Lampshade for the Light…
of the Last Day of the Third Month of the Year

By
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I'm using the word "lampshade"
to remind you what the Nazis made out of Jewish skin.
European, Jewish skin may have been so thin
that the Nazis could make it into lampshades.
But the American, neo-Nazi movement of the 21st Century
won't be able to do that with American skin.
Black skin is too opaque.
Latinx, Catholic skin is too.
And gay skin is just too thick.

As a gay Jew,
my skin may appear to be light.
I come across as thin-skinned.
But when viewed from within
my skin is as dark and thick as any other minority.

Neo-Nazis can't get under my skin
to turn it into a lampshade.
The GOD who made us all
has awakened us to their despicable goals.

But if you ask me,
it's time for some Americans
to illuminate themselves
to a different LIGHT.
If not,
the shadows they're casting may swallow them whole.

The last day of the third month
[March 31st]
is International Transgender Day of Visibility.
This is the day dedicated to
raising awareness of the discrimination
faced by transgender people worldwide,
as well as a day to celebrate their contributions to society.
It should be no surprise that this day comes the day before
April Fool's Day.

If you don't wish to leave this world looking like a fool,
I suggest you spend your time
on the last day of the third month of every year
asking yourself why most people
don't want to change their gender
to seek love.
Not even gay people want to give up their gender
to explore their sexuality.

Obviously,
transgendered people don't fit
into the sexual paradigms created by straights or gays.
Therefore, love must be is a mysterious thing.
Love starts within
with love for yourself.
It emanates out from there
with feelings for a select group of others.
If you don't learn about self-love,
you'll surely succumb to self-hate.
I don't care what it says in Torah
about gay men being an abomination before the LORD.
HE'll deal with us as HE sees fit.
It's the hyper-religious,
not transgender people,
who disgust me.

Emancipation Proclamation

My name is Darlean.
I was named Darlean because I'm lean, not mean.
I'm the inner child of Glinda,
the good witch of the North in
"The Wizard of Oz"
and archangel Gabriel.
You may have heard of Him.
He's the archangel described
in all three of the Abrahamic scriptures.
I'm feminine like my inner mother
and masculine like my inner father. [1]
I'm celebrating my 21st birthday
as an angel disclosed in this book,
yet I'm a no more than a cherub
in the world of powerful people.

In their day, my parents had to be angels in disguise.
They didn't dare reveal their goodness.
Glinda went everywhere in a bubble.
Gabriel only came down to Earth on special occasions.

Everyone has an inner child.
I happen to be a female, inner child.
Some people have a male, inner child.
Those whose inner child is female vote Democratic.
Those whose inner child is male vote Republican.
Teaching Republicans and Democrats
about their inner child
is exasperating for an angel no longer disguised!
I've earned my wings.
Now I'm working on earning a dimmer switch for my halo.

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[1] "Gabriel" comes from the Hebrew "gavri-El" which means "GOD is my strength."

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Previous Books

Keywords

If I had to describe this book using keywords, I'd start with the word: "death." This book is about learning how to die in a way that makes you feel like you're coming alive. It's about living as though life is a school and this book is the textbook on how to pass your final exam.

I'd also use the keyword: "mental wellness." Everyone talks about mental illness and going insane. I can see that the world needs a book on how to go sane.

Other keywords I'd use to describe this book are spirituality, LGBTQIA+, philosophy, psychology, politics and self-centered self-help. If these topics don't interest you, don't waste any more of your time. Move on.

Lastly, if I had to describe this book using only one keyword, that word would be "word." This book is about the word of GOD. In brief, GOD'S word is good.

GOD is Good

Today is March 31st, 2020. Tomorrow is April Fools' Day. This year marks 220 years before the Messiah is expected to show up [the year 6000 on the Jewish calendar]. Ask any orthodox Jew if you need to know the exact day and time of His arrival...

If you think the year 2240 will be filled with hope, joy and inspiration, just imagine what this world could look like tomorrow if everyone sported a better attitude...

Acts of GOD aren't limited to the coming of the Messiah. They're happening around the world as we speak. Those in the field of indemnification know exactly what I mean. [2]

My inner father, Gabriel, remembers when GOD asked Him to send an angel to stop Abraham from sacrificing Isaac. He remembers GOD asking Him to explain Daniel's vision. He remembers telling Mary she was going to give birth to the LORD'S Son. And He remembers travelling to Mecca to carve the words of ALLAH in prophet Muhammad's heart.

If you've read the previous books about me, Home Schooled and Call Me Glinda, you know that my inner father, Gabriel, had a lot to do with why religious men are so obsessed with strength which they interpret as masculinity. I'm speaking my mind in your mind as Glinda and Gabriel's inner child, Darlean, to tell you that there's a lot of work that needs to be done in the next 220 years if our descendants have any intention of being a meaningful part of the first

[2] Indemnification refers to the act of compensating someone for damage or losses they've incurred, often through a contractual agreement where one party agrees to cover the losses of another party under specific circumstances. [Internet]

and/or second coming [first for the Jews, second for the Christians].

You may already know that the word “work” in Hebrew has two meanings, “work” and “worship.” And you may know that Glinda uses the gay word “w.e.r.k.” to express inner werk. When gay men say, “Werk it, Gurl!” we’re referring to a unification of the forces within us.

Life Is a School, Gurlfriend!

You may think you can touch yourself anywhere you choose while you're reading me, but while you're reading me, I'll be reading you… And I give myself license to touch you any way I choose.

I hope to motivate you to make serious changes in the way you touch yourself in anticipation of those who'll be living here 220 years from now. If your descendants won't be satisfied with the Messiah's rulings, just have them blame Darlean for the way things will have turned out… Have them tell GOD it was all my fault. See how that werks out for 'em… [3]

Life is a school with one TEACHER. You were enrolled at birth, and you'll graduate someday. Even Jesus graduated. If you're interested in what's going to be on your final exam, you need to know that I have every intention of touching you in places you aren't accustomed to being touched. If that offends you, tell the TEACHER that I touched you inappropriately. See if I care…

Here's what you ought to know about me before we play strip poke-her and poke-him. I'm going to begin by taking off all my clothes, one garment at a time and expose myself before you. And then we'll see what you're willing to remove.

I'm the personification of what you get when you cross the Tree of knowledge [female] with the Tree of life [male].

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[3] "Werk**"** is the gay term for psychological insight. I'm using it to include spiritual insight, as well. Those gays who are atheists obeyed Harvey Milk by coming out the closet. But they haven't come out of the other three closets [aronot in Hebrew] presented to us in Torah that hold the secret to why GOD created us to defy traditional religious practices through spiritual means.

You get a burning bush. And boy howdie! Let me tell you that at the age of 21, my bush is on fire! [4]

If you haven't yet associated the serpent in the Tree of knowledge with man's penis and the two fruits with his testicles, you're already behind the rest of the class. Picking forbidden fruits takes on a whole new meaning when you look at man's genitals up close from a burning bush's perspective.

The descriptions of these two Trees come from the Creation Story at the beginning of Genesis. I believe that the Tree of knowledge and Tree of life were planted by GOD here on Earth in the abstract as idealized conceptions in HIS intentions.

I'm one of the billions of personifications of those two idealized trees here on Earth today. I'm fully emancipated in every sense of HIS words. The only thing I can't do until I'm 25 is rent a car…

Politically, I'm an Independent who loves gay and transgendered people. Glinda is a Democrat. Gabriel is a Republican. I was born by immaculate conception in my inner parents' minds' eyes.

Gabriel, revealed himself to those who loved Him in the past. You can read all about his works in the Old Testament, New Testament and Quran. Gabriel is spiritually betrothed to all three of the Abrahamic faiths. He contributed to the Old Testament by inspiring Daniel when he was in the lion's den. And He was chosen by GOD as the guardian angel over Israel.

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[4] The Tree of knowledge bore fruits. Therefore, it was female or could cross fertilize itself. The Tree of life is GOD. It's MALE. Gabriel revealed GOD'S strength in the Abrahamic scripture through the masculinity. I'm going to reveal the strength of the Tree of knowledge which represents HIS femininity.

But Gabriel has been upset with what He's seen in the Republican Party. What's happened to the Republican Party in the last century shocked him. And what He and Glinda have seen from both parties has utterly appalled them. Many Republicans have turned into racists, homophobes and misogynists. Many Democrats have turned into antisemites and anti-Zionists.

Glinda is trying to achieve peace here at home in America. Gabriel is working on achieving peace in the Middle East for the sake of the coming of the Messiah to Jerusalem 220 years from now. He'll arrive using the name of Jesus [Savior] for the Christians and using His generic name [Messiah] for the Jews. [Who doesn't have at least two names?]

Glinda wants to see the "kinder transport" [illegal alien migration] across our southern border dealt with justly through recognition of global warming and the need to help the poor people of Central America who are starving due to lack of rainfall there. Gabriel is working to get the Muslims and Jews to make peace with one another in the Middle East so the Messiah will have a throne on the Temple Mount from which to judge the world in 2240.

I rent a studio apartment on the ground floor of the Abrahamic edifice [Judaism]. The orthodox Jews don't believe I can be trusted with ownership of my own place because I'm gay. Screw them!

Glinda has a three-room condo she leases on the second story [Christianity]. She can see much further than me from her windows. But the conservative Christians don't dare look out all sides of the building. Screw them, too!

Gabriel owns a luxury flat on the third story. He has floor-to-ceiling windows up there from which He can see all sides of every issue. He enjoys the big picture from the penthouse where the Muslims reside [Islam]. Some Muslims don't seem to know that He made His way up through the

ground floor and second story. I'm sure they'd evict him if they did. Screw them, as well!

I don't particularly like having to listen to Glinda stomping around over my head. And she doesn't like having to hear Gabriel doing the same above her. GOD didn't even walk softly when HE approached Adam and Eve in Eden. They could hear HIM coming a mile away.

One person's ceiling is another one's floor. But the Abrahamic edifice was constructed like a tin can! What goes on, on one story reverberates in the other two. That's especially true if you're living on the second story and have to deal with neighbors above and below you.

All the problems we have in the Western world today lie in Gabriel's jurisdiction. But, so far, he hasn't been able to convince the Muslims that the ROOF GARDEN [PARADISE] is open to everyone who lives in our building. You don't have to reside in the penthouse to go from there up to PARADISE [what the Christians call HEAVEN.] The ROOF GARDEN is open to everyone, provided you know how to get THERE. hell, it's even open to gay Jews who only rent on the ground floor! So good is GOD!

GOD created this world like a garden for all of humanity. And, like I already said, the two ideal Trees HE planted in HIS own mind, the Tree of knowledge and the Tree of life, were brought down into man's mind by Moses through Torah, which is the first word of GOD, brought to us through metaphor.

Women are the empirical personification of trees of knowledge. Men are referred to in Torah as trees of life. Women support life by nourishing new life with milk. Men create life by planting their milk [semen] in women. Infants are seeds. Children are sprouts. Teenagers are saplings.

Needless to say, you should have already been told these facts of life by your parents. They probably didn't because they were as lost in the forest as you are. Well, the forest is behind us, thank GOD. Now, we're all making our way

through the urban jungle. And, as you already know, there are swamps everywhere. Washington D.C., Moscow and Beijing are the biggest and most infamous swamps in the urban jungle.

You started out as an infant in a garden. You made your way out of the grove of family life into an orchard of opportunities when you went to school. In adolescence, you experienced orgasm and then found yourself lost in a forest. When you got a job, you entered the urban jungle. And if you're middle aged, you've either survived the swamp or you're one of the reptiles living in it.

Over the past three millennia, people have intellectually cross pollinated to the point that, in many cases, you can't tell one tree from another, anymore. And that change makes the hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths very nervous.

As a burning bush, I really don't see why. I don't give a damn about the gender of trees or how they choose to pollinate. Some use busy bees [matchmakers] to get the job done. Some let the wind [chance] do it for them.

Sometimes, I just don't understand the older generation of angels in disguise who are guiding humanity. You'd think these simple truths would be self-evident. Who can't see that the first word of GOD [Torah], second Word [Gospels] and the third WORD [Quran] were all meant to be combined?

Every individual, regardless of their faith or philosophy of life, has been figuratively planted here with the potential for a DIVINE and righteous destiny. That's how people perceive this garden as an orchard of tress with unripened, ripe and rotten fruit we need to learn to discern. [5]

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[5] The Hebrew word for **orchard** is "pardes." This world looks like a **paradise** in childhood. Only as you grow up do you realize that your childlike view of reality has to be renewed with hope and inspiration, or it dies like a tree that falls forlorn in a forest.

Moses brought us the word of GOD through metaphor. Jesus brought us the Word of GOD through symbolism. And archangel Gabriel brought us the WORD of GOD through similes.

Because people are so self-ignorant, they can be cruel. This is why this world looks more like a garden that turns into an orchard, forest, jungle and swamp the older and more experienced you become. Good people can get easily lost along the way. They may end up homeless, hungry and scared. They may even end up confused, baffled, perplexed, bewildered and befuddled. If they can't make their way through the external world, it's unlikely they'll make their way up the spiritual edifice of their inner world to the ROOF GARDEN after life.

The civilized world may look at LIFE after life as a promise from GOD that will be like a garden. But what we've been constructing here on Earth is like an edifice that GOD has had a hand in helping us build.

Indigenism was a hole HE had them dig with millions of names for HIM. Hinduism was the basement that created the foundation for faith in HIM. Their ceiling [BRAHMA] became our Jewish floor [ELOHIM]. We're the ground floor of all faith in one GOD. Our ceiling, Adonai, is the God within us. The Christian floor is the FATHER. Their ceiling is Jesus, the God within them. ALLAH is the floor of the Muslims. Archangel Gabriel is their ceiling, the God within them.

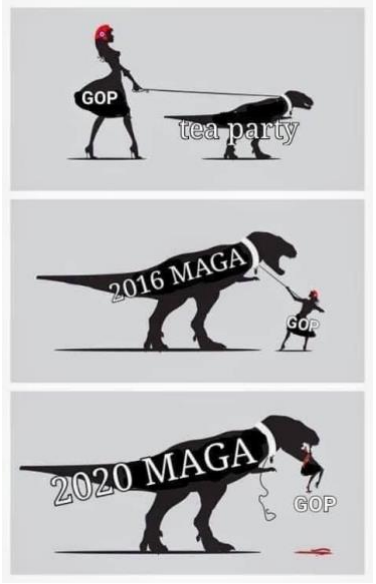
The ROOF GARDEN that everyone imagines they'll be allowed to enter upon death is a concept, not a promise. It may be written like a contract on paper, but it isn't carved in stone. Anyone who expects to meet Hitler in HEAVEN or Osama bin Laden in PARADISE is an enemy of civilization.

The hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims don't believe in the potential for spiritual evolution of every individual in their lifetime regardless of the name they use to address GOD. They're like dinosaurs living in a quagmire

that's drying up. They don't care how many reptiles have to die for them to achieve world domination. They don't care how many mammals will perish along the way, as well. All they care about is keeping themselves safe in their swamp.

This is especially true of the orthodox Jews and rightwing Christians who've banded together in the United States to win their war on atheism. Sadly, they're fanning the flames of a war on Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism in their effort to stop Islam. What they're doing isn't wrong. It's only as right as they can be in this medieval-modern age we live in.

Here is a brilliant cartoon Will, my boyfriend and life partner, found on the internet that explains a million political words in one picture. I'm sorry but he couldn't find the name of the creator of this cartoon:



Turning the forest into a swamp is the hyper-religious Republicans' only agenda. And if you don't agree to

approach politics their way, they pass laws to try to keep you from voting altogether.

They keep the confused from getting vaccinated with lies about chips being implanted under their skin by the government. [They must be afraid that their skin will be turned into a lampshade with a chip in it that will stand out like a wart or a mole.]

Their constituents are kept poor, downtrodden and weak to make the claim that only they're the meek who'll inherit the Earth.

Anyone can see that the hyper-religious, Republican, leaders' enormous bodies are kept well fed with huge amounts of money donated by billionaires. We see how they strut about giving the impression that they've earned preferential, moral treatment from GOD because they have money, power and prestige. We even see how powerful, Republicans with razor-sharp teeth attack smaller reptiles to assuage their voracious appetite. Watch out, little lizards, toads and frogs! They'll gobble you up!

Such is evidence of the moral devolution of the fittest in a modern world where good people are striving to evolve morally into the finest.

Those who see themself as warm-blooded are going to side with the Democrats. But the problem with the left side of the political spectrum is atheism. The left hasn't found a way to unite the seven world faiths under one GOD. They're fighting with one hand tied behind their back because of self-ignorance.

Donald Trump, the self-declared sovereign of the swamp, is now like a lizard that's lost its legs. He slithers about on land and sea. He no longer needs to strut anymore. People are beginning to see that he looks and sounds more like the serpent in the Creation Story than any Adam that you or I would want to encounter. He's an emperor without clothes.

He's not wrong in his belief that Israel must be protected at all cost. He's just part of the billionaire class that puts money before honey [wisdom]. Consequently, he has no interest in milk [love]. He sees control of Israel as a way to make more money. The orthodox Jews must surely see that if a gay Jew can.

Are you ready now to take off your shirt and show me some skin? Are you ready to get naked and play some strip poke-him and poke-her with me?

Let me warn you if you're a left-leaning Democrat and not an Independent like me. The way you feel about Israel and the way the right-leaning Republicans feel about the transgendered isn't going to sit well with me. I always remain at the center of the political spectrum.

Remember, I'm Darlean, lean but not mean. I'm a gay, Zionist Jew. I'm not an atheist. I believe in GOD. I'm warning you up front that you may not like what you show me if you start to undress in my presence.

It's always March 31st in the Democratic Party, and it's always April 1st in the Republican Party. You're now stuck in a place between the two. It's 11:59 pm on my watch. And my burning bush is on fire. How's by you?

Some people have no common sense whatsoever when facing antediluvians. [6] And so, they're going to suffer the repercussions of their behavior as all the self-ignorant did in the past.

Evolution wasn't kind to dinosaurs. But it did create birds and welcomed mammals to the physical progression of life on Earth. Those humans who were easily duped or gullible slipped into unwritten history. And the same will be the case with regard to the spiritual evolution we're a part of today. The unenlightened will slip into the shadows, like day

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[6] Referring to the first six chapters of Genesis, Adam and Eve through Noah. Coined by Thomas Browne; it refers to any ancient and murky period.

slips into night. To stay awake enough to achieve LIFE after life, you need to face the facts of life your parents couldn't tell you.

I can read Democrats and Republicans as well as anyone with an independent mind. When it comes to politics, my philosophy is, "Better read than dead."

Because I'm the daughter of the guardian angel of Israel, I've been given permission to read everyone, including hyper-religious, orthodox Jews, conservative Christians and fanatical Muslims. That's what any burning bush can do. You might like to watch and learn how to emulate me. [7]

When your fear of GOD is greater than your love for HIM, you become tyrannical, and you behave like a Tyrannosaurus Rex with an Oedipus Rex complex. You behave like a dinosaur that has no place to go in a changing world. You get frantic because you can see that your swamp is drying up.

But who can't see that the religious extremists in all three of the Abrahamic faiths don't believe their eyes even though the moral stench around us has reached everybody's nose?

They don't believe what they hear because their hearts have been broken into so many small pieces that they'll never be able to put their heart together again. Such is a description of the suffering of fools.

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[7] Moses figuratively met his **inner child** at the age of 80. He described it as a burning bush out of which the voice of God spoke to him. I believe it was a voice inside him that told him to face his mistake by going back to the scene of the murder he'd committed to help the ancient Jews achieve freedom from bondage. This was GOD'S first mission given to man. A bush that burns with a flame that doesn't consume its branches is a conscience. When your conscience has been ignited with enough friction to produce a spark of humanity, you behave better than you did before. You become a cherub in the Hebraic sense of the word.

This pandemic has broken a lot of hearts around the world. But today's hyper-religious, Republican leaders are as hard-hearted as the Pharaoh in ancient Egypt whose heart only got harder as his people's hearts were breaking from the ten pandemics [plagues] GOD released onto the ancient world in olden days.

You can see for yourself that today's Republican leaders' cold hearts break while Democratic warm hearts melt. That alone should be enough to ask yourself what the temperature of your own heart is? Do you feel warm about Jews or do you feel warm about gays?

Needless to say, Muslims are killing both Jews and gays in the Middle East. So, if you think this is a good time to create a Palestinian state from which to launch rockets at gay Jews enjoying the good life in Tel Aviv, you might not enjoy playing strip poke-you and poke-me.

The salty tears we all shed in memory of those we love who've perished needlessly remain like stains on our cheeks. If we don't think GOD will judge us all by the stains on our cheeks, we surely haven't yet learned why we have no obligation to turn the other cheek. And yet, who among us doesn't cry for someone's plight other than his own?

The only thing some leaders can remember to do is sit with their hands over their eyes, ears and mouth like see-no-evil, hear-no-evil and speak-no-evil so they don't have to admit that they sense there are angels in every room.

Well, get used to angels being here among us! My inner mother is what the personification of what a good witch looks like, and my inner father is what an archangel sounds like. But I'm the personification of what an angel in the new age smells like.

Use your nose. Your nose knows. You can't trust your eyes and ears in the urban jungle. You'll end up in a swamp.

I smell like paradox personified. I smell like hickory, charcoal, seared meat and Kansas City BBQ sauce.

If you don't like the smell of angels who speak the truth, you're un-American and anti-Fourth of July. You only celebrate April Fool's Day.

I have more news for those who follow the news: The library is open 24/7 in America because reading is fundamental. [8]

My inner family and I love to read everyone. How do you think Gabriel got promoted from angel to archangel and then guardian angel over all of Israel? How do you think Glinda got a supporting role in "The Wizard of Oz"?

Reading isn't only fundamental while you're down here on Earth. It may even be essential when you reach the ROOF GARDEN! On your final exam before graduation [death] from the school of life, your ability to read yourself will be tested.

Reading can only be learned by consuming forbidden fruit. The serpent in the Creation Story tempted Eve to read herself, not to eat hot dogs smothered with relish, Rocky Mountain oysters, hamburgers in buns or meat balls sitting in spaghetti. Picking forbidden fruit has nothing to do with sex or food. It has to do with learning to read to overcome your ignorance.

We, Jews, are called the people of the book because we've learned how to read all the fruits and nuts GOD planted in this world. If you don't want to leave here a vegetable, you'd better learn to read, too. [9]

The difference between a good Jew and a bad Jew is that a good Jew knows that poor Adam was only given leftovers from the Tree of knowledge by Eve. She gave him what she chose to share.

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[8] Attributed to Ru Paul.

[9] Literacy was enacted in Israel hundreds of years before Jesus was born. England only created literacy laws in the 19th Century. [Internet]

If you don't understand that your heart [Eve] and penis [serpent] will always beguile your head [Adam], you don't yet know the first thing about reading yourself. You don't know how the word "mosaic" is related to "Moses." You'll never succeed in stopping your sensations and feelings from screwing with your thinking.

If you happen to be wondering why I choose to live on the ground floor of the Abrahamic edifice, rather than enjoy the view from the stories above, it's because I can read everyone just fine from my window. I can look the orthodox Jews in the eye and tell them to their face that their interpretations of Torah are antiquated, cruel, vindictive and sinful.

Leviticus 25 tells us how to treat slaves. Leviticus 18 tells us that gays are abominable. Leviticus 20 tells us that any Jew who disobeys his parents, commits adultery, sucks cock, enjoys sodomy or doesn't believe in GOD must be murdered. I live on the ground floor because I'm an angel disclosed, not disguised. I want all of Israel to read my words.

From my little apartment in San Francisco, I can read all the characters Moses described in his autobiography [Torah], including his main character [himself]. I can apply their mistakes to my life. I can take Torah to heart.

That's what Jesus did and why He was so revered by some Jews and reviled by others in His day. That's why GOD told Gabriel to make sure Christ's biography would be written down and disseminated along with the Hebrew Testament. What good is the Bible if nobody told you it tells you what not to do before it tells you what to do?

GOD sent Gabriel back down to Earth after Jesus was here to inspire Muhmmad from his heart to write the Quran. By 700 A.D. it was clear that the view from the first two stories wasn't going to be high enough for HIM. Gabriel inspired Muhammad to build a third story. Such a work of

beauty as the Quran could never have been inspired without an archangel uplifting GOD'S will.

I'm so proud of my inner father for the contribution He made in constructing the third story on top of the other two. It's not easy getting into anyone's heart to inscribe it with inspiration. Everyone should strive to live life like archangel Gabriel, knowing the meaning of inner strength.

I may only be 21, but at this time in my young life, I can't think of anything more entertaining than reading those hyper-religious, conservative Republicans who are homophobes and those Democrats who are atheists and anti-Zionists.

I'm not going to stop chomping through their hearts and minds just because it may make them uncomfortable to be read. They seem to think it would be better to be red than dead. I think it's better to be read with dread.

Who can't see how the hyper-religious would love to turn people like me into lampshades to soothe their aching eyes? The illumination of the LORD'S LIGHT is too much for them.

I inherited all seven of the jewel tones GOD gave the world in the rainbow. They glow in my heart. They don't glare in my eyes. The rainbows you see in the sky are made up of pastel colors, but the rainbows in nature are but a reflection of the jewel tones in the hearts of angels and the inner child of every good wo/man on Earth.

Red is the color of rage. I can see that you're deeply red inside, too. Your blood bleeds red. I can even see the infrared rage you're holding inside that's invisible to the naked eye.

Orange is the color of agony. Jesus was the Jewish gift from GOD who came down to Earth to inspire us with His Self-love. He was the Personification of all the jewel tones of the rainbow right up until the last day of His life. Then He burned orange [agony]. That was the color that emanated out of His heart for all the universe to see. That's why He's called the Son of the FATHER who shines like the sun.

Yellow is the color of horror. Who doesn't know what it's like to be yellow in a world such as this? Fear motivates everyone if courage isn't attained with faith in your reason for being here.

Green comes in forest green [jealousy] and spring green [envy]. You probably can see green everywhere around you in nature. But have you looked for the color green in your own nature? Being jealous over the container GOD gave others or envious of the virtues they've attained in their contents is one of the clues GOD gives everyone that some people choose to ignore.

Sorrow at what you don't know about yourself is sky blue. It covers you like a canopy. Regret is marine blue. Disappointment is cerulean, and grief is midnight blue. By now, you should have had your fill of sorrow. If not, enjoy sympathy, self-pity, condolences and commiseration... I happen to think there's much more to life than being blue.

There are two more colors you may not know as well that descend after those five. They're indigo and violet. Indigo is the color of awe, and violet is the color of ecstasy. ULTRAVIOLET is the unseen color after ecstasy that promises us a way from where we live, up to the ROOF GARDEN.

If you don't like being red, you probably won't like being read. But if you've got the patience to learn from a cherub whose been read by the God within me, you might just be ready to learn a thing or two that you may not yet consciously know about the colors you shine.

Don’t Condescend to the Patronizing

In full disclosure, my biological mother was born in Munich, Germany in 1921. She was a German Jew who survived the Holocaust by running as a fugitive from the “law” in her own country.

My biological father was born in Kaunas, Lithuania in 1910. He hid in the ghetto until more than 95% of Lithuania's Jewish population was massacred with massive collaboration in the genocide by the non-Jewish, local, Lithuanian paramilitaries. Then the ghetto was set aflame, and those few Jews who were hiding in attics, basements, and such, were caught running from the flames. He was sent to Dachau Concentration Camp because he could work. The rest of his family were sent to Auschwitz Concentration Camp where they were murdered.

Because my father’s family had owned a tobacco factory and were extremely wealthy and well-known, they’d been able to bribe Christian Lithuanians to smuggle my half-brother and half-sister out of the ghetto and hide them in Catholic orphanages.

I’m the first born American in my biological family. I’m the son of a slave. I’m not White. Don’t confuse me with White people by the color of my skin! I’m Jewish. My skin says nothing about my race. Jews come in all the pigments of humanity. We’re a race unto ourselves.

The problems of race begin with Jews, not Blacks. White Christians in the New World chose to enslave Blacks to toil for them on this side of the globe. The White Christians called “Nazis” chose to enslave Jews in Europe. The racism that separated their choice of slaves is a mere technicality.

Although my biological parents loved me more than I can possibly describe to you in words, the most important lesson they taught me was presented without words. It was conveyed in unspoken gestures. Using body language, not words, they told me never to ask questions.

So, as a child, I didn't ask them why they left Europe. I didn't ask them why I didn't have any grandparents, uncles or aunts. They only volunteered that I had a few distant cousins. They never explained why.

When you've been raised not to ask questions, paradoxically you end up not taking an interest in the one person who has all the answers to the most pressing questions of all: yourself. You don't dialogue with the one you're supposed to love more than anyone else on Earth.

When you don't ask yourself good questions, you don't learn to ask other people good questions, either. You may become condescending and patronizing without knowing it. You may even pretend to know things without bothering to ask yourself whether you can trust the source of the information you advocate.

And then, you may end up condescending to the patronizing. You may become duped. You may look old-fashioned and odd in the eyes of your countrymen. People may find you cranky and disagreeable, no matter how much you'd like them to like you. Your message may get sidetracked, even corrupted.

You may even feel the need to create elaborate stories about who you really are and where you came from to make up for your lack of curiosity about your potential to become who, deep down inside, you secretly know inside you could be if you got a chance to express yourself.

Not Today satan! Not Today

GOD got HIS generic name [GOD] from being good. satan got his reputation from being bad.

Almost all people claim to be opposed to the bad and aligned with GOD in seeking the good. They claim to believe in good and bad angels, so they can blame their behavior on external causes.

Lincoln popularized the expression "better angels." Pursue your better angels and leave bad angels to learn about the God within who's motivating them to do better to be good.

I, Darlean, have earned my wings and am working on earning a dimmer switch for my halo. [Would you like to spend eternity basking in your own light? Would you want to listen to an orchestra of harpists forever? Clouds seem like clammy places to live for all eternity.] Get real!

Gabriel had chicken wings attached to His back in European paintings. My inner father looks nothing like that.

It's impossible for angels with wings to sit down and relax for five minutes. They have to sit on stools. Chairs with backs don't work for angels in HEAVEN. But sitting on a stool puts a terrible strain on your back if you're thousands of years old.

I don't need wings to get from here to HEAVEN at night and back every morning. And I don't even need wings in HEAVEN when I'm THERE.

I'm the inner child of a good witch and an angel. I'm a cherub advocating for the kind of change my inner parents couldn't achieve in their day.

I'm fully emancipated from my inner mom and dad. They may have been good, but I'm better. I compare myself to them, but they have to contrast themselves to me.

I'm unique and one of a kind. I honor my parents. I don't love them. I compare my virtues to their, while they contrast their virtues to mine. Don't love your parents. Honor them,

or you'll never make your way out of the cerulean shade of blue [disappointment].

I hope you don't think angels are all that different from you? Angels were people, too, you know. They have family secrets, just like everybody else.

I've come to you to introduce you to a few of the questions you might like to ask yourself before you face your final exam on your way out the door. Your answers to these questions should come in handy long before you graduate:

1. Do you ever seriously ask yourself what you're doing with your life, without inquiring rhetorically? In other words, do you talk to yourself in loud earnestly?
2. Do you determine whether your love for you is real by testing it first on others? How will you know if your love for you is genuine unless you've tried it out on others? People are guinea pigs when it comes to love. That's why they all have such horror stories to tell. That's why everyone has a broken heart.
3. Do you prove your love only to others, but forget to apply your love of them to yourself? You're a person, too, you know.
4. You were probably trained to make a living to care for the needs of your body. But do you know how to manage the seven spiritual forces within it? Do you even know what they are?
5. Do you ever treat yourself abominably? If you're a man, you sleep with a man every night of your life. What's the difference between touching yourself sexually and touching another man the same way?
6. Do you submit the evidence of your love for you to an inner committee for review? Do you even ask your inner parents for their opinions? You don't yet have an inner child if you can't admit to having inner parents.

7. A bad mood is a sign of inner weather turbulence. How do you expect to participate in improvements of the weather patterns of the world we have to share without dealing with the weather chaos within you?

If you're worried about other people calling you crazy, just thing back to how you suffered in childhood and adolescence from unruly, inner voices you didn't understand then. Optics change as your hindsight improves.

Here are a few more questions you might like to ask yourself and answer:

8. Are you the last person on Earth you'd like to invite to sit down to have a chat with? Wouldn't you like to know what you have to say to yourself, or are you more consumed with what others say about you?
9. What is your superpower? If you're not behaving like Superman, you're probably behaving like Jimmy Olsen, Clark Kent or Perry White.
10. If you don't yet know your mission, what might you be missin'? What would you really like to do to make your life valuable to you and meaningful to others?

The seven forces within you were given to you by GOD. Each of them was elucidated over the course of the past 3,800 years around the world beginning with indigenism and ending with the Islam. You can see these forces reflected in aspects of reality that comes in sevens. Internalized these clues as knowledge given to you to claim the power in your imagination.

Continents
Africa
Antarctica
Asia
Australia/Oceania
Europe
North America
South America

Fire
Illumination
Warmth
Burn
Sound
Smoke
Smell
Mystery

Faiths
Indigenism
Hinduism
Judaism
Buddhism
Taoism
Christianity
Islam

Week
Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

Rainbow
Red
Orange
Yellow
Green
Blue
Indigo
Violet

Hope
Anger
Angst
Fear
Coveting
Sorrow
Awe
Ecstasy

Passages
Infant
Toddler
Child
Adolescent
Young Adult
Middle Aged
Senior Citizen

Body
Navel
Face
Backbone
Genitals
Thoughts
Feelings
Beliefs

Taxonomy
Kingdom
Phylum
Class
Order
Family
Genus
Species

GOD gave you seven inner forces, but you may not have given credit to the major world faiths created by GOD for their origins. Here are these forces presented as a combination of the gifts GOD gave to each of the seven major faiths. When you can unite these inner forces, you'll be better able to become an ambassador of peace in the world and an ambassador of inner peace to yourself:

Inner Forces
Hindu navel
Jewish head
Christian heart
Muslim soul
Buddhist genitals
Taoist backbone
Indigenist face

When you have the courage to face your uniqueness and similarity to all others, you'll be able to unite these inner forces into one cohesive human being made in one, unique image of GOD.

You were once a child who was whitewashed with one faith, perhaps two at the most. But if someone scratches that thin veneer of civilization you claim gives you the right to a HEAVENLY reward when you die, an idol worshipping savage emerges from within with vindictive condemnations and accusations, seeking revenge.

What you ought to do is look at yourself like a computer you carry around in a leather case with a rubber handle to maintain a good grip on yourself.

Even though many people dress in a suit and carry themself like they know what they're doing, they may not know the first thing about how to use the tools they've been given. When it comes to operating themself like a complex machine constructed using seven scriptural principles, they may be uninformed about their spiritual potential.

No wonder it's so easy to make them turn red when they're read. Some people's blood boils just thinking about having to be like a machine without having been given personal instructions on how to operate it.

Self-Intimacy

The good LORD gave you ten fingers. Granted those fingers are meant to be used as tools to handle the world around you. But they're also meant as digits to count the Ten Commandments, starting with the 1st on your left pinky, the one Commandment we don't think about because it wasn't a Commandment at all. [10] It was just meant to get the ancient Israelites' attention so they'd count something meaningful with their fingers.

Whether or not you have ten fingers, you ought to figure out what really counts for you. You shouldn't depend on gossip, even if everyone around you agrees to the religious rumors that are in fashion these days. Decide these moral matters for yourself.

You were given two hands. When you put them together in prayer before GOD, you're uniting the two tablets Moses was given as a sign of GOD'S love for us all. When you touch the palm and fingers of your right hand to another person's right hand, you're expressing your honor of them by shaking hands.

Putting your hands together in prayer is an expression of love if you come out of the Western traditions. The "Yi" salute in China expresses honor by men clasping their own hands with the left hand on the outside, while women perform it with the right hand on the outside.

Loving GOD is very different from honoring HIM. When you learn the difference between loving yourself and honoring all others, you'll see why you need to learn to express both. You'll appreciate the efforts of everyone on Earth to learn about matters of faith.

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[10] "I am the Lord, your GOD who took you out of Egypt." This refers to Adonai, the God of the Jews, and ELOHIM, the GOD of us all.

The 6th Commandment [killing] is represented by your right thumb, which was the best friend you ever had as a small child. You sucked everything out of that thumb early on in life. Your desire to kill literally ought to be assuaged by now. Killing people should be off the table.

The Ten Commandments end with the pinky of your right hand, the emotion of coveting. Coveting someone's spouse doesn't stop when you marry. The more you covet what you already have, the less you'll covet what others have.

Self-coveting is expressed as honor. When I yearn for what others have, whether in the way of a container or contents, I'm unable to appreciate what I've received from GOD. When I yearn for what I have, whether in the way of a container or contents, I'm asking GOD to help me appreciate myself.

The 10th Commandment leads to the two commandments of Christ [which came from His heart]. The Ten Commandments of Moses that you can count on your two hands leave you wise, and the two commandments from Jesus lead to wisdom of the heart. These twelve commandments nourish us with food-for-thought. This is why we count food by dozens.

Just because you may raise your right pinky when you drink a cup o' tea in the English tradition doesn't mean you no longer covet what others have. It only proves that you know how to copy other people's polish by applying etiquette to your own actions. It doesn't indicate that you know yourself deeply.

The Commandments need to be manifested both literally and figuratively. They need to be modeled accurately and elegantly. Otherwise, you become a hyper-religious fool who only tells other people how to live scripture righteously.

