballerina, famous at age 14 as one of the three "Baby Ballerinas" of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the 1930s.

Then I joined an Israeli, modern ballet company [Bat-Dor] at age 18.

Although I paid my rent with my arms and legs thanks to being a member of a professional dance troupe [not by having to wait tables], I gave up dance as suddenly as I started it.

I couldn't stand the abuse of the dancers in the ballet corps. They treated me like I was stupid, weird and without talent. They didn't give me the social creds I thought I deserved that come with technical prowess as a dancer. They insisted I was ugly no matter what I said or did.

And I believed them! But their moodiness was a projection of my own. I doubted myself, and I let them help me do so.

I quit ballet. I turned westward. I got into lockstep with the zombies. I gave up on trying to love myself and life. I tried to look like everyone else. I tried to fit in.

I'd been on board the rainbow, but I disembarked from it before I learned about the hope God provides if we learn about meaning through the seven emotional colors of His rainbow while we're teenagers.

But who could blame me? Nobody had explained to me how to achieve hope! Nobody knew anything about self-love in those days! Individuality was considered a sign of a mental aberration. Japanese adage: hammer down the nail that stands above the rest.

Those who become more disappointed with life [as I was after three unsuccessful attempts at killing myself] turn even further in a counterclockwise direction, until they're facing south.

For me that counterclockwise turn was completed at the age of 50 when my previous boyfriend told me he was having sex with his former boyfriend and wanted to leave me to go back to him. That happened after we'd been together 12 years!

It was abandonment, betrayal and infidelity that turned me due south. You could see my face on the face of every homeless man. I felt I'd been evicted from the human race, not just from my home. My story is not unique.

But I didn't try to kill myself a fourth time because by then I'd spent half my life [the previous 25 years] trying to recover from having tried to kill myself the first three times. I wasn't about to repeat that lesson again!

But I couldn't help feeling that there was no reason to go on if I lost the love of the one I'd loved. It never occurred to me that the reason for living is to seek self-love, not the love of another person.

I descended in the direction of spiritual death [south], the direction of anonymity and meaninglessness without realizing that I was going back in the direction I'd come from [birth]. I was in a spiral descent that left me lower than I'd ever been before.

Although I'd lost all sense of my reason to live for love, at least I'd known love. Although I felt banished by my lover, I left that relationship with enough money to buy an apartment in San Francisco with cash. I also got our business in our breakup. And in my effort to make myself feel better about my fate I told myself that I still had my health.

I did what everyone does who feels that life has become meaningless. This is described in the 18th sura of the Quran:

I looked for a cave as I descended from the mountain in a southerly direction. There I hid out from God and the madness of life that's seemingly so random and cruel. And like others, I figuratively died there in my own dark hole in the ground feeling betrayed, abandoned, desperate, despondent and despairing of what to do next.

I didn't literally die; I felt dead. But it was my love of my boyfriend that had died and couldn't be resurrected. He'd messed up everything I'd come to expect about my future. He'd changed the course of my life without so much as asking me if I wanted the future he was forcing me to take.

I was too afraid to come out of my cave after that. You could hear it in my laughter. I didn't know how to laugh out of relief. I didn't know how to laugh at others' stupidity. I only knew how to laugh out of glee in others' misfortune.

Have you ever had a sigh of relief that felt like you let go of a huge weight? I sat in the dark in my cave unable to sigh with relief. To the contrary, I felt I was being choked to death. I felt I couldn't breathe. I felt like someone was trying to steal my Adam's apple, and I couldn't speak up about it because my voice box was in being ripped out with the thief's bare hands.

I talked to others in their caves about my figurative death at having lost my lover and the disorientation that had caused me. And I realized that where I was inside was a place others could relate to. They were in a similar place within.

Over the next seven years, a mad curiosity overcame me. In my own wise way, I saw my condition in relation to the sun up in the sky. "You would have seen the sun, when it rose, veering away from the cave towards the right, and when it sets, moving away from them to the left, as they lay in the midst of the cave." [Quran 18:17]

This describes the position those of us with a broken heart. When looking out of our cave, we see the sun setting in the west. And when looking in at solid rock, we also imagine the sun setting in the west.

Optimism is on our right. Pessimism is on our left. Hope rises like the sun each morning on our right. Despair sinks like the sun each night on our left. We're being turned in a counterclockwise direction day by day.

We remember when we were young, playing outdoors when the rising sun was on our right. We remember our hope and faith and courage in always going north.

If we find the courage to walk out of the cave to face the mad dog [self-hate] that's blocking our way, we can slowly descend peacefully from the spiritual mountain. We can

slowly go down the south side of the mountain that we climbed in a northerly direction in our youth.

This gives Islam the orientation of an inverted U-turn in which we start out by going toward success [north], are turned toward cynicism and scorn [west] with awareness of our mortality, and then turned away from death in the direction of our birth [south]. After escaping the cave where we hid from God and man, and getting past the mad dog of self-hate, we go back in the direction we came from, humbled by our experiences.

This is the description of life that accounts for the urge for redemption. This is the description of the path of the desperate, disenfranchised, loathed and discarded. This is the path of those of us who people say have gone "crazy."

Going north represents my desire for inner success. I now project that out onto my outer circumstances. I need to do so to prove to others that I'm already successful. I'm always going north, not south.

I don't need validation from some imaginary "them" to give me strength and confidence. I already feel that my birth has been meaningful to everyone, not just to my mother and my lover. I feel like I have a long penis and large testicles.

I once pretended to sound good by parroting others. I tried to look good and fit in like a chameleon. I even tried to believe I could think like others.

I used the monkey-like gift God gave me to enjoy affection through sex with a wide array of men. I played the field. I played around. I even behaved like a monkey by figuratively throwing my feces at people who gawked at me. [Who wants to be stared at like a simian behind bars in a zoo?]

I've since gotten figuratively younger with a childlike vibrance by having gone north. I'm never moving toward my birth. I'm always moving away from it, reviewing my past with new eyes, while on a mystical, magical journey with God going north.

When I was an infant, toddler, child, teenager and young adult, I ascended the mountain of life from the valley of my birth.

Life isn't meant to be circular. If you've been disoriented and confused, you may have had to go in this counterclockwise circle to orient yourself. But once you know more about your individual need to move through guilt to wisdom, love and loyalty to life, you go in a straight path always north.

Spiritual confusion in scripture can be described as a counterclockwise corkscrew in which we descend down a mountain in a counterclockwise direction toward a place that we once called birth.

But spiritual movement is a staircase going higher and higher.

The cave in the mountain wasn't just a cave. It was like a closet. You've got to come out of your closet to orient yourself to life. You've got to know where you're going, even though you don't know any more about your Destination than it will be with God.

I've come out of my closet on the northern face of my mountain. I went through a tunnel. I didn't achieve great success in the outer world. But I can see the valley of death without impediments. I'm now going down the pyramid slowly and cautiously in a northerly direction.

Granted, nobody wants to live in Muslims countries – not even many Muslims. The poorest and most desperate Muslims are looking for ways of escaping to Europe to live like Christians. They just want to go north, literally.

But who can blame them? They have no opportunity to live a good life in Muslim countries. Good Muslim men are forced by their religion and politics to go south in the sense of suffer the humiliation of poverty and spiritual ignorance. Disconnecting themselves from the Old and New Testaments is disorienting. It's grueling. It's cruel. And it

must be terrifying if you want to live and learn how to become a man in God's eyes, independent of all others.

I claim that life is a school because I loved going to school growing up. I was good at learning facts. I was good at disciplining myself to do homework and study for tests.

But I only wanted good grades. I didn't care about my relationship to my classmates. I saw little use for a social life. I just loved gathering information that I could amass into knowledge. I had no idea self-knowledge could augment my knowledge of the outer world to produce wisdom, love and loyalty to life. I was a nerd, geek, dork and dweeb.

"**Nerds** are often seen as over-intellectual and socially awkward, while **geeks** are enthusiasts or experts in specific hobbies or intellectual pursuits. **Dorks** are typically socially inept, and **dweebs** are considered studious but may lack focus, leading to a perception of lower intelligence compared to the others." [internet]

I saw many male students on the quad of the campus of life as figuratively poking one another with their dicks instead of going to class prepared having done their spiritual homework from the day before. I saw their penis problem, but couldn't address it because if my own.

Many men today are still like emotionally arrested juveniles who have no sense of the purpose of the serpent hanging down over the two fruits on their tree. They have no idea what their father gave them both literally and figuratively.

They either don't love their penis. They don't love its color, length, width or its skill once it's achieved an erection. Or they can't love anything other than their penis and the life-giving substance that their penis emits. And all because they refuse to listen to what it "says" about the possibility of becoming more intimate with God. They have no idea they're a metaphoric tree or what to make of that "talking" serpent in it that wants to lead them to redemption by fulfilling their dreams.

They just want to squeeze all the juice out of their fruits through physical sensations, and by extension, their feelings. They do the same by squeezing all they can out of the earth [oil and minerals]. They don't reflect on what that will mean to the future of the planet. They use their instrument of giving to take. They tell themself that woman comes out of man, despite the evidence around them.

Men don't want to have sex in God's presence. They don't want to share their joy with Him. They shut their bedroom door when they're having sex, thinking that will keep Him out.

Many seemingly normal, grown men are students of life who avoid knowledge of themself as though it was the plague. Beneath any curiosity they might have about how my penis works lies secretive questions they refuse to ask about their own.

Looking at the purpose of their penis would force them to discard the silly notion that the devil lies between their legs. The purpose of your penis is to receive, not just to give. If a woman can give to a man with her clitoris, a man can receive from a woman with his penis. Just use your imagination a little more while having sex.

When I was a child, my parents brutally focused my attention on my survival skills. That was quite understandable at the time, given what they'd been forced to go through in the War.

Throughout my life, I couldn't stop thinking about what they'd been through. I couldn't stop thinking about the trauma of all the Jews who survived the War. I had little in the way of deep feelings for anyone. I just wanted to achieve accolades from Holocaust survivors [a projection I can now pierce since most of them are dead].

I had no idea then that I was lost in my own masquerade. Just as my parents couldn't see that I needed glasses to improve my sight, they couldn't see that I needed the equivalent of an electron microscope to improve my insight.

I wanted to know what was wrong with me, but I couldn't formulate answers without including my religion [Judaism], sexual identity [gay] and mental health challenges.

Some men wonder why their prayers aren't answered except in the negative or with worse "luck" than they had before. Perhaps their identity isn't of enough interest to them. Perhaps they just want others to accept them carte blanche for who they are.

and I

I was like Moses even though I didn't kill a slavedriver. I tried to kill the man I hated most [me]. I didn't succeed even though I kept trying.

I was like Cain. I tried to kill my brother, a voice in my heart that claimed I could love a gay Jew. I didn't succeed even though I kept trying.

I was like Judas. I tried to betray my brother so others would kill Him for me. But the one I betrayed wasn't Jesus or the Jews. It was still me.

The 6th Commandment tells us not to kill. And yet I literally broke that commandment three times. Figuratively, I can't count the number of ways I've tried to kill me through self-sabotage.

I'm not a bad person. So, what do good men who've had to kill misguided men do in righteous wars to assuage themselves of their guilt by having broken this Commandment?

Jesus asked the ancient Jews to come out of their head into their heart to learn to love their brother. Only some of them did with Him in His presence.

Not all intimacy leads to love in the physical sense of the word, but all intimacy with love lies on the sexual spectrum. If, or when, you can't, or won't, accept this fact of life, you're going to behave like a fascist and look for reasons to hate gays and Jews.

At the time Jesus opened His heart, all the Jews were surrounded by pagans who had no idea there was only one God. It took 2,000 years for the whole world to get that memo.

The idea of loving your brother, the Jew, didn't catch on until after the Holocaust. And even since then, there've been plenty more wars around the world, most of them focused on eradicating Israel from the face of the Earth. Even the culture war in America holds Israel's fate or destiny in its hands.

In Poland in the 17th Century, the Baal Shem Tov led the Jews there out of their head and into their heart. But his message wasn't to love their brother, but to love life. And most of the Jews of Ukraine embraced his philosophy of love for life, too, because they were poor, disenfranchised and desperate for a reason to want to live. Even his great-grandson, Nachman of Breslov, advocated speaking to God in normal conversation "as you would with a best friend."

In the last century, the Jews were murdered by German, Polish and Ukrainian Christians who claimed to believe in the same God we believe in. They weren't pagans. But could you really call them human beings? They behaved more like wild animals than men who professed to call themselves Christians. That was true whether they called themselves Protestant, Catholic or Orthodox Christians. I wouldn't dare use the word "savages" to describe them because I wouldn't want to offend the few remaining indigenists in the world.

Today the president of Ukraine is a Jewish comedian who's begging Israel to help save his country, its children and his life. The civilized world unites with his cause. But what can Israel do alone to save Ukraine while stuck between a rock [Russia] and a hard place [Iran] with the leader of China watching it happen with a blank look on his face.

The need to understand the world's sacred texts from the Kama Sutra to Torah through the Dhammapada and the I Ching and the Gospels all the way to the Quran requires us to seek to fathom why we have a desire to kill ourselves out of self-loathing [**penis problems**]. Those who project their survival onto money alone to deny the part they've been asked to play in His story force all modern human beings to question the meaning of honey.

Those who project their **penis problems** onto scapegoats like Jews, people of color and gays are psychologically and spiritually insane. They claim we're crazy. They claim we terrify them.

When those who project their **penis problems** onto scapegoats fail, they always find ways to take out their misery on women and children to glean sympathy. And if that doesn't work, there's always food, alcohol and drugs to stuff their guilt back down again.

"**Tenderness**"

by
Paul Simon, 1973

What can I do?
What can I do?
Much of what You say is true.
I know You see through me,
but there's no tenderness
beneath Your honesty.
Oh, right and wrong,
right and wrong!
Wuh, it never helped us get along.
You say You care for me,
but there's no tenderness
beneath Your honesty.
You and me were such good Friends.
What's Your hurry?
You and me could make amends.
I'm not worried.
I'm not worried.
Honesty
Honesty
Wuh, it's such a waste of energy.
Don't, don't have to lie to me.
Just give me some tenderness
beneath Your honesty.
You don't have to lie to me.
Just give me some tenderness.

If God, the Father, knows no tenderness and only Jesus does, then what will the Holy Spirit bring each and every one of us? As a crazy, gay Jew, I find three aspects of God difficult to ponder.

Give me a God Who has no name. Allow me to pray to one universal God Who knows tenderness and toughness and how to propogate both, for I've become both tough and tender over the years, too.

I'm not separated by my three names: **Barry** [Hebrew: Baruch: blessed] **Emanuel** [Hebrew: us with God] **Zeve** [Hebrew: an inner ray of light]. I'm united by them.

If God's first name is described in Torah; His second name in Christ's red words; and His last name in the Quran – then God has three names just like you and me. If you want to get to know someone, I suggest you begin with asking them their full name.

I was painfully shy

When I was a baby, I cried when people looked at me in my crib or baby carriage. When I was a teenager, I avoided coming out of my room to be with guests in my mom's living room. And at school I always sat alone.

Yet ironically, coming **out** of the closet was relatively easy for me. It was coming **in** to further be with myself in a relationship of greater self-intimacy that took me a lifetime to achieve. Now I think I know something about the root cause of shyness.

Shyness is caused by guilt. **Guilt** comes in three varieties: (1) embarrassment, (2) shame and (3) humiliation. God made man shy [guilt-ridden]. But He made each man shy slightly differently. Some are shy over **embarrassment** of being in a human body. Some are shy about their **shame** of their character before their loved ones. And some are shy about their **humiliation** before God in how ignorant they are about the meaning and mission of their life.

But some men aren't shy about any of these three aspects of guilt. They're **psychopaths** who know nothing about guilt and have no interest in learning about it. They deny being guilty of anything. This is why I say that there are horrible people on both sides.

I suppose I was just such a psychopath until God got tough on me. I now think psychopaths are quite common. Men who express embarrassment, shame and humiliation openly and can talk about their guilt are actually less common, in my opinion.

You may not yet realize that the way through embarrassment of your body is with **modest**. The way through shame of your character is with **humility**. And the

way through humiliation before God is achieved with **grace**.[18]

I couldn't see my modesty, humility and grace because my parents never pointed them out to me. Who else would take the time to do so in a world like the one I grew up in just after the Holocaust?

The 60's sexual revolution didn't point out my virtues; it focused on sexual autonomy and ending the war in Vietnam. The AIDS epidemic didn't do so; the Gay Nineties were anything but gay. And the 21st Century didn't exactly start out as a picnic with 911 in 2001. October 7th has only turned the world against the Jews. It hasn't revealed the root causes of our problems.

Tearing down two skyscrapers [Twin Towers] literally is a metaphor for destroying the father and mother of the Abrahamic edifice [Abraham and Sarah]. It's an expression of demented men's hatred of their own **penis problem**. Who but the most perverted would cheer for something like that? Yet, that's exactly what the Palestinians did on the West bank and in Gaza.

I started with grace when I was a teenager. I was attracted to grace. That's why I was magically drawn, like a moth to a flame, to ballet. I wanted to express gracefulness with my body. I wasn't embarrassed by my body. I wasn't concerned about shame of my character. And I had no relationship with God, so I didn't worry about grace in the spiritual sense of the word [loyalty].

Perhaps that's why the members of the ballet troupe found me so distasteful. Perhaps that's why they concluded I was overbearing.

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[18] The Hebrew word for "grace" is "chesed." "Chesed" encompasses the idea of loyal, devoted love that reflects a covenant commitment. A lot about what there is to learn in life is wisdom from Judaism, love from Christianity and loyalty through loving kindness from Islam.

I wasn't as **vain** about my body as they were. I was more **conceited** over the strength of my thinking. I was insufferable. I can now see what an unavoidable temptation it was for them to humiliate me constantly.

Here I am half a century later asking myself what was so difficult about learning to embrace guilt. Guilt is like a pyramid with embarrassment [modesty] at the bottom, shame in the middle [humility] and humiliation [grace] at the top. Guilt is manmade.

The answer to why I didn't bound up that mountain wasn't altogether my choice. I seem to have been made that way.

But I was also made painfully shy. I didn't want to do what others were doing to me. There were a few others I met along the way who were somewhat like me. But we couldn't reveal our bigger picture to each other because we were all shy.

So, the question remains, "What is shyness? And why did God create a space in our heart for us to feel it?"

Shyness is a level of fear that lies so deep down within that we perceive it mostly in projection. We usually come up with reasons why we're shy around certain people. It can take a lifetime to make our way through external reality to the source of our fears: shyness of ourself.

You may not be shy when you look in the mirror. But you may be very shy when standing before others who are looking at you.

> Because of my upbringing with Holocaust surviving parents and two half siblings and a first cousin who survived the War hidden in Catholic orphanages, my shyness emerged as the result of our family dynamics. Everyone in my family was extremely powerful and opinionated without being able to acknowledge that all of them were deeply

psychically wounded. I didn't dare cross any of them. They'd been terribly oppressed.

Later, I was shy with my teachers and classmates, erroneously assuming they were as suppressed, repressed and distressed as I was. I couldn't share with any of them the environment I was in at home alone. At school, you had to be tough in a whole other way. That left me depressed.

When I moved to Israel, I was shy sharing myself with my people. They seemed to understand me, but I found them difficult to connect with. They were tough in a whole other way.

I was also shy about exposing my erect penis to men. Sex seemed like something out of a book on magic. I felt like a sorcerer's apprentice when it came to using the power of my wand. I felt the need to hide my love for men behind a mask. That never makes romantic relationships easy.

One of the ways that I now know this to be true is that I've finally found my literary voice. It doesn't take me hours to come up with something wise, loving and loyal to write down. I have plenty to say. Now it's just a matter of saying it in just the right way.

When my voice changed at puberty, I couldn't accustom my ear to a lower register. I was ridiculed for the crack in my voice. Hearing me talk like a baritone and no longer like a soprano was a mystery no one walked me through, then.

The change in my **vocal** register signified a change in my **spiritual** register. I didn't associate the crack in my voice with the figurative picking, slicing open and consumption of a piece of my Adam's apple. I was on the cusp of consciously eating a piece of forbidden fruit that had been given to me.

Nobody told me that my voice was the psychological center of my tree. If I couldn't learn to express my truth with my voice, I couldn't consider myself truly alive. I'd remain lost in a fantasy world that I couldn't exit. I'd need an exodus

to leave my mind in order to find a new home in my heart. I'd need to liberate my heart from my desires to find peace in my soul.

Even if you happen to be deaf, I can prepare you for the melody that goes with the lyrics found in the Psalms. Not only have I found my spiritual voice, but I've found a song I can teach you to sing from within to help you find your spiritual voice; the melody in your heart that makes it possible for you to sing in your own special way.

You won't need perfect pitch to sing your own song. You'll sing it with your feelings. This is a song you can't literally hear but that you can figuratively listen to. You must listen to it. Without it, you'll go as mad as I did.

Finding the melody in your heart to the Psalms will lead you through your shyness of yourself. It'll give you confidence to be yourself and still be open to learning new things. It'll help you stand tall regardless of your height, weight or physical disabilities.

Some people believe that with death comes the answer to the ultimate mystery of life. They tend to wait for answers to the big questions to be revealed on their deathbed, or Thereafter.

But the mystery of their own shyness escapes their notice. The more you know and love yourself, the more you'll find it possible to excuse others for their petty errors of judgment. The more you'll be able to forgive their vices, the more you'll be able to seek justice without judging anyone. It's **crime** we need to eradicate, not **people**.

"**All I Have To Do Is Dream**"

by
Felice and Boudleaux Bryant
made famous by
The Everly Brothers, 1958

Dream, dream, dream, dream,
dream, dream, dream, dream…
When I want You in my arms,
when I want You and all Your charms,
whenever I want You, all I have to do is
dream, dream, dream, dream.

When I feel blue in the night,
and I need You to hold me tight,
whenever I want You, all I have to do is dream.

I can make You mine, taste Your lips of wine
anytime, night or day.
Only trouble is, gee whiz
I'm dreamin' my life away.

I need You so that I could die.
I love You so, and that is why
whenever I want You, all I have to do is
dream, dream, dream, dream, dream.

There's no doubt the Bryant husband-and-wife team didn't write this song to Jesus. In 1958, love songs were written by men [and sometimes, women] strictly about women and for women – never for men about men. I think the Bryants would be shocked to know that their song can now be reinterpreted today as a psalm.

Holding a romantic relationship with God isn't foul. It isn't forbidden. It's a necessity of modern life. How can you

express your love to another human being if you haven't practiced loving yourself and God? Marriages fail because people need more practice in learning about love. But only a fool practices his immature love only on other people! The wise man starts by practicing loving himself. That's the marriage that can take any mistake you make.

If you want to share the love you've gleaned from your marriage to yourself or others, you may eventually feel an urge to pray for a Soulmate. Far be it for me to tell you what to do with your love. I give my love to Adonai. If you give yours to Jesus or Allah, what difference should that make? The God within us is personal, but the God of us all is the same for all of us.

If you've read my other books, you know I've taken many love songs, and, with capital letters placed in strategic places, turned them into secular psalms. This is a clue to God's curriculum in guiding us toward tenderness toward ourself that we become willing to share with one another as we grow.

When we get to the Psalms of the Old Testament, don't be surprised when you discover that God gave the world many psalms since then that you may not have seen until you came with me on this expedition to the North Pole by way of under the sea.

A recap of His story

There was always a method to our parents' madness. When we were **toddlers**, they baby-proofed the living room. We marched around exploring everything they left out for us to touch.

Today, young school **children** are given leashes by their teachers to hold onto so that they can be marched through the city streets without endangering themselves.

Adolescents are given phones with tracking devices for the same reason. We want our kids to learn how to explore the world in stages.

But when we reach **adulthood**, we're forced to go through the aspects of figurative toilet training that our parents couldn't teach us. We're forced to explore **self**-discipline.

Toilet training was just the first of many life lessons that raise us in God's esteem. They say that cleanliness is next to godliness. But it's next to godliness because cleanliness is related to sanitation, public health, orderliness, neatness, precision and many other virtues needed to understand God's plan in civilizing man.

After we fall in love, we discover that our partner may want to change us in some ways. S/he may want us to clean up our act in his or her eyes.

We all need spiritual toilet training beyond the basics of the bathroom hygiene our parents gave us. Cleaning up our act is a lifelong activity. You can do it with or without God. But in those ways that you don't do it, there will be repercussions.

Looking back, I can hardly blame my parents for not preparing me for the mystery of my life. They weren't prepared for the mystery of their own life by their parents. Nobody is properly prepared for the future. I had to learn to honor myself, covet the secrets inside me and seek to

discover the virtues my parents had that carved me in a way that made it easier for me to succeed.

God wants us to learn about ourselves in stages. He gave us His scriptures in stages over millennia. Here are His scriptural stages in the chronological order they were given:

	Belief	**# of God[s]**	**Name**	**Description**
1.	Indigenism	millions	Multiple	1,2,3…
2.	Hinduism	thousands	Brahma	1,2,3… = 1
3.	Judaism	1	no name	1
4.	Buddhism	0	N.A.	0
5.	Taoism	16	16 virtues	1 Tao
6.	Christianity	1	Father, Son, Holy Spirit	$\frac{1 + 1 + 1}{1} = 1$
7.	Islam	1	Allah	$\frac{1}{1}$

1. The indigenists around the world had many gods. They fought with one another, believing the winner of each war had a more powerful god and, therefore, they changed gods if they lost a war. In this way, they reduced the number of gods to huge, pagan civilizations [many of whom engaged in human sacrifice. The indigenists were eventually conquered by Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists, Christians and Muslims. Few indigenists still exist today. Those who do exist hold a reverence for nature that we could learn from.
2. The Hindus believe in thousands of gods that a Hindu follows to learn about the power of that god. As Hindus grow spiritually, they advance in their beliefs to include more gods. With each reincarnation, Hindus come back to Earth to pursue Brahma, the God of all gods, with greater conviction.
3. The Jews believe in one nameless God. The ancient Jews once performed animal sacrifices to God to assuage

themselves of their guilt and sins, but the Temple in Jerusalem where millions of animals were killed was twice destroyed [586 B.C.E. and 70 C.E.]. From those losses, Jews learned to internalize their ancestors' practice of animal sacrifice through self-sacrifice and material sacrifices.

4. The Buddhists don't believe in God. They follow the teaching of Siddhartha Gautama, the Buddha [enlightened one] whose teachings lead them through suffering caused by misplaced desires. This moves them toward the reward of reincarnation. Through many lives, they achieve Nirvana, a state of self-bliss. Modern Buddhists do the same by facing their **penis problems** [desire] directly.
5. The Taoists believe in the power in the virtues 16 gods and goddesses [the Way] which they interpret to have a single Source [the Tao]. Their deities hold universal principles that stress alignment to life during this lifetime. The Tao is everything about God's nature without a name for Him/Her/Them or a Destination after we die.
6. The Christians believe the number of Gods to be three: the Father, Son and Holy Spirit Who stand for guiding principles by which God reveals Himself. The **Father** [1] is in charge of punishments. The **Son** [1] is in charge of rewards. And the **Holy Spirit** [1] is in charge of carrying them out. In Christianity, 1 + 1 + 1 = 1
7. The Muslims believe in one God Who stands for the internalization of guilt and sin through charity; redemption; all God's guiding principles; including belief in the Destination of the righteous [Paradise] after life. The idea of the God within and the God of us all is unified in Islam into one God.

Through these seven stages of God-consciousness, given to us through history [His story] and mystery [my story], you

should see aspects of your nature and the evolution of your beliefs toward greater goodness [godliness].

Most people claim to believe in one God, but they may limit His intentions with the name[s] they apply to Him/Her/Them.

These differences in beliefs are exploited by shrewd criminals to manipulate others to give them their money and power.

In countries like Russia, Iran and North Korea, the political leader is also the religious head of state. Is it any wonder that the people in those countries find themselves living like Israelites in ancient Egypt? We might as well call those kinds of leaders **pharaohs**.

Thanks to the consolidation of righteous beliefs of good people around the world, despots and their cronies are finding it more difficult to rule without world condemnation and sanctions. The spiritual evolution of humanity and the spiritual operating system of each individual are becoming more obvious to many.

If you're unsure what evil looks like, just know that those countries, organization and individuals who oppose gays **and** Jews are evil. It's just that simple.

