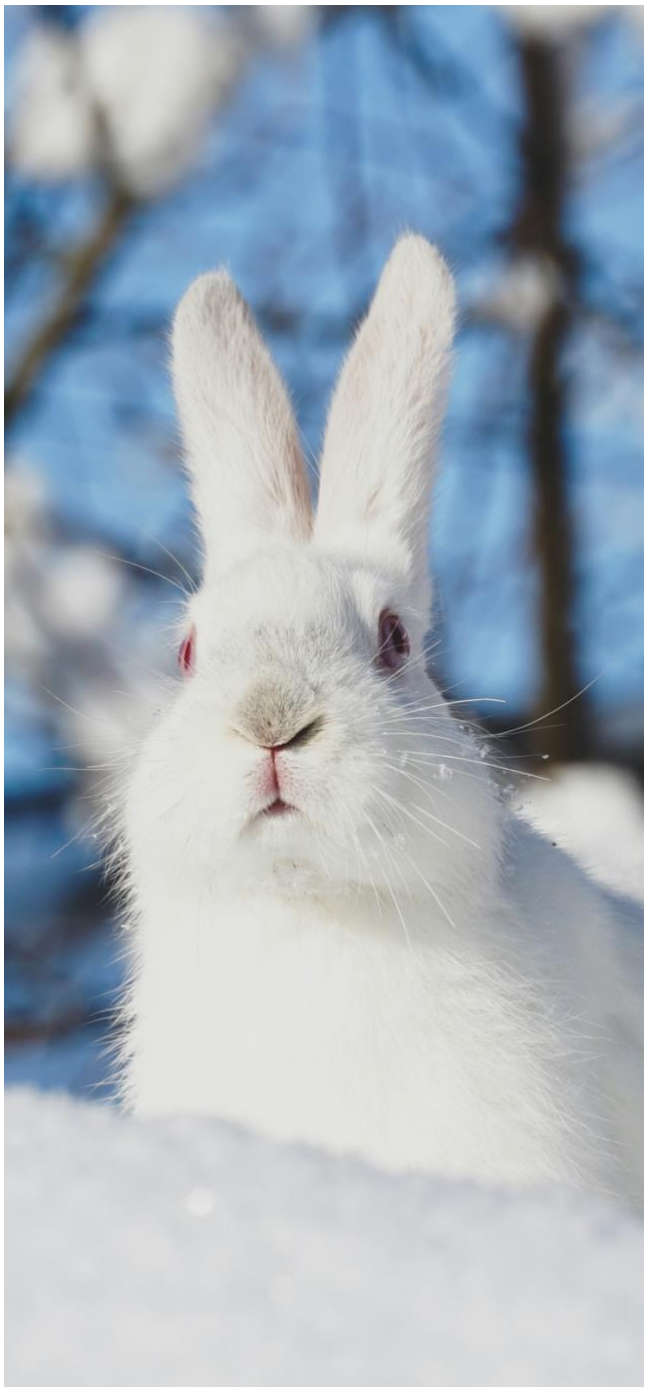
WELCOME TO MY WONDERLAND

A tale about the birds and the bees,
as told by a gay, white rabbiT



By
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1.
Through the Looking Glass

By opening the front cover of this book and reading the words on this page, you're going through the first layer of the looking glass. You're entering WONDERLAND, nose first. Your intuition will tell you what you think of this place.

You can't yet see where you are, but you've followed me down my rabbiT hole. You did so because you ate the cake and drank the brew that made you the perfect size for this quest to look at yourself in the mirror so intently that you go through it.

Coming into WONDERLAND is like getting high. After you ingest a substance, you wait for it to take effect. The same will happen here. In a few minutes you're going to feel far from the world around you as you experience the altered state of being that occurs in your inner world.

If you decide at any point you want to leave, just walk out. But if you want to explore the profundity of WONDERMENT, there's only this one way forward.

Going through the looking glass is a euphemism for self-reflection. My train of thought will bring you to stations of belief where we'll disembark to explore the meaning of life. This spiritual progression will move along a track of feelings from your head down to your heart, and from there across your breastplate to your soul.

You're going to need your eyes to inspect each and every word I've written. And you're going to need your ears to hear me in your own voice. Listening to this book on tape won't work. You're also going to need to follow my scent.

We're at the first stage of the dream state Lewis Carol entered but couldn't complete. He became terrified of losing his mind and had to rush out.

I've been asked to bring you to the power SOURCE in inner space that runs your thoughts, feelings and beliefs. This is called your conscience. It will reveal the essence of being.

Who asked me to do this?

Ah.

That's a good question.