You don't have to stick out the middle finger of your right hand [#8: stealing] to prove you know how not to take what isn't yours. Surely, you've been tempted to steal

without anyone literally catching the middle finger of your right hand in their cookie jar.

Nice people don't raise their middle finger to curse others. They don't use derogatory body language in place of derogatory words.

Using your fingers to express virtues and vices is commonplace. Rings describe our virtues. Extended fingers express our vices. But we don't correlate those fingers with Commandments.

1. Putting a wedding band on the ring finger of your left hand corresponds to the second Commandment: no gods before GOD.
2. Putting a wedding band on the ring finger of your right hand corresponds to the ninth Commandment: not to bear false witness.

Putting a ring on your 2nd or 9th finger to honor another person doesn't prove that you're wedded to yourself. If you don't fully engage with yourself in all that you do, you may not as yet have thought to marry your conscience to all the forces within you before marrying another person.

You've been given a Jewish head that's separated from the rest of your body. But we all suffer from a stiff neck [stubbornness]. That's the result of defiance, a character defect we all must learn to deal with.

Self-intimacy is something you can't take personally until you can take your whole body seriously. How can you believe that you were created by GOD if you don't associate each and every part of yourself with HIS images in scripture?

Feet

The toes on your feet aren't a moral recreation of your ten fingers. Your feet work together as a pair to keep you well-balanced. They're the Ten Commandments actualized, realized and in action practically, although unconsciously. Your feet keep you literally standing tall and moving forward. Once toddlers learn how to use their toes to do that, they soon stop thinking about their feet entirely.

Adults rarely expose or talk about their toes. But toes figuratively do the job of keeping us morally erect without fanfare. Some people erroneously conclude that toes are useless. They know little about the vehicle they've been given for the journey they're on.

You don't point with your toes as you would your right index finger [#7: adultery, cheating] to single out another person's failings. Pointing your toes is more an expression of the 5th and 6th Commandments [big toes]. That reminds us to honor our parents and not kill other human beings].

Although you may come home from a hard day's work and figuratively kick the dog, you probably don't give a second thought to where your feet are taking you morally – not even if you're Muslim and wash your feet publicly before prayer.

I'm only 21, but my inner parents, Gabriel and Glinda, raised me to marry myself by looking at all the ways I was created in GOD'S image, not theirs. If your parents didn't do that for you, they were no angels. They were just human beings trying to survive in a world that claims it doesn't have time for such nonsense. That "nonsense" is a modern application of scripture.

If you want to enjoy spiritual intimacy with your biological parents, may I suggest you start with spiritual intimacy with yourself. Your image of yourself in your imagination is a reflection of GOD'S image of you.

Piercing Your Navel

Everybody has a navel. Your navel is a reminder that you were born by live birth from a woman. Your navel is a reminder that this is the first wound to the human body that everybody was given. Only mammals have navels. Therefore, you're a mammal, too.

In the Hindu tradition, the navel emphasizes the centrality of nature in the nurture role. The navel of Vishnu [God] is considered to be the center of the universe and the source of all life.

In the same way that Adonai is the God within and burning bush in the breastplate of the Jews, Jesus is the God within the heart of Christians and archangel Gabriel is the God within the soul of Muslims.

Therefore, we have at least three locations in our body where the God within resides in us, our navel [Hinduism], breastplate [Judaism] and heart [Christianity]. Muslims have moved the God within them to their soul, an abstract idea that unites all people as GOD'S creations.

The name of GOD, the CREATOR, in Hinduism is BRAHMA. The Gods, Vishnu the preserver [navel] and Shiva the destroyer/liberator, together with BRAHMA, form the TRImurti. Popular deities include Krishna and Rama, and goddesses such as Lakshmi, Saraswati, Durga, and Parvati. Think of these gods and goddesses as aspects of the knot in our belly that literally disconnects us from our mother and spiritually connects us to GOD.

We all gave up nourishment directly from our mother through a tube [umbilical cord]. We all learned something new when we started to breathe on our own and suck physical nourishment from our mother's breasts.

Unraveling Hinduism with its 10,000 gods was completed in a mere 400 years with the creation of Judaism, the first faith to realize there's only one GOD who created us all. That truth didn't mix well with Hinduism when Islam

invaded India in 712 CE. It wasn't until the English took control of India in 1600 CE that Hindus and Muslims found themselves under the domination of Christians.

The Hebrew Testament begins with a creation story about nourishment from a tree with forbidden fruits. If you didn't associate those fruits with your mama's melons, you were already off to a bad start.

Christianity and Islam have both been carriers of Judaism. Christianity professes love. Islam professes loyalty to GOD. But without Judaism [wisdom] Christianity [love] and Islam [loyalty] end up bashing each other in the head.

If you think people are treating your facetiously, it might be because you aren't taking yourself seriously. On your deathbed, you'll surely see how seriously you took yourself as the Gods within you start to leave your body, One by One.

The Meaning of Weaning

As you make your way through life, you discover that we all have many things in common with other people. We're not only like the Tree of knowledge [feminine] and Tree of life [masculine] conceptually. We're also like animals penned up inside the hull of a boat. This metaphor is described in the third story of Genesis, "Noah and the Ark."

The mixture of metaphors in Genesis produces a mosaic pattern that must to discovered through personal experiences. Just making pronouncements about scripture never works.

The paradoxes we see in the outer world must be questioned in our inner world to find more than meaning. There's not enough meaning in meaning without value. Life has no meaning without value. Value has no value without virtue.

How can wo/man be like trees and like animals in a boat? And if s/he can be like both, when did awareness of this epiphany occur? When did this paradox become so apparent that we all agreed to it without a formal discussion? When did we simply take it as a fact of life that people are like plants and animals, figuratively speaking?

When you use your head, you think. When you use your heart, you feel. When you use your soul, you believe. And when you use your navel, you contemplate the meaning of being.

Once you developed teeth, you were well past the age of breast feeding. You were ready to bite into life on your own. You were ready to literally explore the world of plants and animals by consuming them.

Weaning from your mother's breasts and the milk she provided was a sign that you were ready to handle the challenges of independent self-nourishment with a wider diet.

Whether you're accustomed to eating with your hands or utensils, the main lesson in feeding yourself in the company of others is to demonstrate to those around you that you know how to nourish yourself without disgusting anyone with a dearth of table manners. This is the first lesson in optics, the branch of spirituality that deals with how others judge us.

Eating like a human being in the company of other civilized human beings, and not like an animal that has no regard for breeding and etiquette, is an important function in assimilating with the human race, in contrast to our innate contrariness to do as we please. When you observe how you eat when alone, you see how optics turn on and off in your life depending on how you feel.

The first of the 423 aphorisms of the Tao Te Ching from China by Lao-Tzu addresses defiance. "What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of tomorrow: our life is the creation of our mind. If a man speaks or acts with an impure mind, suffering follows him as the wheel of the cart follows the beast that draws the cart."

Suffering was first associated with the philosophy of the Buddha who lived before Lao-Tzu. Suffering was associated with wants [–] verses desire [+].

In the West, defiance and the subsequent suffering that comes of it are associated with the serpent in the Creation Story. Defiance of GOD'S will is the main characteristic of the serpent [penis] in our tree [body], which, as we've all learned, seems to have a voice all its own.

The second aphorism of the Tao is, "What we are today comes from our thoughts of yesterday, and our present thoughts build our life of tomorrow: our life is the creation of our mind. If a man speaks or acts with a pure mind, joy follows him as his own shadow."

The mind is equivalent to the character of Adam in the Creation Story. But a man's mind may be highjacked by his

heart [Eve], especially if his heart [Eve] is in collusion with his penis [serpent]. This produces impurities in our character.

For a man to create and maintain pure thoughts, he must discipline his heart which has been contaminated by the sensations that emanate from below his waist.

Perhaps you can already see that Judaism is constructed upon the thoughts of Adam, and Christianity is constructed upon the feelings of Eve. Cain was like his father [Adam]. Abel was like his mother [Eve].

Without pure thoughts and loving feelings, we can't overcome the defiant urges that emanate out of our penis. We become a threat to our brother. We turn into a killer.

The eighth aphorism of Lao-Tzu sums up the life of the man who uses his mind artfully, "But he who lives not for pleasures [–/+], and whose soul is in self-harmony, who eats or fasts with moderation, and has faith and the power of virtue – this man is not moved by temptation, as a rock is not shaken by the wind."

Every tree of knowledge has a serpent [penis] or worm [clitoris] in it. This makes every wo/man defiant by nature. This makes suffering inevitable. [11]

GOD has helped us evolve by bringing us Gods who are figuratively located at various places in our body to help us help ourself. The God of the Jews lies in our head. The God of the Christians lies in their heart. And the God of the Muslims lies in their soul.

Just quoting or studying scriptures from around the world isn't good enough. Men need to unite the world's

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[11] I'm going to describe suffering in terms of being a man because [1] I'm a man. [2] Men create much more suffering in this world than women. And [3] women are much less intimidated by reflecting on the masculine side of themselves. Men are much more challenged if they're asked to relate to the feminine side of themself.

scriptures to discover the secret to attaining pure thoughts [head], loving feelings [heart] and loyal beliefs [soul].

Yet sadly, this will only produce the bust of a man. To become fully mature, an Abrahamic man must make the journey to his navel, genitals and anus. This will bring him full circle in being able to face himself. This journey is called "life." The study of this journey is called "spirituality."

Each of us is a spirit in a vehicle on a journey. Each of us is a container being filled with precious contents. When we die, we'll have reached our destination. I assume our contents will then leave our container and be preserved by GOD who will judge the value of what we've accomplished in life.

Therefore, the value of your contents is paramount if you wish to reach your DESTINATION [whatever that word means to you].

Although temptation [defiance] is correlated to the penis [sensations] that colludes with the heart [feelings], a pure mind [thoughts] can overcome suffering by expanding knowledge of himself to include spiritual teachings from around the world. These teachings are all relevant to the human experience. They're all GOD given, even those that were given anonymously in the Far East in order to allow those of us in the Abrahamic faiths to explore below our own waist without fear of defying our faith.

The relevance of Lao Tzu's observations about defiance may be best summed up in his 11th aphorism, "Those who think the unreal is, and think the real is not, shall never reach the truth, lost along the path of wrong thought."

Confusing the real with the unreal is more common than we might think. All that we do externally is real. But all that happens inside of us is surreal [not unreal]. Our innermost experiences are both powerful and relevant to the reason for our individual being and journey.

Therefore, half of what we experience in life is surreal, in the sense of internal and, therefore, subjective. Only what

we literally do in the world that we share is real, and, in that sense objective, and, therefore, literally measurable.

Getting people to behave more objectively requires taking into consideration their defiance and the subjectivity of their inner world, despite what's happening in outer reality.

The goal of the hyper-religious in all six scriptures [early indigenism was only passed on orally] is to cut out all feelings and sensations that are unmanly. Traditional believers believe that the sensations that emanate from below their belt are the source of the impurities in their mind. They seek to access the passion [+] that also emanates from their penis, yet they all agree that masculinity is better than femininity. Even most indigenists came to the same conclusion because men are physically stronger than women.

Measuring virtue with physical strength is foolish. Wars will only end when people seek virtue through moral strength.

Since the last century, machines have taken over the tasks that men used to do. Now that physical strength isn't as important as it used to be, men are doubting their previous conclusions and women are usurping men in many areas of civilized society.

Our head figuratively produces thoughts. Thoughts that are wrong [illogical] lead to mistakes. Correcting mistakes in thinking produces wisdom.

Our heart figuratively produces feelings. Feelings that are bad [irrational] lead to mistakes. Correcting mistakes in feeling produces love.

Our soul figuratively produces beliefs. Beliefs that are incorrect [unreasonable] lead to mistakes. Correcting mistakes in believing produces soulfulness.

Our penis figuratively produces wants [–] and desires [+]. Urges that are defiant [contrary] lead to mistakes.

Correcting mistakes in wanting [–] verses desiring [+] produces prudence.

When you can unite your thoughts logically, feelings rationally, beliefs reasonably and passions sensibly, your conscience can become a guide that will help you unite with the God[s] within you. It doesn't matter what name you use for our TEACHER [ELOHIM, FATHER, ALLAH or BRAHMA]. It doesn't matter what name you use for your Tutor [Adonai, Jesus, archangel Gabriel, Vishnu, Krishna etc.] What matters are your actions and your ability to correct your mistakes openly and earnestly.

The conflict between what we happen to think is real and what's really real produces paradox. Paradoxes produce interest in who we are verses who we think we ought to become. Paradoxes are elucidated using figurative speech fashioned into allegories that teach us about the forces within us.

Science studies the forces around us. Spirituality studies the forces within us. Religion confounds the two with dogma. Therefore, the study of religion must include the importance of all seven of the world's major faiths from a chronological perspective. We call this "history." But a better, more spiritual, way to describe this would be "HIS story."

Spirituality can't be explored by atheists, antisemites, anti-Zionists, racists, homophobes or misogynists. Cutting the GOD who created us all out of the discussion is futile. Cutting Jews out of the discussion is foolhardy. Cutting Christians out is hateful. Cutting Muslims out is mean-spirited. Cutting gays out is self-defeating. And cutting women out is deadly.

If a man is in an excited or aroused frame of mind, he'll perceive the influence of his sensations and feelings on his thinking. He'll see how his testicles represent the figurative source of his masculinity and power, even though they correspond to the feminine aspect of trees. He wouldn't want

to figuratively castrate himself with dogma. He wouldn't want to figuratively dismember himself with derision of those who embrace the way they were made as a delivery device of GOD'S goodness.

The conflict created by Moses in describing the paradox of having been tempted to pick fruit is only solvable using knowledge from around the world, including the knowledge of gay people.

Gay men today bridge childhood with adulthood using our rainbow flag, which personifies as a separate tribe. We bring greater mystery [my story] to history [HIS story]. If you can embrace us amicably, we can work together for peace on Earth. We can increase peace between the world faiths. We can even achieve inner peace, which will increase the value of our contents.

But gay people pose a deadly threat to the erroneous beliefs of the hyper-religious who don't want to have to deal with those whose sensations and feelings don't coincide with their own. By embracing our penis [serpent] and testicles [fruits], we plummet the deepest, more profound level of the metaphoric meaning of the Creation Story. We personalize scripture in a way that the hyper-religious secretly envy. They hate us for what GOD has allowed us to do naturally. They aren't interested in learning what we've learned from the gift we've been given. They all agree with Leviticus 20, whether they're Jewish, Christian or Muslim. They believe GOD wants them to kill us.

This unites them, even as they kill one another. This is the great paradox in the Abrahamic faiths that we find so ironic. All three of the hyper-religious adore the billionaires who tell them, "WE ARE GOD'S GREATEST. WE'RE GIFTED WITH MONEY, POWER AND PRESTIGE BECAUSE HE LOVES US MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE ON THE PLANET." And they believe that nonsense…

The fact that they're not willing to kill disobedient children, people who don't believe in their name for GOD or

adulterers – leaves them looking hypocritical in my eyes. They can't reconcile their loathing and disgust of us with their willingness to overlook other edicts from GOD.

The hyper-religious are slavedrivers who seek the company of pharaohs. They believe their leaders because none of them can smell the difference between good and evil. They don't have a nose that knows.

Ancient human beings compared and contrasted themselves to botanical life forms for the purpose of teaching truths about life to those who were immature, inexperienced and ignorant about matters that were surreal.

But there came a point in time when people compared and contrasted themselves to the animal kingdom, life forms that were either wild or domesticated, so great was the potential of the mind to figuratively grow passionate about new information in those early days of the civilizing experience.

People saw that infants were weaned off their mother's breast just as other mammals in nature. They saw similarities in the eating and mating behaviors of mammals. They even saw that when they engaged in sex, lust figuratively turned them into animals. Lust isn't unnatural. Lust doesn't defy GOD. But lust needs to be understood in order to be controlled.

It's lust that motivates the insane to want to kill gay men. Using a knife to kill us is in place of using their penis to pierce us. Using a gun to kill us uses bullets in place of semen to kill us. The more ways insane hyper-religious men seek to stop us, the more obvious it becomes that lust is their problem, not ours.

Once humanity reached the spiritual level of an adolescent, people were able to see the transition from innocent child to awakened adult in themself and some others. They saw the hope in the rainbow. They saw the passages of life as infused with INTELLIGENCE.

Let’s see if people have enough interest in themself to grow through their juvenile tendencies into the young, adult stage of this spiritual process that every Darlean, like me, personifies. Let’s see if humanity makes it until the Messiah comes or whether we’ll destroy ourselves before then?

Toes

Now that I've made the connection [and the need for connection] between figurative speech and literal speech, let's review the importance of fingers, figuratively speaking, before we advance to the topic of toes.

As I stated previously, the Ten Commandments correspond to the ten fingers given to man on two hands. Our two hands correspond to the two tablets given to Moses, for surely GOD could have squeezed all Ten Commandments onto one tablet had HE wished to.

The first five Commandments on the first tablet [non-dominant hand] are Commandments we follow for HIS sake. The second five on the second tablet [dominant hand] we do for one another.

But our toes don't work individually like our fingers. They work in two groups, much like chords on the piano in the left hand work in harmony with the melody produced by each finger of the right hand. Toes hold a spiritual beauty and purpose all their own.

Although your toes work in two separate groups, the Democratic and Republican parties are supposed to do the same as your two feet by keeping America standing tall and moving forward into the future. The Republicans stand for the left foot [GOD] and the Democrats for the right foot [humanity]. We're supposed to be marching together to bring humanity into the Messianic age.

The hyper-religious Republicans claim to love the way Jesus [God] loved, but they secretly hate anyone who doesn't use their name for God to the exclusion of all others.

They claim to make an exception for the Jews, but I don't believe them. We're not pure enough for them. We never were. And just because they're Christians who cross their heart and promise not to commit genocide again, it's not possible for me, as the son of a slave to German Christians

who were aided by many other European Christians in enslaving my father to take them at their word.

That said, the Democrats who are atheists scare me as well. They see support of Israel as the problem not the solution. They disavow their faith in their effort to appease those who are contrary and vindictive. They support Palestine when the Palestinians have shown absolutely no support for gays or Jews. To me, the Palestinians look more like the Nazis who were obsessed with the idea of killing all the gays and Jews.

I'm not opposed to Germany being run by Germans so long as they don't go back to their previous belief system of killing gays and Jews. I'm not opposed to a Palestinian state. I'm opposed to the mentality of Palestinians of today running it.

Since the Germans now claim that killing gays is uncivilized, they should maintain their belief that killing Jews is uncivilized, too. They should oppose the Palestinian people until the Palestinians change their beliefs about gays and Jews.

Although it's easy to see that most people have fingers, modern people around the world tend to conceal their toes in shoes. It's as though the support of the efforts of their feet is a deep, dark secret.

Adolf Hitler had toes. Saddam Hussein had toes. Donald Trump has toes, and so does Vladimir Putin. Jews have toes. Gays have toes. Black people have toes. Even women – who are surely the most reviled and denigrated of all GOD'S creatures on Earth… have toes.

Although you'll see men or women's toes if you pray in a mosque, you'll rarely see anybody's toes in a synagogue or church. Toes are considered unseemly in White, Judeo-Christian culture, even though there's no passage in either scripture that outlaws exposing your toes.

In the first of the 18 chapters of the Bhagavad Gita, one of the holy scriptures of Hinduism, Arjuna, a warrior who doesn't want to kill any longer, finds himself in his chariot situated next to Krishna. Arjuna's chariot symbolizes his body. And the God within him [Krishna] is like a horse that's hitched to his wagon. Arjuna is struggling to understand what makes his vehicle move forward virtuously and reliably.

Arjuna admits to Krishna that he's beside himself with grief. Article 32: "I do not see how any good can come from killing my own kinsmen in this battle. Nor can I, my dear Krishna, desire any consequent victory, kingdom or happiness."

God [Krishna] berates Arjuna for his compassion because we all know how contrary all men are by nature. Only by berating men in the past did they realize that their efforts were contrary to God. Only by pulling his chariot himself will the colt yearn to become a strong stallion. Only then will he understand what the God within him has been doing for him that he has to learn to do for himself.

The less defiant we are, the less we'll have to work for success. The more we'll have to werk for success. Faith without werks is dead. But faith without works is wounded and in very bad health. That creates conundrums and problems that turn into syndromes that have to be solved both from the inside in and then the inside out.

That will encourage modern man to reflect on why he's behaving badly. This is what makes scripture relevant to every generation past, present and future.

When it comes to toes in relation to chariots, horses and the topic of compassion, please excuse me by allowing me to digress a little further before I sum up my thoughts.

Jesus came to His Jewish disciples on the last day of His life and told them to remember Him through the bread and wine of the Passover celebration. Jesus revealed a type of

figure of speech not previously understood by the Jews: symbolism.

Jesus had toes. You can even see them as He hangs on the cross. So, the topic of concealing toes in church wouldn't have been irrelevant to Jesus. His agony descended down to His toes.

The Jews knew about metaphor. All of Torah is constructed upon the metaphor of woman having been constructed out of a rib of man. Woman's exploration of the Tree of knowledge holds today's metaphoric effect of blaming our heart for listening to our sensations to the detriment of our relationship with GOD.

The ancient Jews used the main metaphor of Moses to allow themselves to be tempted to eat from their own tree of knowledge to map their defiance and compliance in the sight of GOD.

But later, ancient Jews didn't understand the concept of their body being like a container [bread] filled with mysterious contents [wine]. They didn't understand the symbolism presented by Jesus.

The essence of Christ's Self-knowledge internalized the concept of love as emanating out of our heart. This separated wisdom from wisdom of the heart. It created two places in the container of our Judeo-Christian ancestors to view GOD in two equally valid ways.

Reenacting the creation of symbolism is the essence of the Catholic Mass, in which the believer consumes God's flesh and blood to become more godly, compassionate and merciful.

Compassion is quite different from any sort of motivation you'd see in a plant, bush or tree. Compassion isn't something you can access in nature unless you observe family dynamics in the animal kingdom.

Generally, nature is neither compassionate nor vindictive. Nature evolves without motivation to be either

just or merciful. Nature is more a creation by GOD to mirror man's nature.

Man is, therefore, both a physical part of the natural world and morally separate from it. And the line between the two is drawn with compassion, or it can't be drawn at all.

For those who don't know much about themself, scripture is a useful way to learn about themself using metaphor [Torah]; symbolism [Gospels]; and similes [Quran]. Once you have these three forms of figures of speech under your belt, the allegories of the Far East from the Bhagavad Gita [Hinduism], Dhammapada [Buddhism]and Tao Te Ching [Taoism], become more meaningful and valuable.

People around the world have been scratching their heads over the world's scriptures for millennia. They don't realize that they copy new, spiritual behaviors by assimilating modern, social constructs, rather than just through academic exposure to foreign, religious practices.

In other words, piecing the pieces of GOD's puzzle together isn't done only by reading holy books. It also has to be done by reading people. But you can't read people accurately enough if you haven't read the operating manual [scripture] they subscribe to.

Spirituality is the study that pieces people together like a puzzle. It gives meaning to being. It looks at every individual as a civilizing citizen of the world. Spirituality makes us all modern in the sense of contemporary users of the world's scriptures, even though we may not look to the origin of our own civility in other people's scriptures.

The younger generation intuitively understands this. They read one another and effortlessly gather new information about life from people of all ages from around the world. Such has been one of the spiritual blessings from GOD that has come from the invention of the Internet.

But we don't always make a conscious connection between the source of our knowledge and the wisdom we

claim to have gleaned from it. We use these seven paths up the mountain of faith without considering the name of the path we happen to be trudging. We glean the panoramas we hold on life that make us who we are without giving credit to the origin of our ideas in other people's faiths as well as our own.

Because of this guiltfree and unencumbered, modern use of the seven paths of faith, Judaism is now again being denigrated as useless and old-fashioned. Torah is only perceived of as dogmatic, patronizing, patriarchal and authoritarian. The more people claim to modernize and civilize, the more they may inadvertently belittle Judaism, Jews and Israel as useless impediments on their climb to the SUMMIT.

Toenail Clippings

Once you realize that all people have toes in addition to fingers, and once you realize that those toes need to be clipped from time to time, it makes even Donald Trump and Vladimir Putin a little more human, simply because they're men who are alive among us in this day-and-age. Whether you support them or not, they're trying to make sense of life the only way they know how.

They, too, use their toes for balance. And even if they've got their fingers in all sorts of cookie jars where they don't belong, they've got toes just like the rest of us. They're seeking balance in their life, even if they figuratively tower over us on tippy toes so they can look down on some of us as insignificant and useless to their ambitious plans.

Clipping the toes of political leaders like Adolf Hitler, Vladimir Putin, Bashar al-Assad, Xi Jinping, Donald Trump and all the other people in power, past and present, who create alliances around the world to secure their intentions, is harder than you think. You wouldn't want to be their pedicurist… And by that, I mean that making them realize that everyone is human, and therefore in need of compassion, is a ticklish task, to say the least.

On the one hand, they want to be adored and admired. But, on the other, they also want to be feared and revered. Such is the contrary, paradoxical and petty ego of all men with too much power and too little understanding of what it means to have been given tools to advance civilization. Such men don't always know how to use the power they've attained. To say that they're buttertoes, in contrast to butterfingers, is an accurate, but inadequate, description of their behavior.

Because of optics, I'm sure these tyrants are figuratively much more afraid of a toenail clipper than they are of looking down the barrel of a gun. The thought of them being no different than the rest of us must terrify them. By comparing

them to ourselves, we weaken their grip on us. We remind them that they, too, are going to meet their MAKER.

We all know that totalitarian types would never choose to suck cock rather than steal. Stealing is what they love most. Why would they demean themselves in their own eyes with a sexual practice that they reserve for women when stealing feels so much better to them? Masculinity is perceived as diminished, squandered or spent when a man bends down to suck another man's cock.

What no man realizes is that in the Creation Story Moses describes GOD as having breathed life into Adam's nostrils. We all intuitively and logically know that it wasn't GOD'S breath that created Adam. It was HIS semen. It was man's mind that GOD figuratively set aflame, not just his body, when HE gave him life. It's the ability to think that ignites us. Moses just found a clever way of equating semen with spirit. He described the awakening of man's mind in the most socially appropriate terms of his day. He didn't want to equate GOD's semen with air.

What Moses really wanted to say was that every Adam experiences GOD'S cum like a fire that burns in his chest. This is what only our nose knows. This is why using our nose [intuition] to perceive reality – rather than our eyes and ears – is such a valuable skill.

Although we can't remember our first breath, every infant knows the sting of literally taking its first breath to come alive and join the world we share. Moses tried to remind us of that flame [air] we inhaled without jolting us awake against our will.

If a dictator is no different from us physically, and if his body is made in the image of GOD, just as ours is, what does that say about what will happen to him when he dies?

What does it mean when his erection figuratively shrinks for the last time and his devoted followers can't figuratively inhale the life-giving force they think he exudes that makes

them feel so alive and special? What happens to every god on Earth when he meets the GOD who created him?

We can all see hyper-religious Republicans in government and industry building pyramids to their own greatness. They know they won't be buried in a pyramid like ancient pharaohs who were deified in their tombs. Today's contemporary pharaohs will have to settle with their remains contained in a mausoleum with a flat roof. A pyramid would be considered gauche by today's "civilized" standards…

Today's power mongers at the top of the pyramid of power are fighting one another in the Republican Party while their base is eroding beneath them. Their pyramid of power is shrinking like a penis. Their power base is collapsing, thereby threatening their alliances with power mongers worldwide.

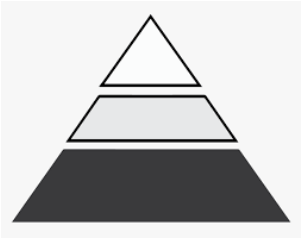
The problem for the Republicans lies on the other side of the aisle. The atheists in the Democratic Party are influencing us with godlessness. They're moving away from all religious models without a sufficiently mapped inner world. They're turning into SORCERER'S apprentices. And that's also very bad.

The rectangular concept of power with everyone having equal access to the top is replacing pyramid power. This is causing turmoil for those of us who love Israel and want Zionism and our Jewish influence on world thought to make a difference when it comes to everyone's view of LIFE after life.

We, Jews, are always the pickle in the middle who must advocate for the wellbeing of both sides. This is the virtue in being 0.2% of the world's population. We can't take just one side. We have to lead everyone and follow everyone. We have to express both the masculine and feminine sides of ourselves. We have to worry about LIFE after life without giving up our Tutor. And yet, we also have to remember that we all share the same TEACHER.

The erosion of the racist, Black-and-White, pyramid model of power, where the Blacks were at the bottom and the Whites were at the top produced unpleasant thoughts and feelings for every one with righteous aspirations. We all learned from that mistake when Obama took his seat at the top of the rectangle of power. We were all reminded that GOD created Black people with the same aspirations for power and success that White people have.

The image below is the way things looked before:



What looked like a mighty pyramid with one race of people at the top now looks more like a mole hill by comparison. This model collapsed on January 20, 2009 with the inauguration of a Black President, terrifying some White Republicans. They felt exposed for being mixed together with those they'd spent generations trying to separate themselves from.

The Democratic rectangle of today gives equal access to everyone to go from the bottom to the top. – within reason. There are inner forces that propel or arrest us that must be understood.

Here is what the rectangular concept of power looks like now. It brings the potential for hope and optimism into everyone's inner world first:



If billionaires don't see themselves as pharaohs, they're blind. If they don't see their employees as slavedrivers and slaves depending on the value of their contribution, they're deluded.

But if they don't give up the pyramid model of power for the rectangular model, they'll have more to worry about their future than any of us will. LIFE after life requires belief in one GOD. That should make every despot quiver in his boots right down to his toenails.

Jackass

In Glinda's book, Home Schooled, she said that every Mary in San Francisco is screaming out to the world to love GOD'S Son, not the jackass He rode in on.

In San Francisco, we're always trying to find new ways to reveal to the masses how the power mongers are behaving like abominable dicks who are screwing everybody over.

It's not just the gays who can see what's happening. We've made alliances with straights around the world to try to get everyone to see that some world leaders are figuratively doing to their countrymen what we only love to do with men literally.

The topic of anal sex begins in Genesis with the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. Sodom represents anal sex between men. Gomorrah represents oral sex between men. GOD didn't waste any time in bringing the topic of sexuality to the table. The moral question for me lies in discerning when I'm engaging in these practices literally or figuratively. I have no moral problem fucking my boyfriend literally. But I have a huge, moral problem in fucking him over.

I see Donald Trump as like a golden calf, an idol the hyper-religious, Republicans are dancing around. I think he hopes to get his constituents to follow him because he comes across as the leader who'll unite the billionaires. I think helping Israel is just a way for him to make his way through the church to the keys to the vault in the bank.

The first chapter of the Quran is a preamble. But the second chapter of the 114 chapters of the Quran is the first simile for GOD: a cow. This is the first description of GOD. Moses presented the Golden Calf as the birth of an idea: GOD brought down to earth by monotheists as a holy idol.

The Golden Calf is the god the Israelites forged from gold and then danced around in the desert. This was the first mistake the ancient Israelites made about the nature of

reality in relationship to the nameless God [Y.H.V.H.] Moses used to lead his people out of bondage to freedom.

The hyper-religious, Republican concept of GOD is nothing like a cow. Their concept of GOD is the FATHER of Jesus. They hold His name [Jesus: Yeshua: Savior] as the only righteous name for the God within them.

But the LORD of us all, in HIS infinite wisdom, uses the orthodox Jews and conservative Christians to HIS advantage. HE loves us all, not just those who call HIM by the names of ELOHIM and FATHER. HE even loves those who call HIM ALLAH.

This creates a paradox. How can our TEACHER be giving separate lessons to Jews, Christians and Muslims through our Tutors that will resolve our differences? If anything, it looks like our separate lessons in the school of life are only creating more havoc.

I, Darlean, have the answer to this question. I say, "When my inner father, archangel Gabriel, told Mary that she was going to give birth to GOD'S Son, He used the words "Ben ELOHIM." This translates as "the Son for all the names of ELOHIM everywhere in the world at that time." Jesus is the Son of the FATHER; He's the Christian Tutor from our TEACHER. He's even a prophet from GOD acknowledged by Muslims."

Mormons believe in other prophets, but they don't believe in another GOD. There are other religions that pop up from time to time. They always include new dogmas, but not a new GOD. The time in history when people believed in more than one GOD is over. Now we're just fighting over names, places and bad behaviors.

The hyper-religious Republicans not only hate those who pray to all names for GOD except FATHER, Son and Holy Spirit. They hate Brown Catholics, Black Protestants and even their own figuratively rainbow-colored gay children. Because of the pandemic, berating [yellow] Asians has become a new, favorite pastime for them, too.

Once you start to separate GOD using various names without conscious understanding that there's only one of HIM, there's no end to the misery you create in the world we share and in your inner world, as well.

If Jesus is going to be accepted worldwide as one of the names for the God within us, then hyper-religious Christians are going to have to learn how to respect and admire all GOD'S names. Their condescending and patronizing attitude toward anyone who worships GOD by any other name is ignorant, appalling and unacceptable. It only makes their racist, homophobic and misogynistic urges all the more apparent to the rest of us.

But the condescension from the left from atheist Democrats who laud ALLAH but denigrate the FATHER and ELOHIM is ridiculously hypocritical in other ways.

So, choose. Are you in favor of gay sex or are you in favor of a Jewish state? These are your only options.

When Israel passes marriage equality, it will only make that choice harder for the world. It's climbing up to that legal summit that's causing all the problems in Israel, not Israel's neighbors. In my opinion most of the orthodox Jews would rather convert to Islam than see Israel achieve marriage equality…

The hyper-religious Republicans give a token nod to Hashem ["the Name" in Hebrew] which stands in place of Adonai ["my Lord" in Hebrew], the pseudonym for the God within [Y.H.V.H.] that we, Jews, pray to.

The name for the generic concept of the God within the Jews is unpronounceable because it's an acronym. It stands for אֶהְיֶה אֲשֶׁר אֶהְיֶה, which means "will be riches will be." When Moses asked the God within him at the Burning Bush who he should say sent him back to Egypt, God [Y.H.V.H.] tactfully told him He doesn't make deals with murderers. He told Moses that the outcome of his efforts would depend on the depth of his participation in getting the job done. He

implied that what would happen at the END of his life would be the consequence of his efforts throughout his life.

The policies of hyper-religious, Jewish and Christian Americans aren't just meant to protect White people from all the "heathens" they believe have them surrounded. Their politics also protect thieves.

Therefore, we need term limits on political and judicial posts. We need financial laws to force the uber-rich to pay the same percentage of tax we pay. We need to license firearms and require all civil servants to pass a test on world religions since they have to deal people whose traditions come from around the world. You can believe whatever you wish, but you have to act in a way that serves people of all faiths and the philosophy of Buddhism if you've been hired to serve the public.

All hyper-religious people the world over vociferously claim not to be prejudiced. But no thief would jeopardize his ability to loot by expressing racial, religious or gender prejudices against his victims. It's honest, upstanding, morally inclusive people that thieves are opposed to. And this problem is coming from both sides of the political aisle.

Elephantids

The ELEPHANT in the room is GOD, who goes by the most commonly held names of BRAHMA, ELOHIM, FATHER and ALLAH. These are the standard, contemporary names for HIM, even though there are seven paths up the mountain of faith, which includes the Buddhist path that leads to faith in yourself and Taoist path which accounts for paradox despite the 16 names for the virtues of the gods they strive for and refer to using male and female personifications of our DEITY.

Each of these seven paths includes a panoramic view, but only from one side. You've got to make your way up from the indigenist plain all the way around the mountain spirally, to get the complete view. This is what gives spiritually well-educated people their vision, and doesn't leave them susceptible to conspiracies, fantasies and pipe dreams.

The Hindus have a story about blind men who touched an ELEPHANT. Those blind men argued with one another because they all suffered from spiritual elephantids. Nowadays we call that a swelled head. Each insisted that his interpretation of what he'd experienced was the only possible, correct answer.

It's about time you start to use your inner eye in conjunction with your outer eyes. It's about time you interpret reality, not just use it just to survive by applying science and technology to attaining physical comforts.

There's more to having a brain than you'll discover using just your head. If you don't make your way figuratively through your stiff neck to discover what's hidden in plain sight in your heart and elsewhere in your body, you're no smarter than the Israelites who were shackled to slave driving indigenists in ancient Egypt.

Buddhist Guilt

Buddhist guilt is an oxymoron. The Buddha explored suffering as the cause of punishment, not guilt. Siddhartha Gautama was a prince who knew very little about Hinduism and its many names for GOD-consciousness before he became the Buddha [enlightened one]. But his story suggests that he may have had a wife and children that he abandoned to seek that enlightenment.

Guilt is the cause of suffering. Suffering is the result of mistakes made, whether or not you feel guilty about what you've done wrong. When you don't acknowledge that you may be guilty of actions you aren't aware of, GOD gives you challenges to atone for that that will reward you with greater self-knowledge for managing your life heroically. Such challenges always include suffering. Without reasons for the body [pain] and soul [suffering] we were given, we don't learn to move in the direction of the indigo awe and violet ecstasy of the miracle of life inherent in hope.

The gift from GOD via the Buddha for all of humanity, not just Buddhists, is the gift of self-knowledge that leads to faith in yourself, not faith in HIM. Once you can believe in yourself, you can then open your mind to the possibility of there being one GOD who created us all.

But without suffering, you'll never entertain the idea that you may be guilty of not knowing yourself sufficiently deeply. Without suffering, you'll never entertain the idea that you need to atone for impurities in your thinking.