The only way to fully address global warming, the enemy of all people, is by reading history as His story. If we don't respect the evolution of our ancestors toward a more modern understanding of God's intentions for everyone, we're going to run into problems with gay men who want to enjoy anal sex with one another; women who need abortions for medical reasons; Muslims who embrace the existence of the State of Israel; and the mentally challenged who bring answers to "normal" people who are open to variations in performance.

Russia's invasion of Ukraine is just one more war between Protestants, Catholics and Orthodox Christians with underlying territorial and financial reasons for killing one

another in the name of Jesus. Each presumes God agrees with their actions.

This pulling on Jesus in a three-way tug-of-war has been going on for centuries. You'd think that by now these three aspects of Christianity could get it together under the banner of one God.

Meanwhile, we Jews are now arguing among ourselves whether to take our scripture literally or figuratively. The most contemporary argument is whether gays can even be considered Jews if we "defy" Leviticus 18 and 20 literally, even if we obey it figuratively.

When Ukraine legalizes gay sex and Israel legalizes gay marriage, it will be more evident that the standards of tolerance, acceptance and admiration of people who are different will reveal how everyone ought to be interfacing with one another.

People argue and fight everywhere in the world over their beliefs. They support their opinions with selfish reasons, many of which are immoral. They use their interpretation of God's will to validate their own desires while either accusing the poor and disenfranchised of being perverts or the rich and powerful of being perverts.

The Passover Tale never ended. The pharaohs, slavedrivers and slaves may have different names today, but the whole world has turned into an Egypt. The only hope lies in the alliance between Israel and the United States.

What medieval, modern, straight men are really fighting over are names for God. In ancient Egypt there were indigenists at the top and Israelites at the bottom. In today's world there are believers in one God who are still fighting over how their beliefs translate into behavior. Only gay Jews can see how threatened we are from both sides.

You'll have to use your conscience to decide how your beliefs will be made manifested through your actions. But if the worst you can find to say of me is that I enjoy anal sex

with my boyfriend and defend the existence of the State of Israel, I think that's your **penis problem**, not mine.

The First-Person Singular

Every man's **penis problem**, like his penis itself, is unique. That's why people are so concerned about the war in Ukraine, the wars in the Middle East and World War III erupting out of these skirmishes.

The problem of war doesn't originate in the penis. The penis is only the delivery device of the arrogant push to penetrate any border [hymen] a man chooses to call his own. Gay men don't behave this way. We know that the anus requires gentle regard and lubrication if you hope to reuse it sexually without the need for medical intervention.

The problem with pornography today is that it doesn't teach gay males how to pleasure their partner with gentle rubbing that includes plenty of lubrication inside and out. Today's male porn is as cruel as some straight men. The only difference is that we're learning about spirituality in bed with one another while they're are in bed with one another colluding against the world.

Today's slavedrivers who help their pharaoh figuratively pin down their preferred Israelite, are participating in rape, while enjoying the terror, carnage and killing the rapist incurs. It's always the same story. It's always the same abuse of sex that leads to war. Only the names of the perpetrators and victims change. But the end result is always an attack on Israel and God's plans for the gays and the Jews.

Today, the Israelis are associated by some with the **pharaohs** of the Middle East, while the Palestinians are associated with the **Israelites**. I'm not going to concern myself with this twisted retelling of the Passover Tale. This is what happens when you tell Jews to kill Jews in God's name. This is the fatal flaw in Torah. Leviticus 20 is the culmination of the lies our rabbis told us because they didn't see the Creation Story as a description of the sexual maturation of males.

This flaw is resolved in The Book of Numbers after the rebellion of Korach and his men. The Israelites still question whether Moses and Aaron are God's choice of leaders. Is everyone holy, or are only some holy? [Numbers 16:3]

God commanded a unique test. A representative of each tribe brings a wooden staff bearing that tribe's name, and all the staffs are placed before God. The following day, the staff of Aaron, representing the house of Levi, has blossomed, sprouting forth buds that bear almonds.

I am a fruit and a nut. I'm marked by diligence and consistency. The word for "diligent" is related to the word for almond in Hebrew because the almond tree blooms before all others.

Sex mixed with pain is something some people enjoy. Guns are like penises and ammunition is like semen that some folks can't separate in their mind. They think that being shot with a gun is the ultimate, ecstatic experience. They see death as bringing a person to life.

"Bonobos create peaceful societies in which males and females share power – while the biologically similar chimpanzees live in patriarchal groups in which males regularly rape, beat, kill, and sometimes even drink the blood of their own kind." [internet]

Pharaohs are compared to chimpanzees by those on the left, and those who oppose pharaohs are equated with bonobos on the right. God even uses primates to show us how we behave.

To evolve beyond the level of a simian in God's eyes, I think you should become an Independent. Criticizing the left and the right is necessary if you believe there are horrible people on both sides.

If you only believe there are horrible people on one side, you wish to see Tel Aviv and Jerusalem divided which will destroy the State of Israel. There are many Jewish anti-Zionists in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. They wish to divide and

weaken their country. History has always shown that when the Jews are divided, the Jews are attacked.

I see all totalitarian regimes as constructed on the principles of repressed homosexuality [anal penetration] and a twisted straight, sexual need to dominate, hurt and humiliate others [vaginal penetration through rape]. This forces their victims to carry their beliefs to term. This is why the hyper-religious are so vehemently opposed to gay men being allowed to marry. Gay men who are honest, sincere and authentic about their sexuality enrage totalitarian types and the slavedrivers who keep them in power.

Sexually repressed, straight men aren't willing to literally touch another man's penis or anus, but they thrill at the opportunity of watching as their "brothers" inflict pain and suffering on nations, peoples, sub-tribes and individuals. The more they can take glee in others being screwed **up** or screwed **over**, the more retribution they feel for having been born.

This is every Cain's way to punish God for having taken the side of his brother. Cain couldn't have cared less about Abel. All he was interested in doing was making God squirm.

This kind of man not only figuratively uses his penis to inseminate his will so that it'll grow and propagate **his** beliefs in his victims. He encourages others to do the same, thus destroying the very foundation on which civilization and our belief in God is constructed.

This is a description of the **penis problem** writ large. What this looks like on paper is what the first-person singular pronoun in English looks like [**I**]. This is the only pronoun that's always capitalized in English, just like nouns and pronouns that describe God.

Perverts play God. They want the world to know who's boss. What's more, they want God to know who's boss. They unleash their might upon the unsuspecting to prove that

their penis is the most powerful penis in the world. They are their own God.

Granted, God is **in** everyone, just as He's **around** everyone. We're all holy. But we don't act like it when we behave like bonobos and/or chimpanzees. We all need to learn to behave like human beings. That's the test. That's the lesson the Teacher keeps giving us in myriad variations.

You don't have to be a fruit or a nut to be a tree of self-knowledge. You don't have to be an Adam or an Eve. You don't have to be gay or straight. You don't have to be Israeli or American.

But you can't be a Muslim terrorist who uses God to inflict death on gays and Jews. You can't be a Palestinian who uses Muslim terrorists to carve out of piece of Israel for yourself.

What the Israelites were up against with Pharaoh and against defiant Jews during the Exodus is what we're all up against today. This is why Torah is still relevant, not just as a harbinger of the coming of Jesus.

If men could see their penis as a staff, they could figuratively watch it blossom and bloom with all kinds of fruits and nuts. They could discover that what was a **penis problem** has turned into a **penis present** from God.

The appropriation of capital letters in English isn't unique to those men in positions of power who are criminally insane. We all have ego issues that are expressed using the figurative misappropriation of capital letters we could see if we put our thoughts down honestly on paper.

All ego issues figuratively emanate out of our left testicle as small letters that combine with the capital letters that emanate out of our right testicle to create the unique "words" that flow out of the serpent in our tree, similar to how semen flows out of our penis. This is what beguiles the worst of the worst to think that their actions are morally justified.

When you combine the red [rage] and the yellow [fear] of the rainbow of hope given to Noah, you get the orange

[angst] you see in the Middle East today. When you combine the yellow [fear] and the blue [sorrow] of the rainbow, you get the green jealousy and envy that you see in those who break the 10th Commandment [coveting]. But when you combine the red [rage] and the blue [sorrow] that lies in your heart of hearts, you achieve the purple self-righteous indignation at a world that hasn't addressed your need to bring Heaven down to Earth. Even the lavender of the LGBTQIA+ community is level of self-righteous indignation at not being perceived as angels in disguise.

If we were able to see our actions as words in print, we'd be able to edit ourself more honestly. If we were able to see our feelings in color, we'd be able to edit ourself more sincerely. And if we could rise to the highest level of response in every situation without vengeance that underscores our desire to murder God for having enrolled us in this spiritual school, we could graduate with a degree that would leave a legacy worth remembering. We could die authentically.

His story and history

The Germans were the most viciously ridiculing people of the 20th Century. The Poles and the Ukrainians were eager to help the Germans rid their countries of Jews, gays and the disabled.

Yet, the Germans thought they were the most brilliant people on Earth because of their advances in the arts and sciences. Hitler convinced them that their penises were the greatest penises on the planet. He told them that he'd lead them in the creation of an empire that would last a thousand years. It lasted twelve.

The Germans [with the help of many Poles, Ukrainians and others] killed 6,000,000 Jews before they were convinced by good men and women that their desires were evil.

Paragraph 175 was the statute of the German criminal code that banned sexual relations between men. During the Nazi period, the police arrested more than 100,000 men for allegedly violating this statute. Approximately fifty percent of these men were convicted. Some were chemically castrated. Most served time in regular prisons, but of those sent to concentration camps it's estimated that 5,000-15,000 were murdered. [internet]

The number of disabled people with physical abnormalities or mental illness who were sent to concentration camps and murdered was about 270,000. [internet]

Declaring that you're the victim of Jewish and gay atrocities against humanity is a Nazi rant, not a well thought out philosophy of life. Next, some will blame people with special needs for all the ills of society.

God teaches every society to look more closely at who's really promoting **penis problems**. He does so for every generation.

The Germans have had to live with universal shame, relieved of their humiliation before God only by confessing their mistake in having turned Jews, gays and people with special needs into enemies of the state.

In the future, each nation in the Middle East, like each nation in Europe up until now, will argue over who despised the gays, Jews and disabled less in their past. Wait and see if you doubt what I'm predicting.

Every nation, and by extension every individual, will have to reconcile its tendency to play God. When you call the Jews "Nazis," you have a **penis problem**. When you screw others over while your henchmen stand by drooling and ogling over what you're doing, you're a psychopath. You refuse to acknowledge your guilt.

Gay men screw each other sexually literally. Straight men with repressed, homosexual tendencies or desires to subjugate, rape and then kill their "prey" are monsters who screw others over figuratively. They need to be held accountable and separated from the general public.

The greatest taboo in every society is vaginal sex with one's mother. It's natural to have had your penis come **out** of your mother's vagina with the rest of you, But it's a taboo to put it back **in** where it came from.

Hitler and today's totalitarians, claim not to be perverts who'd have sex with their mother. But because criminal minds are so **meticulously** diabolical in their thinking, they assume that **anal sex** with their mother wouldn't count as a taboo.

They get revenge against their mother for having birthed them into this world by expressing their psychological perversion through projection. They screw **others** over. They figuratively sodomize their victims, while deluding themselves into thinking that they love their mother and would never have vaginal sex with her.

I say that if they had full rein over their desires without any inhibitions, they'd sodomize her, as well.

These psychologically lost souls have nothing in common with healthy straight and gay men. But straight and gay men who don't acknowledge the depth of the perversion of leaders who are morally corrupt will be forced to face the consequences of their leaders' desire to force all men to do the same as them. It's not just **misery** that loves company. **Perversion** loves company even more.

A man who can't stop thinking about getting back at his mother for having brought him into this world is going to find ways to express his hatred of life through projection. He's going to screw anyone over who gets in his way. And then he's going to force others to lower their moral standards to his.

This is discussed in Genesis 18 between God and Abraham. God says, "The outcry against Sodom and Gomorrah is so great and their sin so grievous [18:21] that I will go down and see if what they have done is as bad as the outcry that has reached Me. If not, I will know."

Religious men who use the story of Sodom to fulfill their hatred of gay men have **penis problems**. They can't see that God gave us this scriptural text in Genesis to reflect on how we behave toward one another, not as commentary on what we do in bed.

In the moral sense, Torah, the Gospels and the Quran spiritually build upon one another. The land of Israel was given to the Jews by the same God everyone else believes in. The ancient Jews had to fight pagans who were ignorant of God. Today's Jews are now fighting true believers who don't comprehend the depth of the sacred texts they've inherited from their ancestors, forefathers and father.

Men who usurp God's words for their own advancement are like men who have anal intercourse with their mother. They're looking for ways to take what they want from others in retaliation for their own miserable attitude. They hate life. They hate God. They hate their mother. But they think they love **themself**. What a bitter irony!

Israel's leaders were well aware of this repressed homosexual predilection in Yasser Arafat, the first leader of the Palestinian people. It was well known that he was a closeted homosexual. But the Israelis, in deference to gay people, didn't expose Arafat's sexuality.

It wasn't what he was doing in bed that they objected to. It was how he was screwing over his people and his neighbors that they were opposed to. Although Mahmoud Abbas [his successor] and the Fatah party are doing a better job than Ismail Haniyeh who runs Hamas, that isn't saying much. No one gets into power in the Middle East if they promote gay marriage except in Israel.

We Jews have been in the business of promoting one God for 3,400 years. The disciples of one of our own [Jesus] created the most popular, monotheistic religion in the world! Christianity has been in practice for 2,000 years! And Islam is the newest, monotheistic religion. It's built upon our righteous intentions and has been in existence for 1,400 years.

It's about time Muslims learn to appreciate the attic of the Abrahamic edifice they live in by acknowledging their spiritual family downstairs. Their spiritual grandparents [Jews] live on the ground floor. Their spiritual parents [Christians] live on the middle story. How else do these Muslims think they got the spiritual view they've got out onto the world, with all the material comforts that go with it? [19]

The religious **pyramid** of the ancient past gave the Jews all the room at the bottom since we were the ones who literally and figuratively built it. But it later left the Christians upstairs with a higher view, but without access to the ground floor. That later crammed the Muslims in at the

[19] Education is the answer to human misery. The problem today is that all the **religions** need to be reformed to teach their laity about **spirituality**.

top under a pitched roof that now needs to be replaced with a flat roof and windows on all sides.

The goal of the Crusades was to "liberate" Israel from the Muslims. Christians and Muslims have always claimed to be the landlords of the entire Abrahamic edifice. Today's anti-Zionism is a movement to turn the ground floor into parking.

Christians and Muslims have always assumed that because we Jews are small in number, we're vulnerable and would be easy to obliterate. What they don't take into account is that by being so small in number we assimilate into Christian and Muslim cultures more easily than they assimilate into each other's. The gift of being a minority has made us vehicles of intellectual change, emotional transformation and spiritual transcendence for the past 3,400 years.

The religious **towers** of today are sects that see themselves as unique and separate from all others. But they're like the leaning Tower of Pisa. Nobody has had the main metaphor of Moses to give their religious edifice the firm foundation it needs through figurative speech.

Redeeming **himself** through peace and understanding since the recreation of the State of Israel has made it possible for each Muslim to view himself as a pyramid unto himself. This gives him the inner corridors and rooms that correspond to the inner forces of man. This gives him the imagination to see himself as a mummy, wrapped up inside, waiting for someone to let him out.

Every man comes out of the cave in his mountain or pyramid sooner or later. The question is whether he comes out on the north side or the south side. Is he going to go back to his past in the valley of his birth or forward to his future in the valley of death where God will welcome him with open arms.

Today, only the **literalists** insist on maintaining the dogmas of the past. **Modernists** use metaphor, symbolism

and simile to construct their spiritual understanding of life and their personal part to play in it.

Anyone who can't muster the moral strength to face his own guilt at how he's treating **himself** will be forced to face embarrassment of his body; shame of his character; and humiliation of his soul through redemptive lessons that will teach him about God's will in ways he won't be able to anticipate, but will never forget.

Beauty is skin deep. Lessons from God go right to the bone. But if you've penetrated the marrow of your bones, you know a truth about what keeps you erect that no simple shmuck can refer to.

This reconciliation of your faith in God will eventually turn your inner world into a spiritual **skyscraper**. You'll build one story upon the next for the rest of your life. Your children and grandchildren will see your view and how it's changed over the years, and they'll perceive the virtues you've used to construct your inner world in an enduring manner. They'll enjoy your roof garden [Paradise]. And they'll teach their children to build their life with a view to Eden, Heaven and Paradise that they'll strive for in their own way.

The Muslim **diaspora** [like the dispersion of the Jewish people beyond the bounds of Israel] is now a great redesign of God's plan. Having Muslims help Christians and Jews is good for everyone, just as having gay men help straight men is good for the family of man as well as each family member.

Since the Second World War, redemption has made it possible for Christians to see God [Jesus] as Jewish. They're now halfway there! Now all they need to do is recognize that He's now gay with special needs.

Personal redemption and societal reconciliation have made it possible for the Jews to acknowledge that God didn't give us a name for Him. He knew we'd abuse that name to **advance** our own **penis problems**, rather than to expose all **penis problems**. Just look at Harvey Weinstein and Jeffrey

Epstein. Even Anthony Weiner personifies Jewish **penis problems**.

Our lack of a name for God has given us the cynicism to acknowledge that a Jewish schmuck is no better than any other schmuck just because he was circumcised in the Jewish tradition.

Some people would still like to blame the Jews for all **their** pain and suffering. Some have their doubts about the wisdom in having allowed the Jews to recreate Israel in 1948. But some are now beginning to question the efficacy of Islam when they compare the quality of life for Muslims in the Jewish state to life in Muslim countries.

What we see happening in the Middle East [and now in Ukraine] are man's **penis problems** magnified onto the world stage. It's not about territory. It's not about economics. It's not about culture wars. It's about **penis problems** that God is bringing to awareness one painful "thrust" after another.

Pain, suffering, blame and denial will continue until all men face their own penis as a God-given problem that will take them a lifetime to solve peacefully. Redemption is the key. If you want to see your staff blossom, bloom and fruit, you're going to have to use your imagination in new, creative ways.

> Most of my life I lived under a cloud of depression. That cloud only lifted on rare occasions for brief moments. I still enter that fog from time to time. But now I can see when I'm in it. Now I can admit it as an inner weather pattern that's deeply meaningful, albeit disorienting and figuratively painful.
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> This cloud could be called a testosterone fog. That would be an accurate description of it. But it's my particular testosterone fog based on my particular traumas from my birth and infancy into early

childhood that made the passage into puberty uniquely challenging for me.

My lifelong depression has been centered around the Holocaust. I've felt like a gay, Jewish concentration camp survivor with a pink triangle and a yellow star. I just didn't have the clarity of inner vision to see myself through this analogy because of my desire to fit in and appear normal.

The French say, "Je suis Charlie." I say, "Je ne suis pas Solly." [I am **Solly**, short for **Betzalel** {Hebrew: in God's shadow}. Solly was my father's first name.] I personally identify with the immorality of an event [the Holocaust] that should never would have happened if humanity hadn't been as primitive as it was less than a hundred years ago. My psyche has been stimulated by that event to wake me up to who I must be and how I must live in this world to be as honest, sincere and authentic as I possibly can.

I'm **like** a concentration camp survivor who can never forget, even though I was born to a concentration camp survivor after the War. I'm the son of a slave. But I'm also a gay man with special needs. A German Christian in my age bracket is **like** his Nazi father. He can never forget the burden he must bear that was bequeathed to him by his father, even though he, too, was born after the War.

I had to get through my personal lessons from our Teacher before I allowed to move through my honesty and sincerity to believe in my authenticity. I had to stop crying over having disappointed my father. The psychic swings from red rage to blue sorrow were killing me. I had to stand still inside. I had to experience the purple majesty that came from honoring myself. How could I love me if I couldn't only berate myself for having disappointed the first man in my life.

My father is dead. If I don't honor me now, who will? And when?

All men are **like** their fathers. But we're all accountable to our **Father**, not our **father**. We all hold a moral bequest that we didn't choose for ourself. It was given to us by God. Not even our father would have wanted us to suffer with such a moral inheritance.

No wonder Jacob wanted to wrest Esau's birthright out from under him. [Genesis 25:29-34] Who wouldn't want to be someone else once he realized what a burden he'd been given by God to be himself and not a facsimile of his father?

Perhaps now White Americans can see why Black Americans behave as they do. When you perceive yourself as **like** a slave, not just the descendant of slaves, you get enraged at the moral bequest, inheritance, birthright you've been forced to carry. But then you become proud of your roots. Then you realize that your roots connect you to your people. They don't define you.

Our spiritual inheritance is held in our penis, the delivery device of all the good and evil in us. This is true of all of us. It's true about each and every woman on the planet and her relationship to her clitoris. The Muslim practice of circumcising the clitoris frames all the ignorance and cruelty still practiced in their faith. Female circumcision is equivalent to dismemberment.

There was one Jew who didn't blame anyone for the way His life turned out because He wasn't conflicted about His

birthright. That was Jesus. We know that for a fact because on the cross, He quoted the 22nd Psalm before He died. [20]

I know something of Christ's devotion to God. The first thing I learned about it is that it isn't reserved for Christians.

Taking scripture **literally** instead of **literarily** has turned into a grave mistake now that we have psychology and **metaphysics** to advance our understanding of ourselves. [21] That said, breaking projections must be done slowly and carefully. I understand the hesitation to wake everyone up as quickly as possible.

Turning the West Bank into a neighboring, slave state that would supply the manpower the Israelis need to build a pyramid to their greatness isn't a wise way to approach the future of the Middle East. I think all straight Muslims should be educated in Torah before they tackle the Gospels. Muslims should educate straight Jews and Christians on the mystery of the Quran. But gay Jews, gay Christians and gay Muslims must oversee those classes. We hold an understanding of the closet metaphor and how everyone must be drawn out of their own closet in their own way.

The word "closet" [Hebrew: **aron**] is the word used by Moses [the author of Torah] for Noah's ark; the basket Moses' mother put her son in to carry him down the Nile; and the Ark of the Covenant the Israelites carried The Ten Commandments from God in for 40 years in the desert.

When straight Jews, straight Christians and straight Muslims realize that they're locked up because they don't

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[20] It begins, "My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?" Every gay man, non-binary person and trans person has cried out these words in his unconscious. This is a universal plea, not a gay male plea.

[21] **Metaphysics** is the branch of philosophy that deals with the first principles of things, including abstract concepts such as being, knowing, substance, cause, identity, time, and space. [internet]

have the freedom, liberty or emancipation to pray to our God completely, they'll look at their struggles through the eyes of the LGBTQIA+ community.

"Dignity" is a word with a slippery slope for straight men who lean toward **autonomy** rather than **freedom** [head], **liberty** [heart] and **emancipation** [soul]. Just as modern Jews can never forget the Holocaust because each and every Jew is like a concentration camp survivor, no one else can forget the moral message **they've** been assigned to carry.

If you could identify with a gay Jew with special needs, you could achieve the God consciousness you're missing. I'll always be associated as the existential outsider. I'll always be associated with the pervert who must measure how much of himself he feels free to reveal. Jews, gays and the disabled must always remember that we're mirrors in a house full of windows. We confound those who look at us.

This is how God uses us to open doors. This is how we teach people the pain of neglect that's rooted in our family of origin. Our relatives couldn't acknowledge our spiritual needs when we were growing up.

Every one of us grew up closeted. Every one of us came out of our closet [ark] at puberty. We came out of our closet [basket] when we entered the world of adults and found ourself dependent on strangers. And every one of us came out of our closet [tabernacle] when we found God within us, not just around us.

You won't want to be anyone other than who you are once you realize the tremendous good you have the potential to bring into this world. Being you is a **privilege** even though it will often feel like a **curse**. Such is the diaphanous nature of spiritual life.

The master/slave conundrum within ourself today was first realized 3,400 years ago as a struggle between the ancient Egyptians and the Israelites. We can see that effect in the sociological and psychological issues each of us has to overcome for ourself and within ourself. We can see how

we need to come out of our closets [ark, basket, tabernacle] just as Moses described.

No one in his right mind wants to take Torah literally when it comes to renewing slavery, punishing children by stoning them or by placing a moral judgment on ejaculating into an anus. And killing people who commit adultery is simply laughable in the modern age. Doing so would probably reduce the population of the world by a third!

It's now clear that there are individuals who are living in a land of milk and honey while others nearby are bondsmen with little hope of escaping pharaohs of industry who don't care about their wellbeing in the least.

All of His story is history. It doesn't matter what portion of history you look at. If you study it as a Passover tale, you'll see how God is always retelling His story in every generation in every country on Earth.

The issue in Leviticus between two men having sex with one another [chapters 18 and 20] has been thoroughly externally explored over the past 3,400 years. Now it's being internalized in the psychological male/female issue each of us has to overcome within ourself.

Every man is 50% male and 50% female. If you're a straight man and you've tasted your own semen or put a finger in your anus, you're on a spiritually even playing field with gay men.

If you don't see that you've had your head up your ass, I suggest you ask your boss, parents, children or friends to expound on that topic for you.

Nobody should care who you choose to love in the outside world. Nobody should care if you prefer to reach orgasm in a mouth, a hand, a vagina or an anus. The only thing people should care about or need to care about is whether they've repressed the female side of themself to such a degree that they're screwing themself over; because if they are, they're going to try to screw the rest of us over, as well.

These are the markings of someone who'll move in the direction of criminality. The difference between **an out gay man** and **a repressed heterosexual** lies in the closets he's come out of. Criminals haven't even come off their own ark! They're still adrift at sea without a sail or a rudder. They're still yearning for safe harbor. They've still got all their animal instincts in the hold of their boat, fighting one another to disembark.

Jesus' coming out story is built upon Torah like a second story in a building is built upon the first. The Gospels is the coming out story that Christianity has been given to share with the world.

Jesus came out of His head into His heart. I believe He may also have been a gay Jew Who had an affair with another gay Jew [Judas]. I believe Their affair went south because Judas didn't have the emotional strength to reciprocate Christ's love. Both paid with their life. Judas committed suicide, and Jesus was murdered.

The **infrared** range of the rainbow represents the hot feelings of the suicidal. The **ultraviolet** range of the rainbow represents the cold feelings of a murderer. Judas was infrared. He killed himself. Jesus was ultraviolet. He was murdered.

Everyone wants to kill God, just as Cain wanted to. Some kill their brother, lover, partner or stranger to show God how much they deplore His story.

If you don't use the promise of the seven colors of the rainbow to discover a hope in yourself that can't be achieved except through the study of scripture - for psychological revelation of your mission in life - you're, at best, like Cain. You have an unconscious wish for revenge against God. Your efforts will end disastrously.

All those who believe in God are living in a story in the same apartment building. We're all suffering with ignorant neighbors above and below us. If you won't allow a gay Jew with special needs to move into the building with marriage

equality, you force us onto scaffolding on the outside of the building with Buddhists who don't believe in God. You demean us. You scorn us. But who's the pervert?

We're all like prisoners in the same penal colony being reformed by the dictates of the same Warden. We're all being manipulated and controlled by the same guardians of morality. We all look out the bars of our window at a world we'll never be able to fully join. It's a fantasyland out there. Each of us is incarcerated. And the only way out lies through God's scriptures.

We're all like patients of the same hospital being treated by the same Doctor. Those who help us are like nurses. Those who test us are like technicians. Those who manage our insurance coverage are like billing clerks who think they can manage our accountability. You won't be discharged from this hospital. You'll die here. And if you try to leave without the Doctor's permission, you'll leave very sick.

We're all like lords and ladies in the same monarchy under the auspices of the same King. You won't enjoy yourself to the manor born unless you learn loyalty to the King. There are soldiers and spies everywhere. You're a fugitive of the law unless you learn to work cooperatively and kindly with our King for the betterment of us all.

You might presume no gay man could possibly understand what Jesus went through. You might presume no gay man could do any better than Judas, when the truth is that no gay man has ever done as badly as Judas. We've learned from that lesson. We've raised ourselves up from that level of disregard for our brothers.

You're like a tree in a Gardener's orchard, a prisoner in a Warden's reformatory, and royalty in a King's monarchy. You've got special needs that you don't even know you need help with. You're like a gay Jew in a closet. Stop fighting the truth and start living it.

Gay History

Over the past 2,000 years, gay men were slowly pushed out of the Abrahamic edifice on every floor. But we had nowhere else to go. Because of to AIDS, we were **forced** to unite by building scaffolding around the whole building. But not even the Buddhists welcomed us. [22]

We were witnesses to the fact that the Abrahamic edifice was once shaped like a **pyramid**. Thanks to the industrial revolution in which Jews gave up eating separately from Christians, the Abrahamic edifice turned into a **duplex** with a pitched roof that now houses Muslims in the attic.

But modern, out Judeo-Christians in the LGBTQIA+ community have done our best to help our gay, Muslim brothers and sister in the top story build dormers. With hope, the future of God's edifice will be transformed into a **skyscraper** where everyone will be welcome to reside.

This century, we, gay people, have been unconsciously doing God's work by washing straight people's windows on the outside. And those with special needs, both physical and mental, have been by our side helping in every way they can.

AIDS was the harshest of all our previous, gay, life-lessons. It humbled us to the meaning of love through brotherhood, even though [understandably] few cried out to Moses, Jesus or Muhammad to save them. It was hard for any of us to believe in a God Who'd make us His scapegoats.

Like the Jews in the past, like Black people and those with special needs, we, gay people, create opportunities to express love wherever we now go.

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[22] The Dalai Lama is a decayed nut. His behavior with children and his opinions about gays are proof that the Buddhist Temple needs to be reformed, just like the Synagogue, Church and Mosque. [see video of him at the age of 87 asking a boy to suck his tongue.]

Clearly, straight men and women are going to have to do **their** work by washing their windows from the inside if they want to learn about fellowship in a more meaningful way.

I shouldn't have to remind men that when it comes to brotherhood, straight men like Hitler, Stalin and all the other totalitarian types who've come on the world stage since, have the worst, spiritual grades of any students in this school. Does anyone seriously expect to meet up with them in the World to come?

Boys who've experimented sexually with other boys know a lot more about brotherhood than straight men who rant and rave against gay and trans people without personal experience to valid **their** claim of **our** perversity.

Fellowship grows with intimacy until it becomes physical [not violent]. No man or woman wants intimacy without physicality. Affection is something we all seek. Legislating who someone can be affectionate with is absurd. It's a warning that you're going to graduate as a simian not a human being if you don't improve your grades.

Intimacy grows with honesty as people express their feelings in bed with their partner[s] in mutually authentic ways. That said, some limits have to be set for the sake of hygiene and safety. Rimming others or being killed during S&M intercourse isn't good for your spiritual health. Coercing sex isn't good for your spiritual health. Having sex with children isn't good for your spiritual health. Everyone wants to die spiritually healthy. No one wants to die spiritually sick.

Sports is based on sex, albeit using nets, goals, holes and home runs as substitutes for vaginas or anuses. Sports uses clubs, bats, rackets, etc. in place of penises. But the ball is always a symbol of precum, semen, vaginal fluid or lubrication. Getting the ball to the goal in a sport is like sex everyone can enjoy together rather than orgies for a select few. And the cost of going to games has become so

prohibitive that only the rich can afford to be seen at these orgies.

Straight men have to learn good sportsmanship in place of rape of their rivals. Since some sportsmen are incapable of the intimacy gay men can give to one another directly, they ought to study their deeper motives to improve their game. They need to come out of their closets in their own way.

There's one other way to achieve the intimacy of brotherhood for straight men. They can learn to love the penis they got. They can learn to love the brother within them. They can learn to love the mystery inherent in **my story** not just the mystery inherent in **His story**.

Each of us has a **mystery** that intersects with **history**. Each of us is a delivery device of goodness. We can all be loving with ourself. And we can all promote wisdom by correcting our mistakes and teaching others what we've learned about ourself by changing our ways.

If you haven't embraced your thoughts [head] and feelings [heart] as two forces given to you by God to teach you how to get through the first two stories of Genesis [**Adam and Eve** and **Cain and Abel**], you'll spend a lifetime learning to identify as a Noah in an ark, a Moses in a basket and an Israelite with God within you.

Israel is your destination. Are you going to enter it like Christians and Muslims did in the past: violently. Or are you going to make peace your goal? Canaan will forever be conquered. God saw to that. Modern Israel is a place with a potential to bestow enormous gifts on the world. But you won't see those gifts in your lifetime or thereafter if you don't go on your personal journey to Israel on your own.

How long are you going to pace back and forth at your Red Sea with enemies coming closer. The path forward is hidden beneath the sea. Part your own waters with your staff. Create your own path. Get out of your inner land of

oppression and make your way to your inner land of milk and honey.

Reading my books should be seen as similar to masturbation. They should give you the theory to pleasing yourself without having to look your best.

Although everyone's capable of imagining sex with God while having sex with his beloved, nobody talks about it. Someone told us that just thinking such a thought will lead to sex in houses of prayer and damnation to Hell everlasting.

Both outcomes seem pretty far-fetched to me. I worry much more about global warming and about people getting shot and killed while in houses of prayer. Men exposing their genitals in synagogues, churches and mosques doesn't worry me. They may be doing it on the subways of New York, but we can all see that they're suffering a mental health crisis that needs to be managed with a spiritual understanding of the forces at play within us all.

Straight men who wish to avoid bad karma, criminality and social alienation ought to learn about brotherhood from gay men. We don't kill. We don't rape. We're not known for screwing people over. And we don't wish our enemies dead.

Gay men in Israel are seeking marriage equality through parades, marches and legal channels, just as we've done in other countries. If we don't succeed in Israel, there's no hope for peace in the Middle East. Straight men simply don't have the gifts needed to achieve peace. Women and gay men need to do the heavy lifting. That couldn't be more obvious.

No woman can teach a man **brotherhood**. Women can teach men **sisterhood**. And there are plenty of men in the LGBTQIA+ community who are experts at both [fellowship]! Personally, I make a pretty good sister, myself. Because I'm half man and half woman, I express fellowship as much as possible. And when I'm not sure if I can, I go to God for guidance. I'm not limited by tradition or by having a penis. The only things that limit me are foolishness, hatefulness and disloyalty to the male or female side of me.

When it comes to teaching brotherhood, we see what happens between fathers and sons in the modern era when sons enter puberty. Without a spiritual understanding of the "words" that will come out of the mouth of their son's serpent, a father can't describe his own love and compassion through guiding principles that will preserve his son's faith in God through fellowship with other men in the way that's most natural for his boy.

Without reminding his son that all men are half women, a father constrains his son's willingness to learn about himself from women. He avoids the topic of cowardice. He becomes shy. He becomes compliant, submissive and conforming in some ways; and defiant, rebellious and insubordinate in other ways.

Overcoming cowardice is intrinsic to becoming a man. A man who denies his fears will die tragically. But the man who wallows in them will never come alive.

These are "the facts of life" and the manner of discussing them that fathers need to profess to themself if they want meaningful relationships with their progeny over a lifetime. Just shooting hoops with your boys without teaching them the hidden, sexual meaning behind the basketball [semen] that they're **dribbling** isn't good enough.

Fathers must teach their sons the meaning of heroism through an understanding of the seven forces within them. The greatest heroic deed in life is coming out of your head, into your heart, and then coming out of your broken heart into your soul. Sons certainly aren't going to honor their fathers unless their fathers honor them by showing them how heroism is accomplished.

Neglect is a horrible absconsion of responsibility that emanates out of self-ignorance. You must come out of yourself. You must stop hiding from yourself. And if you're a parent, you must teach your children to come out of their closets as well.

We fought a Civil War in this country to decide whether we have the right to take Torah figuratively. And still, some disagree that God gave us scripture to learn about His awesome intentions by using words in myriad, righteous [not manipulative] ways.

The North firmly believes in the figurative interpretation of Torah. The South still maintains their insistence on taking Torah literally. That outcome leads to superficiality throughout our culture. The South is going south in a very bad way. The North is going nowhere, while making excellent time.

Slavery has been outlawed in our country, but there are many who still refuse to take the idiocy of Leviticus 18 and 20 to heart. Our culture war today boils down to the same issue with Torah that we went through in the past. Do we take God's word[s] literally or figuratively? Only now, we have the means to fight diabolical punsters at the source [the **Creation Story**].

Ironically, the South is deeply supportive of Israel while the North is deeply critical of her. So, what would you do if you were God and you had to teach the greatest nation on Earth how to avoid a second Civil War as well as World War III?

We're living in an age when marriage equality is now further separating us from rabbis who insist on only literal interpretations of Torah. The Gospels lie in your heart. The Quran lies in your soul. Torah is the keystone to the rainbow arch that unites Christianity and Islam.

Many rabbis still disapprove of gay men having the right to marry in Israel. They still yearn for **scapegoats** to sacrifice instead of sacrificing their own outdated **dogmas**. They want to replace the Mosque on the Temple Mount to kill goats up there. They disgust me.

Is it any wonder I've written this book for autistic men who want to learn about love? I have much more confidence in men like me who've been forced to learn the basics over

and over again without scriptural guidance. In some ways, I'll always have to repeat the first grade. I'll always be learning and relearning the basics over my lifetime.

But I'm now at peace with who I am and who I'm becoming. I'm going to graduate this school with a Ph.D. in me because I've got the kindergarten diploma I most needed. The first grade is now just for fun and because I'm more curious than ever about the basics. Complex problems don't scare me. They always have simple solutions.

What traditionalists are really afraid of is dismemberment and castration. Most Muslim men don't mind doing that to women, yet no man wants to have to personally deal with the same literal solution to his **own** problems.

Religious solutions to **spiritual** problems aren't restricted to Muslims. There are plenty of Jews and Christians who don't want to use their conscience as their guide because they know that that would require listening to their serpent's "words" with conscious awareness. They still call that "women's work."

These men don't fear God. They fear losing their desire for revenge. They seek outrage. They want to feel offended. They love to be affronted. The more they're disgraced, the more the raise their fist with threats of retaliation. The media would go bankrupt if they didn't promote outrage. It's the only thing that sells papers. The media disgusts me, too.

Worry about turning into ken dolls that **look** good without having anything with which to **do** good between their legs. Worry about turning into a barbie doll that can't stand up because the proportions of her body are so distorted.

Most people don't want to have to work to make their way Home. They just want death to come along and do that work for them. They're dying to be dead. They're terrified of coming alive.

These literalists insist that their semen in women gives them the right to decide the destiny or fate of her offspring.

End the debate on abortion. Provide contraception for men in pill form that takes effect in ten minutes. Use science to seek solutions to the problems God has given us!

If you think I should choose a nicer tone of voice when speaking to my readers about anal issues raised in the Bible, you haven't read my other books. I tried saying all this in with a more pleasant tone. I tried to sound normal and sane 26 times! This time, I'm through trying. Now it's time for me to be more myself. I'm always coming further out of my closets. That's just what gays and Jews do. The Democrats don't like Israel doing it. The Republicans don't like gays doing it. But I'm an Independent who doesn't give a damn about either party.

I'm not here to make friends and influence people. I'm here to befriend myself and influence me. I'm not trying to sell ideas in book form. I'm already a good book. I'm working on the two halves of me, not you. You're just a fly on my wall.

Coveting

Wisdom of the heart [fellowship] is achieved through **symbolism**, which is constructed upon **metaphor**. Jesus gave His body [container] and blood [contents] to teach the ancient Jews how to get out of their head, through their stiff neck [stubbornness] and into their heart where they could see God's intentions for them from a new place in inner space.

It's a pity ancient Christians didn't understand this because history is replete with examples of them using the sword to force conversion. Today they use the government, instead, to do it for them. Soon we'll all have to give the Nazi "Sieg heil" salute to Jesus.

Until the religious learn to move through spiritual childhood to spiritual adolescence by acknowledging the main metaphor of Moses that reveals all their **penis problems**, they'll see themself as having no other choice but to resort to cheating [#7], stealing [#8] and lying [#9] to maintain political power over what they consider to be the "masses," not a nation united by individualism.

The mind of those with special, religious needs gets excited about screwing over men, women and children they deplore. They don't like to imagine their enemies with erections enjoying affection with someone they love. They'd rather see those men prostrate on the ground, crying with grief over their losses.

All this those with special, religious needs do to prove to themself that they have no reason to covet [#10] anything another man has been given that they find themself lacking. Men with special, religious needs are criminals at heart. They can't stop themself from taking what's not theirs.

In today's world, we should separate those with special needs into two categories: **religious** needs and **atheist** needs. The difference between the **religious** and the **atheists** is like the difference between someone with **special physical needs** verses someone with **special mental needs**. They're

both cripples, but they refuse to admit they've been gathered together by God with good reason.

When a gay man [Thomas Lawrence Higgins] threw a pie in the face of hyper-religious leader, Anita Bryant, [on October 14, 1977], he tried to say something about clowns for everyone to contemplate. He tried to tell her that she was right about **repressed homosexuals** in our society, but terribly wrong about **gay men**.

Hopefully Anita's in a place today where she can reflect with guilt on her misappropriation of religious concepts that led to her hate speech about gay men, [some of whom were Jews and some of whom had special needs].

As someone who covets a great deal of what God gave others that He didn't give me, I can assure you that my loyalty and admiration of good men and women have helped me see the necessity of coveting the **best** of what others have that I'm missing.

Using **vaginal** verses **anal** sex to determine good from evil is evidence that some are missing a moral compass altogether. If **up** is good and **down** is evil, how can **in-and-out** say anything about right and wrong? Surely, there's more to learn about life than can be found in the mechanics of sexual intercourse.

I'm a gay man who'd never be able to enjoy sex with a man who couldn't get an erection while naked with me. What good is having sex with someone who isn't enjoying it? Two naked men with erect penises while in each other's arms is an expression of tremendous friendship and affection.

Granted, it's just a superficial sign of brotherhood. There are greater deeds than those that can be achieved in bed. But two erect penises in the same bed is not a sign of evil incarnate.

When God told us in the 10th Commandment not to covet, I think He was really saying, "Once you realize you're

coveting, go out and earn what others have that you want for yourself. Don't just take whatever you want."

Coveting what someone does for you that you can't do for yourself is a sign of your appreciation that God made everyone with the potential to live up to His image. We raise people in our esteem by acknowledging that they were given gifts we were not.

That said, misogyny, antisemitism, racism, homophobia and spiritual disabilities aren't "gifts" I admire or would want to duplicate. They're forms of self-hate that separate killers, rapists, criminals and psychopaths from the rest of us.

Coveting is the last of the Ten Commandments because it should be obvious after you've been through the other nine commandments that your inner forces are controlling your actions. This is the steppingstone to Christ's two commandments to commit your life to fellowship and love.

Neglect is the key to self-knowledge. Your parents neglected you. You had nowhere to go, so you went into your closets for protection. But now you can see that **you've** neglected you. You need to come out of your closets to prove your wisdom to God, your love to yourself and your loyalty to humanity.

But there's a difference between **brotherhood** and **Brotherhood**. The **brotherhood** found between men is an expression of love that's given directly, regardless of the intensity or intimacy of that virtuous intention. The **Brotherhood** found between man and God [Jesus] is a gift given to God directly in prayer.

The **Brotherhood** expressed in church is admirable. But the **brotherhood** expressed outside of church is the greater gift.

A moral understanding of Christ's two commandments can't be achieved without a full understanding of the other ten. You can't build a twelve-story building beginning with the twelfth story and working your way down.

God didn't give Moses the Ten Commandments on two tablets on a whim. It was given that way to mirror two sets of hands and two sets of laws on how to come before **God** [#1-5] and how to come before **man** [#6-10].

1.	I Am the Lord, thy God Who took you out of Egypt
2.	You shall have no other gods before Me
3.	Do not take the Lord's name[s] in vain
4.	Keep the Sabbath holy [contemplate your being]
5.	Honor your father and mother [as gifts from God]

6.	Don't kill [honor your body]
7.	Don't break your word [don't adulterate your word]
8.	Don't steal [control your desires]
9.	Don't lie [don't promote denial]
10.	Don't covet [earn your rewards]

11.	Love the Lord with all your might [wisely and loyally]
12.	Love your neighbor as yourself [recognize connection]

The order of the Commandments makes more sense than some people would like to admit. God knows, many religious institutions have reordered them to suit their personal preference.

The 5th Commandment, to honor our father and mother, is the last of the first set of laws because God gave us our parents. We don't honor **Him** when we honor **them**. We honor **ourself** when we honor **them**. And we honor ourself by doing all that they did right and not doing all that they did wrong. This sets our parents apart from all other people.

Breaking the 6th Commandment isn't just about killing others. As I said previously, the worst of all hate crimes is suicide. That's especially true in light of the fact that there are myriad **figurative** ways of doing so.

Just because I **literally** tried to kill myself doesn't mean that you're less guilty than me of having broken the 6th

Commandment just because you may use food, alcohol, drugs, sex, gambling or screwing yourself over in other ways. I'm more aware of my embarrassment, shame and humiliation because I've sought to redeem myself from the 6th Commandment. But we're all in the same boat [Earth]. We've punctured the hull. Now it's sinking!

This book describes an option for interpretating the Old Testament with forces within us rather than the tired old dogma promoted by religious, straight men around the world who misinterpret Tanach, the Bible and Quran by ignoring the importance of figurative speech. There's simply no excuse for not seeking reasons to unite the three Abrahamic scriptures rather than further divide them.

What should happen to those who know better but insist on sticking to old, useless ways? What should happen to those who insist on living in a spiritual hovel when we now have the potential to furnish apartments in a spiritual skyscraper with incredible views out onto life?

Buildings weren't built with more than ten stories until the late 19th Century. Skyscrapers didn't come into vogue until elevators had been invented. Until then, the higher up you lived in a building, the less you paid for your apartment and the less status you had.

Such is the same today in the Abrahamic edifice. Just imagine what the future could look like for anyone from any **religious** tradition who learns to become **spiritually** inclusive. Figurative speech is the elevator of the world's scriptures.

What we see happening today to the stiff-necked Protestants who fight stiff-necked Catholics and stiff-necked Christian Orthodox is precisely what the Jewish comedians, "The Three Stooges," showed us during the middle of the last century. Slapstick isn't **comedy**. Slapstick is an expression of **tragedy**. If you're laughing at slapstick instead of studying each and every reaction you're having to it,

you're a psychopath. You're avoiding your responsibility to learn about your guilt.

You don't have to be Jewish anymore for God to imply that you're a stiff-necked Jew. [Exodus 32] Just look at the tension between the Sunnis and Shiites today. [Laurel and Hardy] Religious Muslims in the Middle East behave like stubborn Jews, too. The "tiny" difference is that Jews don't kill Jews. Laurel [Sunnis] and Hardy [Shiites] don't talk out their differences. They shoot their way through them. And Iran is the producer of all these **sitcoms**.

Educated people already know that people who live in glass houses can't afford to throw stones. Those who throw **stones** at the Jews will always end up throwing stones at the gays. And if they miss, and hit women, Blacks, other people of color or the disabled, well, that's just too bad.

"**American Tune**"
by
Paul Simon, 1973

Many's the time I've been mistaken
and many times confused.
Yes, and I've often felt forsaken
and certainly misused.
Oh, but I'm alright, I'm alright.
I'm just weary to my bones.
Still, you don't expect to be bright and bon vivant
so far away from Home, so far away from Home.
And I don't know a soul who's not been battered.
I don't have a friend who feels at ease.
I don't know a dream that's not been shattered
or driven to its knees.
But it's alright, it's alright
for we lived so well so long.
Still, when I think of the
road we're traveling on
I wonder what's gone wrong.
I can't help it. I wonder what has gone wrong.
And I dreamed I was dying.
I dreamed that my soul rose unexpectedly,
and looking back down at me,
smiled reassuringly.
And I dreamed I was flying.
And high up above my eyes could clearly see
the Statue of Liberty
sailing away to sea.
And I dreamed I was flying.
We come on the ship they call the Mayflower.
We come on the ship that sailed the moon.
We come in the age's most uncertain hours
and sing an American tune.

Oh, and it's alright, it's alright, it's alright.
You can't be forever blessed.
Still, tomorrow's going to be another working day
and I'm trying to get some rest.
That's all I'm trying to get some rest.

The ship we've come on is called an ark. It turned into a basket. And then it turned into a tent. There have been many memorable ships that have carried us out to sea to see. But if you can't associate them with the aron [closet] described in Torah, you'll drown in your outrage.

There will always be misfortune. God teaches with sticks. But we don't have to cut the branches of our tree into sticks to do His work for him. There's a better way to be like a tree by supporting yourself with a staff.

"A Modest Proposal" [23]

I married myself at the Wailing Wall on April 11, 2008. I'd proposed to myself the year before and decided to arrange for my wedding to be in Israel. I went from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem that Friday morning and waited until the sun had set to marry my **self** before God at the Western Wall of the Temple where my ancient ancestors had made their sacrifices. I wanted to show God how far the Jews, and by extension, I, had come since then.

I was alone. I simply asked myself if I took me for better or worse, in sickness and in health until death when I'd have to part from my **self** [this body I'd been given].

And my answer was twice yes. I spoke for my body and for my spirit which is contained in my body. And then I pronounced myself married to me for life. It wasn't any more complicated than that.

For someone who, as I've said, committed the greatest hate crime of all by attempting to kill myself, the idea that I would even **want** to marry me was simply the most miraculous outcome of my entire life! You can't know the depth of my self-loathing unless you've done to yourself

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[23] "'A Modest Proposal For preventing the Children of Poor People From being a Burthen to Their Parents or Country, and For making them Beneficial to the Publick' was an essay written by Jonathan Swift in 1729. It suggests that the impoverished Irish might ease their economic troubles by selling their children as food to rich gentlemen and ladies in England. This satirical hyperbole mocked heartless attitudes towards the poor, predominantly Irish Catholic as well as British policy toward the Irish in general." [internet]

something as bad as try to divorce your spirit from your body. [24]

> Reminding myself that I'm a spirit in a body I've been given on a journey is something I do every morning when I open my eyes and every night when I close them.
>
> I'm a student in a spiritual school. The fence around this school is my skin. The classroom lies within me, but excursions are happening around me daily. My Teacher comes with me everywhere I go.

In my last book about my sex life, I described a sexual encounter I had with a Jewish amputee who lost a leg at the knee one stormy night by driving his motorcycle at top speed while on L.S.D. I'll bet he loathed **himself** as much as I ended up loathing **me**. I'll bet he has a guilty conscience that mirrors mine.

He was **physically** disabled by our Teacher. I was **mentally** disabled by Him. A man isn't able-bodied just because he has two arms, two legs and can call himself straight. Every man has special needs, just as those of us whose special needs are obvious. "Normal" men just don't yet know it.

If you're finding it as difficult to live with yourself as I did, I recommend you engage more deeply with yourself to develop the self-intimacy needed to "appreciate" [increase in value] your relationship with you. Over time, that level of self-engagement may lead to a new sense of self. It may bring you peace of mind [serenity] about who you are and who you're not.

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[24] I now think I was trying to recreate my parent's divorce the only way I believe would express the depth of my disappointment in how they'd messed up their marriage.

For me that revelation led to marrying myself. That was a natural progression I yearned for without having previously been aware of it. Wanting to marry myself was like reaching an intersection at the end of a residential block of houses. Suddenly I saw something I couldn't see before. Self-marriage was an amazing view to the left and right that had been blocked by other things until then. [25]

It's not only people like me who have to work at loving themself. It's a feat for us all. But whether you're going to need to seek the depth of intimacy I need with me is yours to decide. I don't claim that self-marriage is for everyone.

If you find it challenging to address scripture with a totally new and personal perspective, one that includes your genitals [rather than projecting your desires out onto the outer world as "Satan" who's trying to get into you through your anus to force you to do evil things], you'll eventually discover that God's word[s] make a lot more sense from the inside **out** than from the outside **in**.

We must all feel that our body is like a strange contraption we're learning how to operate. Sometimes our body feels like a **computer**. Other times it's like a **musical instrument** we play. Sometimes, it's like a **vehicle** we're driving down the highway of life. It's hard to learn how to operate a human body, and we don't have forever to figure it out.

Moses, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad did their best in their day to explain all this to those around them. But what do we say to a transgendered person about **their** vehicle,

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[25] Are religious, straight men going to outlaw self-marriage, too? Are they going to outlaw divorce? Are they going to take the vote away from women, Blacks and the LGBTQIA+ community? Are they going to outlaw Judaism and/or Islam? How far will they go to prove to God that they don't have a **penis problem**?

when they tell us that they were seated behind the wheel of the wrong vehicle right from the start?

Dismemberment and castration of a man who believes he's a woman requires unprecedented, new, philosophic insight into the nature of the human experience and the figurative, rather than literal, importance of a penis and testicles.

It requires stretching interpretations of scripture with figurative speech to accommodate a level of appreciation of life that God must have had in mind right from the start but which we're only now being able to uncover and use wisely.

What can I say to a non-binary person who struggles with pronouns when the struggle isn't just with words that come from the mind? It's also with feelings and beliefs that emanate out of a person's heart and soul.

The struggle with the pronouns **he** and **she** in English hasn't been fully enough explored. English doesn't struggle with the second-person pronouns [you]. In English, the one word "you" is used for masculine and feminine, singular and plural.

In Hebrew there are four words for the word "you": second-person singular male [**ata**], second-person singular female [**at**], second-person plural male [**atem**] and second-person plural female [**aten**].

In Hebrew, there's no way to avoid gender markings in the **third** person plural [**they**]. The pronoun **they** must be addressed as male [**hem**] or female [**hen**].

And all these pronouns in Hebrew have to be conjugated with verbs that address these differences in gender and number. Therefore, in Hebrew there's no way to encompass the psychological issues associated with gender and number using non-binary grammatical switches.

The consequence of gender imperatives associated with Hebrew [and Arabic] grammar presents itself as psychological issues for **non-binary** persons that can't be adequately addressed linguistically. It can only be addressed

by **transgendered** people who choose the opposite gender and all the rules of universal grammar that go with it.

Therefore, these issues have to be addressed psychologically and spiritually as matters given to Israelis and Arabs by God that stretch metaphysical issues for everyone.

Obviously, God created all men and women regardless of their linguistic identity. Obviously, S/He created masculinity and femininity. And obviously, S/He created men and women who'd seek love through non-traditional alliances.

This becomes a challenge for some fathers and mothers with their children since we've all been created by our parents in God's image[s]. How do we love all children unconditionally when some languages have no way to accommodate these issues?

The social and cultural imperatives concerning the distinctions between men and women have been in flux since the beginning of time. But these distinctions have now become challenging to us all. I believe our Teacher has brought these lessons into public discourse in light of what we've all learned about ourself up until now.

Although you may have to move through **embarrassment** of your body with modesty and **shame** of your character with humility – you shouldn't feel as **humiliated** or in need of grace as someone who's broken the law, hurt others or ruined people's lives with coveting.

If you think of yourself as Ann Sullivan and Helen Keller, then the outcome of your personal revelations will be equivalent to Helen's awakening to the possibility of communicating in a brand-new way. You won't have to get hysterical trying to explain what you want and how that makes you feel.

Once you admit that the story of **Adam and Eve** should have been translated as the story of **every man and life**, you

realize that puns, word play, and all manner of figurative speech are given to us by God with good reason.

Life is actually much more like a **poem** than an **essay**. Only by exploring this scriptural wordplay as it unfolds linguistically in other languages can we plummet the depth of some of God's intentions.

Cutting off the hood [foreskin] of the serpent [penis] isn't going to improve a man's moral behavior. Having sex with women rather than men isn't going to improve his moral behavior, either. The mystery of the penis lies in the head, heart and soul of a man, not below his belt in his anus or in the gender of his partner.

How many men combine Abrahamic traditions by seeking to develop their Jewish head in conjunction with their Christian heart and Islamic soul? Is it any wonder that every man has his own personal rendition of a **penis problem**? Every man has special needs because, like the Abrahamic edifice with three separate stories without stairs between them, he has no way to connect the forces within him or around him.

This creates a challenge for a man's (4) **conscience** to weigh his (3) **thoughts** against his (2) **feelings** and to balance them with his (1) **desires** in a way he can't otherwise do unless he's been awakened to how Torah anticipates the transformations of his inner forces into a unique spiritual operating system for him alone.

This then opens doors to the Gospels and Quran as extensions of the Hebrew Testament that bring greater knowledge of God's intentions for everyman using figurative speech as the key.