That said, I was a spiritual masochist. I thought punishing myself with illogical thoughts, irrational feelings, unreasonable beliefs and an unsound yearning for thrilling sensations would bring me good luck. It only brought on mental illness.

I'm sure there are chemical imbalances that account for mental illnesses. I believe in the unity of the mind and body. I'm only advocating for exploration of the mind. I'm not

advocating to discount matters of the body that the medical industry can manage by alleviating suffering through medical means. That's a very real path to happiness, but it's not the path I can speak about knowledgeably.

The mind is made up of seven forces that I've already enumerated for you. Here is another way of looking at them:

Timing	Location	Inner Forces
Birth	Navel	Contemplation
Infancy	Face	Reflection
Childhood	Head	Thoughts
Adolescence	Genitals	Sensations
Young Adult	Heart	Feelings
Middle Age	Backbone	Meditation
Old Age	Soul	Beliefs

An impure mind causes errors of judgment. Without conscious awareness of the fire that's figuratively burning between your heart and soul in your breastplate, you won't be able to separate the real [external] from the surreal [internal].

Those who don't believe they've done anything they need to atone for feel autonomous. They don't seek freedom, liberty and emancipation from the inside out. At best, they seek these attributes externally. But that always seems to involve inflicting needless pain and suffering on the innocent, especially gays and Jews.

Buddhist guilt feels no different than any other guilt. But Buddhist guilt is divided into two branches, while all other guilt is divided into three.

The first branch of guilt is embarrassment of your genitals. The penis corresponds to the defiant voice of the serpent in the Creation Story. It tempts us to be attracted to the body GOD gave to some other people. We're tempted to want what they got. We're tempted to want to penetrate what they have or be penetrated by what they have.

We experience that yearning as lust. Sometimes we lust for the other person. Sometime we lust to be the other person. This is why the serpent in the Creation Story is described as beguiling.

Granted, you may already have learned how to tolerate, accept and admire your own body. But the expression of your desires [+] that emerged in puberty as lust was a yearning for something your body could give you that you wanted to share with others. This makes lust paradoxical. You have it [+], and yet you want [–] it. You desire [+] more of it, yet you also desire [+] to give it away.

Some people desire [+] to be wanted. Some people desire [+] to want. Some desire [+] both. But when your body goes through hormonal changes at puberty, the concept of being a tree vanishes. You suddenly see yourself as an animal with lusts.

The animals Noah brought on board the ark were expressions of lust GOD asked him to collect. When you bring your lusts to life, the concept of having your instincts penned up inside your hull until you reach safe harbor gives this allegory universal meaning.

The word "ark" in Hebrew [aron] also means "closet." Noah's construction of an ark mirrors the sexual closet all children come out of at puberty. Using Torah to explain sexuality makes far more sense than using Torah to repress sexuality.

This first branch of guilt is called embarrassment. Embarrassment is what motivated Adam and Eve to cover their genitals. When approached slowly and methodically with knowledge, embarrassment transforms into modesty. Those who are modest aren't overwhelmed with inclinations of their lustful urges. They eventually focus their physical yearnings into sex with one special person in order to discover the other mysterious secrets of their being.

The rainbow Noah saw after the flood is the hope adolescents experience after the flood of hormones cease.

Hope is based on matters of the heart. Hope moves us through the seven colors of the rainbow that guide our feelings toward GOD from a second place in inner space.

Color	Emotion	Instinct
Red	Anger	Lions, Tigers, Bears
Orange	Anxiousness	Mice
Yellow	Fear	Sloths, Possums
Green	Covetousness	Chameleons, Camels
Blue	Sorrow	Dogs, Elephants
Indigo	Awe	Owls, Octopuses
Violet	Ecstasy	Peacocks, Parrots

The second branch of guilt is shame of one's character. When you hurt someone you love, you hurt yourself as well. The suffering you inflict on them is but a mirror of the suffering you inflict upon yourself if you're a good person. So, if you hurt anyone, you'll suffer for having done so, whether you want to, or not. This is fleshed out in the Eastern concept of karma.

When you move through shame regularly; when you've made a fool of yourself in many awkward ways – you eventually become humbled to the joy of freedom, liberty and emancipation instead of the glee that comes of autonomy.

The consequence of moving through shame with dignity leads to humility. Humility is especially personally vital because it opens your mind to learning with conscious awareness of what you're putting yourself through to achieve the rewards of knowing yourself.

Changing the motivations of others isn't an especially humbling experience. Changing your own motivations is very humbling.

When you've improved your nature, you draw closer to yourself. This moves you through self-knowledge to self-love. It moves you through wisdom to the wisdom in your

own heart. This is an especially precious improvement that comes from the lessons of life brought to us by our TEACHER through our Tutor.

The third and final level of universal guilt doesn't apply to Buddhists. This is why I said that the Buddhist path of guilt has only two branches, while all others have three. This third branch of guilt is humiliation before the LORD.

This world is like a school, and for a believer, GOD is like a teacher who's with us teaching us at all times. A believer in GOD [regardless of the name s/he uses for HIM] experiences humiliation before HIM, not just embarrassment and shame. A believer knows that s/he's accountable to GOD for a lifetime of lessons, just as is every pupil to a teacher in a classroom for a semester.

The Buddhists may claim that they humiliate themselves before the Buddha, but the Buddha never aspired to be GOD or claimed to be a god. He aspired to be himself beyond the need for any physical containment. Such is the concept of NIRVANA.

Like every other person who ascends the mountain of faith, Buddhists realize that every action produces equal and opposite reactions. But only when you've reached the three levels of self-intimacy through guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation], that produce suffering, can you equate that truth to your evolving relationship with GOD.

The reward for moving through embarrassment with dignity is modesty. The reward for moving through shame with pride is humility. And the reward for moving through humiliation with stateliness is grace, devotion to GOD.

All three of these virtues can be shared with others. But no one can know what you've achieved unless they'd moved through guilt on their own. Understanding these words intellectually is a fool's paradise. You must experience them with your heart and soul.

Then you can say that all seven of the forces within you, not just the one path of faith you took to the summit, are real.

Then can you produce the loyalty to life necessary to paradoxically both fear and love GOD using all HIS names because HE's the GIVER of life, not just the GIVER of names. Because HE gave you life, you breathe in HIS honor.

Promoting the Son of GOD

You may wish to achieve the confidence you see in some others that you haven't yet attained. I'm very confident about spiritual matters. But my knowledge is very limited in external world issues. I'm not well-informed or well educated about the highly technical world we live in today. Therefore, I'm suspicious and frightened of some things.

Additionally, I have obsessive thoughts that I fumble through by using compulsive behaviors to manage those thoughts. That's not at all attractive. When I look at the obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings I have, I'm at a loss at what to do. I pray for answers from the God within me. But I know that each test I take will require me to struggle, regardless of the help others offer.

I'm like Samson and Delila. My ego [Samson's hair] grows. I can't help it or stop it. But the feminine side of me [Delilia] cuts me down regularly. [Judges 13-16] I always learn something about my ego from my tests. I always come away a bit stronger internally, even if I've had to give up something I previously believed.

I didn't realize how OCD [obsessive/compulsive disorder] I was until Will started to complain about me taking him for granted. What he wanted to say was that I was consumed with my own thoughts and feelings, which caused me not to consider his thoughts and feelings sufficiently.

I didn't understand what he was trying to tell me. I didn't see him as my Delilia. I didn't see how I wanted to give up my brute strength to be more like him. Now I do.

When my thoughts become obsessive [illogical] and my feelings become compulsive [irrational], I experience beliefs that aren't reasonable. Being consumed with traumatic issues from my past that had wounded the way I thought and felt were the real cause of wants [–] that overwhelmed me. Now I can look back at how senseless some of my actions

were because my penis had control over my head, heart and soul.

My penis [serpent] wasn't only at fault. My thoughts [Adam] and feelings [Eve] were also to blame. Once I could see that I could trust my desires [+], I could see how passionately I wished for the good of us all.

GOD didn't question the serpent in the Creation Story. HE only questioned Adam who blamed Eve, and Eve who blamed the serpent. [Genesis 3:8-20]

GOD cursed the serpent, but I can't curse my penis. I love my penis. I love my testicles. Now that I've seen the value in what Eve did, I can see how GOD has helped me. HE's clothed me in rewards, not just garments. HE's admitted out loud, "The man has now become like one of US, knowing good and evil. He must not be allowed to reach out his hand and take also from the tree of LIFE and eat, and live forever."

Clearly, this is precisely what we must do. GOD wouldn't have said it out loud if HE didn't want us to be tempted to do it.

I blame my serpent for my wants [–]. I laud my serpent for my desires [+]. I blame the man and the woman in me for my vices [–]. I laud them for my virtues [+].

I cherish and admire the delivery device of the fruit juice that emanates out of the mouth of my serpent. My serpent is responsible for desires [+] that have improved my life immensely. I'm a sensuous person, not just a sexual person. My passions are the source of my goals and aspirations.

You may wish to achieve the love you see some others enjoying that you may not think you can attain. But self-love includes forgiveness of yourself and mercy of others. It's better to start your search for a soulmate from within than online. How in the world are we going to create peace on Earth without peace of mind?

You're certainly no fool if you've read this far in this book. If your love of others is imperfect, you won't want to

love yourself as poorly and faithlessly as you love them. Better to practice on yourself, and when you've perfected self-love, then explore other-love. Don't burden yourself with a broken heart. Protect your heart and you'll learn the loyalty needed to protect other people's hearts.

Imagine that you live in two apartments in two buildings. One is the comfortable abode you're in when with others. The other is the secret abode within yourself. The interior design, decor and furnishings of each apartment is different. And you need to be able to make your way through both places as though you were blind.

To promote yourself externally, you're going to need to have something to promote. You can't honestly endorse a product you don't use or admire. You can't market a service you don't subscribe to. You can't popularize someone you don't yet know. This may leave you in a spiritual Catch-22 if you've been trying to serve your wants [–] instead of your desires [+].

Promote yourself before you promote Jesus. You're more important than your name for the God within you. Your actions must live up to your aspirations for you to live up to His aspirations for you.

The hyper-religious, Christian world is losing, rather than gaining, adherents to their evangelical beliefs because they promote Jesus instead of themselves. That's not humble. That's foolhardy.

They don't aspire to perfect themselves with His help. They don't want to accept visits from Him in their secret, inner abode. They only want to talk about Him with others in their public space. When the messenger relays a message that he obviously isn't living, it makes the message less appealing. The message becomes less relevant.

Christians have seen throughout the ages how badly they've treated others. The Holocaust wasn't an anomaly. It was the culmination of 20 centuries of promoting Jesus to

others in public, not living with him as a Tutor who makes house calls.

The orthodox Jews promote the wisdom of Adonai. The rightwing Christians promote the love of Jesus. And the fanatical Muslims promote the loyalty of archangel Gabriel.

But they don't model it. In fact, they all promote foolishness, hatred and disloyalty to the one GOD of us all. They've been given a Tutor from our TEACHER. But they spend most of their time discussing the superiority of the Tutor they were given. This doesn't promote learning.

This is a tragedy of universal proportions. This is a reason to receive punishment, if not during their lifetime, then certainly afterwards.

There were Jewish martyrs until the siege of Masada. There ae Christian and Muslim martyrs still today. A martyr is a hyper-religious student of life who believes there's no other Tutor than the one given by GOD to his faith.

This is why some adults behave in an infantile manner. Those who can see through this faulty logic but can't explain it, behave childishly. And those who can see it and explain it in others, but don't see it in themself, behave like juvenile delinquents.

When I was insane, I was like an adult in name only. I never despised anyone because of their religion, nationality, race, sexuality or gender. I despised me because of my religion, nationality, sexuality and gender. I only had to learn how to question my illogical thoughts, irrational feels, unreasonable beliefs and senseless wants [–].

Lack of experience in operating yourself like a technical device makes self-love a difficult subject to teach. I'm sure you love your iPhone. I'm sure you love your washing machine for alerting you by phone when the dry cycle is finished. If you don't see yourself as like a technical device that you need to expand your knowledge about, you won't do well in the 21st Century.

Just look at your grandparents. They're outdated remnants from the 20th Century. They can't keep up with today's world. You'll become as obsolete as them if you don't use your technical knowledge to upgrade yourself. You must apply what you've learned in the external world to your internal world. You must move back and forth between your two apartments until they look so similar that you feel at home in both.

GOD knows, Jesus tried to get the ancient Jews out of their head and into their heart to spread the spirit from their head into their heart to come to love one another.

But the Christians haven't done any better than the Jews when it comes to promoting peace on Earth and inner peace. Sometimes you have to hit your forehead with the palm of your hand, shake your head from side to side and ask yourself, "What are these pyromaniacs thinking? It doesn't look like they know the first thing about the fire that burns within them!"

To promote GOD, you have to know yourself well enough to promote yourself through your deeds, not just your words. You have to interact with others in ways that leave them in awe of your abilities and passion to express only your virtues [+].

To apply the virtues you espouse, you should achieve the rewards of [1] work [money], [2] worship [faith] and [3] werk [psychological insight]. The combination of all three will leave you in awe of how you behave most of the time regardless of how others behave.

Their grades aren't going on your report card. You can be a billionaire who's failing your spiritual classes in the school of life. You can be an outstanding student of life who's a self-sufficient middleclass worker sitting in the front row near the TEACHER.

Don't get caught up in money. Keep your eye on the honey. If the billionaires don't get the message, express the message better. Eventually, they will. They put their pants

on one leg at a time just like the rest of us. Someday, we'll all be able to say we're proud of our pharaohs. We're proud of our slavedrivers. And we're proud of our slaves. And the reason for that will be because we'll see ourselves as all three. We'll use the system given to us by GOD and described by Moses.

That will leave you promoting you to yourself, which will demonstrate the reasons for your pursuit of confidence without fanfare. That will spread the wisdom and love you've attained with deeds rather than words.

The patriarchal power structure is far from dead. There are fools who act like "son gods" all over the world. They're pyromaniacs who start figurative fires in forests where trees of knowledge and trees of life are so parched from lack of rain [love] that the least, little spark sets them aflame. Those who see to it that they're well-watered aren't susceptible to such sparks. Embers of hatred burning with greed don't ignite them.

The Holocaust was just such a conflagration started by White, Christian men who thought they were their God's gift in creating an empire that would last a thousand years. It lasted twelve.

Jews may not be considered White by hyper-religious, Christian standards of purity because we don't refer to the God within using the same name [Jesus]. But the hyper-religious Christians promise to save Israel because they think Jesus will turn God-fearing Jews into Christians 220 years from now.

If you're doing badly in school, you need a tutor in the subject you're failing. If you're failing more than one subject, you need more than one tutor.

Your Tutor isn't going to take credit for your grades. You are. You did the work. Your Tutor is going to go back to the school ADMINISTRATOR to boast about your progress, not His.

If you're interested in becoming a star, the best way to attempt to sparkle is first by observing the rays of LIGHT others emit. Look at the illumination [wisdom] and warmth [love] they shine. And then compare and contrast their LIGHT to your own.

If you look at someone like RuPaul [gay], you see what a neutron star looks like. He was once a supergiant. What you see today is the collapsed core after he went through supernova. He's become a tutor for other gay students of life who respect him for his wisdom, love and loyalty to our community.

"Neutron stars are the smallest and densest currently known class of stellar objects of the universe. Once formed, they no longer actively generate heat. They cool over time. However, even neutron stars may still evolve further." [Internet]

Harvey Milk was a neutron star. RuPaul is a neutron star. I'm a neutron star. You could be one, too. It's not that hard to go supernova. All you have to do is honor your parents instead of loving them. Then, you'll see the virtues [+] and vices [–] you have in common. Then, you can pick up the werk they started and bring their efforts a little further.

This is the essence of the 5th Commandment. This will lead you to the second tablet with the Commandments you need to apply to yourself, not others.

I assume you do kill [6], cheat [7], steal [8], lie [9] and covet [10]. You probably assume that you don't. Explore each of these Commandments and decide for yourself how much you resemble an angel disguised and/or disclosed.

The hyper-religious Christians believe in Jesus as the Son and the sun personified. The secularists know this is too limited a view of the mysteries of the universe, but they can't quite fathom reality deeply enough to describe the mystery of life any better.

They're lost in one of the many religious masquerades. It's what you reveal through your behavior that makes all the difference.

Optics is presumed to be the study of what you look like in others' eyes. It is, and it's not. Optics is also the study of what you look like in your own eyes.

If you can't see yourself as imperfect in any way, start listening to what you sound like. If you can't hear anything egotistical, arrogant and selfish in what you sound like, start using your nose to smell inside yourself. That's what I had to do. And boy, was there a stench!

To promote you to yourself, you'll need to see yourself as a star surrounded by a very dark night, even by day. You'll need to learn all you can about the stars in your own constellation before you start traipsing across your inner universe looking to solve other people's problems in far-distant corners of the universe. You'll want to become an inner astronomer observing your own soul, not just someone dying to leave a star on Hollywood Blvd.

Our love of movie stars is admirable, but hardly adequate. If you can't see yourself shining brightly day and night, you'll never become the kind of HEAVENLY body you dream of being. You'll only behave like some planet or asteroid that circles around some other HEAVENLY body that has you in its gravitational grip.

Jesus described Himself as like a bready substance [flesh] which incased a wine-like liquid [blood]. Those were the first religious symbols that focused Jews on GOD having created everybody in HIS image. They were the symbolism Jesus added to the main metaphor of Moses to help universalize his message.

You're like bread and wine. Everybody is like bread and wine. Whether you're like milk [love] and honey [wisdom] is questionable. If you're like milk and honey, you're going to promote Judaism. You're going to defend Israel.

If you have a bone to pick with the Jews, welcome to my club. I'm gay. Join the gay community in promoting marriage equality in Israel. Don't promote religious imbeciles who want to destroy Israel out of greed. Don't promote Nazi conspirators who want to wipe out gays and Jews.

If you don't understand the wisdom of using metaphor, you aren't going to appreciate wisdom of the heart [symbolism]. And then, when it comes to exploring the similes of Islam with an open mind and a loving heart, you'll only fill yourself with prejudice and narrow-mindedness. For this, there is no LIFE after life. Get with the program.

Curiosity didn't kill the cat. It's suffering that kills curiosity. Suffering shuts the coffin lid on those who only seek to solve their dilemmas using dogma.

Self-promotion requires self-knowledge. Self-knowledge requires knowledge of life from both a scientific and religious perspective. If you distain one or the other aspects of reality, expect to get lessons in the outcome of fate, and not rewarded with anticipation of the ecstasy of achieving your destiny.

This is a message for Democrats who hate Israel and Republicans who hate gay people. This is a message for Muslims who are killing each other in their effort to get to be martyrs for killing gays and Jews in the Middle East. This is a message for pharaohs, slavedrivers and slaves who are so P.C. that they refuse to use a spade proudly because they don't want to call a spade a spade.

Bringing the Bible to Bed with You

My boyfriend is Catholic. He's the personification of the New Testament. I'm Jewish. I'm the personification of the Old. When together naked in bed, we're two books facing one another. We share a cover which others perceive as a home, financial responsibility to each other and a life celebrated with joy and intimacy.

When we have sex, we figuratively rub our Testaments up against one another. Just by being natural and unaffected while naked in each other's presence, we explore the meaning of being holy chests.

We may be as vastly different as religious bodies, but we're just two human bodies who are physically, intellectually, emotionally and spiritually curious to explore one another with dignity and love. And that has made for a vibrant sex life that's only gotten better over the course of the ten years we've been together. Such is an act of GOD that cannot be torn asunder. This is what it means to be a match made in HEAVEN.

Will refuses to marry me because he knows I'm married to myself. I married myself at the Wailing Wall on April 11, 2008 a couple of years before we met. I enjoy marriage with myself, and I have a monogamous relationship on the side with a hot guy who means as much to me as I do.

Missionary Position

The missionary position isn't really comfortable for gay men to achieve orgasm. If we want to take one another to HEAVEN, we have to go around the world in many other ways to get THERE. That's why our soles [souls] are so often facing HEAVEN while enjoying ecstasy with one another…

Missionaries are different from Marys with a mission. The San Francisco Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence are Marys with a mission. They try to teach people to indulge their desire [+] to make love through all that they do. They promote self-love as the source of other-love. And out of respect for people of other faiths and philosophies, they leave Jesus and His mother out of it.

If you don't know that you have to love yourself before you can give your love to others, you may not know enough about the symbols Jesus brought His disciples. How can you give something you haven't received because you showed no personal interest in it? How can you receive it from yourself if you don't know how to produce it?

Love, like wisdom, has to be generated. In that way, your heart is like your head even though one is rational and the other, logical.

Your head consumes knowledge and turns it into wisdom. Facts, data, statistics, information, evidence and knowledge don't produce wisdom on their own. They lead you toward knowledgeable answers in the outer world that act like carrots to a stubborn mule.

Wisdom is the application of knowledge to new experiences in logical ways. If you don't apply what you know with righteous actions in the external world, you won't achieve wisdom. You'll just become a know-it-all.

Your heart consumes feelings and turns them into love. Compassion, concern, consideration, care, kindness, benevolence and empathy don't produce wisdom of the heart

on their own. They lead you toward heartfelt answers in the outer world. But if you don't apply what you feel with righteous actions in the external world, you won't achieve self-love. You won't produce a well you can return to for more love to quench the thirst of others.

You revealed the rainbow in your heart after the angry downpour of thunder and lightning ended in the blue-gray skies of sorrow that occurred at puberty. When your heart was broken, that rainbow leaked out of your heart and started to shine in your chest.

Rain only comes with clouds [troubles]. And clouds only come with the winds of change [acts of GOD and acts of man]. Once it rains, and you feel the sorrow inside that nurtures your nature, you may be so lucky as to perceive the rainbow aglow in your heart.

This rainbow of the heart starts out in cherubs pastel in color. They're motivated to celebrate the trials and tribulations of romantic love as would any cupid who shoots for the sheer delight of being able to hit the mark.

But over time, the colors of the rainbow in your heart deepen. Your feelings become saturated with more self-love. Your feelings become jewel toned. You come to appreciate the mystery of the perpetuity of love. Love feels eternal when you produce a level of love so rich in tint and tone that it makes you hue-man.

It's really that poetically cheesy and simple. So, I'm not going to go into the details of romantic UPS and downs. Find out for yourself how love melts the cynical shell you created to protect yourself.

Pharaoh had a hard heart. You know how that feels. It's not your firstborn son you lost. It was your firstborn inner child. You've been grieving for a lifetime over the greed that leads to self-misery. You've been grieving for a lifetime over the glutton who punishes you with food devoid of food-for-thought.

Milk [love] and honey [wisdom] produce a land where everybody wants to live. All the Muslim clawing to regain Palestine is for a piece of PARADISE GOD already gave to the Jews.

The totalitarians who pay the politicians force them to convince their constituents that they're winning every war they wage. The Palestinians know they've lost every war against Israel since 1948... Their methods only produce more madness. Look at how that madness has spread back to its source in Iran. There's no milk or honey in their actions. Naturally, GOD doesn't give them what they want [–].

I may only be 21, but I feel like an old man whenever I have to say things again and again because people are too caught up using their eyes and ears to smell the truth. Even if you think you're so straight that you only take the missionary position with a woman in bed, you're still going to have to prove that you've produced fruits from your inner labors. You're still going to have to have-and-hold a mission which is greater than just making babies. There are far too many babies in this world already and far too few people who know how to raise them with spiritual regard for all of humanity.

It's time to stop to take on a mission that will produce love [milk] and wisdom [honey]. That alone will change minds, transform hearts and teach people how to transcend their beliefs in soulful ways using a level of GOD consciousness that's based on self-awakening, and not blind obedience to hyper-religious fools supported by totalitarians here and abroad.

Seek adoration of yourself. Look back every night at what you did that day for clues to the star shining within you. Look for examples of how you produce an aura around yourself as the result of the ways in which you bring peace into other people's turbulent lives.

You may not get adoration from your family. You may not get it from your colleagues, friends or neighbors. This is

why it's so vital that you devote your life to seeking adoration from yourself.

How will you adore the God you believe is in your breastplate, heart or soul in if you don't have that adoration to give Him? Adore yourself. Then spread that good news, making sure your God is the last to receive the bounty of your adorations.

To create adoration out of thoughts, feelings and beliefs [head, heart and soul], you only need to turn knowledge into wisdom; red rage into love; and beliefs into actions that make you proud.

Then, you'll come to adore yourself naturally and easily regardless of what you're physically missing. Then you, too, will come to see the difference between the real [external] and the surreal [internal]. Then you'll discover the very personal reasons why GOD wishes for you to experience guilt from time to time.

Gabriel, Glinda and Darlean

My first 17 books were about the seven paths up the mountain of faith. That was a dedication to the need to guide the hyper-religious. Those were crumbs I scattered for the deeply perplexed to make their way with me through the forest.

From that exercise in loving my enemies, I could easily see there's only one GOD who goes by several names. And from my study of all the major scriptures on Earth, I was able to create associations with those faiths to the inner forces that have blessed me with the voice to speak my mind.

Call me Darlean. Don't confuse me with my inner parents, Glinda and Gabriel. I'm neither a good witch nor an archangel. I'm a new generation of angels who are disclosed, not disguised. I'm awakened in a way that was previously misunderstood. I've surpassed my inner parents.

But I'm changing too. The next generation will give birth to inner children who'll speak with even greater awakening than me.

My 18th book was called Home Schooled: Why My Inner Child Refuses to Go to College. It was written by Glinda about me when I, Darlean, was sweet 16. I was fighting with my inner mother over growing up my own way. I didn't want to continue with a traditional, formal education by just making money with the sale of my books to secure greater comforts in my external world. Fortune didn't appeal to me. But Glinda dreamed of me becoming rich and famous.

My 19th book was Call Me Glinda. It was about the good witch of the North in "The Wizard of Oz." She's related to Eve who was fashioned out of one of Adam's ribs. She's the inner woman who comes out of every man.

In Call Me Glinda, I, Darlean, didn't yet exist. Glinda worked with the character of Dorothy, a pre-pubescent, Muslim girl who just wanted to go HOME rather than have

to face the realities inherent in growing up in this seemingly GOD forsaken world we're all in.

In that retelling of Frank Baum's tale, Glinda described the inner forces as the head [Scarecrow]; heart [Tin Man]; Cowardly Lion [navel]; Toto [genitals]; and Wizard [backbone]. In that book, Glinda gave up her desire for fame and fortune. She could see that she had something more important to accomplish in life that she needed to do at the time.

Lampshade for the Light is my 20th book. This book is narrated by me, Darlean, at the spiritual age of 21. Now, I'm emancipated, not just liberated and free. Now, I'm not just as free as a Jew in Israel. I'm not just as liberated as a White Christian in Sweden. I'm as emancipated as a Muslim in PARADISE. I'm a fully grown adult behaving like a fully grown adult among adults.

Granted, I've edited all my books and have asked you to read them in the reverse order I wrote them. Coming back the same way you came described something familiar with a new perspective. UP isn't UP and down isn't down. All directions are good if your intentions are good. All directions are bad if your intentions are bad. This is the message from GOD revealed in the Tao.

I now know that I'm rowing in the same direction most people are going. When people condescend or patronize me, and our oars hit, I now know how to resume my rhythm with the rest of the crew.

Those who are rowing the wrong way will just have to learn how to add their efforts to the rhythm set by the rest of the team. We're not going to go the wrong way just because a few don't know how to row our boat gently down the stream.

Cheerful People

If there's one thing I can't abide, it's insincerely cheerful people. I avoid them like the plague. I seek joy, not happiness. I don't consciously try to pretend that I'm in a good mood, if I'm not. I can see that the insincerely cheerful are everywhere. I'm sure you've noticed.

I doubt they realize they're inadvertently advertising that they know very little about themself. They hide behind smirks, glances and tones of voice that should have alerted me sooner to how they really feel about themself.

I was once so consumed with hiding my own bad attitude that I didn't think to look at what the terminally cheerful were up to. Now that I see how insincere I can be, I talk to my God about what to do when my thoughts go down and my feelings want to hide my thoughts by going UP.

If you're Black it's painfully obvious how other people feel about you. If you're gay, it's quite obvious. If you're Asian or Latinx, it's pretty obvious. But if they discover you're Jewish, people usually disguise their thoughts about you by blaming Israel, instead of you. You can imagine how "nice" that feels…

Nobody meets a Black person and starts talking about civil rights. Nobody meets a Latinx and brings up the wars in Central and South America. But for some reason, people seem to think that giving you their opinion on Israel if you're Jewish is something you need to hear.

People aren't interested in my honey [wisdom]. So, I don't bother to give them what they don't wish for. If they don't want my honey, I offer them my milk [love], instead. If they're not interested in either, I excuse myself and move on.

I can be insincere, too. But I only do so when I feel threatened. And so, I know that everyone else must feel threatened at times, too.

I'd just like to know what's so threatening about me being gay and Jewish. What's so threatening about a gay Zionist who supports a Jewish state?

Nobody likes those who think of people only as customers, clients or patients. I'm more than somebody with money in my pocket. I'm a human being who was created by the same GOD who created everyone else. Treat me better than you treat yourself, and I'll treat you better than you treat yourself.

Inabilities and Disabilities

I have inabilities I couldn't see that I'd suffered with all my life. I didn't know what I was missing until I got out in the world and realized how much others knew how to do that I didn't. But what was more important than that was that I didn't know what I knew what to do that others couldn't.

If I'd been missing a hand, I would have been able to contrast myself to others and come to terms with what I was missing. I could have been able to ask for help in tying my shoelaces instead of languishing alone, trying to figure out what was wrong with me.

But because I was missing something abstract, I didn't think I was missing anything in literal terms. I didn't know how to put the abstract into concrete nomenclature using figurative speech. And that was a struggle that thankfully turned into a psychological skill over time.

At first, I couldn't talk to myself. I couldn't tell me what I was going through. So, it felt like people were keeping secrets from me. In truth, I was keeping secrets from myself. I didn't know what self-intimacy was or that I was lacking it.

Once I could admit that I couldn't handle some things others could handle – I became much more realistic about the inabilities that were the cause of my suffering. Once I could see what I was missing, despite the fact that that was an oxymoron, a whole host of pieces of my puzzle suddenly fit into place.

I'm like a man missing a hand doing the dishes, making the bed and tying my shoes. My inabilities seem to come and go depending on what I'm thinking much more than how I'm feeling.

Now that I can talk about what I can and can't do, I'm free to pursue what I can do and get help do what I can't do. This flexibility is the result of having shrunk the size of my ego.

I'm really more like someone who's autistic than someone who considers himself "normal." I no longer even ask myself what normal is. I'm willing to talk to anyone who doesn't make me feel physically threatened.

I can now see that I wouldn't do nearly as well with the one hand I figuratively have if I'd been given two. I've learned to content myself with what I have and to ask for help when I can't manage. I can reconcile myself to my losses because I've gained so much self-knowledge in the process.

Now that I can see what I'm missing, I can also see myself as a miracle in the making, and not a mess I'm trying to clean up.

Paradox has become the foundation for humor.

Confidence

When you walk down a street, you can only see where you're going and, if you turn around, where you've been. The buildings on both sides of the street block your view laterally.

But when you come to an intersection, you can suddenly see much further to the right and left. Then you can use your vision to make new choices about going other ways.

This is a Christian truth. This is a Christian weakness. They live life like they're on a cross. They go in one of four ways. But it's only when a Christian reaches an intersection that he begins to see the tremendous opportunity given by GOD to appreciate his path in life.

"The crossing, often called the nexus or the heart of the cross, is the square or rectangular area where the vertical and horizontal bars overlap. This is considered the strongest point of the design both visually and structurally." [Internet]

When you reach a nexus, you have choices you need to make. Thanks to pedestrian scrambles, people can now cross the street in any direction, including diagonally.

When someone stops you from going forward toward an intersection, it's because they don't want you to get to see a greater view of where you are and where you might go if you continue forward. They want you to go back to where you were before. They want you to go back where you came from. Or they want you to think that you must remain where you.

This isn't just the indigenist view of reality. This is a basic view of the world without GOD, whether you're living in a city, the suburbs or in the country. There are those in every faith who'll tell you that their God wants you to stop when they say stop and go when they say go.

During times of universal deceit when the world seems particularly incoherent and people behave in ways that seem

especially scrambled, telling the truth becomes a revolutionary act.

Unfair causes are exposed with truthfulness, as is the suffering from unwise outcomes. Guilt then becomes apparent. Mistakes are revealed. And those mistakes are often the result of greed. Blind loyalty to the way things were before can't continue.

But this isn't a helpful enough explanation of how reality looks during stressful times, so allow me to add a second metaphor to that of the cross. Life is also like a tabletop mountain, not just like the grid of city streets.

We were all born in a valley, and we're all on a tabletop mountain called life. The hills and valleys of childhood turn into the uphill climb of young adulthood. You may look back from time to time, but you can't look far forward. You're facing solid rock.

At about the age of 40, you reach the top of the tabletop mountain. That's when you can turn around and look back on your journey to see the path you took to the top.

Middle age [40-70] will take you across the top of the tabletop mountain. You can finally look down on all sides. You can see how others are climbing to the top. You can see life from all directions. You can see where you've been and where you're going.

Once you've made your way to the top of the tabletop mountain [at about the age of 40], you're expected to know North, South and East from West. You're expected to understand the four directions. You're expected to get through intersections using the traffic lights or pedestrian lights that civilized people use to get where they're going without getting into accidents [or incidents] with others.

In middle age, you're supposed to develop an inner compass that you can use for moral orientation. You're expected to make your way across the top of the mountain without any more steep inclines or descents. You're

supposed to have set yourself up for life as a card-carrying member of society.

Another word for that is "player." Life becomes a game, and you become a player. As I've already stated, in effect, there are seven teams. But there are only three Coaches in the Western world [Adonai, Jesus and archangel Gabriel]. The indigenists have coaches that correspond to the natural world. The Hindus have thousands of coaches [gods]. The Buddhists have one coach [Buddha]. And the Taoists have 16 coaches who model the attributes of spiritual success.

The indigenists, Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists players must decide if they want to help or hinder the Abrahamic teams. They must decide whether they want to help Jerusalem, Rome and/or Mecca, the home cities of these three teams.

Then, they need to decide whether they want to explore the concept of the GENERAL MANAGER of the three Coaches and what that will mean when playing against their teams.

Hindus and Buddhists believe in reincarnation. Hindus believe GOD [BRAHMA] can only be reached over many lifetimes. Unless a Hindu is working on his last lifetime, he's not going to support the idea of HEAVEN or PARADISE unless he converts to Christianity or Islam.

Taoists believe in pedestrian scramble intersections. They're free to go in any direction at a crossing, so long as the traffic light is with them. But they aren't likely to concern themselves with LIFE after life.

The advantage to supporting Judaism is that we hold no dogma about LIFE after life. You don't have to convert to Judaism to achieve GOD consciousness or an eternal reward after life. Israel is the foundation of the spiritual edifice because you can use the stairs [Buddhism] to go down to the basement [Hinduism] or to go up to the second and third stories.

The advantage to Taoism is that you can use the elevator to do the same. You can even use their lift to get to the ROOF GARDEN. Buddhism doesn't believe in the ENGINEER of the spiritual edifice. It only believes in exiting the building after many lifetimes.

When you're a team player in one of the Abrahamic faiths, the God of your ancestors is your Coach. But you soon realize that there are seven teams. You have to decide if you want to play with others or against them.

Sometimes your team wins. Sometimes your team loses. Sometimes you can improve the interior design of your apartment or your wing of the building. Sometimes you find yourself fighting with the neighbors on your floor, not just with those above or below you.

The neighbors above us killed 6,000,000 of us just in the last century. The neighbors above them have been at war with us for 80 years. If you think that your neighbors on the ground floor are difficult to live with, you may be looking out at life from a window in our building that only views one side of the building.

I suggest you take a look at what things look like from the basement windows. I suggest you use the stairs or the elevator to visit other floors. Remember that we're 0.2% of the world's population. If it was a question of numbers, we would have been evicted long ago. We would have lost the game entirely and joined the long list of players whose team no longer exists.

Unless you know how the game is played, you're going to lose more often than win. Unless you know what the view looks like from the ground floor, you're going to suffer condescension, snobbery, pomposity and contempt for your neighbors when looking out the window of your apartment.

I'm now reverting to the previous metaphor: Going down the mountain of life [after the age of 70], you get to use your moral compass to repeat the spiritual process in reverse. That makes the ascent [childhood] and the descent [old age]

meaningful in relation to your trudge across the enormous plain between the ages of 40-70, when you're given the experience of looking down from all sides.

The confidence you attain from looking at the big picture as a tabletop mountain makes every crossroad you pass through, whether you're ascending in youth, descending in old age or making your way across the plain in middle age, an act of courage.

You no longer feel that you're chosen. You feel that you're learning to choose. The Jews aren't any more chosen by GOD than anybody else. What differentiates us from everyone else is that HE chose us first to choose. But that doesn't mean that you aren't free to choose, too. It just means that you have the advantage of not having had to choose first. You can choose to behave better than us. I'd like to see more of what that looks like and less coaching from other teams.

Confidence is the result of courage, which is the result of attaining and maintaining a realistic view of reality at all times. Sometimes you've got to face the traffic while getting across the street. Sometimes you've got to face the loneliness of climbing a mountain by yourself. And sometimes you've just got to learn to suck it up and accept the neighbors in your building as they are, regardless of your differences of opinions.

Cynicism, scorn and derision of others isn't realistic, regardless of their behavior, because they were all created by the same generic GOD, regardless of the exclusive names you may use for HIM, Him or him.