Until now, everyone has considered the religious institutions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam as separate. Men thought of scripture as three recipes rather than three aspects of one recipe. Since there's only one God, there can be only one recipe, but it's a **literary**, not **literal**,

interpretation of scripture that makes it possible to cook up, prepare and serve greater, good deeds.

In a world where we're economically dependent on one another, it behooves us to remember that the same is true for our spirituality. The label on a modern tin can [individual] should include ingredients [virtues] from many traditions and cultures for its contribution to be nutritional [relevant] to us all. Gays, Jews and people with special needs have labels on our cans that have universal meaning and importance.

Exploring sex for its spiritual revelations will teach religious, straight men how to read the fine print, not just claim to be able to tell everyone that **they** have the secret to reading the handwriting on the wall. Let's all spend more time improving the present for everyone and less time predicting the future for a select few.

Freedom originates in the **mind**. Liberty emanates out of the **heart**. And loyalty springs forth from the **soul**. If you want greater intimacy with yourself and your partner, you'd better be prepared to work for it. Your penis can work **for** or **against** you.

Presentation to the Psalms

There's very little I have to say about the Psalms that's flattering. They're not rich in intellectual insights or revelations. But the Psalms will do in a pinch when you need to know that you're not alone existentially.

You're not the only one with a penis. You're not the only one who believes in one God Who created us all. You're not the only monotheist or monogamist left on the planet. There are others, although it may sometimes feel as though we're few and far between.

That said, you should wonder why the subtitle of this book is "The melody that accompanies the Psalms." What could be the unwritten tune in Tanach that you can glean from Torah to turn the Psalms into songs you can sing on the inside? Why would I even bother to include the Psalms in my discussion of faith in relation to sex and gender? And why is the topic of poetry so important to everyone's tale?

I mentioned earlier that **Abraham** wrestled with God over sacrificing Isaac for His sake. **Isaac** wrestled within himself. And **Jacob** wrestled with his brother [Esau] over his birthright as well as with an angel the night before Jacob met up with Esau, who Jacob feared was going to kill him.

We're all a combination of the traits of all three of the Jewish Patriarchs. We all wrestle with God, within ourself and with each other. That said, Jacob is the one who's most associated with the average, Jew in every age. Jacob's name was changed by God to Israel. "Israel" means "to wrestle with God" in Hebrew.

Jacob was a fraternal twin who wrestled with his brother Esau in their mother's womb. As young men, Jacob wrested Esau's inheritance out from under him. And as middle-aged men, Esau came back for Jacob with a vengeance. Jacob anticipated losing that fight by scattering his wives and children, as well as his economic and military forces. [Genesis 32]

Jacob wrestled with an angel the night before he and Esau met. [In modern speech, we'd say he wrestled with his conscience over how he'd treated his brother when they were youngsters.] And in the morning, Jacob came away from that fight with a limp. [He saw his own imperfections. He saw his own birthright. He no longer wanted his brother's birthright.] When Jacob came before Esau, Esau could see that Jacob had not only aged over time, but that he was limping. Esau took pity on him.

We're all like Jacob. We all suffer a figurative, spiritual limp, but we usually develop ours over a lifetime. We all have mixed feelings about others, and we've all learned that while others may not be great; we're not perfect, either.

I've already addressed my spiritual inheritance from my father as that of like a concentration camp survivor. I've already described the achievement of my voice as emanating out of my Adam's apple.

My voice melds with the voices of other gay men and disabled men as well as with Black and Muslim men who can appreciate the mystery of their own birthright as something given to us by God. Every man is a tree of self-knowledge with a serpent hanging down from it.

You can't be poetic about life if you don't suffer some sort of limp. We're all **disabled**, figuratively speaking. But we're not all **cripples**. The **cripples** need to be separated from the rest of us for our protection [and, of course, I'm using the word pejoratively to describe a **religious deformity**, not a **physical disability**].

I suppose we should feel sorry for everyone and cut everyone some slack. That would be the charitable thing to do when you realize that "There, but for the grace of God, go I." [John Bradford]

But that's just not realistic. We have just laws, and if you break those laws you need to be punished. To the degree that you break just laws flagrantly, you need to be punished more

than those who break them out of ignorance or petty disregard.

Our Constitution is based on the Ten Commandments and Christ's two. Our Constitution is made up of just laws. And when we find that the Constitution isn't just enough, we amend it. We're a country founded upon Judeo-Christian values, although there are values that exist besides our own. Denial of the truth is a breaking of the 9th Commandment. That will never change.

Claiming you have the right to storm the Capital because the law against it is unjust isn't going to fly. You're behaving like a Muslim terrorist. That Capital is our Jerusalem. Those who perpetrated that crime and those who carried it out have to be separated from the rest of us to protect us, as well as democracy and our Constitution. They're **cripples** to varying degrees. They're **religiously deformed**.

A spiritualist is somebody who seeks love, not hate. A spiritualist may be afraid of God, but s/he seeks to love Him, whether S/He'S male, female or both.

Another word for a spiritualist is a romantic. A romantic isn't just someone who seeks a sexual relationship with a man or woman. A romantic is someone who seeks love in all its permutations.

Platonic love can be achieved with an animal, such as a dog or cat. But spiritual love must be sought from God. In creating a loving bond, whether that's with another human being, an animal or with God, we become more spiritual. This is another fact of life.

The love of an animal must never become sexual. The love of an adult human being may or may not become sexual. And the love of God must always seek the greatest intimacy of all through death, the mystery that goes beyond the mystery of life.

This brings me back to the main metaphor of Moses. If man was created metaphorically as a tree of knowledge in the Hebraic **creation story** [as seen from within], then the

question must be asked what the difference is between **straight** and **gay** men.

For a straight man, the penis is the delivery device of **semen** used to create life. The penis holds **literal** importance in making babies [new life].

A man's son is poetically the fruit from his tree, not just the fruit from his loins. A father would surely wish his son to understand him, their shared roots and their family tree that gives all men pride in being a part of the great mystery of life as like an orchard [pardes/paradise].

Additionally, every son would want to look to his father for guidance, especially when childhood ends, and the youngster is about to enter the world of men. He wouldn't want to think that his apple fell far from his father's tree.

Because a boy isn't just related to his father genetically; because they share a **physical code** [DNA] and a **spiritual code** [birthright] that also needs to be taken into consideration as the young man makes his way through life – the apple doesn't fall far from the tree in any way. But the apple will feel far from the tree spiritually if the apple feels ignored.

The more a father can assist his son in appreciating the spiritual link given to them by God that unites them as **father** and **son** before the **Father** [God] and **Son** [God], the greater the success a young man can hope to achieve thanks to his father's wise and loving input.

For a gay man, on the other hand, the penis is the delivery device of **honey** that creates a sweetness about life that no other activity can match. This gives the penis **figurative** importance. It does nothing to magnify the literal importance of the penis as the delivery device of new life.

No gay man is so naïve or deluded as to think that cuming in a man's mouth, hand or colon will produce a child. We're not literalists. We're not seeking to achieve with our penis what straight men are seeking to achieve with theirs.

That said, two men making love can produce an **inner** child. And that's a mysterious outcome that the gay community hasn't yet addressed to my satisfaction. We need men who love the inner child they've produced so much that they can lead straight men to greater self-awareness than if they're only focused on producing offspring.

The world needs spiritualists who can describe the myriad differences between **gay** men and repressed **homosexuals**, not just heterosexuals. Hyper-religious, straight men aren't wise enough, loving enough or loyal enough to lead the world into a future we can all look forward to. They oppress, suppress, repress and depress without conscious awareness of how deeply they neglect themself and others. They don't understand how green with envy they are with what we've been given that they can't access.

You must make your way through the 10th Commandment [coveting] to move on to the following two commandments that Jesus renewed, but which Moses first stated [Leviticus 19:18 and Deuteronomy 6:5]

The most succinct way I can describe the difference between straight men and gay men to you is that gay men are **fruits** and straight men are **nuts**. We're both trees of self-knowledge, but our testicles [power source] operate with different intentions.

Gay men's power is surrounded by a skin or a peel. Straight men's power is surrounded by a hard shell. Gay men slice one another open with serrated words that are sharp. Straight men need to crack one another apart to make themself understood.

The bisexual male who's gentle and soft is like a man who loves poetry [fruits] as well as prose [nuts]. Figures of speech [spirituality] move him. Literal language [science] also moves him.

But the sexually repressed man is spiritually illiterate. He can't read himself, only others. He's spiritually ignorant and

in need of educational assistance in the form of "rude" awakenings.

He needs to be removed from positions of power and influence until he knows himself better inside/out. He needs to be socially contained and forced to look at the darkness that emanates out from within.

The sexually repressed man doubles down when he's caught in a lie. He avoids shame rather than admits it. He doesn't allow guilt in. Therefore, he never experiences humility. And without humility, a person can't learn new things.

911 was a rude awakening for America. October 7th was a rude awakening for Israel. The Muslim world is filled with nuts. They abhor fruit. The fruit vendor [Tarek El-Tayeb Mohamed Bouazizi] from Tunisia who set himself on fire on December 17 2010 wanted the world to know that Islam hates fruit. The Mosque is in a crisis of faith because of it.

But the Synagogue and Church are also in need of reform. And the only men who can do it are the fruits. The nuts have proved to the world that they're nuts. They can't be allowed to continue to lead the world's faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism.

I still have figurative dents in me from men who thought a hammer or nutcracker was the way to communicate with me. They didn't help me learn to communicate better. I had to find my voice by doing so in the manner most appropriate to me [writing].

If the land described as milk and honey [Israel] is really about a land of love [milk], then the question remains, "What's honey?"

Does **honey** correspond to all the names for God? Is **honey** wisdom, love or loyalty? Is honey a man's birthright? Or is **honey** only what literally cums out of the right testicle?

No man can control how much semen is emitted from each of his testicles. We must all live with the love [**good**] and potential wisdom from mistakes [**evil**] we create. Our

goal must always be to make as many of our mistakes as possible in our **inner** world where we can correct them with God as our Teacher rather than in the **outer** world where we may have to suffer all kinds of professors, instructors, coaches, tutors, trainers and lecturers we don't get to choose.

People who do their spiritual work within themself are naturally going to suffer sleepless nights in which they'll seek office hours with the Teacher, even if they don't have the tools to solve their moral conundrums overnight.

People who care about their **moral evolution** are always going to feel separated from others, whether with pain or suffering. This is a fact of life. This is a very special need for the man who sees himself as an individual.

If the generic term **God** is an abbreviation for **good**, then doing what's best for you in the spiritual sense is the greatest reward of love you can attain in life. In that sense, the land of milk [love] and honey [godliness] lies within you with God there as your Witness.

In that sense, each of us is alone in this world with God. Each of us is in a private relationship with Him using a language unique to Us. The 2nd Commandment tells us "Thou shall have no other God before Me." But the truth is that there's no other God **before** or **after** God. We're essentially alone with Him within, even though we share Him externally through everything we do.

Every man **is** an island. **No** man is a piece of a continent, a part of the main. [in contrast to John Donne's poem about isolationism].

To the extent that Middle Eastern Muslims [Arabs and Persians] try to steal Israel away from the Jews, they're behaving as hyper-religious literalists who are trying to overcome their loneliness using instructions their leaders are giving them. They're nuts!

After more than 70 years of trying to do so, they still can't seem to succeed in destroying Israel. The only thing hyper-religious Muslims have succeeded in doing is

destabilize their own countries and proving to themselves that they have a lot of inner work to make up in the school of life.

"Iran" means "land of the Aryans," relating to or denoting a people who spoke an Indo-European language who invaded northern India in the 2nd millennium B.C.E, displacing the Dravidian and other indigenist peoples. Hitler and the Nazi Party adapted, manipulated, and radicalized the unfounded belief in the existence of an "Aryan race." [internet]

I think religious Muslims should think more about God's effect on their figurative race to the finish [Paradise]. I think they're missing something important by coveting things given by God to the Jews [and by extension to the Christians and others], not them. If they want what we have, all they have to do is recreate it in themselves within and then around them.

The combination of the wisdom found in Torah, the love found in the Gospels and the devotion found in the Quran is all it takes to end war, poverty and disenfranchisement in the world. Once every man is motivated to create his own inner Jerusalem, his natural tendency to gluttony will be to create his own inner Rome and Mecca, too.

Mecca will never be able to host disagreements between world leaders who aren't Muslim. Rome has a history of prejudice against Protestants and Orthodox Christians. Therefore, it falls to Jerusalem [Hebrew: city of peace] to become the world capital for peacemakers everywhere.

In the spirit of developing the **melody** of peace, not just repeating tired **lyrics**, the Psalms are still inspirational and useful poems. They're the white foam on the waves of the ocean that everyman's emotions create through faith in one God Who created us all. Neither the Gospels nor the Quran break into song in quite the same way. Literalists in both Christianity and Islam even outlawed song and dance in the past.

We live in a time when straight women seek husbands who are more fruity than nutty. They seek men with more of a poetic nature. More women can now see that a man who knows nothing about brotherhood will be less capable of being a good father to their children. **Nuts** are out. **Fruity nuts**, like macadamia nuts and cashews, are in. My own boyfriend has labeled me an **academia nut**.

There's a great deal of consternation among some straight men who aren't brotherly or poetically inclined. They're feeling inadequate. Some straight, white men are even beginning to suspect that they might have a **penis problem** that's contributing to strife in America today.

What more obvious way to show that than by picking up a gun to "distract" others from their inner issues? Haven't men "distracted" enough people with blood pouring out onto the ground? Isn't there a better way than killing people over differences of opinions?

It's not really about the color of a man's skin or the shape of his eyes, is it? It's really all about his penis, the delivery device of the honey within him. Until all men start to look at their penis as a mysterious, spiritual devise, they aren't going to question what it is they're really trying to deliver. How many babies can you force your wife to bear?

Copying the Jews by circumcising the penis isn't the secret that spiritual Jews have achieved. It's not about what "it" looks like on the outside. It's about how you behave on the **outside** based on how much you've learned about your **insides**.

Man was created with four forces: thoughts, feelings, desires and beliefs. His thoughts [head], feelings [heart] and beliefs [soul] are easily and often beguiled by his desires [penis]. That's true of every **Adam**. Every **Adam** is like an **atom**: a building block of reality.

If a man doesn't embrace the teachings of Moses, our Jewish prophet, he won't be able to fully embrace the teachings of Jesus, the gay, Jewish rabbi that Christians

believe is God. And if he can't embrace Them, he'll never succeed in embracing the teachings of Muhammad who was also a prophet of God who was taught by a Jewish archangel: Gabriel.

In that spirit, you've already got the melody to the Psalms within you. All you needed was the key to **Adam and Eve** [man and life] to follow the notes Moses composed in Torah that led future spiritual Jews like David and Solomon to create the lyrics to the melody they held inside themselves.

Psalm 1:1-3

1 Blessed is the one
who does not walk in step with the wicked
or stand in the way that sinners take
or sit in the company of mockers,
2 but whose delight is in the law of the Lord,
and who meditates on his law day and night.
3 That person is like a tree planted by streams of water,
which yields its fruit in season
and whose leaf does not wither –
whatever they do prospers.

God is like a tree. We know that because He created man like a tree. This is what it means to be created in God's image[s]. This is the essential metaphor that knits Teachings [Torah] to the Prophets [Nevi'im] to the Writings [Ketuvim]. When a man uses the main metaphor of Moses as his guiding principle, he prospers. When he defies this metaphor that elucidates how to appreciate his inner nature, he defies mother nature, which is a clue to God's nature.

Defiance of mother nature is the problem the whole world faces today. This is because man sees himself as separate from nature. He doesn't see himself as a metaphoric tree with a "talking" serpent in it. Therefore, he pursues **money**, not **honey**. What he then achieves is power that goes awry.

What we need is to blend money and honey. We need to show our appreciation of **slaves** by paying them a living wage and securing their wellbeing with healthcare and comfort in old age. We need to show our appreciation of **slavedrivers** by teaching them to love managing people like managing an orchard of many diverse, delectable fruits. And we need to show our appreciation of **pharaohs** by helping them look within to perceive the tremendous gifts God has given them to make manifest His word[s].

We have the intelligence, wisdom of the heart and loyalty to God to turn the Passover Tale into a design for our children's future. But that can only be done if we internalize it. Taking it literally was the work of our ancestors. We must do much better.

Ironically, every man thinks his ability to make love is superior to every other man's. Clearly, each of us is extremely susceptible to influence from the "words" of our serpent. Each of us considers ourself manly, and yet our inner wife [feeling] is beguiled again and again by the voice of our desires.

The voice we hear in our head is sometimes the voice of our serpent, but we don't realize who's doing the talking. The voice of our penis likes to get into our head like a backseat driver likes to get behind the wheel. The voice in our heart is the voice in the passenger seat we hear, but she dares not speak to either of us above a whisper. We insist we get where we're going safely, but applauding the wisdom of our heart requires asking her to speak up.

God knows this about us, so He gives us experiences that will raise the volume of the voice of our heart until the voice in our soul sitting in the backseat sees the dilemma going on between the driver and passenger up front.

Then we not only realize that God has been subtly showing us how the forces within us are interacting. He's showing us how we need Him to solve our **syndromes** [internal]. Our **problems** [external], can't be handled without solving our syndromes at the same time.

The voice of our desires needs to give up the driver's seat altogether. It needs to go in the trunk, where we only have to listen to its muffled cries.

Psalm 7:1-5

1 Lord, my God, I take refuge in You;
Save and deliver me from all who pursue me,
2 or they will tear me apart like a lion
and rip me to pieces with no one to rescue me.
3 Lord my God, if I have done this
and there is guilt on my hands –
4 if I have repaid my ally with evil
or without cause have robbed my foe –
5 then let my enemy pursue and overtake me;
let him trample my life to the ground
and make me sleep in the dust.

I like this passage because it addresses the need for self-doubt in weighing our thoughts and feelings to determine our worth in our own eyes. We can't always know if our actions are admirable. Our conscience makes mistakes, especially when our desires overwhelm our feelings which then messes with our head.

There are very few ways to make accurate, course corrections without God's help. Even if you have people whom you trust guiding you, they can't always know what's going on inside of yourself. If you aren't sure of the righteousness of your thoughts, feelings, desires and beliefs, it behooves you to pray to God for challenges that will awaken you to a better understanding of the collusion between the forces within you.

That said, don't let other people tell you they're doing God's work. There are plenty of sexually repressed men out there who won't miss a chance to screw you over if you aren't wise enough to protect yourself. And they're in bed with other men like themselves. It's diabolical. It's perverted. And it's obscene.

Men who reject the feminine side of themself want you to reject the feminine side of yourself. They're against gays and the feminization of men by women that's creating a

more peaceful society with loving feelings of fellowship. They think there's a conspiracy **against** them when the conspiracy is happening **within** them.

Psalm 16:5

5 Lord, You alone are my Portion and my Cup;

I've chosen this passage because it employs the word **portion**. This is a very important word in Hebrew. The word for "portion" in Hebrew is "manna." "Manna" is also a "serving."

When the Israelites were wandering in the desert, God sent down **manna** from Heaven, a daily serving of food for each of them.

Calling God your Portion concedes that your Portion isn't anyone else's Portion. You deserve to have God in your life. He's not just here for some others.

Each of us has been given a specific portion [serving] by God. None of us are Renaissance men who can do everything by ourself. Today's world is much too complex for us to do it all alone. We need other people to do some things for us. We've all been given gifts that were apportioned to us to pass on to others.

Because men are particularly vain, most of us worry about our penis being too small, too thin and not going in deeply enough. This is the age-old issue for most modern men, then and now. It doesn't matter what your penis literally looks like if you feel this way about it when you compare this portion to what God gave to other men.

If a man wants to look at his manna [portion] in life, he should begin with his penis. And if he's not happy with the serving of manliness he's been biologically given, he'll know right from the start what he's got to deal with for the rest of his life.

No man who's been through puberty is out of touch with the portion of penis he's got. The very concept of the

"words" of the serpent finally flowing out of its mouth makes every Adam [individual male] aware of the figurative dimensions of his desires.

This makes it even more likely that Jesus knew how to achieve orgasm. He surely knew the size of the portion [manna] He'd been given by His Father in the literal and figurative sense. He knew that His Father was walking by His side throughout His journey, guiding His desires.

Jesus wasn't just a gentleman [ben-adam: the next generation of the man in pursuit of gentleness]. Jesus was the embodiment of the spiritual potential in everyman. He was the summation of Torah, a rainbow in the flesh who could make His gifts manifest to the whole world; a rabbi of unprecedented renown and spiritual power.

If you insist on imagining Christ's penis as the largest male penis ever created, you're missing the point. And if you burden yourself with the size of your penis, you're hateful and cruel. You don't deserve to punish yourself for the portion of manliness God has literally given you.

If you, like me, don't believe that Jesus was God, then we ought to study His message for the wisdom of the heart He offered, while respecting those who believe in wisdom from other places within us. There's no greater gift from God than good examples we can all follow.

You are no less a man than Jesus, unless the Judas in you is jealous of what you've been given, and you don't yet understand this conflict emanating out from within you.

You're the next generation of man [Adam] who struggles with what you **possess** [Cain] and how **empty** [Abel] you sometimes feel. You struggle with what you know [head] and what you feel [heart].

Until you make your way through Torah figuratively by identifying with all the characters, you won't be in a position to give your power over to the Joshua [savior] within you. You won't be able to make sense of the rest of the Hebrew

Testament. You won't discover the melody in your **heart** that goes with the psalms [lyrics] in your **head**.

You won't be prepared for the messages of Jesus and Muhammad unless you're willing to go all the way back to the beginning to reassess what the Hebraic **creation story** is really all about.

Psalm 17:8

8 Keep me as the apple of Your eye;
Hide me in the shadow of Your wings

The apple of God's eye is God's Adam's apple. This figurative bump on the neck of God is the source of the inspiration that gives God's words voice.

If I'm like the apple of His eye. I interpret scripture in meaningful ways for everyone, not just for Jews. I become of value to humanity as a teacher and a rabbi. I become an inspirational force for good.

This is more than a joy for me. This is a privilege and therefore rises to the level of a spiritual duty. The question then is why anyone like me would pray to God to keep us hidden in the shadow of His wings.

I think the answer to that isn't difficult to imagine. The covetous nature of men leads us to turn green with envy over powers we don't have that others do. Fear of being exposed as weak and cowardly lead us to wish to remain hidden in God's shadow. We don't want the world to see how vulnerable we really are.

If I pray to God to protect me at the same time that I pray to Him to give me voice to express His truth, that puts me in a ticklish bind. That forces me to emerge from His shadow in my own unique way.

I've made my way from the story of **Adam and Eve** [man and life] to **Cain and Abel** [possessor and unfulfilled]. I've strived for personal answers made manifest through Hebrew scripture that have brought me further out of my

closet [Hebrew: aron]. This then elucidates my journey through the Gospels and the Quran.

This is what it means to be an Abrahamic man, separate from a Jew, Christian or Muslim. This is what it means to strive to become a citizen of the world. In God's shadow I can perceive all His light. In His light, I allow myself to be vulnerable to His shadow.

I think that outcome becomes clarified in the 22nd Psalm, the psalm Jesus quoted on the cross.

Psalm 22

Because the first line of this psalm was quoted by Jesus during His crucifixion, I've written it with capital and bold letters to reflect Christ's interpretation of it from a Christian point of view of Him as an aspect of **God**.

1 My **God**, My **God**, why have **You** forsaken Me?
Why are **You** so far from saving Me,
so far from My cries of anguish?
2 My **God**, I cry out by day, but **You** do not answer,
by night, but I find no rest.
3 Yet **You** are enthroned as the Holy **One**;
You are the **One** Israel praises.
4 In **You** our ancestors put their trust;
they trusted, and **You** delivered them.
5 To **You** they cried out and were saved;
in **You** they trusted and were not put to shame.
6 But I am a worm and not a man,
scorned by everyone, despised by the people.
7 All who see Me mock Me;
they hurl insults, shaking their heads.
8 "He trusts in the **Lord**," they say.
"Let the **Lord** rescue Him.
Let **Him** deliver Him,
since He delights in **Him**."
9 Yet **You** brought Me out of the womb;

You made Me trust in **You**, even at My mother's
breast.
10 From birth I was cast on **You**;
from My mother's womb **You** have been My **God**.
11 Do not be far from Me,
for trouble is near
and there is no one to help.
12 Many bulls surround Me;
strong bulls of Bashan encircle Me.
13 Roaring lions that tear their prey
open their mouths wide against Me.
14 I am poured out like water,
and all My bones are out of joint.
My heart has turned to wax;
it has melted within Me.
15 My mouth is dried up like a potsherd,
and My tongue sticks to the roof of My mouth;
You lay Me in the dust of death.
16 Dogs surround Me,
a pack of villains encircles Me;
they pierce My hands and My feet.
17 All My bones are on display;
people stare and gloat over Me.
18 They divide My clothes among them
and cast lots for My garment.
19 But **You**, **Lord**, do not be far from Me.
You are My strength; come quickly to help Me.
20 Deliver Me from the sword,
My precious life from the power of the dogs.
21 Rescue Me from the mouth of the lions;
save Me from the horns of the wild oxen.
22 I will declare **Your** name to My people;
in the assembly I will praise **You**.
23 You who fear the **Lord**, praise **Him**!
All you descendants of Jacob, honor **Him**!

Revere **Him**, all you descendants of Israel!
24 For **He** has not despised nor scorned
the suffering of the afflicted one;
He has not hidden **His** face from him
but has listened to his cry for help.
25 From **You** comes the theme of My praise in the great assembly;
before those who fear **You**, I will fulfill My vows.
26 The poor will eat and be satisfied;
those who seek the **Lord** will praise **Him** –
may your hearts live forever!
27 All the ends of the Earth
will remember and turn to the **Lord**,
and all the families of the nations
will bow down before **Him**,
28 for dominion belongs to the **Lord**
and **He** rules over the nations.
29 All the rich of the Earth will feast and worship;
all who go down to the dust will kneel before **Him** –
those who cannot keep themselves alive.
30 Posterity will serve **Him**;
future generations will be told about the **Lord**.
31 They will proclaim **His** righteousness,
declaring to a people yet unborn:
He has done it!

Is it any wonder that I was bereft of self-compassion? When I thought of Christ's mercy and forgiveness at how he was treated, I admonished myself for my lack of caring for those deserving in need. I felt like Judas in Christ's arms. I felt vacant and inadequate. And yet, I couldn't sell either of them out. That's just not me.

God, in His infinite wisdom, allowed Jesus to address these feelings in this Psalm for the world to take note. But they were first addressed in the story of Hagar and Ishmael.

They personify the feelings of desperation, despondency and despair some of us have experienced.

Gay-Jews today aren't as stiff-necked as our brothers may have been in the ancient past. We've suffered personal losses, especially in this and the last century when "the mouth of the lions" and "horns of the wild oxen" have done their worst to hurt us.

I don't need to excuse anyone, whether or not they learn from their mistakes. I don't need to forgive or exonerate anyone. I'm ready to learn self-compassion that I can then give a small portion of it to others. Compassion for me augments me as Joseph's compassion augmented him when his brothers came to him in need.

My compassion spills out of my cup into mild compassion for others, leaving my enemies with reasons to doubt their own dogma. This is the perfect reason for me to become even more self-compassionate.

The only other point I'd like to make about this psalm has to do with line 6. "I am a worm and not a man." I see Jesus saying that He's not a **serpent** [penis/man] Who's filled with wants [-]. He's a **worm** [clitoris/woman] Who's filled with desires [+]. He's implying that He's more like His mother's son [human] than His Father's Son [God]. He's been humbled by His experiences in the world of men.

He's half man, half woman. He's a man with the compassion of a woman, which makes His heart so much fuller with compassion than the heart you find in most men.

Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
2 He makes me lie down in green pastures,
He leads me beside quiet waters.
3 He refreshes my soul.
He guides me along the right paths

for His name[s'] sake. [26]

4 Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for You are with me.
Your rod and Your staff,
they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.

6 Surely Your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Who doesn't love this psalm? It makes the other 149 worth wading through. The insight I'd like to add to this psalm lies in line 4: "Your rod [sticks] and Your staff [carrots], they comfort me."

The reward inherent in a **carrot** is knowledge of our roots. The reward inherent in a **stick** is knowledge of how we branch out, leaf, bud, blossom and fruit.