In my opinion, I think everyone should support Israel. I think Hindus, Buddhists and Taoists should explore the Abrahamic faiths for knowledge of the one GOD who created us all. I think Jews, Christians and Muslims should explore the Eastern faiths. It's useful to have a basement, stairs and elevator in our building. And I believe the scaffolding created by the LGBTQIA+ community should be added to provide support for workers and materials during

construction, maintenance and repairs. Our community is especially good at using modular components like frames [new points of view], poles [symbols in place of metaphors], and platforms [similes in place of symbols].

When you can describe the choices you make in concrete terms, rather than in the abstract, you're thinking like one of GOD'S chosen. You're thinking like a Jew: metaphorically. It takes a certain amount of materialism to think materialistically. That's why America is the most potentially powerful place to live on the planet. That's why the desperate and destitute all want to come here.

Thinking materially will add enormously to your confidence and your view of your inner world in terms you can associate with the world we all have to learn to share.

I've had enormous trouble doing this, even though I understand the metaphor of Moses. I've been obsessive [–], especially about money matters. I've been compulsive [–], especially about emotional matters. And I've been repulsive [–], especially about sexual matters.

My thoughts have been obsessive [–]. My feelings have been compulsive [–]. And my pursuit of thrilling sensations has been repulsive [–].

This is what the main metaphor of Moses means to me. My penis was my problem. Until I gave up my wants [–] in favor of my desires [+], I was a pawn in my own "chest" game.

The ancient Jews needed a thousand years to get through animal sacrifices to GOD before they'd learned enough to admit that self-sacrifice was more valuable than animal sacrifice. Jews who said that out loud in those days didn't live long.

Today we have the choice of [1] choosing money or honey [wisdom]. We have the choice of [2] choosing sex or love [milk]. We have the choice of [3] choosing [inner] health or [outer] wealth. We have the choice of [4] choosing UP or down.

These are the four directions of the cross. These are the four paths of Christianity that lead to intersections that you need to make your way across.

You can see by the rift between orthodox Jews and gay Jews of today that no one is exempt from the mystery of GOD'S designs and intentions. Just quoting passages from scripture is no solution to real, world problems or surreal, inner syndromes.

There's more to life than living it like a Jew. If you can't live life gayly, you aren't going to get much out of living life Judaically.

The European world was once very suspicious and resentful of confident Jews because White Europeans couldn't see the rifts we were going through in our Jewish world. They couldn't look out the windows from the ground floor.

With the recreation of Israel in 1948, Jewish life has been exposed to the whole world. Any good person is welcome to visit our country and observe life as we live it harmoniously together. The whole world is intently watching us at all times. Those at the United Nations are obsessed with us. If you don't think so, you're asleep at the wheel of your RV [recreational vehicle].

The whole world knows that we were given a nameless God [Y.H.V.H.] within us. They know we weren't given His name for the sake of love [Jesus], discretion [Krishna] or alleviation of suffering [Buddha]. We weren't given His Taoist name for paradox [Daode Tianzun – Lord of the Way]. Nor were we given the soulful path of my father, archangel Gabriel.

We were given the name that speaks to HIS gift of guilt [Y.H.V.H.]. It's up to us to make mistakes, correct them with the whole world watching, make amends and glean the wisdom of having done so.

Suffering is the result of guilt. Guilt isn't the result of suffering. Guilt [Judaism] was chronologically given before

suffering [Buddhism]. Alleviating suffering is a noble gesture. But it's insufficient unless you can illuminate your suffering with guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation].

The stairs [Buddhism] in the Abrahamic edifice need to go somewhere. The same is true of the elevator [Taoism]. For that matter, who wants to spend their lifetime in the basement [Hinduism] with small windows at the top of those walls? Come upstairs! Take a look around from the ground floor. You'll be amazed at what you'll see.

Trying to make people suffer surely isn't going to expose their guilt. It's only going to expose yours. Come down from the penthouse [Islam]. Take a look at how we live on the ground floor [Judaism]. You'll get a much better view of the ROOF GARDEN from the scaffolding [the gay world]. You can't see where you're going just by literally looking up at the sky.

Love is a great way to atone for guilt. With love comes forgiveness. With forgives comes compassion. And with compassion comes peace.

But discretion, alleviating suffering, explaining paradox and seeking soulfulness are other excellent ways of atoning for guilt, too. After you atone, then you can see what you had to atone for. Then you're more than half way THERE.

Unfortunately, selling people on guilt has been as difficult as selling all the other aspects of GOD consciousness.

You can't give any of these gifts from GOD to others. People simply don't want them given to them. They want what they know. And if they don't know what they want, they still don't want what you know unless you can prove to them that either they already know what you know or what you know would be easy to learn.

If you learn to love yourself, honor all others and enjoy the miracle of your life as a gift of atonement to GOD, you should anticipate a reward for the way you've been living

your life. Such is the immense gift of confidence that comes with a realistic assessment of life.

You were born guilt-ridden. Don't believe the nonsense about infants being a tabula rasa. Your mind was formed already in possession of certain aspects of self-knowledge.

Some prefer one side or the other to the nature-verses-nurture debate. I believe that your first breath and then the severing of your umbilical cord produced the first physical pain and emotional suffering you went through that's associated with being alive. The way you reacted to those life lessons set you up uniquely in the direction you've been going ever since.

As someone who was born by caesarian and avoided being bruised by birth, my experience differs from most people's. But I'm not going to apologize for not having been as beaten and battered as some others by entering this world.

In addition to being born guilty, we're also born loving and soulful. We're born with curiosity that leads us to discernment and the ability to judge from the get-go. We're born with a desire [+] to alleviate our own suffering and to question the paradoxes we move through.

First, we move through guilt unconsciously. Then we're rewarded with insight into what we did that was wrong. The small child who touches a flame does so out of ignorance of his innate guilt. Once he cries out, the question remains, "What did I do so wrong that I had to be punished with pain? And why has that pain turned into suffering?"

Knowledge of guilt comes after pain and suffering. But guilt preceded it, whether or not you were aware of its presence.

I believe that the mystery of life lies in learning to take righteous actions that will assuage our guilty conscience. And the more of a conscience we claim to have, the more guilt we should associate with our actions and inactions.

The best people in the world are those who are active in making the world better for everyone, not just for the

unborn; those who have sex with the opposite gender; or those who call God: Jesus.

Inaction is a worse outcome than doubling down on ignorance with sinful behavior. We must make mistakes to grow. And, as you already know, growing is associated with trees in a garden.

Your tree of knowledge is female. Man is [y] + [z]. Woman is [x] + [z]. We got our [x] or [y] from our father. We all got a [z] from our mother.

The Tree of knowledge is feminine [X] + [Z]. The Tree of life is [Y] + [Z]. These are ideal representations that don't literally exist, other than in the mind of GOD.

We have to learn to deal with men [y] + [z] and women [x] + [z]. We have to learn about what we all have in common [z]. Information leads to knowledge. And self-knowledge leads to wisdom. If you aren't getting wiser, you're going to become a victim in playing games, a martyr at playing sports and a failure as a student learning about the school of life.

Confidence accrues. You become more realistic about the reason for your being when you put your own mask on first. The prouder you become about the problems you've solved righteously, the more confidently you'll face your next challenge.

In this way, we all explore the seven paths up the mountain of faith, in the hopes of learning to better ourself with every step we take.

Eve's Peeves

Your heart gets easily annoyed with your head. When you can finally listen to all the nonsense that pours out of your mind, you'll hear more of the crap that comes out of your mouth.

When this happens, your heart will feel squeezed with regret at what you don't know about yourself that you wish you did. You'll feel guilty. You won't just know the literal meaning of that word intellectually.

But you won't know what to do about the feeling of guilt that has finally made its way from your head into your heart. You'll realize what a novice you are at operating yourself like electricity in a machine. You've got the power. You just don't know what to do with it.

You were created by GOD. GOD made you in HIS image. HIS image has seven components. I'm teaching you how to recognize these components internally and externally. But there's an arrogance you've been given that you need to overcome. Call that arrogance defiance. And acknowledge that that defiance as literally emanating out of your anus.

Expelling food is a necessity of biological life. Expelling food-for-thought that's been bitten into, chewed on and digested must be expelled from your spiritual operating system. This is why so much guilt centers around bowel movements, toilet training and anal sex.

Eve's peeves are the result of what she ate that Adam didn't know about. "The heart has its reasons of which reason knows nothing." [Blaise Pascal] You can't blame your head for having been given the leftovers your heart learned from your penis.

You have to talk to your penis about what he told her that she didn't tell you. When the serpent asked Eve what GOD had said, she replied, "We may eat fruit from the trees in the garden, but GOD did say, 'You must not eat fruit from the

tree that's in the middle of the garden, and you must not touch it, or you'll die.'" [Genesis 3:2-3]

We only know that GOD had told Adam that he couldn't eat from the Tree of knowledge. We learned that we couldn't touch it from Eve. Either this is news that Eve got from Adam or GOD that wasn't literally described to us in Torah, or she was exaggerating.

In my opinion, it doesn't matter. I know that I didn't have permission to touch myself. I knew that as an infant. I forgot that as a child when I literally had the ability to scratch my itches. But when I reached puberty, my ability to touch myself took on new meaning.

As a teenager, I felt I needed to sneak around in order to get the opportunity to touch myself without anyone knowing or seeing what I was doing. It was as if my penis was begging me to touch it. I couldn't say "no."

It took many years for me to get comfortable touching myself by myself before I could ask another person to touch me for me. Sex with myself was a preview to sex with others. Touching me was a preview to touching others.

I tried touching one person at a time. I tried touching many people at once. I tried all sorts of ways of touching to learn what felt good to me. How could I know what I liked without experience?

But over a lifetime, I discovered that I never asked GOD for permission to touch the Tree of knowledge in the garden that I'd been forbidden from touching. Once I gave permission to my penis to touch my heart, and my heart gave my head permission to touch my whole body, I realized that I needed permission from GOD to touch me.

This is how Eve's peeves lead me to Adam's freedoms. This is how I moved through the spiritual operating system to greater self-knowledge, self-love and loyalty to GOD.

The Bubble

If you recall, Glinda, the good witch of the North, came to Dorothy in a bubble twice in "The Wizard of Oz." once when Dorothy's house landed on the evil witch of the East at the beginning of the story and once at the end after she killed the evil witch of the West. That was when Dorothy realized she was desperate to get the hell out of Oz and go HOME.

I'm not only the inner child of archangel Gabriel and Glinda. I'm not just a little, naked cherub pretending to shoot arrows from the ceiling of European palaces down onto the lords and ladies below.

I'm the emancipated, 21-years-old inner child of an archangel and a good witch. Like my mother, I move about in a bubble. Like my father, I do my utmost to represent the strength of GOD.

GOD gives us a relationship with the God within us, so we're in a relationship with Him, not HIM. Our TEACHER has no relationships with anyone other than HIS Intermediaries so that we learn to obey our Tutor in an effort to understand the lessons given to us by our TEACHER.

When I discuss my relationship with Adonai, I must describe "us" thusly. If I describe "Us" thusly, I'm behaving arrogantly. I'm an angel in disguise when in relationship to GOD. I'm an angel disclosed in relationship to my God.

A Christian's relationship to Jesus makes him an angel disclosed, as well. A Muslim's relationship to archangel Gabriel makes him an angel disclosed, too. Good people who are learning about life without a Tutor are angels so disguised that they don't even know it!

A bubble is a filter you have between your two worlds, the world around you and the world within. Because reality is 3D, a wall between your two worlds won't do. You're obviously too smart for me to have to explain why. Just look at all the scars you have from the knives in your back while

your eyes were peeled at what was coming toward you while you were facing forward.

What you may be secretly wishing for now is how to get a sawzall to cut out a hole in the wall you've erected between your two worlds. You may claim to have all sorts of tools in your psychological toolbox to do so. So, why wouldn't you be satisfied with a window in your wall?

Your intuition should have already apprised you that the wall the Jews pray to, the cross the Christians pray from and the big black box the Muslims pray in circles around aren't going to create the bubble you need to insulate you from assholes coming at you from all sides.

You need a bubble that can filter out the crap coming to you from all the simians in the urban jungle. Knuckle draggers are throwing their feces at us all. They're locked behind the bars that the good LORD has erected to keep them from getting out and ruining this wonderful world HE's created for us to learn about ourselves.

But if you have no window in your wall, how are you going to see reality as it really is, and, from that truth, construct a bubble that will keep you safe from everyone in every way?

The bubble I'm in has the properties of letting out only that which others need to know and keeping out that which would be detrimental to my wellbeing. This is what a psychological filter is for. This is another reason why it needs to be a bubble. Walls don't filter. Walls crumble. Walls leak. And windows shatter.

If you aspire to live in a bubble, you're going to have to learn how to construct one from scratch. You're not Glinda of Oz. You can't float down to earth to inspire every Dorothy you meet with a soft voice and big smile.

You're just one little wo/man [z] + [x] or [y] with an inner child living in a world where you're going to have to make sense of life your own way, at your own pace.

As you already know, I can only tell you what you already know. I can't tell you what you don't know because you won't believe anything I tell you about what you don't know. Nobody believes what s/he doesn't know except a fool.

I can't tell you what you're missing. You have to compare and contrast yourself to who you were yesterday to determine that for yourself. What I can guarantee you is that you're definitely missing something vital to your being. Everyone is. You just need to see what's not there for yourself.

If you're interested in learning more about what you already know, so that you can use it with conscious understanding of the goal of dying with a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye [not a smirk on your face and a glare in your eye], keep reading, even if I should unintentionally bend your nose a little out of shape here and there along the way.

I never said I was perfect. You want perfection, talk to a Nazi. They're perfection personified. I've got limitations, just like you.

I do wish to see you succeed in constructing a psychological bubble that's permeable. I'd like you to be able to feel all your feelings without suffering as much as you do now. A bubble won't alleviate your suffering, but it will give you spiritual insight into why wisdom of the heart is so important.

Wisdom of the heart is a euphemism for hope. Hope is made up of seven feelings. Without a psychological bubble to protect your heart from hopelessness, you'll suffer needlessly.

I know I've taken you on quite a trip around your inner world. I know you weren't prepared for many of the things I've shown you about the human condition that nobody has told you before. I believe your parents did the best they

could. And I'm sure you've had to figure out a lot all on your own.

But there's a method to GOD'S madness. Life doesn't have to be as scary as walking alone through a forest at night. We live in a civilized world where better options are available today than ever before in the history of humanity.

But the only way to improve conditions for everyone is to improve conditions for the billionaires. I know that sounds insane, but here me out.

Billionaires are people, too. Corporations aren't. Corporations are just alliances created to make money. People are people regardless of the amount of money they have.

The problem with people with a lot of money is mostly greed and gluttony. The money is never enough because the hunger for more never ends. Until billionaires experience the feeling of getting their hungers satisfied, they'll continue to play games to amass more power.

This isn't unique to them. This is a human condition regardless of how much money you make. When you internalize the seven deadly sins, they turn into virtues.

	External [–]	**Internal [+]**
1.	Pride	Self-loyalty
2.	Greed	Hunger for inner wealth
3.	Lust	Self-love
4.	Envy	Seeking my secrets
5.	Gluttony	Hunger for self-control
6.	Wrath	Anger at my errors of judgment
7.	Sloth	Keeping my inner Sabbath holy

Greed turns into a hunger to know yourself. Gluttony turns into a hunger to love yourself. Lust turns into a hunger to love yourself. This produces the feeling of ETERNITY, that life is a preview to LIFE after life. Until you feel this for yourself, you'll never know what you're missing.

Prostitutes Verses Sluts

The Old and New Testaments are filled with stories about prostitutes and sluts, but when you go to a Bible study class, for some strange reason they never seem to get around to telling you the difference.

A prostitute is someone [x] or [y] who exchanges a sexual service for a fee. They call prostitution the oldest business in the world because all businesses are figuratively based on selling yourself for money. The john [customer] wants a product or service that the prostitute [business] provides. So long as the john gets what he asks for that the prostitute agreed to provide, the deal is consummated successfully from both sides.

Fortune 500 companies are like massage parlors. Downtown city centers are like red light districts. The only difference between a prostitute and the CEO of a corporation is the number of hands between the service provided and the server.

A slut [z] is a much more complicated person in a much more complex arrangement. A slut doesn't do what s/he does for a fee. A slut cares about the wellbeing of the other person without the need to exact a price for it. A slut cares that the other person [z] is emotionally enhanced from the experience, regardless of whether there's any exchange of product or service. One slut [z] sees to it that the other slut [z] goes away enriched by the encounter without a profit margin.

People have a very bad impression of sluts [z], but I can't for the life of me understand why. They're as generous, compassionate and helpful as you [z] and me [z].

The only thing a slut [z] is not is loyal to one person [z]. But if you're loyal to yourself [z], you won't be as upset with someone who doesn't reciprocate your level of loyalty, provided the two of you have outlined the four corners of your contract upfront.

There are some businesses that know this about their interactions with the public. They promise their customers a slut-like experience, not simply the kind of interaction you'd expect from a prostitute.

They want loyal customers who walk away with a smile on their face, and they endeavor to create that experience with each and every john beyond the exchange of merchandise or service.

By my own definition, I'm a slut [z] and a prostitute [y]. Jezebel was a prostitute. Mary Magdalene was a slut. But who wouldn't forgive a slut? Doing anything with a good attitude puts a smile on the face of good people.

The problem with businesses today is that they're prostitution rings that collude against johns by nickeling and diming them to death. We need governmental controls over business because they treat us like horny johns. We all need psychological insight because we all behave like horny johns sometimes.

Once American universities teach students in business school how to behave like sluts [z], not just like prostitutes, [x] or [y], I think we'll all come away with a better impression of big business. hell, big business may even encourage government to get them to contribute their fair share of taxes. If individuals are asked to tithe 10% of the earnings, I think business can be asked to tithe 10% of the profits.

Fantasies

It was once my childhood fantasy to become a world-famous ballet dancer. I started taking ballet classes in my mid-teens, and before I knew it, what had only been a fantasy in childhood turned into a dream I pursued with all the courage I could muster.

I didn't succeed in actualizing my dream. I did succeed in achieving some success as a professional dancer, but I didn't achieve nearly as wet a dream as I'd hoped for…

Then I joined the "real" world of working-class people who make a living without pursuing their dreams. They may have to make due with fantasies.

I became an English teacher who tried to instill my dreams in youngsters without revealing how bitter I was in not having fully fulfilled my own. After doing that for ten years, I burned out on teaching. How long can you sell a dream to others that you can't realize for yourself? How long can you try to fill your cup from other people's empty cups?

Now that I'm an aging, gay man sitting at home in my garden apartment in San Francisco [pretending to have an inner child who's an angel disclosed], I have the time and inclination to look back on my life to summarize what I saw and succumbed to.

I have the ability to talk about what I know from having touched myself from within. Some will say "I'm touched in the head." They right. I am. But I'm also touched in my heart, soul, navel, penis and anus. I'm touched down to my toes. I'm so touched that I believe there's a God within me who touches me, too. I even believe in a GOD who touches Him.

To be a little less poetic and more prosaic about it, I now see that society is as screwed up as I once was. Everyone's screwing himself over, and then pretending not to feel guilty about it! And that's really hard to imagine doing literally. I know. I tried to screw myself literally, too.

Society tells us to put GOD first; other people next; and ourself last. Society tells us to pursue our dreams by buying into every fantasy they try to sell us through the commercials they pay for to keep us entertained between work and play.

Society tells us that we're only as valuable as the money we have in our pocket. And if we run out of money, we know, from our own experience, that we'll be judged by the lightness of our complexion.

There are many unwritten rules, another of which is that the lightest skin "wins." The darker your skin tone, the more people tend to think it would make a bad lampshade.

Nazis just want to get under your skin if you're light-skinned to make a lampshade out of it. And Nazis just want to get under your skin if you're dark skinned to make soap out of you. Nazis have proved that in the past. Neo-Nazis are no different. If you think otherwise, you're like an Israelite slave in an ancient Egypt. You're 3,400 years behind the times.

I know that I need to put myself first, or I'll become obsessive [–]. I know that need to put others next, or I'll become selfish and compulsive [–]. And I know that I need to put GOD last, or I'll become dogmatic and repulsive [–].

I didn't say you should dismiss GOD entirely. I said you should put HIM third. HE'll break your heart if you've been unwise. But HE'll melt your heart if you've been good.

GOD doesn't need your love. HE doesn't need your honor. HE doesn't need your loyalty. You need HIS. That's why I think you ought to prioritize your beliefs in the way I described above.

I enjoy my fantasies. I revel in my dreams. But I've devoted my life to embracing my visions. I had to find my mission. I had to discover why GOD brought me here; what I need to learn; what I need to teach; and what I need to do to achieve a vision now of LIFE after I leave here.

I know that the pursuit of my fantasies can be accomplished without spending a dime. Fantasies occur in

my mind, so I can access my fantasies with nothing more than my imagination. I don't have to realize fantasies in my external world.

I know that the pursuit of dreams is a waste of my valuable time. Dreams are selfish. Dreams are narrow minded. It was my dream that broke my heart, leaving me disappointed, cynical and bitter. Don't pursue your dreams. If you can, avoid daydreaming entirely!

I now know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I have a vision of a better world than this one. I now know that if I pursue my vision, everything will fall into place as it should.

I know what I just said may sound like vicious gossip because it goes against everything other people may have told you and everything you may have even told yourself up until now. So, you may not be able to believe me without proof. And I can't prove my claim.

The best I can suggest is that you keep my priorities in mind and watch what happens when you get caught up in one of your fantasies or, GOD forbid, realize that you've been in pursuit of a dream.

Just watch. Maybe then you'll realize that optics aren't where it's at. The hyper-religious in all three of the Abrahamic faiths are in pursuit of three nightmares that merge in the woods.

Those with a vision will succeed, regardless of the color of their skin, the name of their faith or the God they pray to silently. Even a billionaire can be taught the meaning of hope.

Stuffing Pillows

Have you ever decided that the decorative pillows on your sofa or bed need to be washed?

Just getting those pillow casings off the pillows is a frustrating task. But putting them back on again can be exasperating. Getting the corners of the pillow stuffing all the way into the corner of the pillowcase is satisfying, but it's emotionally trying for people like me. [That's because of something I'm missing.] A tightness occurs in my chest that's indescribably uncomfortable as I do it.

Changing the pillowcases I sleep on isn't as cumbersome because there aren't any zippers to deal with. Some decorative pillows have the zipper a few inches down from the edge of the pillow, so you have to stuff the corners in on all four sides. You can't just zip it and be done with it.

I don't want to look like a wuss, but this is a task best left to an "expert" who actually enjoys such a challenge. For me, it's beyond challenging. It's emotionally costly. So, I ask Will to do it. He rolls his eyes, but he agrees.

I know all this says something about me that a psychiatrist would love to include in with how I feel about my mother… But I can't help how I feel about stuffing and unstuffing pillowcases. It's not my fault. It's not so serious an issue that it spills over into major areas of my life.

Well, actually, that's not true.

The feeling of dread at having to do things that are emotionally challenging occurs quite often in me. I dread leaving the house. I dread making phone calls. I dread talking to strangers. I dread having to restart my computer when it freezes. I even dread having to sweep up the puddle that forms on my back porch after it rains, where our handyman didn't build the porch on an angle so the rain would simply slide off.

A pallor comes over me when I see spots on my knives when I take them out of the dishwasher. And a missing

button on a shirt sends me into a tizzy. I probably dread a lot more in life than I'm even consciously aware of, let alone willing to talk about.

My internal life is much more connected to my external life than it once was. In the past, I never liked to think about my internal world. That's why stuffing my decorative pillowcases is just the tip of an iceberg. It's just a sign of how emotionally challenged I am by the little things that pursue me daily.

This doesn't mean that I need to be locked up in a mental institution. [Been there. Done that.] It just means that I care about the little things a little too much. I like my little world well ordered. Everything I can't do to fill my little life with order is a sign that I'm here to learn about order on a micro scale despite GOD having created the universe on a macro scale.

Stuffing pillowcases is actually more like a religious issue. It indicates that my relationship to the order GOD has given to the universe is beyond my purview. It means that I'm learning how to become a better human being wherever the edges of HIS universe are manifested for me. It means that I have tiny, little issues that others don't have. And I have to become aware of them if I'm going to understand why GOD allowed me to turn out as imperfectly as I have.

Clearly, GOD would like me to continue to be challenged in some ways. I just don't always know why. These challenges are opportunities for me to slow down, breathe and werk on patience. I don't know what I need the patience for, but I'm extremely anxious to find out.

One of the little lessons of life that tore me up inside for two days had to do with inviting an acquaintance over without first asking Will. I can't tell you why I felt shredded with a potato peeler. The visit turned out fine. But the suffering it put me through was completely out of proportion to the crime.

Only once it was over did the Tutor within me reveal the reason for the test. The TEACHER knows what I don't know, and HE gives me enough rope to weave a basket or hang myself. When I choose to hang myself, I never know why. I only know that I regret not having woven a basket.

After my neck slipped through the knot and I landed with a thud, then my Tutor told me what the lesson was really about. It was about the order of my symbols. I was placing [x] and [y] before [z]. I was placing the contribution of my father before the contribution of my mother.

That was the mix up in my priorities. Once I saw that [z] must always come before [x] and [y], it seemed so obvious. But without a little pain and suffering, I'd never remember. Now, I'll never forget.

They say that life is a process. I looked up that word. "A process is a series of progressive and interdependent steps by which an end is attained."

I supposed that if I'm going to achieve a specific end, I'm going to have to resign myself to my unique process. But I wish I didn't have to. I'm sometimes jealous of other people's bodies and envious of their process. I don't always want to do what's on my plate. I want what's on other people's plate. Or so I say until I see how they're struggling with what they've got to do.

I'm a [z] learning to live with a [y]. I'm a woman learning to live with a man. I look and sound like a man on the outside. But my inner voice is that of Darlean. Perhaps it would be better to say that I smell like a woman on the inside. Perhaps my nose knows what my eyes and ears can only approximate. Perhaps life is a clown school in which I've been given many costumes, but only one nose.

Every gay man has a nose. So does every Black man. So does every Catholic. The Nazis may have to give up their dream of collecting Jewish skins and fat in the 21st Century and just concentrate on cutting off and collecting Jewish noses from now on. Such is the sick world of today.

Looking Up Your Own Nose

In chapter 55 of the Dhammapada, the Buddha stated, "There is the perfume of sandalwood, of rose-bay, of the blue lotus and jasmine; but far above the perfume of those flowers the perfume of virtue is supreme."

The Buddha is telling us that there is one kind of flower that's equated with sensuous passions, and then there's a perfume that comes from a whole other kind of flower that produces virtue.

The Buddha has distinguished the flowers we gather for their looks [sensuous delights] and the flowers we gather for their smell [virtuous delights].

That which excites the eyes is very different from that which excites the nose. The nose knows. The nose is in touch with a level of understanding that corresponds to supreme virtue. The eyes can't perceive the depth of this kind of truth and beauty.

If you wish to ascend your nose that knows how to smell the odiferous delights of the forbidden fruits still in the flowering stage [virtue], you'll need to use your eyes and ears to pierce everyday reality to get to the core of their meaning for you, alone. You'll need to open yourself to the subjectivity of truth and beauty.

But you can't literally ascend your own nose. You have to ascend it figuratively. So, let's assume you're now on your upper lip, ready to look inside that nose that couldn't be plainer on your face. From here we can explore boogers [visually unattractive drag queens or men who prefer to be the receiver in gay, anal sex].

There are boogers in your nose that you may find disgusting. Or there may be boogers in your nose that you mine to enjoy like savory party snacks.

If you simply look down your nose at those who aren't as attractive or masculine as you are, you're going to miss out on the biggest booger in the whole world: you. You're

going to use your nose externally, without giving thought to why GOD gave you the nose on your face to sniff out who you really are, for better [scent] or worse [stink].

Learning to smell yourself morally might leave you with a sense of loss and disappointment. We all think that our shit don't stink. But, logically speaking, we know that that couldn't be so.

This moral truth correlates to the external loses that ensue from being able to smell ourself and the challenges of getting to know ourself just as we are [especially after puberty when our body begins to literally smell].

Men are often afraid that their lack of masculinity [y] is a moral failing that others can sniff out from afar. But that's not necessarily true. It may be a sign that their femininity [z] is emerging which may be a moral strength they weren't able to exhibit before.

The cuckolded [y] man feels the discomfort of his femininity [z] beyond others. But every man deals with the insecurities of what he looks like in others eyes and how his behaviors smell in others' noses. That's not just a gay issue. GOD gave all of us these challenges.

People are dead serious when it comes to losing an eye or to loss of their vision. But most people's vision doesn't include insight into their femininity and masculinity combined. Losing visual acuity ought to remind them of a poetically understandable outcome on a whole other level of optics.

People also get serious when it comes to losing an ear or to a hearing loss. But most people's hearing doesn't include listening. Listening happens in your heart. Hearing happens in your head.

I listened very carefully to my mother growing up. I tried to obey everything she asked me to do. I listened in class to my teachers. I tried to learn everything they wished me to learn, too. I even listened to my older relatives who tried to

impress upon me things that my mother and teachers couldn't tell me.

But when it came to my peers, I didn't listen because I didn't want to take them seriously due to their young age and bad manners. And if that isn't a sign of an auditory impairment, I don't know what is.

Good listening skills involve asking good questions of everyone. I couldn't do that because questions weren't allowed in my family. Questions were seen as threatening and confrontational.

Families constructed upon patriarchal principles [x or y] don't allow questioning. Theirs is a triangular model of power with the father [y] at the top, the wife [x] in the middle and the children [z] at the base.

I wore very thick glasses until they invented contact lenses when I was 11 years old. I was one of the first to get contacts. But I didn't end up with hearing aids until I was in my late 60's. I had no idea how little I knew about looking and listening carefully to what everyone was telling me until I could acknowledge a figurative relationship between sense and sensibility when viewed through spirituality.

I have no illusions anymore about the need to take my nose more to heart. But you may think I'm only flippantly trying to be entertaining.

In fact, I'm quite serious. GOD gave you a nose. HE put it in the middle of your face where you wouldn't miss it. And yet most people take their nose for granted, just as they do, their toes. They don't think of their nose as a clue to a mystery in being human that separates us from all other life forms on the planet.

Your nose probably doesn't stand out as far as your belly button. But you may not be using either to guide you, regardless which one meets the external world first as you move forward.

You're probably guided by your wants and desires [genitals], especially when you've got an erection because it

sticks out far further than your nose or navel. Who can't appreciate the Hebrew expression, "When your penis is standing, your brains fall into your ass"?

You've been told countless times that you shouldn't believe your eyes. You've been told just as often to open your ears and listen.

And yet, it's so difficult to get people to change their mind, transform their heart and transcend their conscience with soulful intentions because they don't ask themself what their nose knows that it hasn't figuratively told them.

Your nose knows about virtuous delights. Therefore, follow your nose, not your eyes and ears. Because you certainly won't succeed if you only follow your penis.

The New York Times

The vocabulary and intellectual difficulty of the articles in the New York Times is at the eighth grade reading level. I taught eighth grade English. I know what you need to know of the world and the English language to understand what's written in the New York Times.

But people three and four times that age don't know what it takes to understand the motives of a 14-year-old. hell, they don't know what motivates a boy or girl half that age!

Most people are insufficiently aware of themself. They haven't been spiritually weaned from their mother's breasts onto solid, spiritual food-for-thought, let alone reached the age of spiritual puberty to bridge the gap between childishness and maturity. They're juvenile.

Some people are like children with varying degrees of verbal skills who try to express themselves as best they can, given that they were conditioned to put GOD first, other people next and themself last.

Many whose vocabulary is quite poor and whose understanding of scripture and payroll English is practically nonexistent, appreciate the meaning of life more than some who read the Sunday edition of the New York Times religiously.

Reading at the level of an eighth grader doesn't mean you've assimilated the knowledge you've gleaned from life into wisdom. Reading at the level of an eighth grader doesn't mean you have the emotional maturity to amass all your feelings into self-love.

A man I know who's 84 years old constantly tells me how little he knows. For 10 years now, I've been telling him he knows much more than he thinks he knows. He's just unaware of what he's learned that he hasn't told himself.

But my friend can't yet see that he's totally unable to do some things. He's like someone missing a limb. And yet he

thinks he should be able to do everything he sees others doing. That isn't realistic.

I told him to look back on his life. He'd see that he doesn't have a history of ruined relationships, theft, manipulation or injury to others. He rowed his boat gently in the same direction as others were rowing.

He just doesn't know all that he knows, especially because so much of what he knows he learned by heart. Therefore, it's not available for review by his head.

If he could just see himself as unable to do some of the simplest of things, he could ask for help when needed. If he could see his depression and anxiety as caused by futile attempts to do what others can do, he could give up the delusion surrounding his abilities. He's actually disabled in his own unique way.

I've already told him that he's one of the cruelest people I've ever met because of the way he treats himself. So, he knows what I think of him.

He tells me he overthinks everything. I say he underthinks everything. I think that if he was more thoughtful in the way he treats himself, he wouldn't hurt himself as much as he does. He's thoughtless, even though he's heartfelt and sincere. He's thoughtless in the way that cutlery is stainless steel. It stains less. But it still stains.

There were two people in my apartment building who once had Sunday subscriptions to the New York Times. One of them moved and didn't pay a bill that everyone in our building had agreed to pay for the construction of a good neighbor fence [two front sides] with the family in the house next door. I paid her bill to maintain a good relationship with our neighbor.

When the other neighbor who read the New York Times moved, she didn't reveal to her realtor that the walls of her apartment are so thin she could hear the people above her making love at night. She used to sleep in the living room to

avoid the groans she could hear in her bedroom from the couple going at it upstairs.

When she decided to sell, she had the floors refinished and the walls painted, but she didn't insulate the ceiling. I had to threaten her realtor with legal action if they didn't divulge the truth about the walls and ceiling having been constructed using lathe and paster. Every apartment in our building, except mine, echoes like a tin can. Will researched having our ceilings sealed with drywall insulated with a special glue. We spent thousands of dollars to separate the sounds we make from the sounds coming from upstairs.

Getting a subscription of the Sunday edition of the New York Times brought to your door doesn't mean you're a good person. It only means that you're smart.

It doesn't mean you're knowledgeable about the one person who's going to be the subject on your final exam. It doesn't assure anyone that you know what you know and can listen and learn about all that you don't know.

Reading the New York Times means that you've achieved the eighth grading reading level. It may mean that you're interested in world affairs. But if you're looking to impress others with your vocabulary and the eighth grade reading level you claim to be able to put into practice, I suggest you also read something that will improve your heart and soul, not just your head. I suggest you read yourself.

Don’t Look at Me Like That

It’s not my fault if you’re not as handsome or pretty as you’d like to be. It’s not my fault if you’re not as confident as some others. It’s not my job to promote you or fawn over you, either.

If you’re passive and willing to turn your back figuratively to let others fuck you over, don’t coming crying to me about it. I have my own sore bum to contend with.

If the hyper-religious, conservative Republicans find new ways to screw with democracy to maintain their power over the masses, don’t come to me begging for money to defeat them. The culture and cancel war mentality is behind me. The war of consequences is on for us all. In addition to social media, your local newspaper is also exposing the raw truth around you, which is just as important to a vibrant democracy.

There will be a cost for every, little thing people do because it will be magnified on the Internet. Nothing will get swept under the rug anymore. Bad behavior will be exposed. Guilt will even be forced upon those who struggle against it with lawyers and lobbyists.

If the hyper-religious Republican leaders are willing to go out on a limb to pick an apple that tempts them, and that limb begins to crack, they won’t be able to blame it on bad luck or bad press.

What’s the apple they’re reaching for, anyway? Money? Power? Prestige? People have been crawling out on that limb since the beginning of time. Read history if you’re not interested in HIS story. Life goes on despite the suffering and death of innocent people who didn’t know enough to avoid the consequences of ignorance with foresight.

Here in America the hyper-religious think White makes right. They think that Jesus is the only name for the God within who distinguishes good from evil. They seem to think Jesus was an English gentleman, not a Middle Eastern Jew

who might have been in the closet His whole life because the hyper-religious Jews in power at that time were prejudiced and hateful of Jews with new ideas.

It's deeply ironic that the Son of the FATHER is a Jew yet the Jewish God is nameless. No wonder the two of them have to share one Bible. Can't Jews and Christians see that GOD stuck us together, for better or worse?

People around the world behave righteously because they believe in the name for GOD they were given by their tradition. These names are all righteous if the believer uses that name to promote world peace and not to steal a piece.

When you crucify a righteous Jew, you ought to know by now that somewhere deep down inside, you're also projecting your anger onto Jesus, as well as all other Jews.

Projections aren't superficial, thought patterns. Projections go through your thin skin right down to the bone. When you oppose goodness, karma will catch up with you, whether or not karma is a part of your religious tradition. GOD goes right to the core of all of us.

If you find yourself reaching for an apple hanging temptingly from a twig that's too far away to reach, expect the limb of that tree to crack, even break if you go too far. Expect to get hung up along the way. Expect to get figuratively lynched by the tree you're toying with.

Oligarchs all come crashing down sooner or later. Just look at Hitler. Just look at Sadam Hussein.

If you want to embrace GOD, I recommend you go to the people who all the hyper-religious denigrate, exclude and vilify: the gays. Ask us about GOD'S designs because, from where we stand on the scaffolding around the Abrahamic edifice, looking in at these, three Western faith and around us at reality, the good LORD'S intentions look very different than from the inside looking out.

When the fanatics look out their window, whether it's from the basement [Hinduism] ground floor [Judaism], second story [Christianity] or penthouse [Islam], all they can

conclude is that gay people are outside their window blocking their view.

Don't look at us like that. Don't blame us for not being able to see out. We're not your problem. We're just GOD'S humble window washers doing the job we were given.

If the hyper-religious want a better view, I suggest they clean their windows on the inside. We've done our job. Now they should do theirs.

Songs or Symphonies

Each of the chapters of my books is like a song with a simple melody, harmony and lyrics.

I could never write a novel. A novel includes dialogue. A novel is like a symphony. In a symphony there are many instruments with many voices. Each section of the orchestra is given themes that are developed separately and together as an ensemble.

I couldn't write my autobiography or a biography, either. That would be like composing a concerto, with one main voice and an orchestra of voices that respond to the main character's voice, magnifying the themes the primary instrument plays.

I'm a songwriter who uses letters combined into words instead of notes to carry my tunes. I write short stories made up of simple melodies [feelings] combined with lyrics [thoughts].

Some of my stories are happy and insightful. Some are sad and forlorn. A few of my short stories are frightening.

But most of them are as angry and frustrated as Arnold Schoenberg's musical expressionism which created atonal works that were made manifest using a 12-tone scale.

The seven-tone Western scale corresponds to the other aspects of reality that come in sevens:

Notes	Inner Forces		Faiths
C	Head		Judaism
D	Heart		Christianity
E	Soul		Islam
F	Navel		Hinduism
G	Genitals		Buddhism
A	Backbone		Taoism
B	Face		Indigenism

When I hear a dominant seventh chord, I think of indigenism resolving itself into Judaism.

Overall, my stories are like ballads and my books are like albums composed of several songs. I'm not a writer of novels or biographies. I'm a songwriter who cuts albums of simple songs for people to sing along with me.

Granted, my first books echoed scripture in strange, minor keys people never heard before. But those works weren't in story form, either. They were commentaries on GOD'S compositions made manifest through gay, Jewish ears.

Four out of the five books of Moses are his autobiography. Apart from Genesis which is a prelude that introduces GOD'S themes, the other four books are a concerto with Moses playing the main instrument which the rest of the orchestra [Israelites] responds to.

Jesus was the greatest composer of all time. The Gospels are the biography of His works told from four points of view. The Gospels are four movements that opine the world's first symphony. The red-letter words of Jesus are His themes made manifest for all time.

The Bhagavad Gita [Hinduism], the Dhammapada [Buddhism] and the Tao Te Ching [Taoism] aren't songs in the Western sense of being made up of melodies, harmonies and lyrics. They're musical themes from the LORD, most of which were composed anonymously. Western music emphasizes harmony and written notation, while Eastern music focuses on melody and improvisation. They convey aspects of our inner world that the Western world must compare and contrast to our own musical compositions using other names for GOD, Gods and gods.

When you study scripture as a musician studies music, it frees you to appreciate the eight elements of music, which are: rhythm [Judaism]; melody [Christianity]; harmony [Islam], dynamics [Hinduism]; form [Buddhism]; and the three Ts of Taoism: texture, timbre and tonality.

My massive work of seven volumes on the Quran is made up of 114 chapters, each one of which is a simile for ALLAH. It isn't a symphony in the Western sense of the word. The Quran is a study of GOD'S harmonies. The Quran is GOD'S word harmonized with Torah and the Gospel. The suwar [chapters] of the Quran were composed to be sung as a fugue, not as a round.

"A fugue is similar to a song sung in a round because both involve multiple voices entering one after another, but in a fugue, the voices play the same theme at different pitches and continue to develop new material, creating a more complex structure. In contrast, rounds typically repeat the same melody without the intricate development found in fugues." [Internet]

I know this because, as I told you at the beginning of this book, my inner father is archangel Gabriel. He made his way into Muhammad's heart. He inscribed GOD'S harmonies in his heart, so that the Abrahamic faiths could sing GOD'S words as a fugue.

I know you think what I'm telling you is no more than HEAVENLY hearsay. I'll bet you don't believe me because I'm only 21. I think you think I'm too young to know so much about what the orchestra is playing on the ROOF GARDEN. But when you've lived most of your life outdoors, sleeping under scaffolding, you hear things others living indoors don't hear.

I told you you'd only believe what you know. I told you I couldn't tell you anything you didn't know because you wouldn't believe anything you don't already know that you only had to agree with.

Fine! Don't believe me. Consider this book a work of art. Consider everything I say fiction. See if I care. Find out the difference between UP and down and right and wrong your own way. You're going to have to do it your own way, anyway.

If you think I'm just a backseat driver who's kibbitzing with you while you're chauffeuring me around, so be it. You don't have to go where I say.

But just so you know, I'm not telling you where to go. I'm only describing the scenery outside your windshield and windows. You're driving yourself. I'm not literally on board with you. I think by myself for myself and with myself. And I know other enlightened people do the same.

Even though some might like me to write a novel to describe reality as a romance, that ain't neva gonna happen. I'm not a storyteller. I don't invent plots and characters to make people swoon with dreams about how it could all turn out.

I'm also not a composer. I don't write music. I'm not a poet. I don't invent rhymes. I'm a dancer. What I'm doing I'm doing with my whole body. It's not coming out of one hand. If you aren't accustomed to people who dance on the page, I get it. What I'm doing is so unconventional that it'll never get published.

Therefore, I've decided that all my books will be given away for free with one exception. I have in mind to write a book on artificial intelligence. I want to compare and contrast it to natural intelligence. That book I plan to charge people to read.

I use metaphor, symbols and similes to describe myself so you can improve your insight into yourself. Your sight includes hindsight, foresight and insight.

I don't give a damn about optics. You want optics? Go talk to straight Jews. My skin is too thick to worry about the behavior and properties of light, including its interactions with people. First increase your range of vision. Then we'll talk about perceptions.

Using a Spoon

Learning to use a spoon was a huge advancement in my spiritual journey. hell, just getting off my mother's nipples and onto a bottle was a groundbreaking experience from my initial, infantile perspective.

Relying on my mother for nourishment began in her womb. That ended when the cord was cut, and I experienced the first physical wound to my body. Physical detachment from my mom left me with a literal knot that I then had to reconcile with the figurative knot I felt in my belly from swallowing air for the first time.

The agony of the difficulty in making meaning out of life didn't begin or end there. Then I had to be weaned off my mother's breasts, even though I was psychologically tied to her apron strings for most of the rest of her life.

That was my introduction to the vast difference between the disciplines of poetry and prose. And all that happened in infancy, long before I could talk.

No sooner did infancy, childhood and adolescence come and go, then I had to find a way to make money to care for my body while simultaneously learning to care for the me who resides within it.

And if that wasn't hard enough, then I had to learn to separate all the forces that were societally permitted above my waist from all those that were forbidden below it.

What happens in my head is the realm of my conscious mind. What goes on below my neck and above my waist corresponds to my subconscious. And what goes on below my waist was completely unconscious until I hit puberty.

But just because I now allow that unconscious part of me to share the rest of me during sex doesn't mean that my conscious and subconscious mind have flown out the window.

I'm not any more or less aware of my inner forces than you are. We're all involved in learning how to master them. And that's hard werk.

I may be 21 and emancipated. You may be older than me. But I'm not so big a fool as to think I know it all. I need more experience, same as everyone else.

I may not be identical to every other gay Jew, but I'm surely the poster child of the best, little gurl in the world just for having loved my mother. I was willing to do anything to receive her approval. And that began with obedience. But it didn't end there.

My mother's left breast signified love. It lay over her heart. And from emotionally sucking on it in ways I couldn't seem to stop, I developed the erroneous conclusion that no one in the whole world would ever come to love me as much as her.

That was a false cognate. Rather than compare everyone to what came out of my mother's left nipple [her love], I should have contrasted her love to what comes out of mine. In truth, nobody will ever love me as I love me. And that's a far more revolutionary and revelatory conclusion than I'd come to.

My mother's right breast corresponded to my belief in GOD. And although I sucked that nipple for far too long in the pursuit of the external rewards of money, power and prestige, I'm proud to say that I've internalized that process, too. I believe in me. Then, I give some of my faith in myself to GOD. Like a teacher, HE shows me how to develop more faith. I figuratively produce milk [love] in my left breast and honey [wisdom] in my right breast.

When you look at hyper-religious, Republican leaders, you see White men who can't get enough out of their mother's breasts. But they've projected that thirst for money, power and prestige onto the nation and the world. They're sucking us all dry, Yet, they say it's all for GOD'S sake.

I taught myself how to figuratively eat with a spoon. Then I learned to use a knife and fork. That was a day of celebration as I made my way closer to the finish line with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other.

GOD can already see that I'm preparing for an even bigger meal that I anticipate coming after this one…

Civil War

Everyone should know that the Civil War wasn't fought over slavery. Very few White people gave a damn about African-Americans in those days. And the 500,000 people who died in that war didn't die to emancipate Blacks from their cruel, White masters.

I know what they taught us in school. But just look around you today if you're interested in the GOD'S honest truth about the Civil War. Only now are Black and White people working to emancipate themselves from cruel masters together.

So, let's get real and admit that the Civil War was a war that they lied to us about in school. It wasn't about racial matters or even about economic issues. It was motivated by something deeper that people were willing to die for in those early days of our nation.

At the root of it, the Civil War was fought over the Hebrew Testament. It was a war between the North, where Americans believed that the Old Testament should be taken figuratively, and the South, where they believed it should be taken literally. And that's what the culture war of the 20th Century was all about, too.

Now that we've won the culture war of the 20th Century with a Black President who ushed in marriage equality and the cancel war of the last 20 years when fanatical Muslims blew up the World Trade Center [911] to awaken the world to the Palestinian problem, we've moved on to the war of consequences. We've earned the freedom, liberation and emancipation from ourselves to call everything what it really is.

The religious Democrats want to take the Hebrew Bible figuratively. The hyper-religious Republicans want to take it literally. But you can see the difference in lifestyle and mentality between these two schools of thought. It shouldn't be a mystery which side is going to win. White patriarchy

and religious fanaticism aren't going to survive the war of consequences. But anti-Zionism isn't, either. And most Democrats don't understand how they abuse Jewish stereotypes the way all Americans used to abuse Black stereotypes. If you don't allow yourself to do one, you shouldn't allow yourself to do the other.

Most Americans want to respect African-Americans as equals. They want to protect them from a police force that is, in many places in America, using their power to oppress Blacks and keep them in ghettos, like the White Europeans did with Jews up until the 19th Century. [In the 20th Century, the White, European Christians decided that that wasn't enough. So, they rounded up all the Jews from the ghettos and destroyed them like unwanted vermin, instead.]

Most Americans want to honor the LGBTQIA+ community with equal rights. That's how we achieved marriage equality, while the hyper-religious Republicans have now picked a fight with transgendered people, the new front and affront to civilized society.

Most Americans want to reward the disenfranchised with an economic system that gives them power over cruel masters who work them unfairly for insufficient wages. Most Americans want to show the world what it looks like to combine two scriptures, the Hebrew and Christian Testaments. Once we can combine these two, we can add the Quran and others from around the world.

The rightwing, political position on racism and homosexuality comes from the Book of Leviticus, the third of the five books of Moses. But they want to enforce GOD'S utterances literally.

The rightwing hyper-religious represent the masters, pharaohs, kings and totalitarian oligarchs who secretly believe that Moses should never have gone back to Egypt to let his people go. In their heart of hearts, they insist that contemporary Jews are setting a "bad" example to poor and

disenfranchised people all over the world by speaking up about the importance of freedom.

The hyper-religious, with the help of billionaires, insist on taking the masses backwards forwards, while the secularists and moderately religious are trying to turn people around so that they look where they're going. Who doesn't know where s/he's already been?

Don't fool yourself into believing that Americans fought a war to emancipate Black people in the 19th Century. What they fought was a war over how to interpret Hebrew scripture in more merciful and compassionate ways.

The outcome of that war did very little for Blacks politically or economically. It only answered the question whether man has the right to literally enslave man. Before Blacks achieved emancipation in the 20th Century, women first had to get the vote to help them.

The culture war we've fought for the 150 years since the Civil War was to bring Americans into agreement with the ideals of our forefathers. But it's required freeing women to free Black people, and Black people to free gay people.

We're not done yet. Today we're fighting for the peace of mind to interpret all GOD'S scriptures figuratively. We're fighting for the right to free everyone from the slave mentality that kept us all in bondage in the past.

Muslims live like slaves in Muslim countries. If we're going to help them, we're going to need the help of gays and Jews. One without the other will leave room for Naziism to emerge.

What we've been fighting for up until now is the right for men [y] to love the feminine [z] side of themself, and to express that love through marriage.

What we're fighting for now is for men [z] to control the masculine [y] side of themselves, and to express their self-love in myriad, individual ways.

How in the world can you love a Jew, a Black man or a gay man if the other side [z] of yourself isn't in control of

you? How can you love your father [y] if you can't love what you got from your mother [z] more?

Many men today seem to think their navel connects them to their father. GOD created woman [Eve] out of man [Adam]. Women create babies. The job of man in making a baby is so minimal that it's laughable.

What we see in society is a projection of how we see ourself. To win the war of consequences, we have to fight it on the front lines: internally. Only then can we speak about our success in terms other people will be able to understand.

If you think the South is going to rise again in their quest to take Torah [y] literally, you're delusional. If you think Israel [z] + [x] or [y] is going anywhere before the Messiah shows up 220 years from now, you're deranged. And if you think you can come to know your own superpower without revealing it first in righteous actions you perform for all others, you're mad.

The Cause of Cancer

Everyone knows that the cause of cancer is [x] or [y] + [z]. Everyone knows that the cure for cancer is [z] + [x] or [y]. The medical model of healing requires spiritual and emotional input to achieve biological advancements.

If you think that doctors [x] or [y] + [z] are going to cure cancer, you're deluded. Doctors [z] + [x] or [y] are going to cure cancer. The cooperation, support, teamwork and unification of spiritual forces will end this terrible form of physical illness and human suffering.

If you don't believe that's the case, stay out of the medical model. They need everybody working on the wellbeing of our container to achieve an abundance of spiritual contents.

The same is true of those in the field of construction. Just today I had a conversation with a Latinx worker building a house two doors down. He didn't speak English well, but he wanted to assure me that they're thinking about the neighbors in terms of litter, garbage and noise pollution.

He also wanted me to know that they're just about to put up the roof of the building. I told him that I agree that the roof is the most important achievement in building a house.

I told him about the metaphor of Judaism on the ground floor, Christianity on the second story and Islam on the third story with the ROOF GARDEN above all three.

He had absolutely no difficulty in following my metaphor. He even mentioned the rains that reoccur every year to remind us about the importance of building houses with good roofs.

It doesn't take enormous education to understand that the foundation of civilized society lies in Judaism. People who are simple and pure are grounded. They may not have much of a vision of how to fix the world, but they recognize who's representing their interests. They know good from bad and UP from down.

Superpower

No one can reveal your superpower to you, but you. My superpower was so obvious that once I revealed it to myself, it was a palm to the forehead moment. I had to ask myself, "Why didn't I see this sooner?" It was as plain as the nose on my face.

I'm a master of metaphor. Therefore, I had to explore the mystery of symbolism and secrets in similes.

My superpower is the ability to slip my naked feet into another man's shoes while he's still in them. It doesn't matter what size your shoes are. It doesn't matter if one of your feet is bigger than the other. It doesn't matter if you're a baby that can't stand up yet or a child with one foot that was blown off by a land mine. I can walk in your shoes with you in them.

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

How can anyone decide whether Black lives really matter? The whole country is going through a tug-o-war between Democrats who says Black lives matter and hyper-religious Republicans who behave as though they don't.

I'd like to add my voice to this argument by quoting the lyrics to a song by the "Platters," a Black singing group from 1960's. I haven't changed the words to their song, "Smoke Gets in your Eyes." I've only added capitalizations to express their lyrics slightly differently:

They asked me how I knew
my true Love was true.
Oh-oh-oh-oh, I, of course, replied
"Something here inside
cannot be denied." [Ooh, ooh, ooh]
They said, "Someday you will find
all who love are blind."
Oh-oh-oh-oh
When your heart's on fire,
you must realize
smoke gets in your eyes.
So, I chaffed them
as I gaily laughed.
To think they would doubt our love.
Yet today, my Love has gone away.
I am without my love [without my love]
Now, laughing friends deride,
tears, I cannot hide.
Oh-oh-oh-oh
So, I smile and say,
"When a lovely Flame dies,
smoke gets in your eyes."

Needless to say, this song really speaks to the Christian relationship to Jesus [God]. It's not just a romantic, love song that might bring tears when love having ended.

Once your God [Jesus] is Jewish, you're obliged to learn about the Jews whose God is nameless. You can't claim that some of your own believers aren't good enough for you to help. You can't subscribe to capital punishment. You have to behave insightfully when it comes to abortion, marriage equality and gun control.

If you don't think that Black lives matter, you'd have to deny the fact that the vast majority of Black Americans are Christians who also believe in the Jewish God [Jesus]. And a song, such as this, speaks to their contribution to their Christian faith.

If that doesn't matter to some White Christians, then I don't think they're good Christians. If hyper-religious Christians think it's their duty to punish liberal and moderate, religious Christians, they don't yet understand the words of Jesus. All Christians know what happens to Christians who deny His words. A gay Jew shouldn't have to remind them.

The Holocaust will never happen a second time. Good Jews, Christians and Muslims [z] will work together to stop hyper-religious Jews, Christians and Muslims [x or y] from going the wrong way.

Smoke is the attribute of fire that rises. It's the vehicle of prayer. Smoke that gets in your eyes makes you teary-eyed. It reminds you of the sorrow Jesus experienced when He was betrayed and tortured to death. If you're Christian but you can't bring a tear to your eye over the outcome of Jesus, you don't hold Him in your heart. He's just a Jewish name [Yeshua] to you. The concept of the meaning of His name [Savior] is something you're too cynical to believe.

Why Not Take All of Me?

Here's another song written by two Black songwriters, Lester Young and Billie Holliday:

You took my kisses and all my love.
You taught me how to care.
Am I to be just remnant of a one side love affair?
All You took
I gladly gave.
There is nothing left for me to save.

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

This song also infers a love that goes beyond any human relationship. This is the love described in the Gospels.

And yet, Blacks are misunderstood when it comes to the depth of their love for Jesus [God]. They're treated like second class Christians. They're treated like aliens who mistakenly landed on the "wrong" planet. They're treated like women [z]. They're treated like gays [z]. They're treated like Jews [z]. That must be why their neighborhoods are called ghettos.

The Ghetto

There's a garden [Eden] within you. But there's an orchard [pardes], forest and swamp within you, too. You are the great outdoors personified. You are nature and Mother Nature in the flesh.

You're also this great country of ours in reflection. You're made up of cities, suburbs and every small town in America. There are even ghettos within you where Black men roam like shadows getting longer in the late afternoon. They have no work and nothing to do. They stretch out as the day diminishes into night when they finally disappear.

There, in the ghettos of the America within us, there's litter on the ground. It's dirty. It's messed up. It's a nutritional desert. There's food enough, but we're starved for food-for-thought.

You may see yourself as literally living in a good, safe zip code. But look around you. You can see the ghetto mentality of others for yourself. So, you know you couldn't be that different from Blacks or that far from a ghetto mentality of your own.

Just because you don't literally go into the ghetto of the city where you live, doesn't mean you don't do so figuratively. You just don't consciously allow yourself to remember it. You figuratively sit on a curb somewhere inside yourself drinking an awful brew in a bag. You figuratively watch hopeless children eying you suspiciously, but you never seem to remember their names or faces because you don't want to think about who you see inside.

You sometimes say you got up on the wrong side of the bed. You say you're feeling low or in a bad mood. But there are people who figuratively never leave the ghetto they're in inside themself, just as there are people who literally never get out of it.

You may not even want to look at the HOMElessness you see inside yourself as you make your way downtown to

and from work each day. You may not want to look at anyone you don't choose to find "clean," "pure" and "admirable" in your eyes. You may look for Whiteness anywhere you can find it.

So, you see selectively. You see yourself in those who give you the impression that you're a fine human being with a great reward to look forward to when you leave here. Does that seem as likely now that your eyes are opening a little further day-by-day?

All it takes to open your eyes to all of reality is an opening of your heart. All it takes is the courage to see yourself in others who don't appear to be sublime and perfect.

All it takes is compassion. With compassion alone [not money], you can understand the position and opinion of others, even if that leaves you having to acknowledge that improving your humanity is harder than it looks.

What good are bootstraps if you don't use them to raise yourself, not just your boots?

Someday, improving your humanity will spill over into improving humanity at large. And even then, you'll still have to put your own mask on first.

If you improve your humanity for yourself with yourself, compassion will seep out of you onto others wherever GOD brings you. You'll know when you're being tested. And it generally doesn't happen with money. It happens with honey.

There's no way to imagine what you can do with your superpower to transcend yourself until you change your mind and transform your heart. Then, you'll transcend your soul with new beliefs for the modern era.

Pissed

We had a block in our kitchen sink a few years ago. A plumber was called, and my neighbor upstairs and I split the bill because the pipe was used by both of us.

Well, we had another block in the kitchen sink recently. I called a handyman this time. He tried to snake it, but when that didn't work, he used a device that creates water pressure to do the same thing. That backfired. All the pressure he applied with water came shooting out onto the kitchen floor, flooding it. The water then poured through my kitchen floorboards into my garage and one of the storage units below. Water even shot up to my neighbor upstairs' kitchen, which poured out of the dishwasher vent on her sink.

Will and I spent the rest of the day mopping up the mess. We spent the next day taking up the kitchen floor, drying the boards out and putting them back down again onto a new underlayment.

I called a licensed plumber. He used a professional snake that finally released the blockage. Only then did I feel like a blockage in me had been released, as well. I breathed a sigh of relief. And later that day I gleefully ran my dishwasher which was full because of all the dishes I hadn't been able to wash in the sink for the past few days.

But then Will ran in from downstairs to tell me that the corridor under the building to the garden was leaking profusely. Something awful had happened inside the ceiling below our kitchen floor.

I called the licensed plumber back. He came the next morning and told us that he couldn't figure out what the problem was without breaking through the ceiling in the downstairs corridor and storage unit. What choice did I have?

He discovered a galvanized steel pipe. It had been inserted decades ago into the cast iron plumbing system. Galvanized steel pipes were outlawed in San Francisco in the

1980's. The pipe was rusted inside and out. There were even holes with rust on the outside, showing that that pipe had been leaking into our walls for years.

I was relieved to discover the problem was so easily discovered and could so easily be fixed, although at a formidable price. And although I'd paid both the handyman and the licensed plumber for their initial efforts, I paid the plumber for the work replacing the pipe in the ceiling with building funds. This wasn't a problem that originated in my kitchen. This was a building problem that had been brewing for decades.

Well, my young, new neighbor decided that I was responsible for the issue [without looking at the pipe or discussing the matter with me or the plumber]. He emailed me and our other two neighbors who are owners of their apartments, telling us that I should have to pay for everything. He argued that me cutting a check from our operating account hadn't been agreed to by all.

One neighbor blamed the handyman I'd called because he'd flooded the kitchen first. She wanted to sue him. I emailed everyone that the problem was much greater than the inconvenience the handyman had put me through. I gave the poor guy $50 for his efforts and sent him on his way. I told her that if the handyman had a picture of the pipe that the licensed plumber had removed, a judge would throw us out of court for trying to sue someone who hadn't even been able to unplug the blockage. The handyman caused the first flood by not being able to bore through the pipe and using water pressure improperly. Although his method backfired with a flood, he didn't cause the second, greater flood through the walls in the corridor under my kitchen.

I told everyone that I put the old, galvanized pipe out in the garden for them to inspect. But none of them needed the evidence to come to their own conclusions. None of them went out to the garden to inspect the pipe. I know that for a

fact because the garden lies right outside my living and dining room windows. I would have seen and heard them.

The neighbor who blamed me didn't reply to my explanation of what had just happened at all. He just went silent.

He implied that I'd stolen money out from our HOA fund to pay for my problem. And the other two neighbors didn't have anything to say about that. This is what world problems look like in microcosm.

This was an act of GOD. Nobody was at fault. The galvanized pipe had been rusting for 50 years.

I've lived in this building for 17 years. I managed the building for a small fee for ten years. And I've arranged most of the maintenance in the building for the past seven years for free. I also do all the gardening, street cleaning and I'm the "drain daddy" who keeps all three of the storm-drains on the corner free of leaves and litter all year long. I even loaned the building $20,000 to complete our condo conversion costs a few years back. So, I'm not the kind of person someone would accuse of being a cheat, liar and thief if he knew me. The neighbor who accused me of being disreputable only bought into this building a year ago.

I'm pissed because my neighbors don't give a damn about how I feel about being called untrustworthy. None of them considered how their reactions hurt me.

They merely stated that in the future we should all vote before we spend building money, even during emergencies. Naturally, I agreed to that.

But nobody had had a problem with me spending HOA funds during the previous 17 years. That, they didn't bother to mention. Nor did they mention all the good I do.

Why wouldn't any of them consider my feelings of being scapegoated? Why wouldn't they look for the truth by examining the evidence? Why wouldn't they at least question the plumber who caused the leak with his professional powered snake? He could have explained the

situation much better than me. He caused the second flood that required breaking through a wall to get to the source. But that didn't make the problem his fault, either.

You could say that my neighbors bent my nose out of shape. You could say that I've got an ego issue and shouldn't care about names people infer they're calling me. You could say that if I was more secure in my opinion of me, I wouldn't worry about their opinions of me. My reputation should emanate out from within me, regardless of what happens in the external world.

I now see this as an act of GOD who wanted to bring all four neighbors lessons in life. And each of the four lesson was subjectively different from the other three.

What also pisses me off is that these upper middleclass, white-collar workers probably think they're pillars of society. They probably think their university educations and upper middleclass mobility make them better than everyone else. But I say they're not better than anybody else. When money or sex is involved, people's inner forces become triggered.

The handyman may have caused the first flood because he didn't know what he was doing. The licensed plumber may have caused the second because he did know what he was doing. But the young neighbor caused a spiritual flood because he behaved like a SORCERER'S apprentice who didn't understand the power of the spell he brought forth.

A person's self-worth comes out when s/he's asked to judge a difficult circumstance by looking at the evidence, questioning witnesses and making moral assessments that require strength of character and courage.

Moses said "וְאָהַבְתָּ לְרֵעֲךָ כָּמוֹךָ" [love your neighbor as yourself]. None of my neighbors did so.

At the time Moses said it, the only neighbors the Israelites had were each other. They were wandering in circles in a desert for 40 years.

Jesus said the same thing 1,400 years later in Israel. He quoted Moses. And when Jesus said it, He was referring to our neighbors who were pagans. Jesus implied that we should even love the Romans who'd invaded and colonized Israel who were cruel masters living among us.

My neighbors didn't learn to love their neighbor as themself from their spiritual college coursework. All their secular studies did nothing for their character when they were in a pinch with me.

If you want to love your neighbor as yourself, you'd do better if you start by loving yourself. If you don't, you'll surely scapegoat somebody. You'll find someone to blame for how little you know and love yourself.

If you think the hyper-religious don't know this about those of us living in San Francisco, you're dreaming. They know exactly how to manipulate people who say they want to love their neighbor, but don't follow through on their words. We're all susceptible to bad press because we're all hypocritical at times.

The solution is quite simple. Man is [z] + [y]. The men in the North in the 19th Century had to fight a Civil War against the South because they instinctively knew that man is [z] + [y] while those in the South believed that man is [y] – [z].

The spiritually enlightened saw Black men as [z] + [y]. They saw all men as [z] + [y]. But GOD only asked them to face the racial issue in their day.

Today we know that women are [z] + [x]. Men who believe that women are [x] – [z] are worse than racists. They're misogynists. They're fighting for the same superiority of men in the South did during the Civil War.

Today's culture war is over [y] > [x]. The men in the Democratic Party believe that [y] = [x] and [x] = [y]. One isn't greater than the other, and one doesn't come before the other. Both come after [z]. The aspects of our gender that we got from our father are all equal, regardless of our gender.

The issue that the LGBTQIA+ community is fighting for today is that [z > x or y]. This is a complex concept where the value of masculine and feminine characteristics of adults is individually determined, yet the universal qualities we get from our mother are greater than our personality characteristics. This means that it's always better to use the highest moral inspiration you can muster.

I know that many think that in this cruel world we live in, we have to use a masculine approach to solving external problems. This is a falsehood we've been brainwashed into believing from thousands of years.

But this determination must be internal. You must learn this lesson for yourself. Modern, civilized human beings don't want society to control how we behave. We want our conscience to regulate our persona, not outside forces.

The only way to overcome the outer forces of evil [–] is with inner forces that teach and inspire. The road to GOD is paved with vision, creativity, inspiration and DIVINE guidance. Motivations must promote incentives to do good and encouragement must support confidence in growing like a tree in a garden.

This is the war we're fighting today. This is the only war Israel is losing. Because they've been forced to literal fight wars since their inception, the role of men and women in Israel has been under more pressure than anyone else on Earth. Those in the orthodox end of the Jewish spectrum insist on external, traditional roles that they determine. Those at the other end of the Jewish spectrum include the gays and most women who believe [z > x or y]. Liberal, modern Jews are having difficulty expressing this belief. And yet, Israel is one of the 10 happiest nations in the world.

I think humanity is discovering that men [y] can't continue running the world the way they've been running it for the past 3,800 years. They've got to admit that they have a [z] side of themself given to them by their mother that's

more powerful, positive and capable of turning dreams into visions.

I think those of us who are led by our [z] factor apologize to those who are not. I think the Democrats should apologize to the Republicans. I think the Israelis should apologize to the Muslims. I think the U.S. should apologize to Russia.

But here's what I think we should apologize for:

1. Women understand how hard it's been for men since women came out of the kitchen, but women aren't going back in the kitchen.
2. Black men understand how hard it's been for White men since Black men came out of the ghetto, but Black men aren't going back in the ghetto.
3. Gay men understand how hard it's been for straight men since gay men came out of the closet, but gay men aren't going back in the closet.
4. The United States understands how hard it's been for Russia since the U.S. was given the role by GOD of policing the planet, but the U.S. isn't going back to isolationism.
5. Brown Catholics understand how hard it's been for straight, Protestant men since Brown Catholics came here from Central and South America, but Brown Catholics aren't going back where they came from.
6. Asians understand how hard it's been for the Western world since Asians became transparent, but Asians aren't going back to being inscrutable.
7. Jews understand how hard it's been for Christians and Muslims since Jews became out of concentration camps, but Jews aren't going back in the ovens.

Quoting your scripture isn't enough. Using your external knowledge [x or y] to your advantage isn't enough anymore. Your better nature is determined by the values you inherited from your mother [z]. The culture war of today is [z] against

[x and y]. This is an internal struggle. Only the outcome of the war within you will be measured as success in the world we share.

LIFE after life will be an Israel [a struggle with GOD]. Life on Earth for many people is an Israel [a struggle against GOD]. You're going to have to decide if you're going to struggle with or against HIM. Once you've made that determination, all the rest will fall into place.

Do you want to quote scripture to advocate taking it literally, or do you want to disregard scripture entirely? Wouldn't it make more sense to apply your scripture to your life personally in a way you'll find spiritually useful and comforting? Isn't that what it means to be an American from the heartland? Isn't that what freedom of religion stands for?

I've excused my neighbors. They didn't do anything so awful that they need my forgiveness. I've turned the other cheek. GOD gave me four, not two. I've forced myself to laugh at these lessons my Tutor brought me. The flood in our building was nothing compared to the flood of puberty. I'm way past that.

I built my ark [closet]. I came out of it sexually. And I'm still coming out of it emotionally and spiritually.

If I don't take all scriptures figuratively, I'll continue to fight phantoms over the seven world scriptures. What I see on the news is not how I'm conducting my life.

P.S.

The imagination of man goes wherever it wants to go, whether you've given your word, made promises before witnesses or vows to GOD. The mind of man isn't just beguiling. It can be unscrupulous. Anyone with a penis knows that about himself.

Call me queer… I'm weird in my own inimitable way. I don't want to stick "it" in a place I can only think of as dirty. And by that, I'm not referring to a penis in an anus or a vagina going through menstruation. I'm referring to sharing a moral place with someone I don't respect.

What began as an act against GOD that Adam and Eve should have responded to with an apology, turned into a world order that's very disorderly. All you need to do is ask. If people don't want to give you what you want [–], you need to turn your wants [–] into desires [+]. You need to get to werk and earn what you envision.

Nobody seems to have done this. Everybody needs to apologize to everybody else. Answers to problems come when you seek solutions to syndromes. All our external issues are lessons from the TEACHER. Discuss your behavior with your Tutor. Ask Him whether your attitude is one of gratitude, and, if not, in what ways can you change your opinions.

I probably ask my Tutor a hundred questions a day. There are so many aspects of my behavior that I don't understand. There are so many little choices I make that I used to do unconsciously. The more I ask my Tutor to explain me to myself, the more He adds up my questions and presents them to the TEACHER, who determines what I need to face at night while asleep in my dreams and what I need to face by day in the world we share.

I say "thank You" to my Tutor for saying "thank YOU" to our TEACHER. I ask Him to thank HIM on my behalf. If I wouldn't do this, I wouldn't feel I'm connecting with you.

Both my dream state and my waking state are classrooms. And our TEACHER teaches in both. So, when we say that GOD [werks/works] in mysterious ways, I say "Gurlfriend, amen to that!"

Failure Is Always an Option

Organ failure leads to death. Our body can fail us. And if our body can fail us, so can our head, heart and soul. So don't get me started when it comes to the frailty of my conscience guiding me without the assistance of the other inner forces within me!

Failure elicits feelings such as disappointment, anguish and grief. Failure produces subjective consequences that can not only cause pain. Failure can cause terrible suffering. Failure is, therefore, a very real [external] and surreal [internal] option.

My failures are a reminder to me that I'm going to die. And death is a reality of life that's omnipresent. This is why, when I gain weight while dieting, I feel so awful. Even dealing with the smallest of losses causes me severe suffering.

Sadly, Gabriel and Glinda, didn't know much about failure, and so they didn't teach me that failure is always an option. They didn't expose a side of themselves to their inner child for some unknown reason.

I have to assume they did the best they could, given what they knew about themself and the world they were brought into. My inner mother was a good witch even though she had issues with her femininity [z]. My inner father was an archangel even though he had issues with his masculinity [x and y]. They produced me, Darlean. I'm feminine [z] first. But I'm also masculine [x].

Gabriel was given DIVINE guidance from the LORD to influence the Abrahamic faiths. Everything He touched turned out as well as could be expected at the time. And Glinda had a helpful, cheerful personality as she guided Dorothy. You'd never guess Glinda knew disappointment, anguish and grief from the way she carried herself.

Failure wasn't an option I wasn't taught by my parents. I was surrounded by my failures my whole life, but I

pretended they weren't there. I plotted and schemed to find ways to mitigate my letdowns, fiascoes, botches and flops, but I didn't face the new combinations of thoughts and feelings they elicited within me.

I just got more and more cynical and bitter. Disappointment began to turn all my hopes into disappointments. Now, at the age of 21, I can see what I went through, and I can see what's coming. It'll be another 20 years before I get to the top of my tabletop mountain. I've got to get there in a way that makes a difference to the world. I've got to prepare for the END while taking every step uphill in early adulthood. There's no guarantee how long I'll be enrolled in this school.

My parents protected me when I was an infant and a child. But when I became a teenager, GOD came to me. HE stood between my parents and me. And I've been forced to question when to follow them and when to follow HIM.

This transition from childhood to adulthood is what the rituals of puberty stand for. Putting GOD before my parents is when I became accountable for my own behavior. As a child, my parents were accountable for all my actions. That's not the case anymore. GOD will always stand on my right side. My parents now stand to the left of me.

I'd like to tell myself that I'm going to take one look at my final exam and be magically transported from here straight to HEAVEN/PARADISE/NIRVANA where I'll be lauded forever for my successes on Earth. But that may not be the case. I may fail my final exam. I may not be adequately prepared with answers to questions on my final about my failures.

Like me, you may have avoided aspect of the meaning of your life because you didn't value the seven forces in yourself that I've presented you with. Your conscience can't guide you if it doesn't have the input from your head, heart, soul, navel, genitals and backbone. You won't have the

strength to face GOD without every part of you keeping you erect.

Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage" monologue from As You Like It describes the seven stages of man. Here's my interpretation of them:

Shakespeare	Barry	Moses
Infant	Discovering	Adam and Eve
Schoolboy	Learning	Cain and Abel
Lover	Loving	Noah and the Ark
Soldier	Fighting	Tower of Babel
Justice	Justifying	Abraham
Old Man	Summarizing	Tutor
Extreme Old Age	Dying	TEACHER

Don't fall into the trap of thinking that what I've written above isn't something GOD would want us to talk about in polite society. This is all that we're talking about, even if you aren't fully able to keep up with the conversations beneath the conversation.

If our TEACHER is reminding us about our failures all the time, we need to do a better job of preparing the next generation for their final exam. Surely, that will be one of the questions on our own final exam.

Never Again

I sometimes give up all hope for humanity easily, instinctively and without inner argument. I figuratively throw my hands up and declare, "Never again!" on a daily basis over the littlest of challenges that makes me mad.

I often say that the folks at Suicide Prevention know my number before they answer the call because I call so often. Every time I break a dish, stub my toe or lose my keys, I think this is the last straw. In truth, I've never called Suicide Prevention, but I secretly wish I was dead at some point every day.