What was so simple at one time seems to have become so complex in the age we live in today. America is the personification of God's heart. But so long as we ignore global warming and God's reasons for giving us this challenge on top of all our others, we're going to squabble among ourselves, like the guests aboard the Titanic supposedly did over deck chairs.

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[26] At the time of the writing of the Psalms, there were no other people who believed in one God other than the Jews. He had only the unpronounceable name [YHVH] that He gave us. Today there are other people worldwide who believe in Him. This is why He now has other names.

Psalm 31:3

3 Since You are my Rock and my Fortress,
for the sake of Your name lead and guide me.

God's name is something we don't have to seek anymore. We now know that His name is something that's been evolving for 5,000 years, since He came to the indigenists with millions of names for Him. His names evolved into 10,000 names ending with Brahma 3,400 years ago He came to the Jews without a name. Then He came to the Buddhists anonymously 2,500 years ago. Then He came to the Taoists with 16 names 2,200 years ago. 2,000 years ago He came to the Christians with three names, and then He came to the Muslims with one name 1,400 years ago. [Doesn't that make India an interesting place to visit if you want to observe the effect of God's names on Hindus and Muslims?]

The quest to know God was answered in the West with the name-**less** God of the Jews and the name-**full** God of the Muslims. But that journey included a rabbi Christians pray to [Jesus], a Jew who may have been a gay with special needs.

Without including the gays and the Jews in with the designs of our Creator, you're only going to end up calling yourself **religious**. You're only going to enjoy God cafeteria style, by picking and choosing those aspects of Him your contemporaries find pleasing. You're going to avoid some aspects of your own ignorance of yourself. You're going to become a victim of the hypocrisy you espouse. You're going to promote the inauthenticity of your forefathers who knew even less about God than you do.

Benjamin Franklin said, "If we don't all hang together, we'll surely hang separately." What he meant by that was that they all suffered the same enemy: the British.

That's no longer the case. The essence of his adage must be expanded today to include more than those who colonized

us in the past. It must include the Blacks, Hispanics and Asians who've peacefully colonized our country. It must include the Muslims and the Jews. And if you plan to exclude the LGBTQIA+ community by making us your scapegoats, rest assured that we've drilled holes in all the lifeboats on today's Titanic. Nobody's going to disembark from this ark called Earth without us. There's no safe harbor anyone can sail to without allowing my friends and me onboard.

Psalm 32

1 Blessed is the one
whose transgressions are forgiven,
whose sins are covered.
2 Blessed is the one
whose sin the Lord does not count against them
and in whose spirit is no deceit.
3 When I kept silent,
my bones wasted away
through my groaning all day long.
4 For day and night
Your hand was heavy on me;
my strength was sapped
as in the heat of summer.
5 Then I acknowledged my sin to You
and did not cover up my iniquity.
I said, "I will confess
my transgressions to the Lord."
And You forgave
the guilt of my sin.
6 Therefore let all the faithful pray to You
while You may be found;
surely the rising of the mighty waters
will not reach them.
7 You are my hiding place;
You will protect me from trouble

and surround me with songs of deliverance.
8 I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go;
I will counsel you with My loving eye on you.
9 Do not be like the horse or the mule,
which have no understanding
but must be controlled by bit and bridle
or they will not come to you.
10 Many are the woes of the wicked,
but the Lord's unfailing love
surrounds the one who trusts in Him.
11 Rejoice in the Lord and be glad, you righteous;
sing, all you who are upright in heart!

I have trouble with people who tell me that they're going to instruct me and teach me how to behave "properly." I may have made a lot of mistakes, but I learned to trust myself by making mistakes and then correcting those mistakes.

I don't rely on others to guide me. I'm not a horse or mule that must be controlled with a bit and bridle. Nobody **has** my experience or **lacks** what I lack in experience. My situation is unique.

I know that God excuses, forgives and exonerates nothing. I know that I've had to make my way through my sins, and I know that I'm far from finished.

Because of that, I'm always interested in new ideas and in people who know things about life that I don't. I like looking at situations from **new** perspectives that are hopeful. And I like people who can offer me help based on expertise that comes from their personal experience. This gives me insight into new options I wouldn't be able to achieve on my own.

But people tend to treat me like a child. They behave badly and then tell me that **I** can't be trusted. They're lost in the masquerade when God turns their windows into mirrors without warning them what they're now staring at.

I'm interested in what's recommended by "doctors and teachers and lawyers and such." [27] Healing and learning are spiritual arenas of life that can be taken literally as well as figuratively. Healing and learning reveal windows on one side and mirrors on the other.

Many during this pandemic have behaved unrealistically. And many are dead because they refused to listen to the sound advice of experts in the medical field. Many more are being monetarily cheated as a result of their suspicious and cynical nature.

Too cynical leaves you as vulnerable as not cynical enough. Too sexual leaves you as vulnerable as not sexual enough. Therefore, there'll always be those who treat life only as an art or a science. Life is a spiritual challenge for us all.

Psalm 36:1-4

1 I have a message from God in my heart
concerning the sinfulness of the wicked:
There is no fear of God before their eyes.
2 In their own eyes they flatter themselves
too much to detect or hate their sin.
3 The words of their mouths are wicked and deceitful;
they fail to act wisely or do good.
4 Even on their beds they plot evil;
they commit themselves to a sinful course
and do not reject what is wrong.

The speaker goes on in this psalm to flatter himself. That's always a bad sign.

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[27] Lyrics from "Mammas Don't Let your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys" Composed by Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson [1978]

When God closes a door, He opens a window. The reason for that is to help us discern the difference between windows and mirrors. If He wanted to let us in, He could have opened a door rather than slam it in our face.

We start out opening doors. Then we find ways to get in through windows. Only those who've graduated those classes on breaking and entering go on to look deeply in the mirror. There's nothing God allows without giving us a reason to repent.

The religious, straight man who's studied scripture and learned how to believe in it literally ought to renew his vows by learning how to interpret it figuratively. He ought to look at the side of himself given to him by his mother, not just his **Father** through his **father**. Knowledge of his **father** might be a **door** unto God, but knowledge of his mother is a **window** into reason.

With greater insight into the features and flaws of our parents, we can look in the mirror with greater curiosity at who we've become. No one is just who s/he thinks s/he is.

Just as the straight man refuses to see himself like Jesus with a mother and a Father, he refuses to see himself like the lover Jesus may have been to Judas. The only way to conquer the enemy of your friend is with love, whether that love needs to be tough or tender.

If Judas could have looked at the side of himself given to him by his mother, he would have seen the majesty and magnificence of the one **she** loved. But he was the kind of man then and the kind of man we see today who can't tell a door from a window. His desires beguiled him. Judas couldn't fathom the depth of the love his mother had bequeathed to him. So, in his confusion, he deceived his Lover.

If you use one name for God to make ignorant pronouncements about other people, you won't open yourself to godly actions you may otherwise be inspired to pursue.

Nobody knows whether there'll be angels around us when we die, but everyone has seen evidence of people behaving in angelic ways. These kinds of actions have a Source that we all tap into in some ways at some times.

Human beings can't depend on each other to behave like angels at all times. But whenever it happens to me that I can see something wonderful about my life, my cup runneth over. I'm overwhelmed with gratitude to God for having inspired me to behave in new ways.

Psalm 38:1-15

1 Lord, do not rebuke me in Your anger
or discipline me in Your wrath.
2 Your arrows have pierced me,
and Your hand has come down on me.
3 Because of Your wrath there is no health in my body;
there is no soundness in my bones because of my sin.
4 My guilt has overwhelmed me
like a burden too heavy to bear.
5 My wounds fester and are loathsome
because of my sinful folly.
6 I am bowed down and brought very low;
all day long I go about mourning.
7 My back is filled with searing pain;
there is no health in my body.
8 I am feeble and utterly crushed;
I groan in anguish of heart.
9 All my longings lie open before You, Lord;
my sighing is not hidden from You.
10 My heart pounds, my strength fails me;
even the light has gone from my eyes.
11 My friends and companions avoid me because of my wounds;
my neighbors stay far away.
12 Those who want to kill me set their traps,
those who would harm me talk of my ruin;

all day long they scheme and lie.
13 I am like the deaf, who cannot hear,
like the mute, who cannot speak;
14 I have become like one who does not hear,
whose mouth can offer no reply.
15 Lord, I wait for You;
You will answer, Lord my God.

The rest of this psalm is about telling God what He should do instead of punishing him. I didn't bother to write down any more of it because it gets quite whiny.

I don't know about you, but when I feel like this, I can hear the misogynist, antisemite, racist, homophobe and cripple in me being given lessons to improve myself. Once I made my way through those character defects in me, I had to look to my parents' vices to perceive the sins that still drive me.

Although I'm proud of how it makes me feel to conclude that I deserve all my rewards, I always seem to forget to question why I deserve my punishments. I certainly don't want anyone else making these pronouncements for me, but it wouldn't be a bad idea if I looked for spiritual answers in addition to medical and psychiatric solutions to my ills.

There are some who seem plagued with punishments, one after another. And my heart aches to see them so beleaguered. I'm not the type to blame the blind for their lack of sight or the lame for their lack of physical mobility.

But I am deeply humbled with compassion when I can see my own pains in theirs. I, too, am homeless, figuratively speaking. I, too, am blind to my own faults. I, too, am fat and ugly inside. These external challenges of others become my motivation for greater charity in the world we share and greater discipline in my world within.

I don't like seeing others in pain. I don't like movies that depict people going through pain or suffering. But I can't learn about pain and suffering without forcing myself to face

others' outcomes with empathy, whether they're fictional characters or real people.

Sympathy for the beleaguered isn't nearly good enough for me anymore. I have to **empathize** with them. I have to figuratively identify with their condition to receive answers to God about why I'm suffering in my own way.

I **do** want God to punish me. I **do** want to be rebuked, not just rewarded. I'm in this school to learn, not to teach. Asking the Teacher to excuse me from taking His tests isn't the attitude of a good student. And complaining to the Teacher about a bad grade or a test I failed is simply outrageous.

The very first line [Lord, do not rebuke me in Your anger or discipline me in Your wrath.] makes me want to cry out, "Why not? Why wouldn't we want the Lord to rebuke us and discipline us? Why wouldn't we want Him to get angry at us if that will improve our nature, and by extension human nature?"

I didn't learn much from all the ways God closed an eye to my bad habits when I was young. My bad habits grew until I found the only way I could to address them myself: through madness.

There was nothing about going insane that wasn't real, beneficial, useful or meaningful, even though it put me through terrible suffering. If it hadn't been for mental illness, I wouldn't be the wise man I am today.

Today, I'm much more aware of my need to pray for instruction from the Teacher to guide me through spiritual punishments, knowing full well that God never uses His sticks with greater intensity than is absolutely necessary.

That doesn't mean that I'm a masochist who likes pain and suffering. I'm not superstitious, either. I want to go through pain and suffering in my search for meaning in everything. I want to face fear, not fear fear.

Faith in God that He'll punish those you despise isn't faith. It's insanity. God punishes both sides of every war.

God punishes perpetrators and victims, men and women, gays and straights. He produces self-knowledge that no one had before. This is why I see one side of me rewarded and the other side punished. I never know which side will get what the next time.

The need for more wars underscores the need for students to apply themselves more to the lessons of war within. Your head and heart aren't the only inner forces at war in you.

Hitler wanted to kill all the gays and the Jews because he hated both sides of himself. Today's Muslim fanatics feel the same way. But in this country, extremist Republicans despise the gays and extremist Democrats despise the Jews. Why wouldn't our Teacher give us lessons that would teach everyone?

The Holocaust was a lesson for the Jews from God on how to repay Christians for their ignorance and cruelty. Out of that nightmare, Israel emerged. Now Jerusalem is a light unto the nations. It's Rome and Mecca that are casting shadows over the world.

Vindictiveness is a human attribute, not an attribute of God. If I project my desire for revenge onto God's intentions for us, I'm doing Him a disservice, as well as the rest of humanity. I can't connect with Him if I project human failings onto Him. Nor can I connect with myself if I project my human failings onto others.

Screwing people over is a coverup. What vindictive men really want to do is screw God up the ass. Gentle gay men are the best at talking about this out loud because we use plenty of lubricant during sex to avoid discomfort. We don't want to hurt our partner. We want to please him and Him, as well as ourself.

The lubrication needed for this ticklish endeavor worldwide comes out of Jerusalem. It's manufactured predominantly by orthodox Jews in the form of scriptural inquiry for the sake of knowledge of God's amazing ways.

But additives are made in Rome and Mecca that contribute to a smooth move.

This truth is a key for those who've locked the door to their inner sanctum so God won't be able to get in. They're afraid of facing questions about retaliation that they find difficult to pose to themself from their heart and from their soul.

The faith**ful** are willing to go through pain and suffering rather than make others suffer. They ask for justice, not revenge. The faith**less** seek revenge.

Look at how people behave to see whether they're faithful or faithless. Gays and Jews are faithful by the ways we seek justice, not vengeful. Those who can't see how the good model good by defending themselves will cry out to God for **leniency**. This makes no sense. They should cry out to God for **enlightenment**. Leniency will come after they behave better.

I'm not going to kick the dog when I come home from work just because my ego, like my nose, has been bent out of shape. I'm not going to screw my boyfriend without lubrication just because I had a bad day. Neither my penis nor his anus would be better off for that kind of folly. And I expect the same high standards from him.

Who doesn't know that the ones who've been the most rebuked by the Lord are those who've learned the most from their pain and suffering? Wealth is measured in spiritual knowledge. If you judge people by their money rather than their honey, your ruler will be used on you.

Those who indulge in evil are engulfed in an avalanche of self-indulgences that buries their moral compass. They're the ones who are lost at sea longing to find safe harbor. Dictators and despots always leave the world stage with their funeral as a warning to others not to go out like they did.

Obviously, our mistakes may cost us dearly. The world has seen our Jewish, Black and gay course corrections, and

how different we are today from those just a generation ago. We're so different because we've grown. We've grown to become more like women.

Circumstances have forced some of us to grow even more quickly than others. We're wiser because we've used our pain and suffering to grow wiser. Therefore, we have something to model to those who need to humble themself through self-shaming.

When I look back at the ancient Jews who sacrificed animals day-and-night at the Temple to assuage themselves of their guilt, I'm proud to be a Jew so different from my ancestors. If killing animals indiscriminately was what we did at the beginning of our confrontation with God, imagine how far along we've come since then. We modeled self-**sacrifice** to the whole world for millennia. Now we're modeling self-**devotion**.

When it comes to fear of God, the Jews may be the most fearful of the faithful because we've made and corrected so many mistakes over such a long period of time with God in consciousness. Mistakes made and corrected lead to wisdom. That should give modern Jews the potential to model for others how to avoid mistakes those who came before us made.

Today, some Jews are still concerned about **idol worship**, the projection and externalization of God's will onto people, places and things. And that's a wise fear to have since all men have a penis that's easily influenced by such temptations.

Some people blame God for allowing injustice to thrive. They call Him a cruel God. They deny His existence because they don't like the way He uses our classmates to model His lessons. The student doesn't get to tell the Teacher how or what to teach.

I remember teaching a summer school course in 10th grade English which, at the time, was about minority writers. I divided the eight weeks into two weeks of Black writers;

two weeks of Latinx writers; two weeks of Asian writers; and two weeks of other writers, including women and gays.

What I didn't tell my students was that many of the Black, Latinx and Asian writers they learned about were gay and lesbian. I only revealed that in the last two weeks of the class.

One Black student who had fallen in love with James Baldwin was so outraged to discover Baldwin was gay that he stood up on his desk and screamed at me for tricking him. I have to say that was one of the best lessons I've ever taught, and it was that Black student who made the experience such a powerful message to the class. What I really would have liked to do was get up on my desk and scream about gay, Jewish writers:

Here are some of them:

1. **Kalonymus ben Kalonymus ben Meir** [1286–1328] expressed his desire to have been born as a girl instead of boy.
2. **Betty Berzon** [1928–2006] was one of the first psychotherapists to treat gay and lesbians.
3. **Rabbi Sandra Lawson** was ordained a rabbi in 2018, becoming the first openly gay, Black, female rabbi in the world.
4. **Rabbi Stacy Offner** was the first rabbi in history to be hired as an openly lesbian rabbi by a mainstream congregation [Shir Tikvah of Minneapolis].
5. **Jazz Jennings** [2000-] has been a public figure from a young age, coming out as transgender when s/he was just five years old.
6. **Dr. Fritz Klein** [1932-2006] paved the way for research on bisexuality. Klein grew up in Vienna and was raised in an Orthodox family, moving to New York in 1932 to escape antisemitism in Austria.
7. **Leslie Feinberg** [1949-2014] was a lesbian and transgender activist whose books brought the stories

and terminology of gender nonconforming folks to the forefront.

8. **Abby Chava Stein** [1991-] made history as the first openly transgender woman to leave the Hasidic community.
9. **Harvey Milk** [1930-1978] was the first openly gay politician to be elected to a public office in the United States.

Cruelty at the hands of human beings isn't something we can allow ourself to apply to God's hand. His moral authority goes beyond anything we can imagine. If people are cruel to one another, it's because they're ignorant of God's ways. That's why people who've been in great pain or who've suffered greatly often become deeply devoted to helping **others** avoid what **they've** had to go through.

When I was hired into the Israeli dance troupe, nobody ended up liking me. Overnight, they seemed to turn me into their scapegoat. I was as talented and boastful as Joseph. And they were as meanspirited as his brothers.

But after about six months, one of the dancers reached out a hand in friendship. That felt like a healing balm to me. And yet, I discovered years later that he died of AIDS at a very young age.

Why would a loving God take him and leave the rest of the troupe alive? From my limited perspective, I could only see some of the big picture.

To judge God based on the little we see is unfair. I can look back on that young, male dancer and see him as an angel who disclosed himself in kindness to me. And I can envision him as going back to his Creator more angelic than when he arrived.

When he died, the loss may not have been his. The loss and grief may have been for all those in the dance company who had tender feelings for him. A hole in your heart is one way to break your heart if it's hard.

Some people graduate this school leaving us grieving **their** loss. But that isn't God's intention. He wants us to grieve **our** loss at their passing. He wants us to question why He's taken someone away from us who we deeply admired or loved.

That should unite us in grief and make us more aware of all our feelings and our potential to behave better because loss inspires us to be better. Absence consigns us to question.

Are we going to seek **vengeance** or **reconciliation**? An ego is a terrible thing to waste on petty grievances. Is your negative opinion about anal sex really something you need to fight over? Is God's reason for creating and protecting the Jews really something you want to deny?

My mother is the person who most inspired me. She died two years ago. But her inner wealth has been consigned to me through the crown of the title of **queen** that I now wear proudly. Before I was just a **princess**.

My loss at her parting will inspire me every day of my life. Her dementia was so severe the last couple of years of her life that she couldn't recognize me. But that wasn't a sign that God is cruel. Her death was a living testament to His will for me to model her gentle virtues to others whether the world can imagine my mother's relationship with me, or not.

If our King can inflict His will on the innocent in His yearning to create subjects who are wise, loving and loyal, then we can hardly claim to know who He likes, or question what manner or method of influence He chooses to use.

I lost 25 years of my life to mental illness, and I did nothing before that to deserve that loss. And yet, I'm a true believer who defends God's actions now, even when I see the innocent and disenfranchised suffer seemingly needlessly.

The difference between those who have no faith and those who do lies in their fear of God. And only those whose conscience is well enough developed to decide good from evil [Judaism], right from wrong [Christianity] and better

from worse [Islam] are in a position to fear Him in their effort to love Him, regardless what He causes them to go through.

Fear of people should lead to **love** of people. In the same way, fear of God should lead to love of God. [This is why I've presented you with songs that use romantic words such as "Darling" to express a personal relationship with God.]

The man who is afraid of God's will is a man who loves God's plan. He's authentic. He's dutiful. He may even secretly scorn those who don't fear Him.

When you look at how God divided Christ's love into Orthodox Christianity, Catholicism and Protestantism you begin to see how love has been apportioned with external influences down through the ages.

This infighting over God's love is absurd, and yet anyone with a love of Shakespearean spectacle can see how tragically a man's heart can be twisted in his endeavor to play the part of the King.

Today, we separate the morally strong from the morally weak. We ask what we can do to strengthen everyone. But to know about God's love and loyalty to humanity, you must also know about His carrots and sticks.

If someone wants to teach me about their wisdom, love and loyalty to God, I'm all ears. But don't tell me that a gay Jew with autistic features can't know God the way any other man can because I engage in anal intercourse. I may be mentally **challenged**, but I'm not **stupid**!

Psalm 41:1-3

1 Blessed are those who have regard for the weak;
the Lord delivers them in times of trouble.
2 The Lord protects and preserves them –
they are counted among the blessed in the land –
He does not give them over to the desire of their foes.
3 The Lord sustains them on their sickbed
and restores them from their bed of illness.

My experiences concur with this, although my mother died of dementia and my father of heart disease. God protected and preserved them, but only to a point. And where they had to suffer the humiliations of sickness in old age, I could then see the errors of their ways like a black backdrop to a universe filled with myriad stars. Their virtues had to shine through their ego.

My parents' mistakes in life were gifts from God for me because I can now try to learn not to repeat their mistakes but warn others, instead. It was, nevertheless, very hard to watch my parents when they were old and frail and distressed about dying.

My parents made minor, moral mistakes when you look at what some people today are doing to others. My parents egos developed unchecked in some ways, without some very needed internal controls. They didn't contemplate their circumstances the way we can. Psychology had hardly been conceived as a science when they were young.

I **honored** my parents anyway. But I realized I couldn't **love** everything about them. I chose to save my love for a man of my choosing. And in loving my partner in life [who's flawed in his own ways] and him loving me, we relay to each other the strengths and weaknesses of our parents through our inner universe, so we can glean the best from our parents and avoid the worst.

Psalm 44:14-16

14 You have made us a byword among the nations;
the peoples shake their heads at us.
15 I live in disgrace all day long,
and my face is covered with shame
16 at the taunts of those who reproach and revile me,
because of the enemy, who is bent on revenge.

Surely, the increased respect for gay men worldwide is something hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims

could learn from. Surely, every gay man who looks carefully in the mirror can see arrogance and condescension in himself, not just in his enemies.

Gay men can't obey our enemies by becoming straight. We can't obey our enemies by becoming religious. We have to prove to them that they're like us. They, too, have special needs [**penis problems**].

Israel isn't going to get wiped off the Earth if everyone would take Torah figuratively. For 3,400 years we've taken it literally. Isn't it about time we tried something new?

The creation of the Jewish people was an act of God that Moses described in terms of his own experiences in life, beginning with his first orgasm as described in Genesis 3. With his description of guilt before God in place in Genesis, he could then show the world in Exodus that everyone has something in common with murderers.

The creation of the Jewish people was the result of millions of Jewish stories that were never told. Moses gave us the blueprint for our existence as a people. But we did the work of following that blueprint out into the world to construct an edifice for the two largest world religions that God decided we needed to share with them.

Jews are legal. Even gay Jews are legal. And by extension, gay Christians and gay Muslims are legal, too. I've slept with some of them. I knew them in the biblical sense of the word. They're good people.

Psalm 46:10-11

10 He says, "Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth."
11 The Lord almighty is with us;
the God of Jacob is our fortress.

The God of Jacob is everyone's fortress. We all share the same God. Because this is so, you are like Jacob. You

wrestle with your brother when you perceive him to be like Esau. You yearn for your birthright, so you, too, can be called an Israel unto the Lord.

Like Jacob, there is a ladder to heaven in your inner eye. You've had a vision of a World beyond this one. All you need to get There is to unite red [rage] and blue [sorrow] to achieve purple [self-righteous indignation]. Even lavender is a level of self-righteous indignation at the way the world has treated you.

Stop fighting yourself and others. You're not the only person on the planet who knows the meaning of purple. The combination of your anger and disappointment in others is a mirror of how you feel about yourself. Keep going. There's more to learn about the seven colors of hope from within.

Psalm 50:7-16

7 "Listen, My people, and I will speak;
I will testify against you, Israel:
I am God, your God.
8 I bring no charges against you concerning your sacrifices
or concerning your burnt offerings,
which are ever before Me.
9 I have no need of a bull from your stall
or of goats from your pens,
10 for every animal of the forest is Mine,
and the cattle on a thousand hills.
11 I know every bird in the mountains,
and the insects in the fields are Mine.
12 If I were hungry, I would not tell you,
for the world is Mine, and all that is in it.
13 Do I eat the flesh of bulls
or drink the blood of goats?
14 "Sacrifice thanks offerings to God,
fulfill your vows to the most high,
15 and call on Me in the day of trouble;

I will deliver you, and you will honor Me.

God tells us that we will **honor** Him. He doesn't tell us that we will **love** Him. If you want to love your parents and God, that's your business. But I wouldn't put laws in place to force people to do so. **Love** whomever you wish and love them to the extent that you desire to do so. I honor my parents and God. That's the most I want to do. Forcing me to do more than is vindictive.

What God is saying in this psalm is that all the laws of sacrifice mentioned in Leviticus were given to be fulfilled **literally**, so that they could then be given up to be fulfilled **figuratively**. This is how history will fulfill His story.

This is why the Temple was destroyed twice and upon those ruins a mosque has been built. Those Jews who'd like to go back to Temple practices are going against God's will and against the direction of modernity. We're all moving from the literal to the figurative, from the external to the internal. Time is moving everything and everyone forward. Moving back in time is futile.

Guilt isn't something people will ever easily embrace. They have to be accustomed to guilt slowly over a lifetime. This is why we seek the council of our elders who've made and corrected more mistakes than we have. This is why the Jews sacrificed animals before we learned to make sacrifices for others. This is why I say move out of self-sacrifice to self-devotion.

Today we all take sacrifice figuratively and personally. We've all learned how to give of ourself, rather than just give through our possessions. If we give from our wallet without giving from our heart, what have we achieved? Without heartfelt concern for the poor and disenfranchised that emanates out of empathy, not sympathy, you're just concealing your guilt. You don't understand the meaning of devotion. Those who give the ultimate sacrifice had better

be able to look back at us and say that it was worth it. If we continue to act like animals, what will it have been for?

God had to bring mankind through survival mode to achieve poetic reasons for embracing life. He had to take us through cruelty to animals to see how cruelly we can treat one another, and even ourself.

Experience is the only teacher. It's only reflection on our personal experiences that makes us wise, loving and loyal to our Teacher.

Experience over time deepens our understanding of life if we care to connect the dots God has given us. If we don't learn from the experience of our parents, forefathers and ancestors, we're doomed to repeat their mistakes. But if we don't learn from our own mistakes, we're doomed to bestow them on those we love.

The astrological signs are connections of dots in the sky that produce images we can see. Connect the virtues in your parents like stars in the sky. Look at the power they possess to inspire you at night, when the light of the sun is shining in another direction.

Because the ancient Jews lost their Temple twice, we no longer enslave men, regardless of the laws in Torah that tell us exactly how and when to kill animals and how to enslave men "humanely." The North fought a war with the South to insist that we never take Torah literally in that way ever again. In that war, 500,000 Americans had to die to end slavery in our country.

The Jews were slaves four times in history [Egypt, Babylonia, Rome and Germany]. There won't be a fifth time. The Muslims won't enslave us if they take over Israel and then the world. They'll kill us all unless we convert to Islam.

Hitler may have felt that a world without Jews would be better than a world with us in it. But even the message of one Jew [Jesus] was too much for the Germans to embrace in those days. They proved that a world without Jews and Jesus will always devolve into a world based on cruelty.

The German's were hyper-religious Protestants and Catholics who united their country with the cause of eradicating the Jews and the gays. "Thanks" to them, spirituality today signals a move toward moral insanity.

The **infant** comes from his head, observes all and laughs or cries over extremes.

The **child** comes from his heart, feels everything deeply, but reacts the same way.

Only the **adolescent** whose body has been physically transformed leaves infancy and childhood behind to embrace **adulthood** and all that that changes in his head and heart as he makes his way through puberty.

Once the "words" [semen] of the serpent [penis} in man's tree [body] have spoken for the first time; once the Red Sea of menstruation has been parted and crossed – a child is never a child again.

Torah must never again just be taken literally. The word of God has to become personalized. Anyone who goes back to the way it was in the ancient past turns himself into a neo-Nazi. There's nowhere for sane people to go but forward.

Those who'd cut out the Hebrew Testament from the Abrahamic scriptures are like architects conspiring on how to turn the ground floor of a three-story building into a parking garage. Modern Jews aren't going to stand by and watch as our faith in God is turned into a place for hyper-religious Christians and Muslims to leave their vehicles [body] to ascend in their dreams to what they hope to find above this world. We're not suicidal or spiritually deceased!

The edifice of religion was constructed over the course of 3,800 years. But the scaffolding the LGBTQIA+ community has recently constructed will stay in place until every true believer's abode in the building has been modernized and made comfortable with spirituality and inclusiveness. Our tribe doesn't give a damn what the hyper-religious say about the ugly scaffolding they have to endure

when they look out the window. We know why we're here. We know that the Abrahamic edifice needs a face lift.

A modern believer has a duty to protect the residents in the basement [Hindus]. God came to them through contemplation of their navel. Hindus understand the spiritual meaning of being born of woman. Anyone who wishes to destroy our Jewish first story will discover that we're protecting the foundation, as well as the integrity of the stories above our own.

"**Where Do I Begin**"

by
Carl Sigman and Francis Lai, 1971

Where do I begin
to tell the story of how great a love can be,
The sweet love story that is older than the sea,
the simple truth about the love S/He brings to me?
Where do I start?
With Her first hello,
S/He gave new meaning to this empty world of mine.
There'd never be another love, another time.
S/He came into my life and made the living fine.
S/He fills my heart.
S/He fills my heart with very special things,
with angels' songs, with wild imaginings.
S/He fills my soul with so much love
that anywhere I go, I'm never lonely.
With Her around, who could be lonely.
I reach for Her hand, it's always there.
How long does it last?
Can love be measured by the hours in a day?
I have no answers now, but this much I can say.
I know I'll need Her 'til the stars all burn away.
And S/He'll be there.

God isn't male. Men who love God aren't gay. Women who love God aren't straight. God created men **and** women. **S/He** created male [y] and female [x].

You are a combination of a gender you got from your father [x or y] and a mysterious gene you got from your mother. Let's call it your z-factor." You're either [x + z] or [y + z]. The common bond between men and women is our z-factor. This is what Hindu scripture teaches us through

contemplation of our navel. This is the foundation of the Abrahamic edifice.

Love God to the best of your ability in the privacy of your head, heart and soul. And don't legislate how other people have to do that to validate your belief in Him.

The **Abrahamic** edifice will come crashing down unless we turn it into a **spiritual** edifice open to all. Gays don't want to turn any story of our edifice into a parking garage for abandoned vehicles. We're all humans being. We're all spiritual adults who've been assigned a vessel [ark].

Our ark turns into a basket, and the basket turns into a tent. These are the secrets you must go through to come out of your closet. Don't try to push us back in the closet. Those who do are so ignorant of God's plan that it's laughable. They deserve to be ridiculed, not just laughed at.

We refuse to allow anyone to demean the meaning of gay life and Jewish life no matter how many hyper-religious, straight men defy their own humanity with their **penis problems**. The scaffolding will not come down until we're allowed to marry any adult who resides in the building.

We already saw what happened when Nazi Christians tried to cut out all the gays and Jews. They cut out Jesus, too. How did the Second World War work out for them, then? Today, hyper-religious Christians think they'll just cut out the gays and leave the Jews. How's that workin' for 'em, now?

I think that the neo-Nazi Muslims who think they're going to turn the Hindu basement into storage; the Jewish ground floor into parking; and the Christian second floor into entertainment space so they can enjoy Allah by themselves on the third floor – are going to be unpleasantly surprised at what our Landlord has to say about that.

He's created a whole army of helpers. The Delilas have scissors that will cut every Samson down to size by trimming his ego. The Davids' have slingshots that no army of Goliaths will be able to defend themselves against. And the

interior decorators have big plans once the Architect, Landlord and Builder get through remodeling the building.

Just look at what good spiritualists, straight and gay, around the world are doing to help the Ukrainians who weren't renowned in the past for their love of gays or Jews. Now a Jewish comedian leads their ranks. Surely, everyone should now be willing to admit that God works in less and less mysterious ways.

Psalm 51:5-6

5 Surely, I was sinful at birth,
sinful from the time my mother conceived me.
6 Yet You desired faithfulness even in the womb;
You taught me wisdom in that secret place.

I don't believe we're conceived with evil intentions or born as a bad seed. But I do believe that each of us was created uniquely. So, each of us will have his own sins to account for over time.

There's no such thing as the Chosen People. God chose each Jew to be a Jew. But He chose each Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist, Christians and Muslims to be themself, as well. We're all chosen. Therefore, we're all responsible for our choices. This is why sinful actions become more apparent and magnified the more time we're given to study ourself in this school.

A child can't entertain such thoughts. Even an adolescent is angry about something s/he can't quite put into words. Call that concept **fate** in the face of the potential to achieve one's **destiny**.

Until teenagers look realistically at their individual legacy – both from their father and their mother – they're going to get stuck in adolescence long after the second decade of life, only to discover their birthright well after the fact.

Most of the Psalms are attributed to having been written by King David, who fought vindictive, pagan enemies around him. I can't relate to him or his plight. I'm no king.

I'm a queen. I live in San Francisco, the most **tolerant** and **accepting** place on the planet. But I'm looking to live in a world where people spend more time **admiring** one another.

If my books should someday become popular, I certainly anticipate that hyper-religious, straight men and women will despise me for being gay or Jewish or a resident of San Francisco or American or White-looking or old and ugly or having a disability. I can imagine that some of the critics of my work might even be gay and/or Jewish and incapacitated in their own way.

You should have heard the tongue-lashing I got from a lesbian-Catholic from my boyfriend's church who came back from a trip to Israel blaming the Israelis for the plight of the Palestinians without realizing that a Muslim Israeli works in the Israeli consulate here in San Francisco. How many Muslims hire Jews to represent them at their consulates? That's because being gay and/or Jewish in a Muslim country is still bad for your health.

That said, you should have been a fly on the wall at the home of an orthodox rabbi in San Francisco I visited to partake in his classes on scripture. I was thrown out of his house when I felt I had to speak up about his miserable opinion of gay people. He and his students screamed at me to get out.

Global warming is an act of God brought down upon us all for our calloused mistreatment of one another. Do you really think God loves the Earth more than us? **Nature** doesn't bat last. **God** does. If we don't overcome our prejudices, we'll all be very sorry we hated each other for as long as we did.

Psalm 66:1-3

1 Shout for joy to God, all the Earth!
2 Sing the glory of His name[s];
make His praise glorious.
3 Say to God, "How awesome are Your deeds!
So great is Your power
that Your enemies cringe before You.

I fear celebrating the misfortune of my enemies. The more my enemies learn to correct their errors of judgment, the better that'll be for everyone. I want my classmates in the school of life to learn. If their grades go unchallenged, it brings down the class curve for everyone. My goal is to raise the class curve so that everyone has to work harder.

My enemies and I will both experience misfortunes. God heals us all, whether we like the painful methods He uses, or not. But I can proudly say that most people would gladly trade their problems for mine.

For many a man, justice is a last resort. Personally, I prefer to strive for justice rather than vengeance right from the get-go. Although we must challenge everyone to elevate their grades so that we're all treated like adults at the peace table, seeking justice **for** myself **from** myself becomes the foundation for all my relationships with others.

Vengeance will never work. **Beating** up Peter to **punish** Paul doesn't work anymore than **robbing** Peter to **pay** Paul. As Moses said, "Justice, justice shall you pursue."

But why would Moses say the word "justice" twice? Perhaps the reason for this is that we're all given two worlds, a world around us and a world within. As we complete our assignments with good grades in the world within us, we're allowed more access to our world around us. Therefore, the pursuit of justice lies in both our worlds. We have to learn to heal the injustices within us if we want to see the injustices around us get solved.

You can never have enough time to complete your studies in this school. You can only embrace each day as a **present** given to you that you should endeavor to open moment-by-moment.

The world is gentler than it used to be. Therefore, those who now use vengeance to attain their desires are perceived as more egregiously in violation of God's intentions than ever before.

Expressions of their conviction to conspire against us is now out in the open for all of us to see. They double down on their desire for revenge, not seeing their motivation as a flood they once went through [hormones] that's left them figuratively shivering, wet and cold inside.

The Russian people will have to face tough times ahead for having created and then closed an eye to an oligarchy that uses cruelty to control them. Recreating ancient Egypt by oppressing today's Israelites is still a sad fact of **contemporary** life in many places in the world.

The movement toward **modernity** is happening in the head, heart and soul of all good people, and always was. This is why marriage equality is such a hopeful sign of things to come.

As men cooperate in building a spiritual skyscraper, they shouldn't forget that they're using blueprints [scriptures] handed down to them by all our spiritual ancestors.

That said, our individual and social towers to power are built upon a Rock that can tremble of Its own accord.

Psalm 68:5-6

5 A Father to the fatherless, a Defender of widows,
is God in His holy dwelling.
6 God sets the lonely in families.
He leads out the prisoners with singing;
but the rebellious live in a sun-scorched land.

Let's modify the last three words of this small section of this psalm to "Son-scorched land." Now it looks like the adoration of Jesus is like the sun. It can shine down in ways that warm us. But it can also scorch those who aren't aware of what they're doing that's hateful.

The Holocaust was a Son-scorching event that did nothing to impress good Christians about their understanding of Christ's love for all of humanity.

Ironically, hyper-religious Christians still don't see His virtues in us all. They don't wish to learn from anyone who doesn't believe in their name for God. Isn't respecting Jesus enough? Do you insist that I bow down to you, too?

The story of Jesus and Judas isn't just the story of a gay rabbi who was betrayed by another gay Jew. It's the story of everyman who's eventually going to be betrayed by himself.

Our body envies our soul. It wants what we have that it can't possess. Our body dies. It remains behind when we leave here. And our soul can do nothing about that except extend our stay in every possible way.

There's nobody in this school without a body. Every human body experiences the effects of pain and suffering. We bring crucifixion figuratively onto ourself by discounting the depth of the physical bond we hold with ourself. This, therefore, is the greatest key to the human experience. This is the great truth for the medical model that strives to do no harm.

This is why symbolism was a necessary part of our syllabus. This idea can't be held in Judaism alone. Judaism explains reality through metaphor. Symbolism is needed to personalize metaphors.

If you wish to apply self-knowledge to your life by becoming a vegetarian and not killing other life forms, that's admirable. You'll save animals from pain and suffering.

If you wish to apply self-knowledge to your life by becoming a peacemaker that's even more admirable. You'll

save human beings from exacting pain and suffering on one another.

But if you wish to apply self-knowledge to your life by becoming a philosopher [a lover of enlightenment], you'll become a fruitarian like me, a lover of fruits [gays], nuts [straights] and seeds [gender euphoric] in the figurative sense of the word. You'll love your body, and your body will, in return, love you.

If people could try to live up to the virtues espoused by God through all His names and through the philosophy of Buddhism, they wouldn't be so jealous of Christ's body [container] and so envious of His blood [contents]. If they could study together to discover the brilliant facets of God's light as though reflected from a gemstone. They'd be illuminated by more than just one ray.

"Enlightenment" means "being drawn into the light." God has many names and no name. In Hinduism, the greatest three names for God are Krishna, Vishnu and Brahma. In Christianity, they're Father, Son and Holy Spirit. And in Judaism they're Elohim, YHVH and Hashem.

Let me take a moment to go into the three euphemisms for the nameless God of the Jews:

1. **"**Elohim" literally means "Gods." The creator of the universe is Elohim.
2. "YHVH" is the acronym "i-hee-e asher i-hee-e" [will be riches will be]. This is God's retort to Moses when he asked what to call Him before he went back to the Israelites to convince them of God's power to free them from bondage. God figuratively told Moses, "I'm not accustomed to making deals with murderers. Do as I say, and to the extent that you do, you'll see the results you're hoping for." Some Christians call our God "Jehovah," but that sounds as silly to us as a foreigner calling the I.R.S. "iris." YHVH isn't Jehovah. God never gave us His name.

a. “Adonai” means “my Lord.” It’s a euphemism used in place of YHVH. The Tetragrammaton [יהוה: transliterated as YHVH] is never spoken aloud. We use the word “Adonai” instead.
b. The word “Hashem” means “the Name” in Hebrew. What could be more ironic than calling God “Hashem” [the Name] when the one thing we don’t know about Him is His name?

I believe that the tradition of not seeking God’s name, but, instead, seeking His attributes, stems from the inclination in men to abuse and misuse knowledge once they think they claim to have a name for something.

The brilliance of the Tao is in seeking the path without the Initiator of it. Taoism is a combination of the writings of Lao Tzu and Confucius. Lao Tsu described the path within man [yin]. Confucius was the student of Lao Tsu who described the path around man [yang]. They sought wisdom through the individual and the state for the purposes of creating a wise society made up of wise citizens.

The pursuit of Gods’ names is a paradox in Taoism, thus giving the Taoists a unique contribution when it comes to answering the complex question of **the meaning of life**. They seek only the Tao, the **method**, not the **Source**. Therefore, they focus on the **journey**, not the **Destination**. This reveals the paradoxes of the world within us and the world around us.

Buddhists don’t believe in God, but they treat the Buddha like God in their effort to personify their desires [+] by following the Buddha’s path to Nirvana. In that sense, they seek the attributes of God’s desires [penis] without seeking all of Him.

I’m sure that hyper-religious Muslims are laughing at Hindus, Jews, Buddhists, Taoists and Christians behind our back. They claim Allah is the name that encompasses all the other names for God because theirs is God’s last name.

If Hinduism holds the secret to His first name and Islam holds the secret to His last name, then in my opinion, that makes His middle names even more intriguing.

"Emanuel" is a euphemism for "Jesus." Christians believe that "Emanuel" means "God with us." It may mean that to Christians, but to Hebrew speaking Jews, "Emanuel" literally means "us with God." Perhaps this **active** and **passive** relationship with God is something that requires more study.

The problem with names lies in the misappropriation of methods and materials to seek one favored outcome to history. God, in His infinite wisdom, has given us clues to how we can reach Him/Her/Them through all of His stories.

Those who aren't interested in using these clues to learn about life with our Teacher will see the results of their efforts on their report card. Or they won't. But we'll get to see their grades made public for all to study and review.

Psalm 69:1-6

1 Save me, O God,
for the waters have come up to my neck.
2 I sink in the miry depths,
where there is no foothold.
I have come into the deep waters;
the floods engulf me.
3 I am worn out calling for help;
my throat is parched.
My eyes fail,
looking for my God.
4 Those who hate me without reason
outnumber the hairs of my head;
many are my enemies without cause;
those who seek to destroy me.
I am forced to restore
what I did not steal.
5 You, God, know my folly;

my guilt is not hidden from You.
6 Lord, the Lord almighty,
may those who hope in You
not be disgraced because of me;
God of Israel,
may those who seek You
not be put to shame because of me.

At last, a psalm that reflects on the imperfections of the speaker! At last, someone in the Psalms has shown some concern for being a part of the problem, rather than the one with all the solutions. This I find refreshing!

Of course, the waters that drown us all are the hormones that started to pour down in puberty. Over time, we'll all seek a vessel [ark] to save us from ourself. We'll all come out of the first closet [ark].

If we're all a part of the problem, then we should all agree to become a part of the solution. And that solution must include protecting the lives of gay people and Jews worldwide, for there isn't a person on the planet who hasn't got a beef with one or both of us – and that includes Hindus who avoid beef altogether.

Psalm 71:11

11 They say, "God has forsaken him.
Pursue him and seize him,
for no one will rescue him."

Some say that women, Jews, people of color and gays have been forsaken by God. And when their arguments fail them, time and again they clutch their breast and proclaim that they're the victim, that **we've** forsaken **them**.

It's harder to be right than wrong. It's harder to be right when you're coming from the political left than it is to be right on the political right. The right is only right when it does what was wisely done before. The left is right when it

does something new and better. Some people are afraid of new things. They cling to old, familiar ways.

The **left** leans toward Buddhism and Taoism, where answers to the meaning of God's intentions aren't raised with names for Him, but with methods.

The **right** chooses their one preferred name for God and claims that they can manage reality without delving into fellowship for all.

In my opinion, without gay Jews and Jewish comedians [like Volodymyr Zelenskyy, the president of Ukraine] on your side of an argument, I don't think you have much of a future to look forward to.

Je suis Charlie. Je suis Solly. Je suis Zelenskyy. My father was a Lithuanian. My mother was a German. I'm an American. But I'm also a Jewish comedian in my fantasies who'll fight evil with every laugh that escapes my lips.

Perhaps we should all compromise and just elect comedians, regardless of their religion, to the position of president or prime minister of every country. At least then, we could all expect their term in office to end with a laugh rather than, God forbid, a sigh of relief.

Psalm 73:1-12

1 Surely God is good to Israel,
to those who are pure in heart.
2 But as for me, my feet had almost slipped;
I had nearly lost my foothold.
3 For I envied the arrogant
when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.
4 They have no struggles;
their bodies are healthy and strong.
5 They are free from common human burdens;
they are not plagued by human ills.
6 Therefore pride is their necklace;
they clothe themselves with violence.
7 From their callous hearts comes iniquity;

their evil imaginations have no limits.
8 They scoff, and speak with malice;
with arrogance they threaten oppression.
9 Their mouths lay claim to heaven,
and their tongues take possession of the Earth.
10 Therefore their people turn to them
and drink up waters in abundance.
11 They say, "How would God know?
Does the most high know anything?"
12 This is what the wicked are like –
always free of care, they go on amassing wealth.

Sadly, the speaker later contradicts what it said about envying the arrogant. He praises himself further on. But I like it this far.

I, too, was envious of the arrogant. I, too, wanted material power in the form of possessions that turned out to be only symbolic of my internal wealth. I wanted people to listen to my healing words, when, in truth, my words can't heal anybody.

The only one who can heal me is me, and even I can't heal myself without God's help, even if I employ an external, spiritual methodology like Taoism or Buddhism to help improve me.

Don't imagine that my ego hasn't been bruised in my effort to be helpful to others. I, too, feel like a failure in some respects.

The problem is that no one can know all s/he's done right or wrong. The world will be better thanks to my virtues. But each and every time I get lost in my vices, I discover more about God I could never have previously imagined.

There's little ability or interest shown by King David to self-reflect in the Psalms. It's all about praising God and blaming his enemies. His defenses are sky high.

But I suppose things were pretty awful for the ancient Jews who were surrounded by pagans. God knows, Israel is

condemned by many today even though she's surrounded by people who all claim to believe in the same God we do. The lessons of life only seem to get greater for us all.

Not long ago, most Jews agreed that the Ukrainians were terrible antisemites who aided the Nazis and Poles in killing the Jews of Europe. Now, few Jews outside Russia take sides with the Russians. Israel sides with the Ukrainians and Poles against the Russians without putting the Russian Jews in danger by having to speak out. The world should see Israel's fight for survival against hyper-religious Muslims through Russia's maniacal hyper-religious Christian invasion of Ukraine. Thank God there are hardly any Jews left in Muslim countries. God only knows what would become of them.

If every man is half woman, then the degree to which a society creates hyper-masculine men is a society that takes Torah literally. It's the feminization of humanity that will lead to world peace. But even hyper-religious women recoil against this happening. They have **clitoris conflicts**, just as we have **penis problems**!

Psalm 89-15-17

15 Blessed are those who have learned to acclaim You,
who walk in the light of Your presence, Lord.
16 They rejoice in Your name[s] all day long;
they celebrate Your righteousness.
17 For You are their glory and strength.

The names we use for God are what so much of what the evil in the world is really all about. Today, we all agree that there's only one God, yet we fight over His names as though fighting over opening or closing a window with no glass in it. All the wars in Europe have been about Protestants, Catholics and Orthodox Christian interpretation of their own scripture. When Muslims aren't killing Jews and gays,

they're killing one another. Clearly, all our problems are human, not Jewish, Christian or Muslim.

The Abrahamic edifice is now surrounded by scaffolding. On that scaffolding are gay and lesbian window washers. We're trying to clean the windows of all those who fear God, each of us in her or his own way. But if those inside don't do the inner work of washing their windows from the inside, nothing is going to change. **Our** work won't succeed unless **they** do **theirs**.

Psalm 90:12

12 Teach us to number our days,
that we may gain a heart of wisdom.

You aren't going to live forever. I don't care how handsome you are or how pretty. I don't care how healthy you are. I don't even care how well you're covered with insurance to cover the cost of your illnesses in older age.

You're going to die! And if you wish to wait until the day of your death to reconcile your accounts with your Maker, I assure you that will be too late.

They say that a **liar** needs a bookkeeper. And if that's the case, then those in **denial** will need an accountant and a lawyer, as well. And if you ask me, that won't even be enough. They'll find themself in Dutch with the Judge, not just the jury.

Those in denial of the spiritual meaning behind their pain and suffering; those who've perfected blaming others without a clue to what they do to deserve the injustices they're going through – are going to need a prayer in addition to a bookkeeper, accountant and lawyer.

But if they plan on using the expression, "I was just following orders," I can assure them that that one's been taken. "I was just doing what everyone else was doing" isn't going to fly, either. Your grades will be going on your report card. Did you tell your parents that your teacher hates his job

and takes it out on the students when you got bad grades? Your parents knew that there were students in your class that were getting great grades. You're going to have to find a better excuse than that.

A heart full of wisdom is one that can do more than forgive, achieve mercy and develop compassion for some others. A wise heart develops into a soul by using empathy, not sympathy, to understand what others are going through. Every underdog is a dog that should be a smaller dog. When the underdog is bigger than the dog accused of being the aggressor, you should smell a rotten fish in Denmark.

The gays and the Jews are the underdogs. The straights and the Muslims are the wolves in sheep's clothing. I'm so disappointed with the gay community in San Francisco for taking the side of the Palestinians against the Israelis. The Palestinians have 2 billion Muslims behind them. The Israelis have 8 million Jews in the Diaspora behind them. Get a grip on reality! The fact that the gays and the Jews are flourishing despite our small numbers is a miracle. If you don't like miracles, get out of the business of faith in God.

A wise mind can **change** your mind. A wise heart can **transform** your heart. But one with a wise soul can **transcend** himself.

Children are, of course, innocent of crimes against humanity. But children are the offspring of parents. And all parents need to be challenged to care for the wellbeing of the children, humanity, animals and the planet as a whole. The parents of children who commit crimes against humanity should be incarcerated with their children. They all need to learn who it means to be a family. Unless we use every means at our disposal to protect our children, we'll suffer for their suffering, whether we like it, or not.

Anybody can claim to be guided by his conscience. But only the those with a wise heart turn their conscience into a soul to find answers with God's help that will further His intentions.

"**Sorry Seems To Be the Hardest Word**"

by
Elton John and Bernie Taupin, 1976

What have I gotta do to make You love me?
What have I gotta do to make You care?
What do I do when lightning strikes me,
and I wake up and find that You're not there?
What've I gotta do to make You want me?
Mmm hmm, what've I gotta do to be heard?
What do I say when it's all over,
and sorry seems to be a hardest word?
It's sad, so sad
It's a sad, sad situation,
and it's gettin' more and more absurd.
It's sad, so sad.
Why can't We talk it over?
Oh, it seems to me
that sorry seems to be the hardest word.
What do I do to make You love me?
What have I got to do to be heard?
What do I do when lightning strikes me?
What have I got to do?
What have I got to do
when sorry seems to be the hardest word.

The melody of this song was composed by a gay. Christian and the lyrics were written by a gay Jew. The song was very popular when it was released because it gave young people the opportunity to feel sorry for themselves. It let loose the neglect, rejection and abandonment my generation felt at the time, whether they associated it with parents, siblings, teachers, lovers or friends. It made us aware that we were owed big apologies that we didn't get.

But today, this song falls flat for me. “Sorry seems to be the hardest word? I don’t think so. Try “thank you.” Thank you seems to be the hardest word, if you ask me! After a lifetime of neglect, rejection and abandonment that I endured graciously and responded to with generosity. I now think most people are spoiled rotten. I don’t think they thank themself for anything. That’s why I don’t think I got nearly the appreciation I deserved.

I feel ghosted. I feel that people have used me and often abused my generosity of spirit. I feel that I’ve looked them straight in the eyes, while they’ve looked down on me. And so now I look down on everyone.

I put me first. I honor myself before my parents, siblings, teachers, lovers and friends. Only in this way can I understand the lessons the Teacher is bringing me. I thank Him for everything that comes to me, the good and the bad. I thank Him for the tough lessons He’s giving me. And I ask Him for help in learning from them.

Condescension has come to me as the result of three suicide attempts. There’s a killer inside of me. I must never forget that. The fact that most others don’t know that about themself isn’t my problem. I use everyone. Everyone is a book brought to me to study from cover to cover. Most are good books. But there isn’t a book I wouldn’t edit if the Teacher had given me that mission. I’m only here to get marriage equality enacted in every country on Earth. **Reright** yourself if you don’t like what you’ve **written**.

I’m far from perfect. I don’t even seek perfection. I don’t mind the punishments I get from the Teacher to improve my grades. But the punishments I’ve endured from my classmates, I do mind. I do resent being ignored, disregarded, snubbed, overlooked, mistreated and discounted. I allow many people, Democrat and Republican, gay and straight, young and old, friend and foe to treat me disrespectfully. This is my cross to bear in getting my message to everyone. This is my sacrifice.

I may be four years younger than Israel, having been born in 1952 while Israel was recreated in 1948. But I'm as strong as Israel. But I didn't get this way overnight. I've spent a lifetime making may way through this academy on Earth with one Teacher. And I still have a lot to learn. But I don't plan on learned it from spoiled students with bad attitudes sitting at the back of the classroom distracting others from what they're here to do.

Apologies to everyone are called for, but atonement is required because God forgives nothing. You'll pay for all your sins with your life. We all will. So, number your days.

But whether you learn from your mistakes is up to you. Not everyone is blessed with lessons that teach the importance of repentance. Some are allowed to remain autonomous and clueless their whole life. And some must be incarcerated to protect the rest of us whether they understand why, or not.

But if we were to elevate our prisons to the level of spiritual schools, criminals would finally be able to use their time productively to learn the importance of self-repentance. Israel has allowed Muslim prisoners to get a basic education in Arabic since 2010. What all criminals need is a basic education in spirituality.

Sorry should never be the hardest word. Let all those in prison be taught to tell the Warden, "Thank You."

Psalm 91:1-2

1 Whoever dwells in the shelter of the most high
will rest in the shadow of the almighty.
2 I will say of the Lord,
"He is my Refuge and my Fortress,
my God, in whom I trust."

Every modern Jew, Christian and Muslim can say the same thing. It doesn't take a genius to realize that we're all making our way through life using our conscience as our guide. Or not.

Our eyes and ears will fail us. It's only those who figuratively use their nose to decide if something passes the smell test who know that right and wrong will determine whether they achieve their **destiny** or succumb to their **fate**.

Those who think they're free to do as they please will be rudely awakened, or not. They may just end up feeling like victims who blame others for what they could never see coming.

If you think the gay community didn't learn spiritual lessons when we lost more than 500,000 lives to the AIDS epidemic, you're not looking closely at the way we've changed our sexual practices, lifestyle and beliefs.

With a **secular** education, people change the way they **behave**. With a **spiritual** education, people change the way they **believe**. With only a religious education, men's minds are arrested with dogma.

It takes experience in life mixed with spiritual understanding to awaken men to their destiny. Gay men are going to see to it that that happens in every corner of the globe.

That's our gay agenda!

Psalm 91:9-11

9 If you say, "The Lord is my Refuge,"

and you make the most high your Dwelling,
10 no harm will overtake you,
no disaster will come near your tent.
11 For He will command His angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways.

This, too, is true for modern spiritual Jews, Christians and Muslims. It's also true for gay people. Problems occur when you have only a secular **or** a religious education.

The Jewish people have been in existence as a tribe for 3,400 years. And Israel has been restored after we had to endure life 2,000 years without our homeland. I wouldn't bet against nature or the Jews. We've seen a great deal because we've been through a great deal.

When it comes to God's angels, you only have to look around you to see angels in disguise. Everyone has a gift, and everyone is gifting the world in his own special way. The object, of course, is to make that gift as great as possible.

Nobody knows what happens to us after we die. So, appreciate the angels in disguise God brings you now. What comes next, no one can say. Heaven and Hell are dogmas, not facts. Heaven on Earth and Hell on Earth are facts.