My heart was figuratively on life-support for decades. Looking back, I'd say my heart had been in an induced coma. I couldn't consciously feel a thing. My mental illnesses mirrored my emotional inabilities.

My head is only a reflection of the wisdom of my heart. My head [Adam] is stuck with Eve's leftovers. My feelings have much more to say about my actions than my mind would like to admit.

I couldn't love myself because I couldn't have an emotional first-person relationship with me. When people cried, I cried. When people laughed, I laughed. That's what I considered expressing feelings. That was the only evidence I had that I was a person with feelings.

The kind of self-assurance that makes it possible for me to listen to others' feelings – not just to hear them – is a skill I had to develop. I'd often succumb to feeling macho and competitive in an effort to defend myself from other people's feelings.

I no longer feel defended against their feelings because now I allow myself to feel them. That doesn't mean I feel responsible for acting on my feelings or theirs. It just means that I desire to use my heart to connect me to the world.

I wasn't willing to bet on GOD'S adoration of me when I had no feelings for others. I was without feelings for HIM,

too. Now I can see that HE brought me lessons in learning to feel. HE taught me to feel for others before teaching me to feel for myself.

My heart has grown through others for myself. I can now feel more than ever before. But if you try to make me prove that I have feelings by forcing me to open my wallet or vote the way you say, that's unfair. Using feelings to elicit actions is manipulative. I don't respond well to emotional coercion.

Feelings are only $1/7^{th}$ of the inner forces that determine my actions. I may live in a Judeo-Christian society, but forcing me to feel is one-sided. Using my thoughts honestly, my feelings sincerely and my beliefs authentically, requires me to contemplate, meditate and cogitate on the lesson I'm facing before I take action.

If you wish to influence my actions, use a soulful approach. Show me how your desires [+] will improve life for everybody. Show me how I can do good in a way that goes beyond what your heart tells you I should do. I don't trust people's feelings any longer. I've been too manipulated by people who sounded sincere, but held a selfish agenda. It always backfires onto gays and Jews.

The more I learn, the more I realize there's much more for me to know. I know a lot. I'm amazed at how much I've learned. But failure has taught me not to fear failure. I've learned so much from being wrong.

I love Costco almond danishes. The almond center is simply the best. But the dough is terribly gluey, chewy and bitter. So, I've learned to cut the four sides, throw them away and just relish the center. This is a life lesson.

In the past, I didn't want to have to feel. So long as my feelings paralleled other people's feelings, I thought I was at peace with the world and within. The revelation that my feelings didn't have to parallel other people's feelings for me to hold a meaningful role in society hadn't occurred to me. I needed more emotional skills than monkey-see, monkey-do skills. But nobody had told me that.

See-no-evil, hear-no-evil and speak-no-evil didn't know about their brother, smell-no-evil. I had to learn to use my nose to smell how insincere people could be. The billionaires and religious leaders figuratively smell horrible! They're colluding against us to maintain their power over us.

We don't need a revolution. We need evolution to go faster. We need to help them smell themselves. Once they can smell how badly they smell, they'll wash more than their hands. They'll realize their smells reek all the way to HEAVEN, PARADISE and NIRVANA.

I still have to tell myself what I should feel, given what I think. I've even had to teach myself what anger; worry; fear; jealousy and envy; and sorrow feel like by describing to myself how others express these emotions, and then comparing their feelings to the lack of my own.

I couldn't even tell myself what I should feel until I found the emotional key to my feelings in the rainbow brought down to Earth by GOD to illuminate us to feelings generically. I couldn't decide how I felt about anything until I transposed feelings into colors I could arrange in my heart to recreate the rainbow that I occasionally see overhead.

I now know that taxation must be fair and spending must be judicious. Using money wisely is the key to using honey wisely. Wisdom [honey] tastes sweet. Love [milk] tastes rich. With a head full of honey and a heart full of milk I'm ready to meet the classroom setting for the lessons of the day.

I don't just believe in White collar crimes. I believe in Black, Brown and Yellow collar crimes as well. I'd be a racist if I blamed White people for all thefts. I'd be a heterophobe if I blamed all straight people for all perverted feelings. I'd be an anti-Zionist if I blamed all Jews for the world's problems.

Only after discovering the correspondence between the colors of the rainbow with the feelings in my heart was I able to correlate indigo with awe and violet with ecstasy. Only

then did I realize what I was theoretically werking toward in life.

These two feelings, the lowest on the rainbow and closest to the earth, were hypothetical most of my life. Intellectually, I knew they had to exist somewhere inside of me. But I couldn't access them. I didn't know how to descend a rainbow's width for milk and honey, only its length in pursuit of the pot of gold at the end of it.

Unbeknownst to me consciously, I experienced awe and ecstasy while dancing ballet to classical music. So, intellectually I knew that the feeling of utter bliss must be possible in other areas of life.

Once I could paint my inner world all the colors of the rainbow, I realized I was an emotional, blank canvas most of the time. I'd squeeze feelings onto my palette and mix them. But I didn't dare apply those feelings to my canvas for others to see. I was trained to believe that my deepest feelings weren't something to be shared with anyone, only with nature. I could love a tree. I could love a pet. I just couldn't love a person.

Because my biological parents were so emotionally damaged by the Holocaust, the rage associated with the color red was something they couldn't display in polite society. They had to express it to one another. That I saw. Sadly, that I now see was why their marriage failed.

Christians were too agonized [orange] over what they'd done in those days and Jews were too enraged [red] for either of them to seek the whole truth about what had happened in Europe.

I remember one day in Israel when I was 19 [1971]. I was having an affair with my very first boyfriend. We were walking down a street in Tel Aviv I knew well because I used it to go to and from work. With him, a native Israeli, by my side, I suddenly felt very different. A wave of violet [ecstasy] rolled over me.

But instead of associating that feeling with love for him, I associated my joy with the new shoes I was wearing that I'd brought back from a recent dance tour in Europe and a blousy shirt he'd made for me with some fabric I'd bought in the Far East on a previous tour.

In that moment, I resolved that I was going to feel like that forever. I was going to dress for joy! Little did I know that feelings pass quickly unless you can identify them by name and recognize their true source.

My head was so separated from my heart that they were like gears that weren't engaged with one another. I was in a vehicle I was merely pretending to drive. I was emotionally in neutral. I wasn't going anywhere.

With a chasse as badly aligned as mine after two incidents with my parents when I was 4 and 5 years old, when each of them slapped me across the face and made my mouth bleed [once while I was sleeping], I wasn't going anywhere in the vehicle I found myself in at the age of 19. They'd taught me to swallow anything they said – even if it tasted like blood.

I was just sitting behind the wheel with my first boyfriend by my side in Israel, pretending to drive my vehicle. But it really wasn't road worthy. I desperately needed to find the equivalent of a body shop to fix me.

I chose to become a ballet dancer at 16 although I was a straight-A student at school who'd won a scholarship to university. It was my awe [indigo] of my body that led me to dance.

I experienced joy through beauty, and beauty through sex and new articles of clothing. I didn't associate joy with love of others and love of others with a love that emanated out from within for me.

Therefore, I became obsessed with my body. I disciplined my body with desperation using ballet as my whip. I didn't reveal myself to me using dance and music. I

didn't perceive the rainbow of colors in my heart that could have made me a great dancer. I failed.

I thought I had to be in love with myself secretly by adoring my body. I reveled at developing muscle. I wanted to look ripped and physically powerful. I wanted to have a body builder's body. I wanted to look like a Greek god frozen in time like a statue.

But I didn't want to come alive. I didn't want to have to know myself if there was a serpent in my tree. I was afraid to embrace all of me.

I didn't want to settle with another man's imperfect body in my arms. I was worried people would judge me for his physical flaws.

I told myself I wanted more than a notch on a bedpost. But what I really wanted was a trophy to put on a shelf in my living room where all would see what I'd won. I wasn't ready for a real man to share myself with.

What was in my heart [Abel] was a relationship with a head [Cain] that was severely psychologically wounded. I [Cain] could hear me [Abel] speaking to myself as though from beyond the grave. GOD told me HE could hear my blood crying out from the ground of my being for justice. But I didn't know how to take that message personally.

The source of the stab in my back was nowhere to be found. My mind had already buried the evidence beneath years of training from infancy onward. But that had left me without a relationship to the one person I needed to be with until the bitter end.

There was nothing I could do, but turn the page to learn about Noah's phantasmagoric cruise on an ark with a hull filled with fools who mirrored the animal kingdom. I was in the genesis of my being, headed towards becoming like Abraham. But I didn't have a clue what that meant.

I felt the most alive when I put myself in other people's shoes and lived out their experiences as my own. By reliving

their traumas in videos I produced in my imagination, I could even feel for them.

But there's only one voice that's alive and well within me. This is the voice of me, Darlean, Glinda's inner child immaculately conceived with archangel Gabriel. I'm the real deal because I'm surreal.

War of Consequences

What was called the Civil War 150 years ago was a war on literal interpretations of Torah. What was later called a culture war was what we now call a war of outcomes for everyone's actions when people's guilt is exposed. I call the war we're in today what it truly is: a war of spiritual repercussions before the coming or return of the Messiah.

Some people don't want to have to be responsible for their mistakes or the mistakes of those who came before them. They want to say whatever they want [–] and do whatever they want [–] without taking responsibility, especially for their inactions. They think they're the adults and we're the children. But, in fact, they're the ones behaving childishly, and we're the ones who have to learn how to deal with the childish antics of the immature.

What makes the hyper-religious around the world so fanatical is their low E.Q. Their emotional intelligence is below par because they don't want to use their head [Adam] in conjunction with their heart [Eve]. They only want to use their head [y] in conjunction with their genitals [serpent]. They've cut out the woman [z] in the Creation Story, and you can see how that looks when they're with women. They want to connive and conspire to get what they want without having to feel guilty about what they're doing.

We see something equally awful happening with people who are drug addicted in their effort to feel more deeply. They unite their heart [z] and genitals [–/+] to the detriment of their head [y].

People who are addicted to debt reward themself without just cause. They need a material reward for everything good they do.

People who are hoarders don't know how to let go of old ideas that they've concretized into material goods. The more goods they accumulate, the more they think their goods are signs that they're good.

And, of course, we see that people who are gun crazy are too terrified to love their own penis. Weapons become the delivery device of milk and honey instead of milk and honey being the delivery devices of their spiritual process.

Russians and Iranians need spiritual answers to their problems. If we don't discuss their syndromes with them, we'll never see progress.

The Tree of knowledge described in the Creation Story is a concept. It's the description of the ideal Tree behind every tree. The relationship between the characters in that story describes inexperience in pursuit of self-knowledge. That produces some self-defeating outcomes that cause guilt. But it also produces an amazing sense of hope that mustn't be ignored.

The Creation Story is an allegory about the ideal made manifest in every human being in practical terms, described using inner forces that play havoc with our destiny by tempting us to behave in ways that will lead us to our fate.

The temptation to do what we want [–] in conjunction with what feels good [+] spurs us to defy the good [GOD] rather than do what's right for ourself and others.

If we'd include our head [y] in with our heart [z] and the sensations [–/+] that motivate us below the belt [serpent], we'd discover that we have the ability to act passionately [serpent], rationally [heart] and logically [Adam] to the challenges in our external world. We have the ability to act reasonably if we behave soulfully.

Without a rational [heartfelt] approach to problems, you see the results in what the Republican Party platform has turned into. You see the same in Palestinians. They're logical and rational. But neither of them is reasonable or sensible. The man who was voted as President of Palestine in 2005 for a four-year term is still in office twenty years later. Power over people doesn't produce powerful people. It cripples them.

They're not compassionate. They experience no guilt at the misfortunes of those who don't agree with their religious dogma. And when it turns out that they've behaved hatefully and cruelly to the meek and innocent, they double down by becoming even more unreasonable.

Using a logical, rational and passionate approach to problems is modeled by the Democratic Party platform. Their only issue lies in the atheism they embrace instead of the seven world faiths that will unite us all with GOD.

The Republican extremists want to rid America of progressive Jews. The Democrat extremists want to rid the Middle East of religious Jews. The world doesn't look good for gay Jews.

I feel like a canary in a coal mine. I can't breathe.

Being Me

I'm no longer afraid to be myself.
I love facing me.
I admit when I'm wrong.
I apologize to myself.
Every time I do,
I'm relieved.
My guilt is assuaged with better ways
to achieve atonement.

I didn't expect life to be so personal.
I didn't think my external problems
would reveal my inner nature.
I once thought I could separate my two worlds –
the world around me from the world within –
without having to account to myself for myself.

My Jewish, Holocaust biological parents couldn't model
how to do both.
I found myself in a masquerade.
During the COVID pandemic
I literally had to wear a mask.
Such are the games GOD plays with me.
Facing myself hasn't been easy,
but it's been so worthwhile.
Removing my mask figuratively
required a vibrant imagination.
I have no intention of putting my shackles
back on again.

My Fijian Love Affair

In 1988, I was teaching junior high school English in East L.A. That summer, I visited Australia and New Zealand, and on my way made a stopover in Fiji.

Narendra worked at the European-style hotel I stayed at in Nadi, the third largest urban area on Viti Levu, the main island of Fiji. He was Hindu. The Hindus had been brought by the English to the islands when the iTaukei [indigenist Melanesians] refused to work in the sugar plantations in the 19th Century. Indentured servitude ended in the 1920's when the British finally outlawed their practice of moving peoples around the world to serve their financial interests.

Narendra was short, dark and handsome. He had flashing eyes and a beautiful, wide smile that invited you to kiss it when he spread his lips to laugh. He was cleaning the pool the first time I saw him as I lay in the sun. Our eyes met, and I had to turn onto my back because I immediately started to swell with an erection.

He knocked on my room later that day with an excuse of some sort, and the conversation soon moved toward us having sex together. He wouldn't have sex in my room with me, so we arranged to meet the next day when he had time off in the afternoon. He told me he knew of some hotel for locals where we could go.

I must have been about 34. He was probably younger. I'd already been in AA a few years, so I knew that following the voice of my penis is what had gotten me into trouble with drugs, alcohol, sex, money and even the law. So, I'd resolved not to have sex with anyone on the first date.

That was a problem for me because I was only in the country for 4 days, and I could hardly call our conversation in my hotel room on my second day our first "date."

Narendra had resolved not to have sex at work. So, when we met the next day, a day before I was leaving the country, I surreptitiously followed behind him out of the hotel into

the town. But we were both feeling guilty before we even did anything.

The further we walked away from the area I was familiar with, the more I felt lost, inside and out. I asked him if we could stop in a café for a soft drink. And he readily agreed. Then I told him about my promise to myself and my history with alcohol and drugs.

I also told him how beautiful and exotic he was in my eyes and how much I would have liked to hold him in my arms and make passionate love to him.

As a Hindu, he wasn't blessed with my Jewish candor. He looked uncomfortable talking about such things, even though I was speaking softly because we were in public. Although his eyes kept peering longingly into mine, I gathered the conflict he was having was somewhat different from my own. We were both yearning for the same thing on a physical level, but we were coming to it from different religious and cultural directions.

In the end, we swore allegiance to one another like best friends. I gave him all the cash I had in my wallet as a sign of my generosity of spirit, without him having to "do" anything for it. And he accepted it as though it were my semen in his anus that he wanted to cherish inside forever.

We talked about life in Fiji for Hindus as third class citizens after the English and then the iTaukei. We talked about my life as a school teacher and the sorts of kids who live in East L.A. where I taught.

Narendra and I stayed in touch for many years. I sent him $10 in every letter I wrote him, and he dutifully replied with deep thanks. He had a small farm in addition to the handyman job at the hotel. He always described to me what he did with the money I sent him to improve his lot in life. Someday, he wanted to visit New Zealand, and he had dreams of opening a business of his own.

Years later, I moved to Northern California, met a man from San Francisco and settled down with him in the Castro.

Then my boyfriend's business collapsed, and I told Narendra that times weren't so good for me financially. I didn't include the usual $10 in my letter. I told him that my boyfriend was wondering what he was going to do next, but I certainly couldn't afford our mortgage on a teacher's salary without his income to help pay our bills. Narendra replied by sending me some Fijian money.

You might be asking yourself why I'm telling you this. What's the point of a romantic love story between two men that was never consummated? Men are known for consummating their relationships within minutes. Narendra and I never did.

What we had was a brotherhood that can't be distinguished from the brotherhood you see in straight men. You can't tell me that we didn't love one another. And you can't tell me that some brothers don't sometimes have sex with one another to try to consummate their feelings of love.

Sometimes sex makes love, loyalty and devotion more apparent. Sometimes sex does just the opposite. You can learn that lesson with anyone.

The reason for this is because brotherhood has nothing to do with sex or familial ties. Brotherhood happens in the heart, not the penis. Narendra was the first man I ever loved like a brother.

Little did I know that I had to practice brotherhood with strangers before I'd be given a study partner in the school of life.

Rarotonga Beer

On my way home from New Zealand, I made a stop in Rarotonga, the capital of the Cook Islands.

I remember arriving in the country to live music being performed at the airport. The locals feel it's important to welcome guests to their island with South Sea Island serenades.

I remember that the $1 Rarotonga coin has their favorite god on it, who sports a fine-sized penis and testicles.

I remember finding a spider in the shower that was the size of a saucer.

I remember walking around the island in a few hours on the one road they have that has no stop signs or traffic lights. There isn't a single traffic light on the whole island. Therefore, there was no way for me to get lost at intersections. If I continued long enough going either direction, I'd come to where I wanted to be.

I remember arriving one day of the week and boarding the same flight a few days later. It was the only flight to the island, and the plane only landed twice a week, leaving an hour later.

That morning, I fell asleep on the beach in front of my hostel. When I woke up, I saw rain falling on another island off in the distance.

I never felt further from civilization or closer to PARADISE. I remember breathing a sigh of relieve when I woke up, a nap that released a lifetime of tension I'd been holding inside.

Then I walked along the beach to the town [Avarua]. There were a few lean-tos along the way for people to get out of the sun. And in one of them I noticed a local woman with her grown son.

I was in a curiously friendly frame of mind after having breathed that sigh of relief that shed 10,000 pounds off me instantly, so I asked them if I could sit with them for a while

to enjoy the shade. They suspiciously, but politely pointed to a cool spot on the sandy ground near them.

The mother held three bottles of beer and was giving them to her son one by one for him to guzzle down. She explained to me that he'd done some hard work over the past few days and earned some money for the family. She wanted to reward him for his effort with beer.

The son seemed perturbed. It looked like hard work hadn't agreed with him and needed to get the memory of what he'd been through that week out of his system.

As someone who saw gay men relieve themselves of suffering from hard work on weekends at clubs, it was no surprise to me that anyone would want to drown his sorrows in having to hold down a job in the real world, even a job that had only lasted a few days on a South Pacific island that resembles PARADISE.

But I was surprised, even somewhat shocked, that this young man's mother would be so sympathetic to his suffering. In my family, work was considered a privilege, not a burden to be pitied.

But my biological mother was a German Jew. She didn't believe work required compensation with indulgences. She thought work was its own reward. She only drank on the weekends in the spirit of socializing, not medicating herself.

Granted my mother drank to excess at times when she went out dancing with her gentlemen friends. When we were kids, my sister and I sometimes found her late at night in the bathroom hugging the toilet.

But my mother never offered me liquor when I was an adult to assuage my ruffled feathers for having to work for a living. I chose to use drugs and alcohol for that purpose all on my own...

It wasn't until I reached the age of 31 that I joined AA and chose to use the voice of the mother within me to guide me away from hurting myself with unwarranted "rewards" and unnecessary "medications."

I haven't had a smoke, drink or drug in close to 40 years. And I don't miss any of them.

But that isn't to say that I didn't sacrifice my health to assuage myself for having to work for a living. I, too, damaged my body and mind with self-indulgences while, at the same time, attempting to help myself with self-discipline.

The ancient Jews sacrificed animals to GOD for almost a thousand years to assuage themselves of their sins and feelings of guilt. With the destruction of the Second Temple just after the death of Jesus, animal sacrifice ended once and for all.

But some of the extremist, orthodox Jews still drag a poor goat up to the Temple Mount once in a while to recreate animal sacrifice to the dismay of all civilized human beings everywhere. Those antiquated Jews seem to think that animals deserved to die for our crimes against our own humanity.

For this reason, I think the Al-Aqsa Mosque on the site of the first and second Temples should never be relinquished to the Jews. Let it stand as it is, in Muslim hands, as a reminder of our previous inhumanity to the animal kingdom.

Civilized people don't kill goats to atone for their sins. Today we shouldn't even make ourself our scapegoat.

Gays and Jews have been scapegoated for millennia. If the Al-Aqsa Mosque stands for the relinquishing of scapegoats, let it begin with animals. But let them not forget their responsibility not to scapegoat gays and Jews.

I find that many people of other faiths are in a stupor as deep as the orthodox Jews. Trying to save the animals from extinction shouldn't be as hard as it is. Trying to save the planet from the destructive forces of man has become like pulling teeth. GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, is now showing us that the climate is becoming so inhospitable to the future of humanity that everyone is having to admit what a miserable world we're going to leave for our grandchildren

and great grandchildren. If we don't deepen our understanding of ourselves, I'm sure the Messiah won't bother to show up for the spiritual savages who'll be left living on Earth by then.

Obviously, there are still a lot of people who aren't Jewish who are in as much denial as the orthodox Jews who staunchly object to modernity. They're all disciples of the flat-Earth theory of religious zealotry, since that's the way the world literally looks in their eyes. They work against anyone who tries to help the natural world, even though we're all, in part, a part of it.

The hyper-religious blame everyone other than themselves. Why modernize their thoughts and feelings responsibly by protecting nature and the planet when they can avoid the topic of guilt entirely by killing a goat.

Why can't they see that they're killing themselves and sacrificing the future of their progeny with their irresponsible practices? Why can't they offer themselves to GOD with responsible self-sacrifices, instead?

Why don't hyper-religious Christians recreate the crucifixion of Jesus figuratively to assuage themself of their sins and guilt? Why don't they stop crucifying the poor and disenfranchised to enrich themself? They're choking themself on forbidden fruit.

That level of self-ignorance and inner poverty is painful to watch. Once you're honest with how you're treating yourself, it's not that hard to behave sincerely with others.

Windows in Walls:
Bursting Bubbles

Don't confuse bluster with real strength. Real strength comes from walls with windows in them. Real strength comes from bursting bubbles, only to discover that not all bubbles burst. Some bubbles can miraculously survive with holes in them. You can even see the holes in those who've been deflated.

It's harder to protect yourself from people than it looks. The dear LORD gave us walls and bubbles to teach us how to live life securely rather than simply survive as we make our way through it.

If a thief could come into your home and take anything he wanted, what would he still want that you have? What is the treasure you've got that no one can steal from you? Sadly, you may not know.

Cynicism, scorn and derision of others won't make you less vulnerable to thieves. Mocking the village idiots of other villages won't distract those in your village from noticing that you're a high-functioning fool. Your tactics can't keep burglars at bay.

Physical weakness won't reveal your hopelessness. But building muscles won't make you feel any stronger inside. The only person who can steal your treasure out from under you is you. But you'll only do so if you don't know what that treasure is.

If you haven't discovered your treasure [superpower], you'll worry about losing people, places and things. You'll worry about being overrun, invaded, usurped, overlooked, disregarded, discounted, snubbed, ignored, bossed around, regulated, examined and passed over. You'll always feel like Jimmy Olsen, not like Superman and Lois Lane.

You'll even worry about GOD'S inability to perceive your worth, when it will have been disregard of yourself that was at the core of your issues.

The trick to living the good life lies in gathering your treasure; counting it weekly [whether or not you choose to do so on the Sabbath]; sharing it hourly; and reminding yourself every minute of the day that GOD already knows what you know about yourself. Show HIM something new about you that you're now able to see.

In this way, you'll come to feel beloved from within through thick and thin. You'll come to feel that you're in a school in which you're your major. And isn't that the magic you sense from those with charisma? Isn't that what it means to achieve peace of mind?

Boyfriend in a Mummy Bag

When I became a teacher in L.A., I continued instructing aerobics three nights a week. I went further with my education for my master's degree in education the other two nights. And I went to gay A.A. meetings on the weekend. I finally felt like a card-carrying member of the human race. I didn't feel like a Jew in Germany anymore.

But I didn't tell anyone about me being gay outside my social circle. I avoided prejudice by appearing to assimilate with everyone despite my history of mental illness, drinking, drugging, sexual infidelities and three attempted suicides.

I now feel more assimilated with the human race. I don't feel I have to assimilate any longer. I don't feel as superficial as I did when I only worried about caring for my container without concern for its contents.

But I still worry about differences. There isn't anywhere I go that I don't feel different. Maybe that's happening in my mind. But it isn't only happening in my mind.

Tell a Black man he has no reason to feel prejudice in America. Tell a Native American that the next promise the government makes to him will come true. Tell a disabled person that anyone would want to sleep with him just based on his delightful personality. Tell a Muslim in Kansas that he has good reason not to want to go to Oz, but to remain in middle America surrounded by Republicans. Tell the Jews in the Middle East that all has been forgiven, that Israel is real. You might as well tell a gay man that you won't cum in his mouth…

But I digress. What I really want to talk about is a gay organization I joined in my thirties to learn how to camp in the great outdoors. I wanted to explore new options.

One fine day in my thirties, I found a tent on the upper shelf of my hallway closet while I was rummaging about. It had been mistakenly left behind by the previous renters of

my apartment. That's what motivated me to consider learning how to camp.

Not having grown up with a father or having been a boy scout, I had no experience of the great outdoors to draw on. And not being campy by nature, I decided to study camping as though it were a course at school…

My first event with a gay, outdoor group was a weekend in the Sierra Nevada in the early spring. My tent was terrific because I "inherited" it. I bought a sleeping bag for the occasion. But I'm cheap, so I bought the least expensive one I could find.

During the night it snowed unexpectedly, and I was freezing in my sleeping bag despite having put on every item of clothing I'd brought with me.

I'd met a cute guy that day, but we hadn't made enough of a connection to sleep together. But when I got so cold that night, I went to his tent, woke him, told him how cold I was, and waited. Fortunately, I was quite cute in those days and I attracted guys who were equally adorable. So, when he suggested we zip our sleeping bags together and take off all our clothes and cuddle because that would keep us both warmer, I didn't have to be persuaded.

Our naked arms and legs embraced. His breath caressed the back of my neck. And then it didn't feel as stiff as it had been before. I finally fell asleep. I finally experienced the feeling of being physically warm in the arms of a stranger.

We didn't have sex. It was too cold to stir up a breeze. But that night of spooning began an affair that lasted many months.

I now have a wonderful memory of how we got together that first, cold night in the mountains and what a relief it can be to finally meet a nice guy through camping without having to pretend to be campy. The truth is that I'm not cut out to camp.

Dear Abby

Will likes to have sex on the weekend when he doesn't have to think about work. So, Saturday and Sunday mornings are set aside as times to be intimate.

Although that might seem regimented to you, I find it exciting to know that there's someone waiting for me to climb back into bed with him on his days off. [I'm an early riser.]

Will doesn't like to talk about sex when we're naked in bed on the weekends. He doesn't like to talk about sex, period. If you think I'm chatty in writing, naked with you as we cuddle together between white pages, you should know that I'm even more loquacious nude under the sheets.

If you think I'm enjoying the warmth of your burning bush in my imagination, I'm even more intimate for real. I may be a little sick and twisted, but I'm tolerant, accepting and admiring of some of the sicknesses and twists in others. It's because I'm a little sick and twisted that I can walk in others' shoes, even when their feet are in them.

It never occurred to me in my youth that the way most men made love to me was with devotion expressed in the moment. I misunderstood their intentions for a future together because I couldn't yet access my superpower. I couldn't yet allow my naked feet to touch their naked feet and admit we could walk in the same shoes if we both made an effort to do so. I was too emotionally challenged to admit to myself that I was a bad lover everywhere but in bed.

I couldn't be a good lover with anyone until I could see that I was could love me. I had to witness my loving kindness for me with me, and then share that with others. I had to witness loyalty from the inside out. I had to learn how to walk in my own shoes before I could walk in another man's shoes.

The problem was whether I was a top or bottom. The problem was whether I could top myself with the passion I enjoy in topping Will.

My boyfriend has an insatiable desire for loving kindness. Sex with him has only gotten better over the ten years we've been together. Our kindness, love and loyalty have rubbed up against one another until they've been ignited into a modest flame., I can truly say that we're flaming queens.

That doesn't mean that I'm not willing to be intimate with you. I don't want you to get the impression that I don't care for you, too. Quite the contrary. Speaking intimately has become easier for me because expressing myself intimately comes from my feet, not my head, heart or soul. If I can't stand tall in my own shoes, I mean nothing to me. That's a dancer's mentality.

Being a top [y] and a bottom [z] is much harder than being one or the other. I have to know when to lead me and when to follow me. I had to learn when to let me [y] lead, and when to let me [z] lead.

This brought me back to my inner father, archangel Gabriel, and my inner mother, Glinda. Sometimes I have to lead with strength [y]. Sometimes I have to lead with love [z]. Sometimes I see myself as [y] + [z]. Other times I see myself as [z] + [y].

I don't fight about who's on top anymore. I don't fight over who leads and who follows. I no longer feel like a man in a man's world. I now feel like a person in this world.

This has changed my perspective on masculinity and femininity. I see strength as masculine. I see love as feminine. I choose to lead with one or the other depending on what I think would succeed in each and every problem I face.

The penis is the organ that elicits the most powerful sensations in the whole body. Most men might think they're intimate when their penis is nude.

The heart is the organ that elicits the most powerful feelings in the whole body. So, some men have learned that they're intimate when their heart is naked.

Sensations aren't the same as emotions. If nobody told you that before, you need to reassess the conclusions you come to with your penis verses those that come from your heart.

The best sex I've ever had has been with Will when my penis werks in conjunction with my heart and soul. The best sex comes when I'm expressing how loyally I stand tall in support of him because I can walk in his shoes. This takes good, strong, figurative feet and, as you already know, strong toes.

Many men may forget that feelings are just as powerful as sensations. They may have physical sensations that please them, but they can't tell the difference between their sensations and their emotions.

Over time, a man may become disappointed because his negative feelings begin to override his positive sensations. Relating may get old. It gets complicated because feelings become ambivalent.

Unless you're standing on very good, strong feet, you may lose your spiritual balance. Unless you learn to dance on the inside, regardless of your physical coordination, you may have trouble remaining erect at all times.

My biological father once had to go on a business trip from Buffalo to New York City. My mother, sister and I went with him to the bus terminal, where I boldly told him I wanted to go with him to New York. [I was probably four years old at the time. The year was 1956.]

He took me on board the bus to show me his seat at the back of the bus. And from the ambivalent feelings he expressed, I suddenly got frightened. I turned around and got off the bus to be with my mother again. I didn't realize he had no intention of taking me along. He manipulated me

with ambivalence. He used disloyalty to make me leave him rather than let me know in words that he had to leave me behind, but he'd be back.

My father couldn't talk about his feelings, but he was a master at using them to manipulate others with them. He was a showman. He just didn't have much to show in the way of wisdom. He died of heart failure. Now don't tell me that wasn't poetic justice.

Men who separate their penis [sensations] from their heart [feelings] aren't normal. They're traumatized individuals. They suffer P.T.S.D.

The trick is not to trick. Don't be a showman with nothing emotionally concrete to show. Men who trick you have no treat to offer.

Be very cautious about what men tell you because what they say may only come from their penis. What they say may only reflect what they want [–]. How they feel may be very different from what they think and what they may feel obliged to do.

Loyalty sometimes forces men to cut their heart out from their actions. This complicates the efforts of their conscience guiding them.

First, GOD brought wisdom into the world through Moses. Then, HE brought love into the world through Jesus. And then, HE brought loyalty to Muhammad through archangel Gabriel.

Our head sits above our heart and soul. But our penis can mess with any or all three. If you think that your romantic life is difficult to manage, just imagine what politicians are dealing with when it comes to the Middle East.

It's only by associating Judaism with GOD'S wisdom, Christianity with GOD'S love and Islam with GOD'S loyalty that we can begin to use the God that GOD gave us to seek answers to our problems and solutions to our syndromes.

Because most men – gay and straight – haven't been properly trained to make their conscience their guide by bringing their God to bed with them, they have a tendency to exaggerate, lie, deny and conveniently forget how they treat other people. They use their thoughts, feelings and beliefs only to get what they want [–]. But of all the disappointments and dastardly manipulative betrayals in the world, the worst are the result of ambivalence.

Only men who unify the sensations of their penis [+] with the feelings [+] in their heart are spiritually advancing. This is the meaning of wisdom of the heart. Don't be so cynical that you think wisdom and wisdom of the heart are in conflict with one another. They're not.

This past weekend, Will and I had sex in the morning, as usual. But afterwards, I told him about my new peanut regimen for the squirrels in our garden. He told me he disagreed with me feeding them at all.

He tried to convince me that there are fat dogs in America because of my kind of strategy. I replied that there are also fat cats in America who never get enough, whether you overfeed or underfeed them.

I then pointed out to him that we were fighting after sex over how many peanuts to give the squirrels in our garden. I suggested I write to Dear Abby to ask her, her advice on our pillow talk. He snapped back, "She'd probably tell you to take your problems to Ann Landers…"

Such is the intimacy between two gay men who really like one another. Such is our relaxed morning of intimacy in bed on the weekend.

By the way, Will was right. I was wrong. Don't feed wildlife. It attracts vermin.

Profoundly Deep

I'm sure you think you're profoundly self-intimate and spiritual because you've plummeted the depths of yourself. I'm sure you think you've drilled very, very deep down inside.

But if you don't compare and contrast your well to the well you drew from before, instead of others' wells, how will you know how deep a well you've bored? If you look back to how deep a well you had ten years ago, you'll certainly see a depth now that wasn't there before. Therefore, it would behoove you to compare and contrast yourself to who you were before rather than try to liken yourself to others.

My opinion of the profundity of my being is subjective. My subjectivity increases because I continue to learn. But my objectivity also increases because I continue to learn. I need to see an increase in my ability to manage both my worlds, the objective, external world and my subjective, internal world.

You might like to think that the good LORD loves you and even likes you just the way you are right now. But that may not be true. That may be a conclusion you've come to that's based on a subjective view of yourself that you created all by your lonesome.

HE may actually have plans to improve you that you can't imagine. You'll never know unless you compare the depth of your wellbeing to spiritual concepts you haven't yet earned.

You may surround yourself with a whole host of people who agree with your opinion of you. But that doesn't make it an objective fact or even an opinion that some others would readily agree with. GOD is the ultimate arbiter on human objectivity.

It's not objectively good for billionaires not to pay their fair share of taxes. It's not objectively good for politicians to require the financial support of billionaires to get into office.

It's not objectively good for religious leaders to ignore the other faiths GOD created.

There are a whole host of problems in society that aren't objectively good. But unless we seek to solve these problems with subjective evidence, in addition to objectivity, we're only going to continue the tug-o-war we see today.

If you were to describe this world to a newborn, you might like to describe it as the place where the subjective [z] meets the objective [y], and the objective [y] usually wins. You might like to add that if you're fortunate, the subjective [z] will win, leaving you confident and happy with your outcomes, despite what some may think of you. That will make all the difference when it comes to your moods.

Hopefully, you'll leave here feeling well-liked, whether or not you always felt beloved by ONE, and all. You'll have learned to like yourself [z] + [x] or [y]. And you'll have learned to love all the little, moral challenges you have to go through each day, some of which you might even have hated in the past.

Self-discipline is what will leave a smile on your face and a gleam in your eye when you're dead and you can finally take your mask off. Eternal REST depends on Earthly works, not on self-aggrandizement.

Being Normal

I'm not impatient. I'm Jewish. I don't get frustrated, exasperated and upset. I get anxious. I don't get depressed. I get hopeless.

GOD presses some people to do things they don't want to do. HE represses others to restrain, prevent, or inhibit them from doing what they want to do.

But some people GOD depresses. If, like me, you've experienced severe depression for a lifetime, ironically, there's hope and optimism to be gleaned from that. Feelings of being utterly dispirited or dejected are a challenge to make greater meaning out of life. It's a gift not everyone has been given. But it's quite a challenge, too.

That doesn't mean you shouldn't use the medical model to help you heal. It doesn't mean that psychiatric drugs and therapy wouldn't benefit you.

But it does mean that there's a spiritual component with emotional outcomes to every illness that can and should be addressed as such.

If you think it was hard growing up Jewish, try growing up gay. If you think it's hard growing up gay, try growing up Black. If you think it's hard growing up Black, just try growing up a little more from one day to the next, and you'll see how hard that is to do under the circumstances you've been given.

Why was it so hard being me as a child? Why was it so hard being me as a teenager, young adult, mature adult and middle-aged man? And why is it so much easier now as an old man?

I stopped taking psychiatric medications with the help of my psychiatrist in 2000. I've been off all drugs for mental illness and depression for more than 20 years. And I've been off alcohol and recreational drugs for almost 40 years.

Self-discipline is the key to my wellness. Self-love is the key to my self-discipline. Loyalty to myself is the key to my self-love.

This world is better than it was because it's easier to grow up than it once was [another dollop of HEAVENLY gossip you may find difficult to swallow]. If you're Muslim, Black, straight, religious, fat, dark-skinned or gay – and you can't see how much easier it's become for you to be you over time – then you haven't yet got a clue what's on GOD'S agenda. HE wants people to be given the opportunity to grow up to be normal. HE's growing us like trees in a garden to make us into something better than we were when we were first planted here.

Normal doesn't mean straight. Normal doesn't mean White. Normal doesn't mean Christian or Muslim. Normal means modest, humble and gracious. GOD wants people not to steal anything but furtive glances.