Man is inclined toward evil. He makes problems for himself to appease his **ego**. He overcomes his problems to appease his **conscience**. And then he finds he has to find a way to transform his conscience into a **soul**.

Go all the way to the right in you. Don't stop half way at your breastplate. Become soulful. Then come back to your soul to share your conscience with the God within you.

If you don't look back every day at the way you behaved yesterday, you're not going to make some progress by tomorrow.

This school requires perfect attendance. If you choose **not** to come to class, **not** do your homework, **not** prepare for spot quizzes and tests – don't wait for your final exam to start to study. By then it'll be too late.

The Jewish community passed a law in Israel 200 years before the Common Era requiring that all Jews be taught how to read so they could fully participate in the discussion of scripture. England passed the Elementary Education Act in 1870, which aimed to provide public elementary education for children, but it didn't establish universal literacy laws. That act laid the groundwork for future educational reforms, including compulsory education.

When it comes to preparedness, don't tell me you've got everything under control. Don't tell me that there's one name for God that you're going to bank on because that name is good enough for everybody.

Every**body** has a **body**. God is everybody's Teacher. But He's known by many names. If you don't respect all the students who use their conscience as their guide in tandem with their individual lessons from the Teacher, there's really not much room for a discussion, is there?

What we're really talking about is self-will run riot. And everyone has seen plenty of that.

Psalm 91:14-16

14 "Because he loves Me," says the Lord, "I will rescue him;
I will protect him, for he acknowledges My name[s].
15 He will call on Me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble,
I will deliver him and honor him.
16 With long life I will satisfy him
and show him My salvation."

Most everyone **acknowledges** one or another of God's names. But the hyper-religious **reject** His **other** names. Hyper-religious Jews reject Jesus as a name for God. Hyper-religious Christians reject all those who reject Jesus. Hyper-religious Muslims reject the nameless God of the Jews who gave us Israel which is the foundation of all other Abrahamic

faiths. And hyper-religious Muslims reject Jesus as God's name. They claim He's a prophet.

Some secular people reject the very concept of a God. They say He doesn't exist.

The gay community has been rejected by all three of the hyper-religious Abrahamic institutions of faith. The hyper-traditional Hindu, Buddhist and Taoist institutions have also rejected us.

Those who died of AIDS weren't able to see the day when marriage equality became the law of our land in 2015. All gay men who are alive today should appreciate the great progress we've made in advancing the cause of tolerance and diversity, ideas moderate believers believe are advanced by God.

Hindsight is 20/20. Don't repeat our gay brothers' mistakes of the past. Too much sex is as bad as too little. People aren't just bodies you embrace sexually. They're bodies with a spirit inside them that has thoughts, feelings and beliefs, in addition to desires.

Why denounce any of God's names? Why honor only one of them? Neither makes any sense. Denouncing God or denouncing other names for Him is narrow minded. It creates wars, suffering and animosity.

This Psalm comes from messengers from God. It suggests that God cares about being acknowledged. If some acknowledge Him through one name and others through another, He's still being acknowledged, whether you acknowledge that, or not. You may be gambling with your destiny by insisting that God only acknowledges your name for him.

Psalm 92

Everyone – Jew, Christian and Muslim included – should be able to enjoy this psalm. Even gays who celebrate the achievement of marriage equality should be able to appreciate these words:

1 It is good to praise the Lord
and make music to Your name[s], o most high,
2 proclaiming Your love in the morning
and Your faithfulness at night,
3 to the music of the ten-stringed lyre
and the melody of the harp.
4 For You make me glad by Your deeds, Lord;
I sing for joy at what Your hands have done.
5 How great are Your works, Lord,
how profound Your thoughts!
6 Senseless people do not know.
Fools do not understand
7 that though the wicked spring up like grass
and all evildoers flourish,
they will be destroyed forever.
8 But You, Lord, are forever exalted.
9 For surely Your enemies, Lord,
surely Your enemies will perish;
all evildoers will be scattered.
10 You have exalted my horn like that of a wild ox;
fine oils have been poured on me.
11 My eyes have seen the defeat of my adversaries;
my ears have heard the rout of my wicked foes.
12 The righteous will flourish like a palm tree,
they will grow like a cedar of Lebanon;
13 planted in the house of the Lord.
They will flourish in the courts of our God.
14 They will still bear fruit in old age.
They will stay fresh and green,
15 proclaiming, "The Lord is upright;
He is my Rock, and there is no wickedness in Him."

It's difficult, however, to see the moral differences between those who God likes and those He dislikes. We don't want to brown nose God to achieve our ends. That

wouldn't give us a feeling of success. But we wouldn't want to ignore His wishes, either.

This makes morality a conundrum. This makes it important that we use our head in conjunction with our heart and soul to determine how we get our desires met. It's harder to be good than it looks once you entertain the option of taking all the roads God gives you. They say that all roads lead to Rome. Well, some of those roads **to** Rome came **from** Jerusalem and some continue on **to** Mecca.

All people are a mix of good and evil. All people need to learn about themself in order to correct their errors of judgment. Surely, the world looks the way it does because the mix of good and evil today is creating a struggle that will lead us to greater good or greater evil in the future.

The combination of all our roads, not just one of them, makes us human. We have one road in our head that's **logical**; one road in our heart that's **rational**; one road in our soul that's **reasonable**; and one road in our genitals that **sensible**. God created us with seven roads within us.

It's paradoxical that there are more than seven roads around us and only seven roads within us. Those who insist on only the one road of their faith are dogmatic. They're risking their goal of everlasting life after death if they refuse to advance the good in themself by acknowledging the evil their dogma is creating that's causing the havoc we're all having to endure.

Psalm 94

1 The Lord is a God Who avenges.
O God Who avenges, shine forth.
2 Rise up, judge of the Earth;
Pay back to the proud what they deserve.
3 How long, Lord, will the wicked,
how long will the wicked be jubilant?
4 They pour out arrogant words;

all the evildoers are full of boasting.
5 They crush Your people, Lord;
they oppress Your inheritance.
6 They slay the widow and the foreigner;

So, what's keeping God? Why doesn't He act more quickly and decisively? Why does He leave His accomplishments in mystery, so we have to praise the hands of man without seeing His hand in everyone's good deeds?

The only answer that makes any sense at all is that everyone has evil inclinations. Everyone has a hand in the mischief made by men. Everyone has a **penis problem** or a **clitoris conflict**. Because life is like a school and people are like students with a variety of good and bad grades, God is like a teacher who addresses the needs of the entire class, whether or not the students understand the Teacher's perspective on the curriculum they're given.

Stop crying over having disappointed your parents. Stop crying about having disappointed your children. They're mirrors of how you feel about yourself. Start crying about how you've disappointed yourself. Your inner world is filled with impoverishment. Start enriching yourself. You have the potential to die rich. You could die a billionaire within if you were greedier. Your greed for external wealth is misdirected.

The symmetry of the body holds the secret to the sexes and the fruits of good and evil. One way to explain the paradoxes of life lies in the penis, the delivery device for the semen from both testicles.

When a boy discovers orgasm and realizes he's on the road to becoming a man, the first thing he has to learn is not to blame women [and his mother in particular] for this change in his body chemistry. This is a part of the human condition that holds spiritual undertones that we must all learn to live with through figurative interpretations of what we're going through.

In doing so, we learn to incorporate the feminine side of ourself in with the masculine. We discover our legacy in both our parents, our **milk** [mother] and our **honey** [father].

The life-giving substance within men [semen] is a soup made from the emissions of both testicles. Man's nature is like a broth of good and evil.

Andy Warhol's painting of a Campbell's Tomato Soup can is a profound commentary on the human condition. We're all like a can with a red soup inside it. This is what it means to be catholic with a small "c," even though he was a gay-Catholic, and commentator of the human condition without God as a part of his medium of expression.

The point of prayer [regardless of your religion] is to achieve redemption, no matter how God chooses to allow that happen. You may figuratively find forgiveness through nature, hobbies, pets or long drives in the country. Asking God directly through prayer to help you heal your character defects can still occur through the physical, emotional or spiritual levels of life.

Don't bother to tell God all about everyone else's need for redemption. He knows all about the state of the world. He doesn't need news, weather and sports updates from you.

Use your time in prayer to discuss **your** problems with morality, not mine or other people's. Surely being gay and Jewish with special needs isn't the sin some people would like me to believe it is.

Psalm 97:1-6

1 The Lord reigns. Let the Earth be glad.
Let the distant shores rejoice.
2 Clouds and thick darkness surround Him;
righteousness and justice are the foundation of His throne.
3 Fire goes before Him
and consumes His foes on every side.
4 His lightning lights up the world;

the Earth sees and trembles.
5 The mountains melt like wax before the Lord,
before the Lord of all the Earth.
6 The heavens proclaim His righteousness,
and all peoples see His glory.

The "earth" is a word that stands for land, soil, dirt, loan, mud and ground. The "Earth" is the name of the planet we live on.

When David says, "let the Earth be glad" and "the Earth sees and trembles" he's using personification to describe more than just the ground beneath our feet. He's even doing more than trying to personify the Earth.

When David spoke about the **earth**, he had no idea then what God would one day divide the **earth** from the **seas** and **sky**. The Abrahamic faiths have been poetically divided by God into the **earth** [Judaism], the **seas** [Christianity] and the **sky** [Islam]. We're grounded in our thoughts. Our feelings are like an ocean of emotions. And we rise up to the sky with our belief in God. To understand our place in this world, the whole of planet Earth figuratively sees and trembles at what God has done to teach us to unite our belief in Him.

Nature is something man has learned to conquer. We've raped the land, polluted the seas and choked the air with smoke. We abuse nature but boast of having inherited God's strength to master it.

There's so much more we need to learn about time and space, but the only place to learn the essence of the truth about the world around us is within. We can't afford to make any more external mistakes.

The best way to do so isn't just with psychology and metaphysics. It's also with scripture. And yet, how many are prepared to use all the world's scriptures to heal all the world's men? Many would rather fight over **scripture** instead, while calling it a fight for **survival**. The truth is that

unless we learn to unite over our scriptures, we won't survive.

Money is just an excuse to hoard **honey**. We must use the knowledge that we've gleaned thus far about milk [love] and honey [wisdom] to expand the thoughts in our head and love in our heart.

Think about what the Teacher would like you to do, not just what your penis or clitoris would like you to do. Don't let your urges dominate your inner forces. Seek God's blessings, instead.

Don't worry what your classmates will say if you act wisely rather than shrewdly. Spiritual strength is far more valuable and enduring than physical strength.

Everything you do that will make the Earth be glad will make God glad. All you do that includes thoughts about the next generation, not the next election, will secure your place in Paradise.

Put your grades above your desire to please your classmates. Think about your transcript, not just about the test you've been given today. Open your mind to a more expansive view of where you're going. Use figurative speech to guide you rather than just the literal goals before you.

Give up pleasing your parents. Please God instead. Stop crying about how the world has ignored you. Put your faith in your nose, not your eyes and ears. Smell your way through the fragrance from here to Heaven.

Psalm 98:1-3

1 Sing to the Lord a new song,
for He has done marvelous things;
His right hand and His holy arm
have worked salvation for him.
2 The Lord has made His salvation known
and revealed His righteousness to the nations.
3 He has remembered His love

and His faithfulness to Israel;
all the ends of the Earth have seen
the salvation of our God.

Some gay people condemn Israel, when it's the only country in the Middle East where gay people are free to be themselves and the disabled are truly cared for. Granted, the Israelis haven't yet achieved marriage equality, but they're getting closer because they have a true democracy. The more modern Israel becomes, the more modern the faithful everywhere will be inspired.

If you don't personify the **earth** [thoughts] poetically, you won't contain it with **water** [feelings], **wind** [beliefs] or **fire** [desires].

If you don't make your conscience your guide by using your thoughts productively, you'll find yourself surrounded by lands, seas and skies that are even more polluted than the cesspool we live in now. You'll sense a burn coming at you that you won't want to face.

The Psalms are poems meant to be sung, not just read. But you can't sing them to yourself if you can't hear the melody that Torah has now created in you.

The Psalms are songs of appreciation of God's mysterious ways with lyrics for which you're meant to be the violin. The more you're inspired to internalize the Earth, the more earth, water, wind and fire will become **features** that inspire you rather than **flaws** that discourage you.

The hyper-religious condemn anyone who doesn't take Torah, the core of the Hebrew Testament, literally. Fear **them**, not **God**.

Psalm 116

1 I love the Lord, for He heard my voice;
He heard my cry for mercy.
2 Because He turned His ear to me,
I will call on Him as long as I live.

3 The cords of death entangled me;
the anguish of the grave came over me;
I was overcome by distress and sorrow.
4 Then I called on the name[s] of the Lord:
"Lord, save me!"
5 The Lord is gracious and righteous;
our God is full of compassion.
6 The Lord protects the unwary;
when I was brought low, He saved me.
7 Return to your rest, my soul,
for the Lord has been good to you.
8 For you, Lord, have delivered me from death,
my eyes from tears,
my feet from stumbling,
9 that I may walk before the Lord
in the land of the living.
10 I trusted in the Lord when I said,
"I am greatly afflicted."
11 In my alarm I said,
"Everyone is a liar."
12 What shall I return to the Lord
for all His goodness to me?
13 I will lift up the cup of salvation
and call on the name[s] of the Lord.
14 I will fulfill my vows to the Lord
in the presence of all His people.
15 Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of His faithful servants.
16 Truly I am Your servant, Lord.
I serve You just as my mother did.
You have freed me from my chains.
17 I will sacrifice a thank offering to You
and call on the name[s] of the Lord.
18 I will fulfill my vows to the Lord
in the presence of all His people,
19 in the courts of the house of the Lord –

in your midst, Jerusalem.
Praise the Lord.

It's easy to forget that what comes around, goes around. Karma is real. What you give away will be returned to you by God in another, higher form of His choosing.

This world is a school of self-love, but the only way to increase your love for yourself is to give the overflow from your cup to others in your saucer. Only then does God return that love to you in the way that He decrees you need to receive it.

I know that sounds complex and confusing. And you know that it's the easiest things of all that are the most difficult to explain. Try explaining to someone how to ride a bike. You know how to do it, but you can't slow the process down for another person to give them the instruction they need in every moment they're on the bike trying to master riding it. For all your good advice, eventually, they have to learn how to ride a bike themself.

In the same way, the spiritual operating system can't be accessed by others with your input. It has to be accessed with God's input.

This doesn't require faith in Him. Faith in God will come. This requires faith in yourself. And every instance in which your faith in you stumbles, weakens or disappears, you need to move alone through darkness to the best of your ability. Every turn of the handlebars in either direction is the result of a need you must become aware of yourself. You don't have training wheels anymore. Those days are long gone.

I can't be with you when you're by yourself in the darkness within. Nobody can. Only God will be there. He makes Himself known to me at moments like that through light in darkness. When lost, unbalanced and distressed, I have to make choices that will keep me pedaling onward and upward, even if that makes me feel like E.T. The choices I

make must prove to me what my love, dignity and respect for me means to me.

When I can access a clear thought with a distinct feeling that I couldn't access before, I feel blessed with a new and better belief. I feel that God has opened a door and allowed me somewhat into myself. This makes me hopeful. This is why I thank God many times a day.

It's never about money. It's always about honey. It's never about expressing my love for others. It's always about expressing my love for God before others by modeling the length, width and depth of my words.

Other people's guilt is obvious to me. I don't have to rub it in. I have to set my standards higher. This requires looking at my sex life with greater scrutiny. Going to bed with my parents is a topic alluded to in Torah in the story of Noah and discussed outright in the story of Lot. Going to bed with my parents is a euphemism for conspiring against God. In those ways that I conspire against others, I need to reflect on the possibility that I may be screwing myself over.

Anal intercourse is a euphemism for self-sabotage. When you look at the stories of Torah figuratively, sex becomes vital to the moral outcomes of the characters. The bowl of soup Jacob gave his brother was no different than a shirtless man showing off his muscles before other men. It's a temptation that leaves your mouth watering.

There are moments when I feel like such a hero for the tiniest of things I think, feel or do right that my faith in me overflows, and I wish to give some of that faith in myself to God. I can see how Torah, the Gospels and the Quran are guiding me toward God. I can see how His words are unifying my convictions.

Giving my faith to God is a voluntary gift. It's the result of the arduous task of having created faith in myself primarily through sex. Giving that sexual success away through evolved actions that express my gratitude for having achieved peace with my penis, whether I give my peaceful

intentions to another human being or God, is a great privilege. This is my only insurance against future disappointments.

Experiencing a new depth of thoughts and feelings through mastery of my desires makes it possible for me to balance myself like a kid on a bike. I'm not pedaling in utter darkness anymore. There are lights in the darkness within me that correspond to the moon and the stars. I've overcome the excruciating pain of loneliness that I slogged through much of my life.

The star of David is the combination of the father and the mother than represents every child of God. The cross on which Jesus was crucified is a symbol of the forces within me that I must master. And the crescent moon and star of Islam reveal the light [illumination] in the darkness [guilt] that turns the rainbow in my chest into a promise from God.

Psalm 129

1 "They have greatly oppressed me from my youth,"
let Israel say.
2 "They have greatly oppressed me from my youth,
but they have not gained the victory over me.
3 Plowmen have plowed my back
and made their furrows long.
4 But the Lord is righteous;
He has cut me free from the cords of the wicked."
5 May all who hate Zion
be turned back in shame.
6 May they be like grass on the roof,
which withers before it can grow.
7 A reaper cannot fill his hands with it,
nor one who gathers fill his arms.
8 May those who pass by not say to them,
"The blessing of the Lord be on you;
we bless you in the name[s] of the Lord."

If this psalm has the cadence of the speeches of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., that's because the melody of the Psalms inspired him. His words carried David's psalms into the new age.

Cursing your enemies isn't a good thing to do. But cursing yourself for having enemies isn't righteous either. John Lewis told us to, "Get into good trouble." When you get into good trouble it redeems you **and** your enemies. You both come out of a situation better than you were before.

Cursing yourself for not commending yourself is equally unwise. And yet it's so common for us to hate ourself for not honoring ourself. What we most need is our love and appreciation. And yet, when we don't give it to ourself, we have a tendency to curse ourself instead.

Inner work all begins in your penis. What is it that you want? Filter your wants with what you think you should want; what you feel like wanting; and what you believe is the right thing to want.

Then ask yourself what your mother what like you to want. Men who don't look to their mother for inspiration will turn into a pillar of salt, like Lot's wife. The woman within them [x] will look back and see how she conspired with her husband [y], but she'll be powerless to act on her wisdom.

Over time, the spiritual process leads to laughter. When you can laugh **at** yourself, you'll be able to acknowledge God for laughing **with** you.

Getting your wants [-] met isn't the same as getting your desires [+] met. If you want to achieve your desires, you may have to change your behavior. You may have to learn something you didn't know before. That can be humbling.

Psalm 133

1 How good and pleasant it is
when God's people[s] live together in unity!
2 It is like precious oil poured on the head,
running down on the beard,

running down on Aaron's beard,
down on the collar of his robe.
3 It is as if the dew of Hermon
was falling on Mount Zion.
For there the Lord bestows His blessing,
even life forevermore.

Israel isn't filled with giants who resemble Goliath. Israel is filled with men of normal stature who are struggling just as everybody else is struggling to survive. The only difference is that Israel is founded upon the Hebrew Testament, and no other country in the world can directly attribute its roots to ours.

Our Diaspora left us to scatter the seeds of our faith in others' soil. All western countries are founded on principles that grew together with the Jewish principle that there can be only one God. The same is true of countries in the Middle East.

Therefore, Israel is a part of the **ground** of Western civilization. Christianity is like the seven **seas** of love, and Islam is the roof [**sky**] over our heads in inclement weather.

No other people were given direct inspiration from God before the Jews. Every generation since has been like a graduating class. None of them want to leave school. Graduation is always bittersweet.

If you look at the grades of today's seniors, you may also see the classes they're enrolled in that they're failing or have dropped with an incomplete. Being the oldest class of students in the school of monotheism means that you're forced to learn fellowship with yourself, not necessarily Brotherhood with Jesus. There are too many names for God today, and the internet has turned the world into a **Tower of Babel** in which people are quoting Him in a language others can't understand.

Moses quoted God by telling the Israelites to love their neighbor as themselves. [Leviticus 19:18] But when he said

that, the Israelites were wandering in the desert and had no other neighbors except each other.

When Jesus quoted Moses, saying the same thing, the Jews had Middle Eastern, pagan neighbors surrounding them and European pagans colonizing them. [Matthew 22:36-40, Mark 12:31]

Now, each of us has the responsibility of learning to love ourself like a neighbor from within. Therein lies the wisdom of the ages which we must each apply to life today.

Psalm 134

1 Praise the Lord, all you servants of the Lord
who minister by night in the house of the Lord.
2 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary
and praise the Lord.
3 May the Lord bless you from Zion,
He Who is the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

He Who is the Maker of the heavens [skies] and the earth [land] is clearly upset with all of us. Unless we unite our efforts to heal the earth, sea and sky, we'll force all our children to pay an exorbitant price for our folly.

There are only four elements: earth, water, wind and fire. If we don't serve the needs of the earth, water and wind, we'll surely become the victims of a terrible conflagration much worse than the Holocaust [destruction by fire].

Psalm 139

1 You have searched me, Lord,
and You know me.
2 You know when I sit and when I rise.
You perceive my thoughts from afar.
3 You discern my going out and my lying down.
You are familiar with all my ways.
4 Before a word is on my tongue

You, Lord, know it completely.
5 You hem me in behind and before,
and You lay Your hand upon me.
6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
too lofty for me to attain.
7 Where can I go from Your spirit?
Where can I flee from Your presence?
8 If I go up to the heavens, You are there.
If I make my bed in the depths, You are there.
9 If I rise on the wings of the dawn;
if I settle on the far side of the sea,
10 even there Your hand will guide me;
Your right hand will hold me fast.
11 If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me
and the light become night around me,"
12 even the darkness will not be dark to You.
The night will shine like the day,
for darkness is as light to You.
13 For You created my inmost being.
You knit me together in my mother's womb.
14 I praise You because I am fearfully and wonderfully
Made.
Your works are wonderful.
I know that full well.
15 My frame was not hidden from You
when I was made in the secret place;
when I was woven together in the depths of the earth.
16 Your eyes saw my unformed body.
All the days ordained for me were written in Your
book[s]
before one of them came to be.
17 How precious to me are Your thoughts, God!
How vast is the sum of them!
18 Were I to count them,
they would outnumber the grains of sand.
When I awake, I am still with You.

19 If only You, God, would slay the wicked!
Away from me, you who are bloodthirsty!
20 They speak of You with evil intent.
Your adversaries misuse Your name[s].
21 Do I not hate those who hate You, Lord,
and abhor those who are in rebellion against You?
22 I have nothing but hatred for them.
I count them my enemies.
23 Search me, God, and know my heart.
Test me and know my anxious thoughts.
24 See if there is any offensive way in me,
and lead me in the way everlasting.

Why would the speaker tell God that he hates His enemies? Nowadays, everyone claims to love God and hate His enemies! And everyone ends up fighting over His principles. This will never end until men stop hating God's enemies.

On the right they say that the gays are His enemies. On the left they say that the Jews are His enemies. I am a gay Jew. "Surely, You made me this way so that I can teach them to stop hating me."

When you control your self-**enmity**, you learn how to defeat your **enemies**. When you can't control your self-**enmity**, you claim that others are God's **enemies**.

When are you looking in a mirror and when are you looking out a window? You must ask yourself these questions. Until you do, you'll despise me, and I'm not your enemy. You can't tell the difference between a window and a mirror, yet you claim to know God's will.

My mother was my enemy. I tried to kill myself twice to hurt her. The third time I tried, nobody even knew that I'd attempted suicide yet again. But that was when I felt that God was my enemy, not my mother. That's when I realized that I was trying to hurt Him, not her.

Those at the back of the classroom dislike those who sit at the front, near the Teacher. That doesn't change the fact that we're all here to learn.

Tell me something new. Tell me something besides the dogma you profess. Tell me what I can do to help you love yourself without insisting on pouring your dogma over me like urine. Your **penis problems** will never end until you stop make a fool of yourself.

Many people pee in a pool. Don't be one of those who pee off the diving board.

Psalm 140

1 Rescue me, Lord, from evildoers.
Protect me from the violent
2 who devise evil plans in their hearts
and stir up war every day.
3 They make their tongues as sharp as a serpent's.
The poison of vipers is on their lips.
4 Keep me safe, Lord, from the hands of the wicked.
Protect me from the violent
who devise ways to trip my feet.
5 The arrogant have hidden a snare for me.
They have spread out the cords of their net
and have set traps for me along my path.
6 I say to the Lord, "You are my God."
Hear, Lord, my cry for mercy.
7 Sovereign Lord, my strong Deliverer,
You shield my head in the day of battle.
8 Do not grant the wicked their desires, Lord;
Do not let their plans succeed.
9 Those who surround me proudly rear their heads.
May the mischief of their lips engulf them.

Feelings of victimhood began in the crib. They spread out to the family. For some, the word **family** is an **f**-word. They even think **Father** is an **F**-word. Until some straight

men with families teach their sons how to pass from childhood to adulthood using the rainbow of promises given by God, some young men will hate gays, Jews and those with special needs. They may even end up hating their mother.

We were all born in a **garden**. We soon realized we were in a **grove** with others called "family." Then we discovered we were actually in an **orchard** with many trees with tempting fruit. Then we learned that we're lost in a **forest**. Those of us who've come out into the **meadow** can see the trees all around us.

We're not victims of a hateful God. We're not patients under the auspices of a cruel Doctor. We're students in a school with one Teacher. The meadow is our classroom. The lyrics of the Psalms can be sung inside. The melody is called "serenity." Just as no one could tell you what orgasm would feel like until you reached puberty, no one can tell you what serenity sounds like until you arrive in your meadow.

Until fathers teach their sons to walk in the footsteps of Rabbi Jesus, they'll use their head and heart to conspire with their penis to get their desires met at other people's expense.

A young man must come out of his head and follow his heart. He must listen to the sweet "words" emanating from his serpent. They describe the way to bring goodness into his world.

But you and I know that a man's penis can also deceive him. We've all learned that lesson the hard way. We all have a heart that was broken so that a rainbow of hope would shine out from our heart up to our Adam's apple and down into our soul on our other side under our right nipple. We all have to leave our soul to go down to our navel to discover the mysterious z-factor that unites us with the mother that God gave us.

From our waist we have to make our way down between our legs to our genitals to discover how to separate our urges into good and evil. That takes us between our legs to our anus where we discover the end of a path that began in our

mouth. That path can be entered at either end to receive pleasure. From there we make our way back up to our soul, back in the direction of our heart to our breastplate. There God lies in our conscience with us. There is where we want to be at all times.

A young man who wishes to express his loyalty to his father and family should come out of his heart and soul to seek oneness with women in his navel. But the man who's been like a daughter to his mother in childhood can become like a sister to her in adulthood and a mother to her when she's old. This is the secret to the femininity of women that every man can successfully seek.

If a man relies only on his fantasies to guide him, he'll be lost. If he wants to follow his dreams, he must be ready for the tests of endurance God gives all dreamers.

The problem in following these instructions lies with karma, not with family dynamics or character defects. We're all pupils of a Teacher Who often teaches with lessons in learning the difference between a mirror and a window. Use your heart to improve your relationship with God, not others. Make sure He approves of your feelings. What others think of how you feel isn't going to matter. Don't sacrifice your feelings for anyone other than God. Love Him as you love yourself. Then do everything you can to like others and behave in ways that they'll like you.

It's easy to blame your folks for having taught you the bad habits that are causing you the pain and suffering you're in now. Will you still be doing that when you reach my age?

Let your parents go. Grow up. Be yourself, not facsimiles of them. You won't get credit for loving your parents. You'll get credit for honoring them.

Sweet corresponds to loving. **Sour** corresponds to angry. **Bitter** corresponds to disappointed. **Salty** corresponds to wise. And **umami** corresponds to meaty.

Don't turn into a pillar of salt like Lot's wife. [Genesis 19] Don't look back at the collusion of your husband with

his bros at a cost to your daughters, even if they conspire with him against you. Don't get into bed with your parents over anything. That's odious.

Follow your own dreams but be prepared to join everyman in the school of self-love. For there's nothing else to discover about life except why God so loved you that He sent you here to learn all about yourself.