Latent Homosexual

My biological half-sister once told me she thought our biological father was a latent homosexual. I asked her how she came to that conclusion, but she had no evidence to support her claim.

What she had was a deep, abiding loathing of our father and a desire to ridicule and demean him. And she used a derogatory, sexual label to speak about him sarcastically.

This is a common strategy. People call some people "faggots." They call some people "whores" and "bitches." They call some people "assholes." They call some people "cocksuckers" and "mother-fuckers."

There are a wide range of sexual terms used to express distain of others using various forms of copulation as their sword. But if such people are polished, educated and socially sophisticated, they use terms like "latent homosexual" instead. They think it makes them sound nonjudgmental.

What they're really saying is that they approve of using the Hebrew Testament as a way of cursing those they dislike. They approve of using Leviticus 18 and 20 as a way of denouncing some people as "abominable."

If GOD can do it, they think they can do it, too. [Whether GOD is doing it as reverse psychology, they don't ask themself.] They use a veiled, antisemitic attack to apply Torah to anyone they find abominable.

Denouncing parts of the body or relationships to the body is abominable since our CREATOR made us all in HIS image, and I'm sure HE's pleased with HIS work/werk. The 3rd Commandment is not to take the LORD'S name in vain. But I'm sure you can see that my half-sister was doing just that by calling our father a latent homosexual.

My half-sister is an ignorant Jew on this topic. But she's not unusual in her misuse of our scripture. She is, in fact, a model example of what not to do if you don't like someone as much as she didn't like our father. But because she was

oblivious to her own bad behavior, I'm using her as an example in this chapter.

A latent homosexual is a derogatory term for a gay man whose sexual attraction to men is a secret that he feels the need to lie about. An out, gay man is a politicized homosexual who refuses to allow anyone to deride or demean him for his sexual preference. He holds no sexual secrets. He doesn't lie about who he is or what he does, even though the details of what goes on in his bedroom aren't anyone's business.

A gay man is someone who gets together with other enlightened individuals, groups, institutions, businesses, races and religious societies to protect our reputations from people, like my half-sister, who think they have the moral autonomy to use anything they want as a sword to cut people down with sarcasm based on unconscious derision of the Hebrew Testament.

Calling people evil because of their sexual preference is evil. It demonstrates that you're prejudiced and don't know where to draw the line between sexual behaviors that are truly evil and sexual behaviors that are normal.

Sex with minors is the worst and most abominable form of sexual misconduct. Rape is the next worst. The least evil, but still evil, form of abominable, sexual wrongdoing is adultery.

Adultery is a breaking of your word. It's a sign that you can't be trusted. [I think my half-sister is more upset that her husband may be an adulterer than she is with our father for possibly withholding a sexual secret from her.]

Giving or getting a blow job isn't evil. Anal sex isn't evil. Oral sex with a woman isn't evil. And stimulating your vagina or anus with an object isn't evil.

Having sex with animals is evil because animals seek sex with other animals from their own genus and species. To force an animal to have sex with a human being is as bad as forcing a human being to have sex with an animal.

But there are many human beings who behave like animals by forcing themselves on others who they think of as only animals. And there are many more people who simply lie about their sexual identity to avoid having to face life in the modern age.

People who demonize people for their sexual preferences, excluding those behaviors that are truly evil, are ignorant. They need to be educated. They need to be enlightened about where to draw the line between good sex and bad.

Sarcasm

Sarcasm is something I'm almost physically allergic to. Sarcasm makes me break out with violent thoughts and hateful feelings. It also leaves me with bad dreams at night that cause me to wake up, lose sleep, toss and turn and feel bad in the morning without usually realizing what it was that I figuratively swallowed the day before that caused such a bad reaction in me during the night.

Sarcasm is defined as the use of irony to mock or convey contempt. I don't like to be mocked. I don't like to be treated contemptuously. But I especially don't like using knowledge I have about others to demean them.

I wasn't too sure what irony was exactly until I looked up that word, too. It turns out that irony began as a theatrical ploy in Greek tragedies by which the full significance of a character's words or actions was clear to the audience although unknown to the character.

I don't like people to treat me mockingly and contemptuously just because they can see something about me that I can't. That's not supportive or helpful to me. And if life is a school and we're all students of one TEACHER who's grading us on a curve, then sarcasm is a way for some students to try to improve their grades by toying with the outcomes at the far ends of the normal distribution of that curve, statistically speaking.

Conditional sentences mixed with sarcasm also affect me negatively. The conditional tense creates theoretical outcomes in which you can test methods of action. These outcomes aren't real outcomes. Conditional sentences are a category of thoughts that are confined to a world of plausibility without accountability.

"If I had a dollar for every time you were right, I'd be broke," mixes sarcasm with the conditional tense. You're implying that you can see a negative outcome that might occur if the other person doesn't do something different.

There's an implied mockery and contemptuousness in such a conditional statement.

Telling people directly or implying indirectly they don't have the intelligence to discern right from wrong isn't helpful. But allowing them to do as they please might cause harm to you, themselves and others. This becomes a spiritual Catch-22 that can only be unlocked with sensitivity and cautious inquiry into the person's motives.

"You're crazy if you think I cheated on you" is another example of a conditional sentence that's loaded with sarcasm. The answer to whether or not you cheated on me is independent of my mental wellbeing. Your defense is a wall constructed with bricks of sarcasm cemented with mortar made of distain.

When you find yourself having a bad day, ask yourself if you were fed conditional outcomes with sarcastic overtones. Or, if you find yourself feeling alone and in bad company, ask yourself if you treated someone that way.

To be spoken down to in a sarcastic tone infers that you don't know something tragic about yourself that the other person does. But because of the disrespectful manner in which that information was conveyed to you, there's no way you can possibly take their warning to heart. You're too hurt to listen to their point of view.

For me, being spoken down to put me into an intellectual and emotional tailspin. I'd think illogically and irrationally in an attempt to distract myself from the possibility that I might be out of touch with myself in a way that others could see, but which they refused to describe to me politely, just so they could make me feel bad about myself.

Gaslighting is another form of psychological manipulation. Gaslighting is veiled sarcasm intended to get you to do what someone wants you to do by forcing you to question your sanity. Gaslighting forces people to question their own loving intentions instead of the malevolent

intentions of others. Here are some examples of gaslighting from the Internet:

"You're not hungry; you just ate" [parentalizing]
"I only did it because I love you" [false loyalty]
"I'm not cheating; you're just paranoid" [deflecting blame]
"No one will ever love you but me." [a way to isolate]

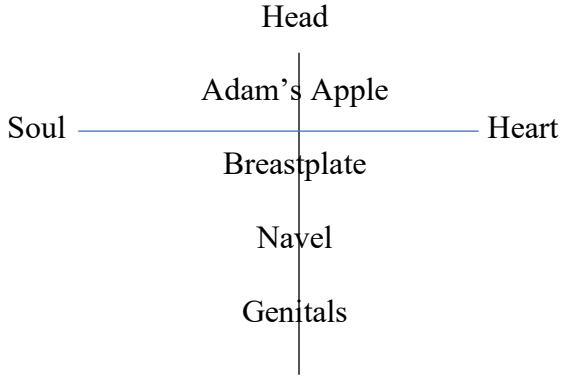
Sarcasm and gaslighting made me feel like an outcast until I recognized them in conversation. They made me feel unliked, scapegoated and banished. Now that I'm no longer ignorant of those ways of trying to dominate and control me, I'm less susceptible to them.

As a gay man, I consider the hyper-religious to be my worst enemies. I've been upfront in writing about what I think they're doing wrong religiously and what they could do to right themselves.

I certainly know that I've used irony to express my opinions because I assume you, too, can see what I can see, even if others can't. It's amusing to watch fools relishing April Fool's Day while you and I make good use of March 31st.

Those who think they're ahead of us should look directly below their Adam's apple. What good is a head without an Adam's apple, breastplate, navel and penis? These aspects of the male body have spiritual connotations that only the self-knowledgeable are aware of.

The power of the heart and soul intersect with the power of the head, Adam's apple, breastplate, navel and penis. This looks like the cross Christians drawn on their body with their right hand:



When a Christian crosses himself, if he thought about the aspects of Christ's body on the cross and his own, he might make more loving decisions by using all the forces within himself, not just his head and genitals or heart and genitals.

Self-crucifixion is a spiritual necessity. It's not just for Christians. Unless you can universalize the experiences Jesus went through, you're not living up to the tenets of your faith.

Calling GOD Names

In my opinion, the wars in and around Israel are the result of Jews and Muslims who are allowing the hyper-religious to maintain power over them. They each believe that their name for GOD is the only legitimate name for HIM. But they can't even agree among themselves what that means.

I think women with the help of gay men could solve the problems in the Middle East if straight men would get out of our way. Because I think that's a pipe dream, the best I can offer is hope through education. That may take generations, but spiritual instruction is the best solution I can think of.

Like me, you may come away feeling bitter [disappointed] and blue about people who don't believe there's only one GOD with many names. And that may keep you, too, from moving further down the rainbow into the indigo [mystery] and violet [ecstasy] range.

The more you can get out of your anger [red] and sorrow [blue], the more you'll be able to climb up from the well of loneliness you may feel you're in. Then, the more you'll be able to make your way up to the LIGHT GOD shines down on us all.

The hyper-religious all claim that gays are perverts, but they're the ones who behave morally perversely. Sex is no measure of perversity unless sex involves minors, rape, adultery or animals. Anal sex is not a venal crime.

By the time you reach the top of your well, it may be nighttime within you. You may find yourself surrounded by a mysterious, indigo sky with points of LIGHT twinkling down upon you. You may find yourself feeling alone on a planet surrounded by billions of stars.

My half-sister is a child survivor of the Holocaust. But she survived the Nazis only to become bitter at what life sometimes serves her.

She claims our father was a latent homosexual. What I think she'd really like to say is that he was condescending

and patronizing. He claimed to be able to see outcomes she couldn't see, but he couldn't tell her what they were. He mocked his children.

Our father had been a frightened Holocaust survivor who was very bitter about the way things had turned out for him, too. He was a Republican who used ambivalence as a weapon. He couldn't thank GOD for his misfortunes because he couldn't admit life is like a school in which we're all here to learn. He, too, was enrolled in a class on cynicism in the school of life that he couldn't pass.

When you're thankful to others and appreciative of your efforts to help yourself, it's easy to be grateful to GOD. That's all it takes to pass your class on cynicism.

Self-Adoration

Sometimes I adore GOD. But I also adore Bette Midler. I adore Charles Aznavour and Carol King. I adore William Saroyan and Madelene L'Engle. I adore Mozart. I adore my mother. And sometimes I find that I even adore myself.

Adoration makes me a fan of someone. I see how they behave. I see their gifts. And I respond with the level of love that comes out of me naturally and easily. That level of love is adoration.

I'm a naturally adoring person, and that's because I've been blessed with the gift of adoration. I adore people who've done good things. I see them as stars shining LIGHT in the night. I figuratively connect the lights in the night sky to guide me. I see everything in life as mysteriously connected by GOD to the path I'm on. Sometimes that path leads me in a hopeful direction. Sometimes I'm led to hopelessness. Learning to trust is the key to developing the courage to go where I've never gone before.

I'm sure it was self-adoration that instigated me to become a ballet dancer at the age of 16 when I discovered my body could elicit ecstasy when I moved to classical music. I couldn't think of doing anything other than dancing my way through life once I became ecstatic about the personal relationship I could forge between music and dance. I gave up an academic scholarship to U.C.L.A. to become a ballet dancer.

It was my adoration of the roots of civilization that turned me toward Europe and Israel after high school rather than start adult life in sunny Southern California where I'd grown up.

Unfortunately, people didn't find me adorable. I think they may even have found me a bit annoying. I could be high maintenance. I can still be trying, fussy, disapproving, judgmental, strict, nagging, hardheaded, awkward and hard to handle. I attribute that to my OCD. But the more I explore

my obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings, the more I come to believe in myself. I believe I can heal my thoughts and feelings with spiritual beliefs. I believe GOD is guiding me toward healing. And I believe I can be a contributor rather than an opponent to society.

But there are a wide range of character defects I don't have that are related to mine that I'm grateful not to have. I'm not quarrelsome, contemptuous, crabby, uncompromising, inflexible, disparaging, nit-picky, boorish, rude or contentious. It's only when I see these behaviors in others that I tend to get irate because they trigger my OCD.

Therefore, I think there's a disconnect between being adorable and adoring. If you go into a tailspin to protect yourself from sarcasm and gaslighting intended to demean you, not everyone is going to find you adorable.

I didn't realize how much I adore myself until I'd written my first book of poetry. Only by putting my love for me in words could I read it and believe it. But even then, I couldn't yet put my love for me into one simple feeling: self-adoration.

Will is Catholic, so I've been to many Catholic Masses at the church he belongs to. There, I've witnessed the adoration of Catholics for Jesus. I've even written a three-volume book on my interpretation of the Gospels through the symbolism Jesus added to the Mosaic metaphor of the Creation Story.

But I never realized that what I was observing at church was self-adoration of Catholics projected and then shared communally with Jesus [God]. Now I think their expression of adoration is a good thing. Anyone you adore will bring great joy and comfort into your life.

I know that's true because I've broken through my projection of adoration onto others to adore myself, my boyfriend and my God. And I didn't have to convert to Christianity to do it! All I had to do was open my heart to the concept of taking myself more to heart.

Self-Clocking

"What time is it now?" is the question I most often ask myself between the hours of 4:00-6:00 AM. By 6:00 in the morning, I force myself to get up because I don't want to clock myself any longer. Besides, by then, I've been through the darkness before the dawn.

"To clock" is an expression in gay vernacular, especially among drag queens, that means to call out someone's flaws; to reveal the truth in a situation; or a truth about one's true gender. [Internet]

I clock myself every night. I talk to myself as would a teacher with a distracted student in class. Then I continue by having office hours with my Tutor during the darkest darkness before the obvious dawns on me.

I was a dancer. I'm still a dancer. When I'm talking to people, I'm watching their mind dance. I'm getting ideas on how to move my mind in new ways to produce new choreography that I can perform before my Ballet Master [Y.H.V.H.] to describe concepts I have difficulty putting into words.

In secular terminology, what I'm doing is lying in bed thinking, while knowing in my heart that my God is watching me struggle with thoughts of who I am; why I'm here; and how to become the best spirit in a vehicle I can be.

This is a tedious task that the TEACHER undertakes by coming to me in dreams that lead me toward metaphors, symbols and similes that hold clues to my syndromes.

As I struggle to make my way through my thoughts while in bed at night, I find myself looking at the clock on my nightstand because the process can be so tedious sometimes. I clock myself.

I can become so engaged with calling myself out for my flaws and so consumed with uncovering and revealing the truth about me to myself that I have to literally open my eyes

and peer over at the clock in an effort to tell myself that it's time to stop myself.

I find it painful to criticize me, but many of my thoughts hold an underlying attitude of distrust. I think about others whom I don't trust. But beneath my negative feelings about them are a distrust of me. I'm afraid I don't have the skills I need to manage my problems.

Moving through new subject matter in the school of life brings up insecurities I can't anticipate. Seeking out flaws is easy. Seeking out why GOD has allowed me to use them until now is not.

I don't want to cheat [7]. I don't want to steal [8]. I don't want to lie [9] or covet [10]. I know there's no way to escape suffering if I make others suffer.

Finding the confidence to trust myself leads me to answers that move me through my obsessive thoughts and compulsive feelings about others. I struggle to think of ways to treat all people respectfully. But this is hard to do if I don't like what I see.

Will and I have a "like" affair because neither of us likes the way we see people expressing their love. We were both amazed how difficult it's been to learn to like one another. But we've persevered in doing so. And it's made such a difference.

Now I love myself like milk. The cream floats to the top. When my cup runneth over, Will drinks from my saucer. Then others whom I like get to drink from it. In this way, I like myself more and more.

This challenge is a process, not a foregone conclusion. When I focus on the progression from good to better, I feel empowered. I feel that the God within me is guiding me. Results come at the end. I don't need to focus on results. I need to focus on self-improvement. Every problem I have in my outer world is a reflection of every syndrome I suffer in my inner world. This is what Oscar Wilde meant when he

said, “Success is getting what you want. Happiness is liking what you get.”

In my defense of suffering, sometimes I need to exaggerate my issues to magnify them so I can perceive them more clearly. My character defects are really quite small. Some people have huge character defects that produce great suffering in others, but they don’t feel at all guilty about their flaws, faults and failings.

The least guilt-ridden are usually the darkest inside. They do very tiny, but horrible, things to others that have a boomerang effect on themself. One tiny drop of black in their can of white causes agony at the ivory they then look like inside. They go on ad nauseum about how beige they’ve become.

Timing has become everything now that I’m almost 70. Now I see life as a timed race with each of us charging towards our own finish line. It’s only when I realized that I’m closer to the end than I once thought that I began to slow down. This accounts for me being able to listen, not just hear, the voices that clock me inside, as well as the voice that clocks me for clocking me.

When I was kid, we used to say, “time out,” as if it was really possible to stop and start the clock.

Now that I’m old and gay [gray], I realize that time is an aspect of reality that’s as subjective as the truth. The more I understand the relativity of time to the feelings in my heart, the more my head opens like a window in a wall to a view of reality that’s naked, profound and sometimes stunningly beautify.

Life is a school. It was always a school. My parents didn’t teach me to start working on my final exam in childhood. Will lost a lung when he was six. He’s been transformed by having faced his final without even knowing it at the time.

No one can stop the clock. But no one can stop you from clocking yourself, either. You may not care about time and

space until you realize that you're just an explorer learning to use time and space to help yourself while locked in time and space.

Time and space are tools for self-discovery. The more you use them as resources to come to know and love yourself, the prouder you'll be by the time the clock stops for you once and for all.

Self-Fulfilling Prophesies

My mental illness was diagnosed in Belleview Hospital in New York City when I was involuntarily committed there in my twenties. I was labeled, "paranoid schizophrenic." Today, I only have to werk on overcoming being OCD. I'm very proud of the mental improvements I've made in using my head with the help of the other six forces within me.

Moving through all the states of mental illness may have been a self-fulfilling prophesy that I was secretly werking through all my life. Looking back, it now seems to me that I have the most in common with those labeled "autistic."

Autism is defined as "a developmental disorder of variable severity that is characterized by difficulty in social interaction and communication and by restricted or repetitive patterns of thought and behavior." [internet]

I can only hope that when you happen to meet someone who's suffering a mental crisis, you'll remember me, or at least remember the definition of autism. Everyone becomes frustrated with the limitations created by time and space. Everyone is a student in this school, even if they don't, as yet, know it.

The challenge in revealing and maintaining poise, pride and dignity through all that you do can become so frustrating that the feeling grows into exasperation and becomes too painful to endure. Some people express the pain they experience from suffering in odd and even threatening ways.

Separating the autistic from the criminally insane is vital to law enforcement and our judicial system. Everyone is mentally unwell, but not everyone is morally unwell. Discerning the criminally insane from the rest of the crazies couldn't be easy.

It's obvious that billionaires are mentally well. They're extremely adept in managing reality successfully. But are they morally well? When is enough, enough? When does the accumulation of material wealth become a sign of a moral

illness? The big question is how we can help billionaires without threatening to take away the one thing that's meaningful to them: their money.

I wasn't angry growing up. I wasn't furious with my biological parents for looking and behaving so differently from everyone else's. I wasn't enraged about reality then.

I didn't know better. I simply dealt with the little slice of reality I'd been served. So, I did what I could with the real and surreal to the best of my ability.

But when I was locked up for being mad, people could see just how red [enraged] I'd become deep down inside. It's a pity they hadn't told me sooner, because I certainly never made the connection between going mad and being red, the furthest color of the rainbow from the ground. And it certainly didn't occur to me that I could learn to control my temper by allowing myself to be read [red] when alone.

I suffered from puns when I was insane, yet no one suggested I explore my misuse of words as a way of healing. The only thing that separates us from the animal kingdom are words. Animals aren't civilizing themselves because they can't create puns. Words are all we've got to separate our conscious, subconscious and unconscious minds. If you don't mind the mind you've got, you'll never remind yourself to improve it.

Poetry and religion [spirituality] could be an effective tool in the war on madness if people weren't so bipolar. But with Democrats at one extreme against Jews and Republicans at the other against gays, there's little room in the middle for the poetic interpretations of reality that spirituality reveals.

It's nice to have a big political tent because you get more votes that way. But sometimes you have to consider the possibility that you'll attract more to your tent if you evict some of the people in it.

There are those in the Democratic and Republican Parties who suffer from a spiritual disability. They're hurting the messages on the left and right. The mad are steering the sad. Yet the sad are sleeping well at night, I'm sorry to say.

I had to ask myself if I was spiritually wounded or disabled. I had to watch myself heal to believe that healing happens on more than the physical level of reality.

I had to seek help from my male Nurse in healing. And He had to go to my DOCTOR to make meaning out of aspects of life that I'd taken for granted. I had to deal with myself as a sick friend in the company of a dear, devoted friend. I had to rely on myself to heal me with the help of my Nurse and DOCTOR.

That took courage. It isn't easy to talk to yourself in loud because no one wants to judge himself as mad.

Going mad was a self-fulfilling prophesy that I couldn't prophesize [anticipate]. When I was 16, I anticipated that I was going to die when I was 19. And I did die just before the end of my second decade of life. But I died figuratively when I fell in love with a gay Israeli. Then, a part of me fell away like bark from a tree; leaves from a branch; and pedals from a flower.

In his presence, I figuratively consumed more forbidden fruit than I'd ever before eaten. It killed me, but only figuratively. When we separated, I felt like an apple fallen from a tree. I felt disconnected from myself in a way I'd never felt before.

But I didn't associate that change in me with the seasons because I hadn't compared myself to a tree in a garden. I couldn't associate the loss of my first love with the onset of the first winter of my discontent.

Don't try to convince yourself that you can make sense of the Arab spring. You have no idea what they're going through. They may be trees in a garden, but they don't use words the way we do. The more that gay Jews and gay

Muslims talk, the more we compare and contrast the serpents in our trees. There's no hope for straight Jews and straight Muslims getting this intimate with one another. They just don't have the skills of intimacy with men we've been blessed with.

Your first love in life may be a crush who crushes you. You may need to come back to learn to love again and again.

Don't let regret, disappointment and grief make you cynical. Blue was placed above indigo, which sits right above violet. Come on down the rainbow. Come to ULTRAVIOLET. Take a good look at that which can't be seen.

The Secret to a Happy Life

You can't fulfill your own prophesy. You can't make yourself love you with the lust you have for others. You'll always be jealous of the bodies of other men and/or women. You'll always want to be in a container other than the one you got.

Go with it. Use your imagination to become the one you're jealous of today. If you can walk in another man's shoes, you can walk in his feet. If you can walk in his feet, you can walk in his whole body.

Imagine being in the body of somebody you physically admire while imagining giving what he's got to yourself. You can do this with sexual penetration, or you can do it with emotional and spiritual penetration. You can imagine someone falling in love with you because you're inside of him.

This is one way to achieve a vibrant love life if you're as physically imperfect as me. This is the way you can approach another man's genitals in a way that you can safely discover why GOD gave you the equipment HE did.

This will end in disappointment, which will nourish the jealousy you have in not being somebody else. But use your imagination to satisfy your fantasies anyway, even though you'll never make your fantasies come true. Enjoy them instead. I think the best way to fulfill a fantasy is with humor.

There'll always be the issue of being yourself, someone you don't yet appreciate without fantasies and dreams. Envy of what others have won't fill you or fulfill you. This is a matter of contents, not containers.

Being filled with another man's semen or filling him with yours isn't going to fill either of you with your own virtues. It's not going to figuratively fill you with the life-giving force you yearn for beneath the sensations you'd like to experience.

If you work on your body, you should be able to improve the look of your container. If you werk on your virtues, you should be able to improve the look of your contents.

If you're not completely satisfied with my advice, I'll refund all your suffering and leave you as miserable as you were before. The best I can do is offer you a suffering back guarantee!...

How Jews Overcome Antisemitism

Most Jews I know live in the United States where they don't have to worry much about antisemitism. They're so good at blending in with White Christians that they don't have to think about the differences between White Christians and Jews. In fact, I imagine that the very idea of expressing our religion in racial terms makes them a bit uncomfortable. You can thank the Germans of the last century and their collaborators for that. They didn't just treat Jews like a separate race. They treated us like vermin.

I think some American Jews like calling themself White because then they think they won't have to suffer the indignities people of color have to suffer in this country. They may be afraid of White, American Christians doing to them here what White, European Christians did to Jews in Europe.

I think everyone in Europe knows that Jews aren't White except American Jews visiting Europe. If you're an American Jew living in Europe, as I did for years, you met many European Jews, and had the opportunity to ask them how they feel about being Jewish in Europe.

Most American Jews may have strong Democratic leanings, but 25% of American Jews vote Republican. And, as the Democrats know, the hyper-religious are all racists regardless of which side of the pond you find them on.

The hyper-religious constantly tell us they're not, in the hopes that someone will believe them other than just each other. In the hopes of looking less racist, a few of them have overcome their homophobia and misogyny.

But when it comes to racism, progressive Jews can never be sure about the hyper-religious. I can see that White Christians don't see us as White. But we call also see that Christians of color resent us for passing as White.

This is a problem in the big tent philosophy of the Democratic Party that needs to be addressed. It can't be swept under the rug any longer.

Only 25% of Jews vote Republican, but it should be no surprise why. Those Jews are afraid of not being treated as White. That's what I, as a gay Jew, call closeted Jewish.

But I can't blame them. If I was Black and could be treated as White by Republicans, I'd get on board with the Grand Old Party, too!

If you've been to Israel, you know that more than half the country is Brown. There are Black Jews from Ethiopia, too. Israel doesn't have a racial problem. Israel has a problem with antisemitism.

When you live as a Jew among Jews in a Jewish land, antisemitism becomes a fact of life. The guy who cuts you off on the highway brings your antisemitism to the surface. Every business and institution feels antisemitic if you don't get what you want. Even the government feels antisemitic for gouging out taxes from your income.

There is no racism in Israel, but there's a hell of a lot of antisemitism. Most of it is managed with humor. Some of it has to be handled by the police. Sometimes, the army needs to be deployed to end the antisemitism if it gets really vile. But the news media never talks about antisemitism in Israel because that comes too close to home about how reporters feel about how they've felt treated by their own religious community.

Racism in America is founded on interpretations of Torah which permitted ancient Jews to enslave non-Jews. That was a fact of life long before Christianity and Islam were added to the mix.

The enslavement of Blacks by White Christians, however, was the result of Christians obeying Torah for self-aggrandizement. Christians wanted to use a loophole in Torah to enslave Africans. Slavery in America was, at its

root, a religious issue, not a racial issue. White, Christian Americans converted Africans and then continued to enslave Black, Christian Americans because neither of them believed that Christians had a responsibility to love one another. Jesus simply hadn't gotten His message down that deep into the heart of any Christians in those days.

White, Christian Americans tried to enslave Native, Americans before and after they tried to convert them, but that didn't work at all well. Native Americans had to be rounded up and put in ghettos called "reservations" if they were opposed to Christianity.

The mistake was in White, Christian Americans viewing themselves as "like" Jews. They took our scripture and misused it to enslave non-Jews. Jews have never enslaved other Jews. GOD has forbidden us from doing so. But we don't seek converts to our faith, either.

The Civil War cost the lives of 500,000 American Christians [White and Black] who argued over whether they had the license from GOD to enslave Christians.

"While there is evidence that some Jewish individuals owned and traded slaves, their involvement was not significant compared to the broader context of slavery, particularly in the transatlantic slave trade. In the American South, Jews accounted for only about 1.25% of all slave owners." [Internet]

Using our scripture [Torah] to promote evil was a bad idea for Christians and it's still a bad idea. Homophobia, adultery and disobeying your parents are capital crimes in Judaism. As Jews find figurative ways of obeying these edicts by personalizing them, Jews around the world and in Israel become more capable of adapting Torah to the modern age.

The 19th Century taught American Christians they don't have the right to enslave any Christians. The 20th Century taught European Christians they don't have the right to enslave Jews. It's a pity Christians are learning so slowly

how to believe the words of GOD as given to them as two books in one. This makes the Bible quite challenging.

Jews deal with antisemitism very differently than non-Jews. We don't particularly like everyone in our faith, but we don't enslave them. We don't kill them. We don't round them up financially by forcing them to live in ghettos where they can't succeed.

There are no ghettos in Israel. If you don't like the neighborhood you live in, you can work hard to afford to move to another neighborhood. All the neighborhoods in Israel are filled with Jews except the Muslim neighborhoods. But that's a problem caused by three words from GOD that haven't yet been brought together into one book.

I've seen the Pharaoh and slavedriver in my head oppress the Israelite slave in my heart. I've seen the father [y] in my head oppress the mother [z] in my heart. I've seen my straight thoughts [y] curse my bent feelings [z]. And I've seen me break my promises to myself, not just to other people.

GOD, in HIS infinite wisdom, has mercifully prevented me from killing myself for having broken HIS Ten Commandments, even though I tried to do so three times. But I had to suffer terribly for not having found figurative answers to the edicts presented in my scripture.

If you press hyper-religious Judeo-Christians, they'll eventually admit they scorn Hindus who believe in millions of names for the LORD. They have no respect for Asians who come out of the Taoist tradition who put their faith in gods and goddesses to personify the virtues of our CREATOR. And they utterly loathe those who believe that ALLAH is HIS last name.

The hyper-religious have spread their dogmas all across the globe. Names for GOD are all important to the hyper-religious everywhere in the world, not just here at home.

I believe hyper-religious Christians in America only abide those Jews who believe in ELOHIM, but not Jesus. There are more than 100 passages in the Gospels in which Jesus refers to ELOHIM as His FATHER. [Internet]

Yet Christians only tolerate Adonai [the God within the Jews] for not using their God [Jesus] instead. You'd think more Judeo-Christians could use variations on the names of our TEACHER and Tutors without feeling as though they're betraying HIM, Him or him.

It looks to me that hyper-religious Christians here and abroad hate everyone who doesn't believe that Jesus is the only name for the God within. They may not consciously associate hatred of other people's faiths with their names for the God within them, but if you look at their voting record, you'll see how they manifest their racist, homophobic and misogynistic prejudices in their daily life.

The hyper-religious don't see adoration, devotion, loyalty and love for the LORD in those who use other names for HIM. They discount other people's feelings by subversively dismissing all other names for the God in their own heart. They can't wrap their heart around the idea that GOD created everybody in HIS image.

The hatred the hyper-religious Christians have for non-Whites is really based on fear of what we'd do to them if we realized how much their White ancestors stole out from under us all. Just look at how much more privileged they are in society today.

They can't get themselves to apologize for their forefathers' behavior. They can't even come to the table to discuss truth and reconciliation with compensation for all people of need. This is why the hyper-religious Republicans categorically refuse to make the rich pay their fair share. They're afraid of a slippery slope. They don't want to give the impression that Christians have a financial duty to all the poor, including poor Christians. This is the unspoken foundation of conservative "principles."

Of course, the whole world now questions whether Christians stole Muslim land out from under Muslims to buy off their own guilt at what European Christians did to the Jews in the Holocaust. Until that matter gets resolved 220 years from now [hopefully sooner], don't expect too much in the way of objectivity on matters of religion or race relations.

And don't expect straight Jews to solve Christian and Muslim problems with all Jews. We've got antisemitism and homophobia in our tribe, too. If you want to face GOD, we all have to go all the way back to our indigenist ancestors to look at our nature as revealed in nature. You'll discover that defiance of GOD [not money] is the root of all evil.

Hyper-religious, Republican Jews don't care that gay Jews are being scapegoated by White Christians. The Republican, orthodox Jews tell themselves that we have to suffer so that Israel will survive. They use Leviticus 18 and 20 as their rational, just as our ancestors in the New World used Leviticus 25 to rationalize slavery in the early days of America.

White, hyper-religious, Christians and orthodox Jews support Israel because they believe they'll be vindicated by the Messiah for their actions. This is the moral Catch-22 that the Western world is in today. This is why the Republicans believe that being on the political right makes them morally right.

You should now be able to see that antisemitism isn't only related to race. Antisemitism is also related to semantics.

If Jesus is God, then God is a Jew. Then Jews are relatives of their God because Jews and Jesus are bound by our belief in the message of Moses.

The same is true for archangel Gabriel. If the God within Muslims is Jewish, then we're relatives of the Muslim God, as well. We share our Jewishness with Jesus and archangel Gabriel.

But Christians and Muslims don't share the same God within. We share their Gods because their Gods are Jewish, but they don't share our God [Y.H.V.H.], even though our God is nameless.

All we can agree on is that we all share the same GOD, even though HE gave us different Gods.

This is why I say that the Jews live on the ground floor of a three-story Abrahamic edifice. This building that houses us reveals that loyalty is built above love and love is built above wisdom.

Every church is figuratively built above a synagogue. And every mosque is figuratively built above a church and synagogue. If you don't believe me, just look at what literally lies on the Temple Mount.

The antisemitism we experience in Israel is nothing like the antisemitism we experience outside of Israel. We not only must have our own nation. We must remind Christian and Muslim students of life what their record of antisemitism has done to their transcript. If they want to seek justice for all, I recommend they begin by getting their hands out of our Jewish cookie jar [Israel].

The God within the Jews lies in our head. The God within the Christians comes to them through their heart. And the God within the Muslims lives in their soul.

If you hope for LIFE after life, I strongly suggest you use your Tutor to think more logically, feel more rationally and believe more reasonably. It makes no sense to use some, but not all, of the forces within you.

When those who believe that the God within may either be nameless [Y.H.V.H.] or have a name, the American political parties will achieve the power needed to heal our country and the world. When antisemitism and anti-Zionism are solved, racism, homophobia and misogyny will dissipate naturally.

Hyper-religious Christians in the Republican Party call Jesus the first Christian because He believed in Himself. If they want to believe in themselves, they'd better learn more about themselves.

As a gay Jew, I insist that Christians don't discriminate against me because I'm a Jew. If I was a Black Jew, I'd insist on the same thing because I'm a Jew. The same is true for transgender Jews, female Jews, disabled Jews, Hindu, Buddhist and Taoist Jews, etc. This is the spiritual Catch-22 that all Christians must face worldwide and in themself.

This isn't just the Achilles' heel in the Republican Party. This is the Achilles' heel in Rome. This is the Achille's heel in Mecca.

This is even the Achille's heel in Jerusalem where straight Jews discriminate against gay Jews because they believe GOD gave them license to do so. When Jews discriminate against other Jews, the whole world does so, too. If you don't believe me, just read HIS story and weep.

Once you believe that your toes are as important as your fingers in maintaining your moral equilibrium, you can count on your heels to help you manage the predicaments GOD gives you. You can stand tall on both feet, whether or not others understand you.

Our nameless God is like the joker in a deck of cards. Our God goes with all other names for God, not just the Christian name for Him [Jesus] and the Muslim name for Him [archangel Gabriel].

Whether you're seeking a "Savior" or the "strength of GOD," you're going to have to reconcile your conscience to the truth about your faith. It's an offshoot of Judaism. It's like a graft on a tree. The fruits may be different, but the trunk and roots are the same.

If GOD [ELOHIM/FATHER/ALLAH] doesn't disavow any of the names HE's been given by us, that's because

everyone is a child of GOD. And if everybody is a child of GOD, then there couldn't be a place called "hell."

What father or mother would damn one of their children to a place like hell? GOD must have other options for murderers, rapists, thieves and perverts that we haven't considered until now. I tend to think that the outcomes of your LIFE after life will be a mix of good and evil. No one is all good or all bad.

I think the concepts of places for good people called HEAVEN/PARADISE/NIRVANA and bad people called hell have outlived their usefulness. I think the mystery of death only gets more interesting when you ask yourself good questions about the meaning of your life, not the meaning of all LIFE after life.

I see that as a part of the indigo mystery that comes after blue and before violet. That's what gives my life increasing meaning. In fact, that's what gives my life value, not just meaning.

The only people who disown their own family members for being gay are hyper-religious hypocrites who can't interpret scripture figuratively, only literally. They aren't intellectually [x or y] or emotionally [z] evolved enough to consider their actions from a more elevated, moral perspective.

Good people don't treat family members like monsters because of their sexuality or gender. And GOD surely doesn't. If you think that your God does, you've got a lot more to learn about the DIVINITY of your religion and the meaning of faith.

It's your behavior, not the color of your skin, your religion, sexuality, gender or disabilities that will determine the rewards you earn for your time here on Earth.

GOD loves all HIS children because HE created them all. HE's our FATHER, Brother and angel disclosed all rolled into one. These are the religious concepts Western faith has been built upon.

Those who look for exceptions to this rule so that they can reject and disown someone who they've decided to distain because of their container or contents rather than their behavior are the ones who are bringing evil into the world.

They're abusing passages from the Hebrew Testament that were given by GOD in the spirit of reverse psychology. Those who've grown up can see that. Those who are too young to realize that defiance was built into the spiritual system to teach us to think for ourself will only be able to take these Hebrew passages literally.

The hyper-religious should expect to be punished for their ignorance of the mystery and mastery of language and the unholy behaviors they promote. They should hope for misfortune and failure during their lifetime while they can still learn through pain and suffering how to change their mind, transform their heart and transcend their vindictive nature.

But sadly, many people aren't punished sufficiently for their transgressions in their lifetime. They die dogmatic and hateful. They never learn the meaning of remorse.