Psalm 141:3-5

3 Set a guard over my mouth, Lord;
Keep watch over the door of my lips.
4 Do not let my heart be drawn to what is evil
so that I take part in wicked deeds
along with those who are evildoers.
Do not let me eat their delicacies.
5 Let a righteous man strike me – that is a kindness.
Let him rebuke me – that is oil on my head.
My head will not refuse it,
for my prayer will still be against the deeds of
evildoers.

This is a vow of goodness. This is a promise given by someone who understands what life entails for those in pain who seek the courage to become their better self.

Learning to filter what comes out of your mouth is a challenge for us all. We're all in this one-room schoolhouse with the same Teacher. Most of all are working on getting good grades even if we don't talk about it.

My mother once told me that when I die, they're going to have to bury my mouth separately. What she should have said is, "I hope God sets a guard over your mouth because you have a way of saying things that could get you into trouble."

My mother didn't believe in God, so she never would have said anything remotely like this. My mother was a sexually liberated, modern woman. But addressed the sexual

revolution of my generation by divorcing my father in 1960. She dated men of other races and had friendships with gay men. Nevertheless, she couldn't teach me patience with myself because she was impatient with so many others.

I was in bed with my mother, figuratively. That's why some straight men didn't like me. They unconsciously knew that I knew about my z-factor, and they didn't. I was colluding with women against men. I was building an alliance to take down the patriarchy one penis at a time.

It's so easy to look back with hindsight to see where you went and why. It's so easy to see my pronouncements about where I won't go in the future thanks to foresight gleaned from hindsight.

But when it comes to insight, I'm reminded of what the brilliant Jew, Albert Einstein said, "There are two ways to live: you can live as if nothing is a miracle, or you can live as if everything is a miracle."

When you achieve insight, you see how God's hand shapes you slowly but surely over time. When you achieve insight you can agree with Einstein who believed that imagination is more important than knowledge, stating that knowledge is limited while imagination embraces the entire world and drives progress. He also emphasized the importance of curiosity, saying, "The important thing is not to stop questioning."

When you question God about every little thing you don't understand about the paradox between the world around you and the world within you, He draws closer to you. You realize that the Christians move out of their head into their heart to achieve satisfaction. The Muslims move out of their heart into their soul to achieve serenity.

I'm not suggesting that the Jews can or can't do both. I'm suggesting that Einstein defied our scripture by believing that imagination is more important than knowledge because knowledge is limited while imagination embraces the entire world and drives progress.

Imagination drives both your worlds. Imagination drives intimacy with yourself. If you haven't married yourself for better or worse, in sickness and in health, until the day you die, you're missing the opportunity to spend your life with a wonderful person.

The opposite of self-love isn't self-hate. It's self-sabotage. People are so mean and cruel to themself because they want to know how their genitals operate. They want to know how to achieve something like an eternal orgasm while living, not after dying.

Not only have I stuck **my** foot in my mouth, but I've often found bite marks on my **other** foot for having stuck it in other people's mouth! With that kind of self-sabotage, is it any wonder I didn't see myself as making much progress on the journey of my life?

Keep your feet out of mouths unless you have a foot fetish and do it solely for sexual stimulation. Stay out of your parents' bed. Don't screw anyone over or you will end up screwing yourself with your whole head. And that's a very uncomfortable position to find yourself in.

Honor gay men for teaching you to separate the literal from the figurative. Honor Jews for teaching you how to think imaginatively. And honor those with disabilities, whether physical or mental, because we will help you appreciate what God has given you. Loss is a terrible lesson in life.

Psalm 142:2-3

3 When my spirit grows faint within me,
it is You who watches over my way.
In the path where I walk
people have hidden a snare for me.
4 Look and see, there is no one at my right hand;
no one is concerned for me.
I have no refuge;
no one cares for my life.

Welcome to reality. Sometimes, you're going to feel that brotherhood is a sham. You're going to feel that even if your friends aren't conspiring against you, they don't really understand where you're coming from. And you'll be right. They don't because they can't.

Over time, you'll stop looking people directly in the eyes. You'll start to look down on everyone. Your tree of self-knowledge will have grown so tall that you'll see the forest as just the top of all the tree. You'll be high enough to start looking around for the meadow. You'll be ready to make your way out of the garden, grove, orchard and forest. You'll be ready for a personal relationship with God, one that will bring you serenity on top of satisfaction. As Einstein also said, ""Try not to become a man of success, but rather try to become a man of value."

Each of us is coming from a slightly different place in outer space. No two people can be in exactly the same place literally. Even Jacob and Esau wrestled in their mother's womb because they couldn't be in the same place at the same time. By extension, no two people can speak to God from the same figurative time and place.

Each of us is separate and unique. Each of us has a different heart and soul. Therefore, there's no such thing as complete brotherhood, not even among Siamese twins. There's just no way to be fully compassionate of another person's feelings and beliefs.

The closest thing to **brotherhood** is **Brotherhood**. Each man who shares a brotherly love with God then has the potential to share it with his brother. It's like two bridges being built that meet in the middle. Brotherhood is built at one end, and brotherhood is built at the other.

There's no other way for a man to achieve peace and understanding in this world other than through embracing himself. Just embracing his penis in the privacy of his bedroom isn't enough.

Love isn't Black or White. Love is violet. You have to strive for love. It won't just come to you. With love, you'll discover hope. With hope, you'll discover faith that can be developed with one promise kept on top of another.

Judaism was supposed to end the pain of **bondage**. Christianity was supposed to end the pain of **alienation**. Islam was supposed to end the pain of **disloyalty** to God. None of them have succeeded so far. We all find ourselves complaining about the same things.

The answers lie within. If each of us finds answers for ourself within, we'll also find bridges through God to one another. Bridges that aren't constructed in the **pardes** of **Paradise** [**orchard** of **Life Everlasting**] and then extended to our fellow man are just bridges to nowhere.

Your bridge is your superpower. It's your rainbow. It's in your chest. Your bridge is the way God gave you to come to Him, so He can send you to help us in your own special way. Jacob was given a vision of a ladder with angels going up and down, uniting Heaven and Earth. That ladder continues down from your head down through your Adam's apple to your breastplate. With that ladder in place, you don't have to worry about a stiff-neck.

We need a world in which men and women share their superpower with God and then with one another. We shouldn't fight jealously over our endowments.

If you don't seek your superpower from God, you certainly won't find it through me or anyone else in this world. You might even feel cursed to believe God is a Father who hates you. You may die having felt like an orphan your whole life.

Psalm 143:10-12

9 I hide myself in You.
10 Teach me to do Your will,
for You are my God.
May Your good spirit

lead me on level ground.
11 For Your name[s'] sake, Lord, preserve my life.
In Your righteousness, bring me out of trouble.
12 In Your unfailing love, silence my enemies.

Silencing my enemies won't motivate me to overcome my shyness. We saw what shyness did to Black people. It wasn't until they overcame their shyness with righteous indignation that their lot in American life began to improve. We saw the same thing in the gay community during the AIDS epidemic. And now we see Latinx and Asians experiencing the need to speak out in their own ways, as well.

People of color around the world are now looking at what the Russians are doing to the Ukrainians and equating it to what religious Muslims in the Middle East are doing to Israelis whose roots were transplanted from more than 100 countries back to our spiritual birthplace.

Jews aren't Black or White. Don't let your eyes deceive you. We're the first students in this school with one Teacher. Jesus was just one self-ordained rabbi with a vivid imagination. Just look at me! I'm not afraid to declare that I'm modest, humble and gracious. I've overcome much of my embarrassment, shame and humiliation. Guilt doesn't scare me. It makes me curious to learn more about myself.

White doesn't make right. Only **righteousness** makes right. If you declare yourself Israeli, not just Ukrainian, you're going to commit to God through all His names. You're going to resonate with **Israel** and **Ukraine**, not one or the other.

It's the cleaning up of the "language" of every man's serpent that's now occurring worldwide. This purification of our spiritual process is an outpouring of the goodness that figuratively originates in our right testicle. This is what leads to fellowship.

If you don't want to think about the fact that Jesus had a penis and testicles, you may not come to understand the essence of brotherly love. Just equating Brotherly love with Jesus isn't enough. Love doesn't begin and end in your heart. Love begins in your penis; makes its way into your heart; and then moves up to your head.

This is what Moses said in his **creation story**. It shouldn't still be news today. Enslaving Israelites, killing ancient rabbis, persecuting ancient Jews; creating crusades to steal Israel; rounding up all the Jews in Europe and gassing them; and fighting modern Israelis over the land God gave us – isn't going to succeed. That's not a part of God's plan. It's only a way to discover what self-sabotage means to you, personally.

No man can literally control himself during orgasm to determine what will cum out of his penis. Either he does the work within to become more and more inclined toward goodness, or he'll live in denial of his faults and weaknesses.

A man's left testicle is figuratively filled with potential mistakes that he'll inadvertently figuratively eject and inject into others. His left testicle is like a ticking time bomb.

The only way a man can come to believe me about this imaginative way of describing man is to look back at all the mistakes you've made, corrected and sworn never to repeat. This is the poetic proof you need that supports your self-love.

Once we can anticipate that we're always going to make mistakes, we'll be able to face our shyness with humility rather than fear. We'll be able to cross our fingers with hope that the people we're associating with will understand our bad habits and be able to explain them to us in a way that won't offend us.

Psalm 149:4-5

4 For the Lord takes delight in His people[s];
He crowns the humble with victory.

5 Let His faithful people[s] rejoice in this honor
and sing for joy on their beds.

The LGBTQIA+ community walk among all God's peoples. In my opinion, marriage equality is the greatest miracle of all time. For that alone, I praise God having given me life in this modern era. We should sing for joy in bed with the one we love.

Sex is the greatest mystery of life because sex creates life. But there's more to life than just creating it. There's the mystery of living life sensuously. And for that you need men who pursue the mystery of sex, not the mystery of creating life. Those who are interested in the mystery of creating life go into the **sciences**. Those who are interested in the mystery of sex go into the **arts** [which include **religion**].

Who does God delight in more than those of us who embrace inclusivity and diversity? Our victories are a victory for all men, women and children. Our victories give the next generation hope that **their** children won't have to go through the nightmares we endured.

The Lord takes delight in His people[s]. Do you?

"**I Can't Help Falling in Love with You**"

by
George Weiss, Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore
Popularized by Elvis Presley, 1961

Wise men say
only fools rush in,
but I can't help falling in love with You.
Shall I stay?
Would it be a sin
if I can't help falling in love with You?
Like a river flows
surely to the sea,
Darling, so it goes
some things are meant to be.
Take my hand.
Take my whole life, too,
for I can't help falling in love with You.
Like a river flows
surely to the sea,
Darling, so it goes
some things are meant to be.
Take my hand.
Take my whole life, too,
for I can't help falling in love with You.
For I can't help falling in love with You.

There's no reason in the world why the "king" can't have sung this song to the Queen. Open your heart, and you'll be able to sing it like he did.

I'll die for self-love

Fighting for love is too assertive. It's aggressive. I'm not the fighting type. I want to avoid as many fights as I possibly can. But the only way to prove this commitment to myself is to fight myself as much as I can in an effort not to have to fight anyone else.

I **challenge** some of what I hear me say inside. I **contest** some of my feelings. I **oppose** some of my beliefs. And I **question** some of my desires. This leaves me argumentative and ornery within, so I can be pleasant and courtesy with others.

Thanks to the development of my personal, spiritual, operating system, I have the means by which to grow. Every day I wake up in the morning I feel a little bit taller. My inner weight is a little lower. My sighs are lighter. And my penis is figuratively a little bit longer and my testicles, a little bit bigger.

But this feeling doesn't happen in a vacuum inside me. This happens in an inner world filled with the spirit of life and love. And it's thanks to this evolution of my being before God as my Witness that I can call myself a peacemaker and not a rabble rouser.

Thanks to my increasing ability to orient myself from within, my conscience is my greatest guide. And I'm not afraid to use it.

Once I gleaned universal truths from the Quran, I was able to see north, south, east and west as inner directions that had moral meaning. Once I could see my whole life as a means of learning good from evil in a three-dimensional world, the meaning of up [right] and down [wrong] became personally important to me.

Fighting with myself is something I prefer to do at night. I'd rather lose sleep over my relationship with me than feel incombered by it all day. I've got better things to do with the daylight hours that squabble and argue.

It's at night that I toss and turn over who I am and who I want to be. It's while lying on my back with my eyes closed that I see myself facing God. This is true north.

It's while lying on my stomach with my hands on my chest or between my legs that I see myself facing due south. The earth is where I come from, and it's back to the earth that the physical part of me must go. My nature will always be associated with mother nature. My nature was created on Earth. I am figuratively a part of the earth.

It's while lying on my left side that I face due west. I see the setting of the sun within me. I see the darkening of the day passing into night. I see myself as an old man whose vanity and conceit have no legs to stand on.

And it's while lying on my right side that I face due east. I see Rome, Jerusalem and Mecca from San Francisco. I see the contrast between the faith I have in myself and the faith these three religions proclaim to have in God.

This is how I toss and turn at night. This is how I glean new truths about old truths, and how I renew my vows of marriage and self-fidelity every day and night.

The Ticking of the Clock

A clock is a curious device. A clock resembles the heart if the clock ticks. But every clock produces a powerful emotional response just by saying what it says about time with two hands, even if they turn silently. Time and love wait for no man.

I remember when I was an adolescent visiting my father in New York City. [I lived in L.A. with my mother.] He and his wife took me to see the movie, "The Killing of Sister George," [not knowing it was about lesbians]. During one of the graphic love scenes, my father turned and stared at me straight in the eye.

To this day, I don't know what he was trying to tell me. I only know what I saw. I saw impatience on his face. I saw defiance. And I saw anger. I later interpreted that to mean that he was upset with me for not being the sort of son who'd enjoy sex with women with the excitement he had as he watched two lesbians making love.

What can I say? I wasn't attracted to girls. I was a gay boy. I hadn't even learned to masturbate yet. I didn't even know about wet dreams.

I didn't have a father who was willing to talk to me about the facts of life. He just chose to stare at me in a dark theater, as though tapping the index finger of his right hand on the watch he wore on his left wrist, as if to say, "Time is ticking! It's time for you to wake up."

I didn't know that I'd be staring at the clock on my nightstand for the rest of my life with the kind of angry eyes my father glared at me with. The numbers on my digital clock trembled at my stare for decades. I did to my clock what my father once did to me.

Every working man wants to release himself from the bondage of the clock. It commands him to rise, work, eat, sleep, and even to have sex at proscribed times if he's going to keep his life neat and orderly.

Punching a timeclock isn't only done literally. We'd all like to punch the clock by our bedside once and for all and knock it flat on its face.

To say that every man has a personal relationship with time is an understatement. I'm retired, but it took me years to distance myself from my bedside clock. I toss and turn through office hours with the Teacher in bed at night. I glare at the clock to see how long these nightly crucifixions will last.

When will the daylight come, so I can go back to sleep? It seems as though I fall asleep as soon as my eyes **open**, and I wake up as soon as my eyes **close**.

Time and space can be subjugated with money. But they can't be conquered with money. They can only be conquered with **honey**.

As you know, **money** [external wealth] is the ultimate form of materialism that must be taken to heart, while **honey** [internal wealth] is an idea that has many figurative interpretations.

Money is vital, granted. But money without honey [insight] will leave you glaring at the clock absentmindedly.

Clocks are mechanical contraptions that divide time into manageable segments that control our actions. Mothers and fathers are godly "contraptions" that do the same. Once our parents no longer control our relationship to time, most of us rely on the clock to do so for us. Then, for most of our life, we're a prisoner of space. Thank God for death. It releases us from time and space. Where we go nobody's knows. But you'd have to be a fool to think that where you were didn't determine where you're going.

In Summation

Whether you were born into a family that was religiously Jewish, Christian or Muslim, you have the opportunity to discover who you are and whether you have a passion for metaphor, symbolism and simile. I've presented you with some examples of how figurative speech has been translated into cultural phenomena, but you have to find your way to make your mark on the world.

I'd call myself the world's greatest translator. I don't speak any language well other than English, but I have an uncanny knack for translating religious thoughts with feelings and beliefs to achieve universal desires. Perhaps others might think that that's a lowly task in God's eyes, but for me it's become enormously fulfilling.

Not only have I been able to translate the main metaphor of Moses into everyday language the common man can take to heart. I've been able to show you how the work of Jesus can be perceived by a gay, 20th Century artist like Andy Warhol who had a catholic understanding of symbolism that no one until then had been able to describe as succinctly as he could to the common man.

I've hardly begun to show you how simile has been integrated into modern life. Young people sprinkle the simile "like" into everything they say. The Quran is filled with just as many mysteries.

I was **like** Helen Keller. I'm now **like** Ann Sullivan. I've given you a new alphabet with which to communicate with others who are as blind, deaf and numb as you are. Use it or lose it.

Once we can get everyone onboard with what I've been saying about reality, just think of the possibilities that lie in the imagination of those we never suspected of being geniuses. They'll find ways to contribute to the unfolding of humanity that you and I could never conceive of.

We now have the tools within us that we need to end global warming, poverty and overpopulation. If we work together, we can find the tools to clean up the continents, oceans and skies, and by extension, the pollution in our body.

Some people are more plastic [artificial] than plastic. But with the help of the world's scriptures, we can convince them that they, too, are made of flesh and blood.

I don't want to belabor the point I've made. I don't want to terrify you over your worries about survival in the outside world. We all have an outer cross to bear.

But evidence of agony is everywhere, inside and out. We must all learn about agony and anxiety [burnt orange and ginger] if we're going to make our way down to the many hues of fear [yellow]. We should be green with envy over what God gives to others that He chose not to give to us until we discover our passion.

We all have a right to dream. But dreams don't come true just by dreaming. Turning dreams into reality is anything but cost free. We have to earn our dreams.

If you want to increase your "luck," you're going to have to increase your poetic interest in life. God isn't only prosaic. If you're interested in that side of Him, study science and technology. The physical world holds the mystery of life for you.

But if you're poetic by nature, you have the key to a whole other universe in your hands. You have the potential to know yourself as a citizen of the world.

You can't do everything. But you can do **something** utterly amazingly well. You just need to discover what that is, and why.

Perhaps I'm a translator because my father spoke seven languages, and I'm in competition with him to say something he experienced but couldn't put into words. My father married my mother who I saw as like a parrot. She could

mimic the depth of words that were deeper than she could actually fathom.

Their marriage went south because they didn't understand that he could speak seven languages, but he had nothing to say. And she could mimic faith in God although she never felt a part of the world of faith.

As their son, I have something to say. And now that I've found my voice, at last I'm beginning to feel like a card-carrying member of reality. I feel more powerful as I grow old than I ever did when I was young. I feel real despite having been involuntarily committed to mental institutions in my youth because my cup ran over with reality and spilled all over me and those around me, making a god-awful mess.

Being able to translate scripture into meaningful descriptions of reality is about all I can do well. For all the rest, I need those in the world around me to help me. I'm quite helpless and dependent on everyone for their contributions.

I want to end this book with hope. I want to assure you that God likes you for one particular reason. I can't give you specifics about what that looks like, but I can tell you that He made you a contributor to humanity in a very specific way. [Al Capone sponsored a soup kitchen during the Great Depression.]

God brought me to San Francisco: the **Jerusalem**, **Rome** and **Mecca** of modernity because He likes me, even though I had to slog through insanity to get here. I own a one-bedroom apartment in the city that's worth three times what I paid for it. And I'm not cash poor, either.

The world is like a pyramid, and San Francisco is the apex of it. When they showed the Golden Gate Bridge in the Star Trek movies, I knew I was in the right place for me. In my lifetime, I won't get any closer to Heaven than here.

I don't make excuses for my lingering character defects or the defects of the city I live in. You can't cross the street in San Francisco without putting your life in your hands! It's

a miracle any pedestrians are still alive. I remember a few years back when an old man crossing the street at Market and Castro was killed – **by a bicyclist who ran a red light**!

I'm just saying God likes me despise my imperfections and the imperfections of the world right around me. S/He has a good reason to like me, even if there are also many good reasons for me to continue to improve myself.

Therefore, I suggest you begin by looking for what you do **best**. Then look at what your family does **right**. Look at what's happening in your back yard and see that that looks **good**. Then look to your neighbors to see what all of you are doing exceedingly **well**. Awareness of goodness spreads when you begin by looking at goodness from within.

Earlier in this book, I said that the best way to help today's adolescents is to commend them for what they're doing right. There'll be plenty of opportunity for each one of them to fine tune their goodness by themself. For now, they need us to fan their imagination, not strangle them in an attempt to rip out their Adam's apple.

Remember to compliment older adults as well for all **they**'re doing well. Good parents do that for their children. Good teachers do that for their students. Good people do that for their friends. And good grandchildren should do that for their grandparents. But for God's sake, try not to sound condescending when doing so. Nobody needs to know how much more you admire yourself.

What's good about American society today is that everyone treats everybody like an **acquaintance**, even if few of us truly feel treated like a cherished **friend**. We're all afraid of violent reactions from others, especially from men with special needs. We're all afraid of **penis problems**. But at least in our country we don't treat one another like enemies. We show a modicum of respect for people who act strangely.

Try to remember to treat everyone like an acquaintance even if you knew from the moment you met them that there wasn't even a slim chance of them becoming a true friend.

I've been amazed at how many amazing acquaintances I've made since I looked for the good in strangers. I only have a handful of friends, but I'm exceedingly happy because I've got so much love of me.

What Democrat and Republican men have in common are **penis problems**. That's actually hopeful when you consider the **penis problems** of some men overseas. When we elect men who put honey over money, we'll achieve a society that we'll admire even more.

God is waiting for all of us to reinterpret the world's scriptures poetically. We're so sick and tired of those who continue to demand they be taken prosaically. Prosaic interpretations put **profits** before **prophets**.

The United Nations is a good place to begin a more poetic approach to the study of scripture with regard to the mystery inherent in Torah. Israel is the most important nation in uniting the nations. As Americans, we're like the delivery device [penis] of the world's goodness. We stand behind Israel like no other nation on Earth because we are the guardians of goodness. Without America and Israel, the rest of the world might just as well give up.

Most of the world doesn't see us for who we really are. They think we're children who've been spoiled by consumerism. That's a laugh! We're the oldest of elderly spirits. No one comes closer to death while still alive than we do. **That's** why we have the intimate relationship to things that we have. We're the most generous people on the planet.

Just imagine what the United Nations could accomplish if it was run by gays and Jews from around the world who got their higher education in America and Israel. Just imagine if every country had a Volodymyr Zelenskyy or a

Pete Buttigieg as their president! Open your mind to a Tammy Duckworth as the Secretary-General of U.N.

What would this world look like if people screened their leaders for misogyny, antisemitism, racism, homophobia and spiritual disabilities before they sent them to positions of civic responsibility? What would the South look like if they combined all they know about the Old Testament with what they know about the New Testament and used that knowledge figuratively to improve themselves?

God didn't create the Hebrew Testament as a TV stand to hold up the New Testament. God didn't create the New Testament as a picture on the wall above a fireplace. God created the Quran as a fireplace to warm you and the room. He created the fireplace to tempt you to contemplate the mystery of the fire within you.

Don't make babies you don't want. Don't start fires and then have to extinguish them. The fire within you holds seven attributes:

1. Illumination	Wisdom
2. Warmth	Love
3. Burn	Punishment
4. Combustion	Learning
5. Sound	Mission
6. Smell	Intuition
7. Smoke	Prayer

Until you can interpret the word "spirit" as a fire ignited by God within you, you aren't going to know much about yourself. The spiritual operating system describes how to tend a fire. It's an awesome task. Just be careful you don't get burned.

My yellow submarine is like your penis

If it wasn't obvious before now, the literary vessel you were traveling in that took you to the North Pole to visit "Santa" was my Jewish penis. It's like a yellow submarine that's bitterly cold on the outside. It travels deep below the surface of reality through utter darkness. It comes up into the light of day in a whole new place in a whole new way. Call that place **Santa's workshop** where His elves make toys for good, little boys and girls around the globe.

The North Pole is the place we're all striving to get to whether we have a penis or a clitoris, or not. No one ever only wants cold, hard anything, but cash.

We all want to figuratively get to the top of the world where we can see everything as it happens. We all want to look down from a place above the morally bankrupt with our personal truth as the best reason for us being here.

From the earth it appears that answers come in odd, disconnected ways, like showers that rain down in the land and sea simultaneously, as can be seen in the South Pacific. But from above the clouds, there's a method to God's madness that's becoming less and less mysterious.

You wouldn't teach a kid multiplication before addition, division before multiplication, fractions before division, algebra before fractions or geometry before algebra. You wouldn't send your kid to school before s/he was potty trained. You wouldn't send them out in the world to work before you gave them a well-rounded education.

When I was ten years old [1962], my sister and I visited our father in New York City. He took us to the top of the Empire State Building. Today, I'd say that was my first trip in a yellow submarine to the North Pole to visit Santa's workshop. Today, I'd say that I felt like I was in Heaven all day, that day. I thought I'd never be any happier than I was up there with my father looking down at the world below us.

We should all yearn to figuratively go north [up] so we'll be at the highest possible place before God comes down to take us up out of here. That's how much we secretly care about not inconveniencing Him by making Him have to come down too far to get us.

Santa's sleigh with all its reindeer flying through the night sky on Christmas Eve is just a poetic way of describing Allah, the Holy Spirit, who rewards us for all we do to gift the world with our knowledge and inspiration of Him.

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You can call Him **Them**. You can call Him **Her**. It doesn't matter what you call God. What matters is how you strive to get from **here** to **There** each and every day of your life – and not just with orgasm. Satisfaction is delightful. But serenity produces a mysterious sensation that's far more lasting and profound.

You can call There: **Heaven**. You can call There: **Paradise**. You can call it: **the North Pole**. It doesn't matter what you call your Final Destination on your journey through life. What matters is that you don't lose hope in getting There in your submarine one day at a time.

Homage to the gender non-conforming

The gender non-conforming are like the angels Jacob saw in his dream who were going up and down his ladder to Heaven. You and I can't even see Jacob's entire ladder, while trans people are clutching its rungs every day of their life. If we had any idea of the miles that they've made to bring Heaven down to Earth and to bring Earth up a little closer to Heaven, we'd cover our face in shame at how easy we've got it.

If you don't yet admire the gender non-conforming, you don't yet have enough self-love to fully appreciate yourself. You can't know the struggle you're going through to honor your father and mother if you don't appreciate the struggle trans people and the non-binary are going through to honor theirs.

The gender non-conforming are catholic [with a small "c"]. They're like the Host in the flesh. They imbue Christ's gifts with poetic justice. Without them, he'd still be dying on the cross trying to decide who He doesn't want to disappoint more, his **mother** or his **Father**.

Trans people, in particular, are rabbis without the drag of yarmulkes and prayer shawls. They're stars of David in which each of the triangles is being linked together differently day-by-day.

To teach the terribly, spiritually sick hyper-religious is the great challenge for us all. Trans people and the non-binary will be our leaders in accomplishing that task.

If you're gender non-conforming, Jesus doesn't just **tolerate** or **accept** you. I'm confident he **admires** you wherever He is and whatever He's doing these days.

Moses was non-conforming by allowing himself to be circumcised. Muhammad was non-conforming by learning from his wives.

The sexual revolution has only just begun. It begins with taking the **Creation Story** figuratively. It ends with unifying

the forces in our body in seven miraculous ways that correspond to the world's faiths. When you can guide yourself from within in the ways I've described, you'll be able to stop sabotaging yourself. That will improve your grades and will make it possible for you to prepare your transcript for an awesome conversation with the Counselor Who'll guide you toward your next journey.

Butter your bread

People might want to ask,
"What's your secret?
How do you do what you do?"
So, I'd like to tell 'em,
"The secret to life is to butter your bread on both sides."
Everyone's afraid their bread is gonna fall
butter side down.
But if you butter your bread on both sides,
it'll always fall butter side up.
Granted,
your fingers and the floor might get greasy,
but you're bound to win in the end
despite what your luck happens to look like in the moment.
This book was thanks to your unique special needs.
If you butter your bread on both sides,
your change in attitude will surely help you
get through your **penis problem**
just as I'm getting through mine.

Previous Books

I recommend you read my books in the reverse order I wrote them. I edited all my books in 2026, scattering my crumbs in a mysterious trail for you to follow me through the forest.

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