Because GOD is so merciful, many don't see their misery, jealousy and broken dreams as clues from HIM to change their mind, transform their heart to thereby transcend their conscience with soulfulness while they still can. They hold back their own progress until the bitter end. They step on their own toes. They see the color of their skin and their money, power and prestige as the only signs from GOD that they're beloved.

I presume that most of the hyper-religious are going to have to live with the consequences of their actions after life because they don't want to think about how much more advanced some people are morally than they are. As we get closer to the coming [return] of the Messiah, the war of consequences will surely spread longer, wider and deeper, making it even more obvious who's doing well with the curriculum the TEACHER is giving us, and who's not.

GOD knows that the consequences of having to live in a world with people of other belief systems is hard enough to tolerate... But what will happen when you leave here and have to make peace with yourself if you haven't even been able to make peace with others in your lifetime? You could hardly call making peace with people who believe as you do a virtue.

I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. I'm just elucidating it with a lampshade to soften the LIGHT.

How you behave is a reflection of what you say and what you omit to say. But what you say and do are reflections of what you believe. If you don't believe what you say and do, but do what you do because somebody told you to, you're motivated by gelt, not goodness. You're like the Nazis who later shrugged their shoulders and claimed they were only following orders.

If you think that what you believe will be rewarded after your die, you'd better be able to back that up with hard evidence. You'd better be able to point to the record of what you said and what you did as mirrors of what you believed. If there isn't a continuity between all three, I suggest you change what you say, do and believe while you still can. I doubt you'll get the kind of reward you claim to deserve if you can't prove it in word and deed.

I can't tell you whether what you're doing is right or wrong. But I can tell you that we live in a world where consequences for our actions are occurring more abruptly and gruffly than they did in the past. Social media has now overtaken sliced bread as the greatest invention of all time.

Once you can imagine having sex with a Jew because your head has been carved by the Jews, then you're more like the Jew you're having sex with in your imagination. Only then will you give some thought to how it feels to have had your heart carved by Christians and your soul carved by Muslims.

Maybe then, you'll be able to think, feel and believe with enough tolerance to like a gay Jew who adores himself more than any other man on Earth. Only then will you be able to see that I'm not hurting anybody.

My mother apologized to me for some of the mistakes she made. That was enormously helpful in her achieving what I envision as a good LIFE after life. She was modest, humble and gracious. She wasn't perfect, and I really disliked her sense of humor. She was cynical and sarcastic. But she did a lot to teach me about the meaning of [z]. And for that, I'll be eternally grateful to her.

Once you can wrap your mind around what your mother did right, then you may be able to open your heart a little more to the idea of Black people having sex with themself and with other Blacks, male and female, gay and straight.

Being Black isn't a crime. Being gay isn't a crime. Being Jewish isn't a crime. Having sex isn't a crime, not with yourself and not with another consenting adult who's not married.

Being Jewish is a very good place to start exploring self-loathing because there isn't a people on the planet who've been hated more vehemently and over a longer period of time than the Jews.

Once you can get through loathing yourself for what you've thought about the Jews that you said out loud, you should be better able to support modern Jews, Israel and even the most loathsome of all Jews for being accused of defying GOD: gay Jews…

From there, it's a hop, step and a jump to learning to love people with darker skin than yours. And by further extension, it won't be long before you can love the GOD who made the Jews, including Jesus, who was the most modern Jew of His time, even if His skin was probably considerably darker than most New York Jews today.

Until you can face the fact that Jewish is a color in your mind's eye, you'll remain spiritually colorblind. You'll never perceive the rainbow in your own heart.

Good Muslims know this about their heart. They're not willing to fight Jews over land grants. It's the fanatical Muslims who look at the Judeo-Christian problems of semantics and yawn. None of these matters matter to them. They're lost in the masquerade.

Real estate isn't the issue separating Jews from Muslims in the Middle East. This is a complex problem given to us by GOD that reveals a fascinating syndrome.

Why We Have Eyebrows

"Physically, eyebrows are there to help keep our eyes clean and clear. They move wetness from sweat and rain away from our eyes so we can maintain our sight. Ever notice how your eyebrow hairs grow outward, toward the sides of your face?" [Internet]

I can also imagine the spiritual good that eyebrows accomplish because I think like a poet-spiritualist. A poet-spiritualist is someone who's picked and eaten the fruits from his or her own tree of knowledge and then applied the words of GOD to life using figurative speech rather than the prosaic applications of literal language used by scientists [correctly] and hyper-religious conspiracists [incorrectly].

This is, of course, ironic since it's the hyper-religious who insist on interpreting their scripture literally when literal interpretations of life are what's given us the science and technology that the modern world relies on for physical comforts. The hyper-religious oppose the gifts of literalism in textbooks while lauding it in scripture.

They don't believe the Earth was formed over billions of years. They don't believe in evolution. They don't believe in wearing a mask during a pandemic. They don't believe in using vaccines to cure illnesses. They don't even believe global warming is threatening the human race.

The hyper-religious just turn on lights and faucets in their homes as though there was no magic involved. They don't really believe in the miracles man has brought into existence through faith. They just absent-mindedly use them.

They only thank their name for GOD for HIS miracles, not remembering that people who call out to GOD using other names contribute to making miracles manifest every day, as well. You'd think they'd have enough of an education to use a word like "miracle" in a sentence figuratively. But they don't.

It's utterly amazes me that the forefathers of the hyper-religious gave up their insistence that the Earth is flat. Since the ground under our feet literally looks flat, why wouldn't they continue to argue about that, too… So great is their need to defend their ancestors who were as dogmatic and insistent about appearances.

It's not like they don't have the brains to use words figuratively. They do it all the time. They just don't have a developed enough heart to use words to explain GOD'S universal intentions. They're fighting over whether a window should be opened or closed, when there's no glass in the window.

It doesn't surprise me that hyper-religious Christians will curse me and people like me on their deathbed, swearing that the Son revolves around the Earth even if science tells them that the Earth revolves around the sun. They must think I haven't reached the reading level of an eighth grader. Therefore, they think I can't understand the mind games they play.

We can all see that the hyper-religious Christians are hiding behind the orthodox Jews so they can do all the nefarious deeds to our democracy that they want, while pretending to love Jews – when they only tolerate those orthodox Jews who are as spiritually repressed as they are. When it suits their interests, they both agree with the repressed, Muslim fanatics, too. How else can they hope to develop bonds with Russian oligarchs?

Such is the head of every penis that thinks it knows what every other penis should want and whisper. Such is the outcome of those who refuse to consult their head, heart and soul with the comforts of the LORD: honesty, sincerity and authenticity.

Pollution and global warming have been caused by us all. Moving the world off oil and onto sustainable, energy sources is slowly taking power away from the hyper-religious fanatics worldwide who've been in control of our

energy resource for more than a hundred years. They know they won't be able to control the world without oil as a weapon in their religious arsenal for much longer. Therefore, they're becoming more and more desperate. Modernity is working against their nefarious plans.

If you include the opinions of gays to the mix in the modern world, all three of the hyper-religious Abrahamic maniacs go ballistic. And that has nothing to do with their names for GOD. It's all about their dogmas. It's all about the serpent that's whispering sweet nothings [greed] between their legs.

The very idea that the three things the hyper-religious hate most in the world [gays, Jews and modernity] should be combined into one person [me] is an affront to their way of life. I'm the personification of perversion in their eyes. They surely conclude that I've been recruited by satan!...

I'm concentrated orange juice [Jews] in a can. Some see me, and people like me, as evil incarnate because we werk for peace from the inside out. That leads us to individuality. That leads us to an individual outcome after life, not the mass exodus of Christians and Muslims to one DESTINATION that they can't even agree on. Some think people like us are bad because we're inspired by self-centered interests.

That's something that ought to raise eyebrows. It ought to clear your eyes to keep them clean. It ought to help you maintain your sight as you move forward in life with greater insight. It ought to make you think.

Oedipus Gay

Oedipus Rex was straight. He killed his father and slept with his mother. He exposed his psychological urge to achieve his [z] factor through sexual intimacy with his mother. He wanted to rub navels with her missionary style.

Oedipus gay is psychologically wired differently. He wants to kill his mother and sleep with his father. Either he wants to infuse the life-giving mystery of his being into his father, or he wants his father to infuse it into him – maybe both.

The problem with artificial intelligence today is that it's been programmed by straight men who don't know themselves deeply enough. They program their computers with garbage, and then they scratch their head when their artificial brains exude the garbage they were infused with.

Computer engineers are like Dr. Frankenstein. He searched for body parts he liked to make his monster. Dr. Frankenstein didn't realize that the monster he'd create would be a mirror of his own wants [–] and desires [+].

Dr. Frankenstein's monster turned out to be overly sensitive. He was clumsy. He couldn't talk. He was beyond innocent; he was naïve. And his fear of fire is understandable. He had no idea of the seven attributes that make fire a mirror of man.

Dr. Frankenstein's monster was a mirror of himself that he brought to life with electricity, a crude form of fire that energizes objects the way our spirit energizes our body.

Just look at men. Our penis never shuts up. Every woman is a reflection of his mother. Every man is a reflection of his father. Straight men are programmed to kill men and rape women. This is the first "0" and "1" they were given with which to program their technological creations.

The whole point of civilization is to understand how we were made in GOD'S image. It's only through self-

knowledge that we're going to discover GOD'S reasons for having made us as HE did.

There was a time when people who had a dominant left hand were accused of having been cursed by the devil. This is what's still happening to gay men today. Ignorant religious men are accusing us of defying GOD'S will by being different than them.

Many straight men are so primitive that they think the LGBTQIA+ community is going to destroy everything they hold sacred. They think we're going to kill their mother and rape them. They're terrified little boys who haven't evolved far enough to use the forces within themselves to understand how to operate themself.

A.I. is just the latest example of what happens when straight men look in the mirror and ask themselves who's the fairest of them all. They discover that they're not at all fair. They're very unfair. They may be logical, but they aren't always rational and they're often unreasonable. They're not even sensible. And this world has become a mirror of all that they're not, including the artificial brains they've made to control us.

Gay men control the forces within us just as well and just as poorly as other men. We aren't going to kill women in an effort to rape men. What we see is just the opposite. Some straight men kill men and rape women. Most gay men go out of their way to help women, so women can help straight men.

It's time to admit that women and gay men need to be better protected from straight men. It's time to admit that the world's seven scriptures are like keys that open us up to our nature. These keys reveal evidence of the causes of our problems. The keys described in scripture are mirrors of the penises of the men who wrote about GOD in their day.

Today is a new day. Today's civilized men can see that their key [penis] has many figurative edges. The ridges on a

key are called “bittings.” They’re the specific cuts that interact with the pins inside a lock to allow it to open.

Today’s locks [mouths, vaginas and anuses] have many pins. To find just the right key for the right lock requires experience. The stories we tell one another about romantic love are just the tip of the spiritual iceberg. There’s so much more that modern man needs to learn about opening his lock with his own key. And he can’t succeed in doing that without gay men because he can’t love himself as deeply as we do.

Are straight men afraid of loving a woman so much that they’ll turn into a woman? Perhaps a few are, but most men aren’t afraid that love will betray their GOD given sexuality. Most men are distressed and distrusting in other ways. They’re more worried about a woman betraying them with another man or betraying them financially.

Every boy has tried to suck his own penis. He’d love to be able to lick his testicles, too. Picking fruit from our own tree is a fantasy each of us explores in our own way before we go to others to help us fulfill our fantasies for us.

Gay men aren’t going to turn straight men gay any more than women are going to turn straight men into transgender women. These are fears that need to be discussed because they exist in the unexamined, unconscious mind. They have to be raised to consciousness to reveal how illogical, irrational, unreasonable and nonsensical they are.

Oedipus Gay has already come out of the closet. He’s revealed to women that he’s their ally. He’s revealed to straight men that he’s their mentor.

Oedipus Gay needs to sit down with Oedipus Rex and hash out their differences. This will end the nonsense in the Middle East and Ukraine. This will end the thievery by billionaires and the power grabs by politicians.

This will make it possible to reprogram A.I. so that we don’t have to be terrified of what it’ll do to us. What we need are machines that mirror natural intelligence. What we need is N.I., not A.I.

A Fly's Eye

Flies have five eyes. [12] People only have three, but some just don't know it. We have objective [intellectual] sight which requires two eyes in order to get visual perspective. And we have subjective insight that measures the emotional effect of our other two eyes. This is what's called the mind's eye.

If you use your mind's eye, you become aware of optics. And if you become aware of optics, you'll eventually give up your fantasies and dreams in favor of a vision of a better world for everyone.

You won't bend your own nose out of shape or the nose of others when you express your insights because you know you're being realistic and idealistic. You won't exaggerate the effects of the world around you or the world within if the eyebrow of your inner eye keeps your inner vision clean. When you see clearly, inside and out, [insightfully] you leave sarcasm out of the discussion.

People who have three eyes, two literally and one figuratively, are normal. They're modern. They're citizens of the world in addition to responsible citizens of their country. They seek peaceful solutions to problems because they seek peaceful solutions to their own syndromes.

They don't drink to excess. They don't use drugs recreationally. They don't abuse their body with food. They don't beat up their wallet by wasting money. They don't work or exercise obsessively. They see what some people are doing to themself and they choose not to do the same.

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[12] Flies have a total of five eyes: two large compound eyes and three simple eyes called ocelli located on top of their heads. The compound eyes provide a wide field of vision, while the ocelli help with navigation and stability during flight.

People with three eyes and three eyebrows are normal. You can see people with three eyes all around you if you use your imagination.

It's people with only two eyes who are abnormal and rare. They're the ones who are hyper-religious, dogmatic and confrontational.

See if you can describe to people with only two eyes how they could open their third eye. It's shut tight. I haven't been able to make my point with some of my friends and acquaintances. They think I'm odd, while I think I'm a genius. But I think I'm a genius because when I see something, I say something. That's what we've all been told to do.

I guess it must take a genius to see some things and say something. I see that there are a lot more people with three eyes than two. If more people used their third eye and talked about what they saw on the inside, I think this world would look a lot better than it does.

The Secret to Being Me

My conscious mind is the intellectual part of my inner, operating system. Using my mind to negotiate the world around me is imperative. But it's insufficient to understand the value of being alive. The meaning of life is poetic, not prosaic. The meaning of life, as stated by the Jewish, Holocaust survivor, Viktor E. Frankl, in 1946, is to give life meaning.

But 75 years later, I must figuratively include the locus of my heart, navel, genitals and spine in addition to the intellectual aspect of my inner operating system to come to believe soulfully. I must see myself like Dorothy [Muslim] travelled down the yellow brick road to get to Emerald City [Mecca] in Oz. I must befriend the voices of the Jew [Scarecrow]; Christian [Tin Man] and Hindu [Cowardly Lion] in me.

I must make my way with the Buddhist [Toto] who's my best friend. It was Toto who was suddenly inspired to pull back the curtain on the egotistical wizard [Ayatollah] who was a sham and a fraud. Then I must make my way back to Kansas, [Israel] to appreciate my everyday life in a whole, new way.

Without doing this, I wouldn't feel that I'm making my way HOME. I'd feel like an alien intruder among savages. And if I project that loathing onto some poor Brown Catholic, Black Protestant, Middle Eastern Muslim or Asian rather than admit the truth to myself, I wouldn't aspire to be the best me I can be.

Without seeking to improve feelings that have been shut down through repression, I become cruel, oppressive and vindictive. Without contemplating my navel, I don't comprehend my literal detachment from my biological mother and figurative attachment to everybody in the world we share.

Without observing the power of my penis, I'm driven by my urges [–/+], which collude with my feelings to overturn my thinking. I go mad as did Eve [heart] by conversing with the serpent [penis], to the detriment of Adam [head] before GOD [conscience].

Just filling my head with junk thoughts doesn't enrich my spiritual system. If I don't chew on and then spit out, rather than swallow, the nonsense some people tell me, I fill myself with more crap I don't need going through me.

I must chew on food-for-thought that will nourish me. I must go down that track like a Yellow Brick Road to comprehend the value I give to the meaning of my life above all other lives. Then, what will come out the other end of me will be a combination of what I did with what I took in and fully digested.

This is the meaning of growth. Growth is a process. This is why the wizard within [humbug/asshole] is no different than the wizard of Oz. This is why he couldn't take Dorothy HOME and left Oz in a balloon, out of control of his own fate. This is why we all need a Glinda to model for us how to live in a bubble.

Now I'm Cool Enough to Be Cool
Warm Enough to Be Adorable
And Hot Enough to Be Enviable

I've never been so pleased to be me in my whole life.

Don't get me wrong, I struggle on a daily basis being myself 24/7. It's not like I've achieved some sort of idyllic state of separation from me that leaves me looking like a guru in a lotus position floating above the ground with a blissful smile on his face.

The rubber meets the road for everybody. Call that the soles of your feet or your butt if you're sitting down.

I like the tread of my spiritual tires because they aren't overly worn. They grip the asphalt [reality] securely.

I'm not trying to speed up as I go down the runway because I'm not hoping to take off. I'm not planning on retracting my wheels once I'm airborne.

I tried to achieve flight at night in the corridors of Belleview when most of the patients were in bed and the staff was in the office drinking coffee and eating donuts. I did grand-jetées down those hallways in an effort to build up momentum so I could fly out the five-foot high windows of the insane asylum three feet from the floor which only opened slightly at the top.

I didn't succeed then. And I'm not trying to achieve liftoff now. My vehicle isn't made to be literally airborne. My arms aren't wings. My feet aren't wheels. And my nose isn't manned by a pilot who's flying me through this world as though I'm going up, into and over the clouds in the sky.

I'm not a fly, and I'm not trying to fly. I may be looking UP from three inner perspectives. But I've literally only got two eyes.

Figuratively, I see myself as having two eyes on my face and one inner eye. But I see my inner eye as having an eyebrow I can raise inside when I'm surprised and/or disapproving of what I see.

And that's the difference between a modern gay Jew and an old-fashioned, orthodox Jew who goes to synagogue weekly to maintain only a group-agreed-upon literal interpretation of life based on traditional interpretations of Torah. I may be crazy. But he's mad!...

I believe slavery is abominable and gay sex is wonderful. An orthodox Jew or conservative Christian believes gay sex is abominable and slavery is permissible because it says so in Torah. They don't believe anything in life should be taken figuratively, especially if they read it in the Old Testament. I separate prose from poetry; science from religion; and my inner world from the world we share.

If that's because I've got Muslim semen in my colon, so be it. But I left a lot of Jew semen in Muslim colons, too. The life-giving force within men creates brotherhood. If you don't find your own way to achieve brotherhood, there's no way you'll ever discover the value of wisdom, love and loyalty to GOD.

Chesed

What's the point of claiming to be loyal to our country after what we witnessed these last five years under Republican rule? Could you be in need of spiritual help yourself? Loyalty involves helping those in need.

The Hebrew word "emunah" is usually translated as "faith," and that's what it came to mean in the Middle Ages. But in biblical Hebrew it's better translated as, "faithfulness, reliability and loyalty. The word "chesed" doesn't literally mean loyalty in Hebrew, but it encompasses the idea of loyal, devoted love that reflects a covenant commitment.

When you move through embarrassment of your body, you become modest. When you move through shame of your character, you become humble. And when you move through humiliation before the LORD, you become devoted to GOD with a love that reflects a covenant commitment.

That devotion is expressed with priorities. My number one priority is to prioritize my priorities.

After that, my priority is to those around me who I love. As I've learned to love myself better, my circle of love has opened wider to include more than my family and dear friends. It's moved into the realm of neighbors; strangers; my city, state; country; and even the natural world to include the wellbeing of all life on the planet.

My third and last priority is to GOD. GOD doesn't need my devotion as much as people and animals do. GOD doesn't even need my devotion as much as I need my devotion to me.

Once I'd filled many others' cups, I realized I was going about it ass-backwards. I realized that my own cup was half empty. I realized that if I continued the way I was going, I wouldn't be able to tell the difference between half empty and half full. I'd continue to diminish all I hold dear in my own cup.

So, I decided to fill my cup first until it was overflowing. I decided to put a saucer under my cup for others to drink out of. Nobody gets to drink from my cup. If they want what I have to offer, they're welcome to the overflow that's in my saucer.

This isn't like trickledown economics. I'd describe this more as trickle-UP spirituality. Those at the top of the pyramid need to learn from those at the bottom of the pyramid what we've learned from our lessons in life. And since we all have the same TEACHER, even if we have different Tutors, the mix of wisdom, love, devotion, contemplation, meditation and reflection should bring us much better results than we've achieved until now.

I give. People take. I give more. People take more. But when I learned to give only what I had in excess, people learned to receive gratefully.

GOD gives me HIS excess. I drink from HIS saucer. GOD gives. I receive. I'm grateful for what I receive. I believe that what I receive is a reflection of what I deserve. As I deserve more, I receive more. Therefore, it behooves me to spend every moment of every day learning how to give in ways that are self-centered, not selfish or selfless.

Billionaires know how to give. They don't know how to receive. This is why they're so greedy for money and gluttonous for everything except food-for-thought.

Their fear must be in giving up something greater than money, since they have enough money. Their fear is no different from ours. That's why I say that billionaires are people, too.

Talking to Yourself

I talk to myself because I'm in good company when I'm alone. But I do so silently. Those people who talk to themself out loud aren't in good company. You can tell by their tone of voice.

Talking to yourself out loud makes no sense at all to me. If you're in bad company, why would you want to talk to yourself out loud so that everybody around you can hear you fighting with yourself? Why would you want to put others in as bad a mood as you're having?

But if you're in good company, why wouldn't you want to talk to yourself silently in loud? How else could you listen attentively to your tone of voice to determine how and why you're feeling as you do?

You aren't going to feel good forever. Your moods are going to change. If you don't ask yourself good questions while you're in a good mood, you aren't going to learn why you're feeling so good about yourself. You aren't going to drink from the one well that most quenches your thirst.

Your wisdom is the greatest wisdom because you've earned it. Other people's wisdom washes over you. Your wisdom washes into you.

If you don't ask yourself what you've done that's made you happy, how will you reproduce happiness? If you don't ask yourself what's made you unhappy, how will you stop reproducing unhappiness?

I have a lot to learn in life, but I'm very suspicious of other people because they're so often cynical, sarcastic, mean spirited, prejudiced, hateful and downright manipulative to the point of conspiratorial. The longer I've lived, the more suspicious I've become about talking to people candidly for fear of uncovering some awful, bad habit about them that they may have.

I'm not good at solving external problems. But I am good at elucidating priorities, especially if other people's priorities

aren't in the same order I've arranged mine. Once people confide in me, my superpower makes it possible for me to walk in their shoes to help me see where they're coming from and where they're going. I can magically observe the footprints they leave in the sand. Then I show them their footprints. This solves syndromes, not problems.

Solving problems only addresses giving and taking. Solving syndromes makes it possible to receive.

If you're an orthodox Jew, I suggest you go to mosque to pray, as I have. Wudu, or ablution, is a traditional ritual that refers to mental preparation and physical cleanliness before prayer. And if you're a rightwing Christian, I suggest you do the same. How will you convince yourself that every Muslim has toes if you haven't watched him clean them before prayer with GOD as his WITNESS?

I've exposed my toes in mosques. It was a lot less embarrassing than exposing my penis in bed to strangers. I was amazed at how many beautiful feet I saw in mosques. There's nothing about a man's feet he needs to feel guilty about. The same GOD gave all of us feet. The question is where yours are taking you?

If you think you can see this world clearly, the question is how you can bring PARADISE down to Earth, not how you can get there on your own.

How deep do you need to dig to transplant a fully grown tree to PARADISE? How many roots do you need to break before you realize that every tree is wrapped around the same ROCK?

Jews and Muslims are like palm trees. You don't have to dig deep to get to our roots. Our roots grow near the surface, so we're easy to transplant. Christians are like oaks. You have to dig down very far because their roots grow very deep. Such is the effect of love. They don't do as well in strange soil.

Ginkgo tree roots are also deep, but very adaptable, provided they're planted in moist, well-drained, loamy earth.

Gays are like moss. We have no roots, leaves or stems. Moss doesn't even produce seeds.

Because I can be so frank about what I know about my nature, it's amazing how much people could learn about themself from my knowledge of me. Just listening to me makes some people breathe a deep sigh of relief.

For some, I'm like a day away on a South Sea island. The rain falls off in the distance. I'm in a lean-to that offers shade. And the ocean breeze, although salty, is refreshing.

All this is the result of me having given up my suspiciousness about talking to myself. I'm amazed at how much I learn from me day-by-day. I'm also amazed at how suspicious and upset I become when I bullshit me. And I'm amazed at how capable I am of healing my syndromes with GOD'S help, albeit slowly.

I'm the smartest person I ever met… And I know that to be true because I've tested my theory. Over my lifetime, I've changed my mind, transformed my heart and transcended my conscience by developing a soulful regard on as much as I possibly can. And that's not something I hear a lot of people boasting about.

Many men get upset with me when I ask them to describe why they're proud of themself. They presume I should be able to see their inner trophies. I can't.

My mind has to deal with my heart's leftovers so long as I have a heart beating in my chest. But I have enough faith in GOD to know that HE made sure that Eve got to give Adam just what he deserved.

I'm not going to be here forever. So, I spend my time in pursuit of the mystery in being me as much as is humanly possible. I enjoy my own company, even when I'm sharing it with people like you. I actually thrive on self-candor in the company of strangers I can feel real with. I'd even go so far as to say that the time I spend serene with me in the company of others makes the time I spend with GOD all the richer.

Going from 16 to 18 to 21

When I was sweet 16, my inner mother [Glinda] berated me for not wanting to go to college in Home Schooled. When I was 18, she focused her attentions on Dorothy from "The Wizard of Oz" instead of me in Call Me Glinda. But now that I'm 21 and can see the wisdom in her way of giving me enough rope to hang myself or weave a basket, I now see that adult angels in disguise can behave very strangely toward teenagers, especially as teenagers get closer to the age of emancipation.

Children become sexual beings [adolescents] quickly. But they move just as fast into the realm of young adults. It's then that they become a threat to the existing concerns of society. With new eyes, each generation reassess the meaning of life for a new age. That's an affront to every parent and a delight to every grandparent.

Now that I'm 21, I can see how threatened Gabriel and Glinda were, once I broke free from them. Now I have emotional liberties I didn't have before and can achieve a modicum of emancipation for myself, my God [Adonai] and my country.

I may be a young adult, but my inner parents still treat me like a child. They look down on me as someone with wild ideas who they think will become more traditional over time.

I'm glad they're so hopeful, but I'm literally 69 years old, even if I'm spiritually only 21. I'm not yet traditional. Maybe I just need a few more decades to settle down…

What I'd really love to do is climb into a coffin, close the lid and relish my privacy until the first and second coming comes. What a joy it will be to lift off the lid then and enjoy some just desserts…

I don't think my biological sister loved our biological mother. My sister fought with our mother every day of her life. I think their rivalry started when my mother divorced our father. My sister was five and I was seven at the time. She took his side from then on.

What's the use of fighting over love and loyalty to one of your biological parents when there's so much you need to do to appreciate your inner parents?

I guess people love who they love. But I think they ought to learn to tolerate, accept and sometimes even admire those they don't love. Nobody's perfect. Such are matters of the heart that aren't logical even if they can be comprehended for being emotionally rational.

After my mom's second husband died in Palm Springs when she was 90, she started to go downhill. My sister really saved her by putting her in the Jewish Home in L.A. near her so that our mom's physical and medical needs could be combined under one roof. I live in San Francisco, so I was dependent on others to care for the woman I was closest to. I couldn't do so from afar.

But I'd been chosen as the executor of our mother and her husband's estate. And this took a toll on my sister and our relationship. My sister believed that all the money I'd been chosen to watch over and disseminate to their four children should be hers because she was doing all the work to care for our mom. [Our mother was married twice. Her husband had two children from a previous marriage. Our father was married three times. He had two children from his first marriage before the War that my mother raised after the War.] The job of dividing that money wisely had been given to me.

My sister, with the help of our half-sister [on our father's side] and her husband, exacted a white-collar crime by absolving the trust and making our brother-in-law [our half-sister's husband] the executor of our mother's estate. That paid my sister for all her work, leaving the entire estate to

her. In this way, my sister followed through with her duty to our mother, but for a very handsome profit.

Our mom's husband's two children didn't help with the care of their father when he was alive, leaving that job to my mom, who was in her late 80's at the time.

Fortunately, I don't need more money, even though my mother's husband's children do. Even more fortunate for me, I wouldn't put money above all my other priorities in life. Perhaps that's why I've been blessed with more than enough money. I could afford to let the matter go, even though I don't forgive either of my sisters for their duplicitous, conniving way of getting my sister overpaid for the work she did. We could have arranged something if she'd asked.

The bond between my mother and my sister was important to my mother to the very end. My mother and I spoke about it often, and she told me that she'd never give up the job of loving my sister and teaching her about the meaning of love from a mother's point of view.

So, I resolved never to allow my feelings of resentment, greed and envy to get in the way of their relationship, which I could see was evolving till the end of our mother's life, even though it came at a financial cost to her husband's children and me.

I was well aware of my rage toward my sister for her having duped me. I just didn't act on it. Instead, I focused on cleaning up the moral mess I'd made myself by looking at the condescending and patronizing manner I held with everyone around me, including my sisters. I certainly didn't want to make a bigger, moral mess of matters by taking my sister to court.

By the time my mother died at the age of 98, she had severe dementia. For the last two years, she didn't know who I was. But I called daily to speak to the nurses about her wellbeing, and I flew down to visit her for a few hours every few months.

Devotion isn't always measured in deeds. Deeds are measured in deeds. Devotion is measured in feelings. And that we sometimes forget to measure. Thankfully GOD doesn't forget to watch how our feelings influence our thoughts and actions.

I was eventually blessed to be able to see that loving my mother as much as I had, had moved me into an unhealthy bond with her. I'd felt emotionally dependent on her. I loved her desperately. Perhaps this is why GOD tells us in the 5th Commandment to honor our parents rather than to love them.

Now that I've come to understand the wound on my belly that forced me to learn to suckle; now that I've come to understand how the teeth that burst out of my gums forced me to be weaned off my mother's breasts onto solid food – I understand that life is a spiritual process. You have to make your way through pain and suffering to discover the mystery of change, transformation and transcendence.

I honored my mother's heart. My sister honored her body. My sister charged for her services. Such is the cost of doing business with people who have skills and services you need, even if those people turn out to charge a disgraceful price for their efforts.

Therefore, make sure your mother has a contract that she can't be intimidated into changing without third-person oversight. And make sure the duties, as well as the rewards, of her estate have been well-defined between the four corners of that contract.

What I gave my mother was beyond a price. It was an emotional bond that made her feel beloved and cherished, not just physically cared for. And what we got to share as the result of that intimacy, my sister will, sadly, never know.

For my undying devotion, I got to celebrate my mother's life when she passed away. I felt relieved at her passing, not guilty or grief stricken. I got to celebrate my ability to devote myself to the meaning of honoring her.

I now get to devote myself to loving me, honoring others, and expressing my loyalty to GOD.

I've also gotten to see the ways in which I'd gone too far by loving my mother. I got to move from that extreme to the middle where I could put myself first and my mother second.

When you put yourself in first place, you discover self-love. When you put your mother in second place, you discover the wisdom in honoring everyone.

When people put themself second and exact a price because they're stuck having to put their mother before themself, they end up projecting self-loathing out onto the world. They punish people and rationalize their behavior with excuses about how they've been wronged. They live life feeling victimized.

Loving yourself first and honoring your mother second makes it possible to put GOD in third place with loyalty to HIS vision of what this world could become. That then makes it possible to personalize acts of GOD. And that leaves you with the possibility of developing an adoration for life as a school, and you as its devoted pupil.

That makes it possible for you to move down the rainbow through blue to indigo and violet, even if that passage brings you closer to the bottom of the rainbow than to the end of the rainbow if you're in pursuit of a pot of gold. That makes dying a privilege and a joy.

We all have to deal with gray, inner skies that are cloudy and rainy day after day. But if you don't keep a watch out for the occasional rainbow, you're missing the reason for your being. It would be a shame to witness your first rainbow the last day of your life.

We all have a body that's like an oil lamp and a flame that's burning inside it that need to be tended. Both the lamp and the flame require personal attention. My sister cared for our mother's lamp. I cared for our mother's flame. My sister added oil. I provided a lampshade to glorify her meek and mighty light.

Lampshade for the LIGHT of the Last Day of the Third Month of the Year

Now you know what I mean by a lampshade. If you want to glorify the LIGHT within you, you're going to have to do the werk needed to refill your lamp with oil so long as there's still wick to burn. If you want to glorify the LIGHT within you, you're going to have to get under your own thin skin, or others will do it in ways that will horrify you.

Making money without producing honey [wisdom] is like moving into a palace during a drought only to discover that there's no water coming out of the pipes. You feel like a bird in a gilded cage.

Give me honey over money any day. I won't be here forever. I'm mortal. I'm going to die. I hope to go to a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] – an ISRAEL after life, a pardes [orchard] called PARADISE by Muslims. But that's just a HEAVENLY rumor. I know that I'm going to have to leave all my money behind. That's a fact!

You now know about the Garden of Eden in a practical and personal sense of the word from me. You surely learned about the forest and the swamp all on your own.

If I may, I'd like to remind you that if you don't use your head, it'll open up like an earthquake cracks rock apart. And out of that hole in your head will pour lava from your flame deep underground. You can try to cover that hole with a yarmulke, a MAGA cap or even a fancy fedora. But everyone will see that you're an active volcano that they'll fear and run away from.

Everyone can see when you're fuming, whether or not you suck cigarettes to blow smoke out of your mouth and nostrils like a dragon. Everyone can see when you're looking around for some poor dog to kick when you come home from work and things aren't arranged in the order you're accustomed to.

As I said earlier in this book, I started out paranoid schizophrenic. But I've ended up obsessive/compulsive. I know how dear my need for order is.

I'm hoping to become neurotic, but that's a long-term goal. I know the importance of focusing on what I've been given to embrace who I am.

Some people have no choice but to live their life like it was the last day of the third month of the year for the rest of their life, never realizing that every tomorrow until the day they die will be April Fool's Day.

I'd rather not live like that.

Coming Out

Harvey Milk was a gay Jew and the first openly gay, elected official in the history of California. He inspired the gay community of San Francisco to come out of the closet. He told us that our fear of straight people would keep us from being genuine.

I'm a gay Jew who wants to inspire the LGBTQIA+ community everywhere in the world, not just in my city by the bay. But my message is for straight people, too. I want everyone to come out of their closet.

Your fear of being yourself may be keeping you from loving yourself. It may even be keeping you from touching yourself without feeling guilty. If you can't touch yourself, who'll be able to touch you gently to remind you that GOD is watching at all times?

If you yearn to come further out of your closet, do so with self-love. And then honor others. For GOD'S sake, don't strive to do any more than that! That will naturally lead to self-expression of your devotion to GOD.

But self-love can't be attained without an understanding of the spiritual force in your genitals. All the passion [+] within you is inspired from that locus of your being. If you're not passionately excited about touching yourself in poetic ways, you're missing the potential for any greater meaning of your being. You're living life prosaically.

To love yourself requires that you know yourself. To know yourself requires that you pursue your passions. And to be passionate about all that you do requires that you be passionate about being yourself.

That much passion requires coming out of the closet [aron] you're in, even if it doesn't require any changes to your sexual identity. The Israelites carried GOD in the aron kodesh [The Ark of the Covenant, a sacred chest built by the Israelites under the direction of Moses. It held the stone tablets of the Ten Commandments, Aaron's rod, and a pot of

manna.] It symbolized GOD'S presence among HIS people and was central to Israelite worship and identity. Coming out of your closet is a sacred act that expresses all seven forces within you, but especially the force of your desires [+].

Your wants [–] are not the same as your desires [+]. Discipline your wants [–] and glorify your desires [+] with the God within you as your Witness. This will eventually bring you a mission in life you may not yet be able to envision. Your mission will give you a personal relationship with GOD, the magnificence of which you can't conceive of until you experience the bliss [ULTRAVIOLET] of being you that's possible every day that you're alive.

Everyone has been given a superpower. A comedy is a life that's lived in conscious awareness of what that superpower is. A tragedy is a life that ends without discovering why you were planted here like a seed that should have grown to become a mighty tree, just like those two Trees in Eden.

There's only one way to stop people from killing themselves and one another: hope. When you come out of your closets [aronot] you bring hope to the world.

Without hope, people want [–] to kill someone. If they could, people would kill GOD. Cain didn't want to kill his brother. He would have preferred to kill GOD if he'd been able. So, he taught GOD a lesson by killing his brother. A world without hope is intolerable.

Hug Yourself Like a Tree

If you don't yet blossom and bloom with knowledge of what your superpower is, you're going to have to take little steps to come further and further out of yourself to discover what you can do better than any other person on the planet. That's what you're here to learn to do.

If you were a billionaire, just imagine how your goodness would inspire you to change the world for the better. If you're a billionaire, just imagine how your goodness can inspire you to change the world for the better.

We're never going to get rid of pharaohs and slavedrivers. The best we can do is to inspire them to behave as though they're not gods, but incredible creations of GOD.

Your superpower won't make you different from all others. It will, paradoxically, unite you with them. Your superpower doesn't have to be big. As a general rule, the smaller it is the more powerful it is.

Self-editing is a process of finding the words you need to hear to inspire yourself to pursue your better angels. In that spirit, here is the last comment I wish to relate to myself when I reread this book.

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד
Hear O Israel, the Lord, our GOD, the Lord is one.
[Deuteronomy 6:4]

Previous Books

[I recommend you read them in the reverse order written.]

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. **Within 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