QUESTIONING is the result of WONDERING.

2.
Take Off Shoes. Me Go Water

Welcome to the second stage of WONDERING, Alice [x] or Alex [y]. The first layer of the looking glass was as thin as one side of a sheet of paper. You'll find this second layer quite thick. If you can't get through it in one sitting, don't worry. This isn't a test. It's a lesson. There are no tests in WONDERLAND. Tests only occur in the outer world.

In this layer of the looking glass, I'll take you on a tour of your head to reveal what you already know that nobody told you.

I'm going to spill your T.

I'm a gay, white rabbiT who's come into your inner world to guide you through it.

My T is more than odd. It's more than queer. It's peculiar.

If you're a homophobe, you're going to find this adventure very unpleasant.

You'll get uncomfortable when I take you below your navel to point out what God gave you that you don't like about yourself, front and back.

If you feel an ill wind brought you here by mistake, just click your heels three times to go back to Kansas.

See what that does.

We ain't in Oz anymore, Honey.

Who you see inside is who you are when you enter the looking glass. Everything you think, feel, desire and believe is a reflection of a part of you that you can't yet fully imagine.

If you're afraid that you're going to come out of here gay, you can already sense your discomfort. If you're worried that a gay, white rabbiT can get in your head with the intention of screwing with your genitals and anus, you don't know very much about your inner world.

You've come into an extraordinary space.

Call it a cubbyhole.

Call it a spare room, a storeroom, a cupboard or a wardrobe.

Call it a mirror.

Call it whatever you like.

It's dark.

It's small.

But it leads somewhere.

Your whole head in now in the first of four closets.

What's more, GOD is in here with us.

The word for "work" in Hebrew is עבודה [avoda].

It also means "worship."

The gay community isn't known for worshipping God.

But we invented the word "werk," which refers to our effort to map the world within us. I'm here to werk with you. It's my job to keep you here werking for GOD for the rest of your life. I'm GOD'S little task rabbiT.

Lewis Carol [1832–1898] may have introduced you to inner space, and you may have thought WONDERLAND was an odd, but amusing, place to visit. But you become peculiar when you know yourself in this way, whether you're straight or gay.

The outer world is God's kingdom, a place with many queens, each an angel disclosed, not disguised. Some queens love clubs. Some love spades. Some are attracted to diamonds in the rough. And some will want to heart you from behind, Alex.

Alice, don't worry about a thing, Gurl. I've got you covered. You're going to be tickled pink over what WONDERLAND means to women.

In 2015 the outer world was transformed with the enactment of marriage equality. That created a strange, new land that you've had to learn to handle. Now, there are mad haters in red caps and blue caps who've come out of their closets. It's not safe to be gay or Jewish.

If you're not interested in why GOD insisted that it be this way, just close this book and go about your business as though it was usual. See if I care. See if anybody cares. Nothing is going to change around you until you care about where you're coming from within.

We're moving deeper into your inner space from which everything in outer place emerges.

I'm your host and guide.

In my youth I was a ballet dancer.

Then I became an English teacher.

And then something magical happened.

GOD ordained me a white rabbiT with a funny lookin' T.

Let's begin, shall we?

We have a lot of werk to do.

The human condition you're a part of is made up of three factors:

1. Your container
2. Your contents
3. Your location in inner space.

Your container is your body.

Your contents are your virtues.

You're filling your container with contents day-by-day.

Your contents will leave your container when you die.

Humans being who care about the dead hope the dead are resting in peace.

You've come to WONDERLAND because you're not resting as peacefully as you could within yourself.

You're anxious and worried.

That's why GOD brought you here.

Consider this a synchro-mystical happenstance.

Here, you'll learn more about the state of WONDERMENT.

The whole point of the 4th Commandment [keeping the Sabbath holy] is to rest one day a week in order to think about the importance of resting in peace for all ETERNITY. You're not like those who fight over whether to do that on a Friday, Saturday or Sunday. You know that what matters is that you do it, not when you do it.

My container was conceived in New York City early in 1952.

That's also where I was born later that year.

I turned 73 this year.

The year is 2025.

This year is almost over.

You'll read this book with the advantage of hindsight.

What you'll get out of it is insight that you'll be able to use to achieve foresight.

Most people subscribe to the "tabla rasa" concept of being born a blank slate.

I was born "tabla plena," a full slate.

Language slowly ate through me in infancy, destroying my ability to remember all that I knew before I was born.

I had to learn to make do with my sick and twisted T.

I had to recover what I once knew that was buried by a lifetime of focusing my attention on the outer world.

I'm a master of language because I plummet words for a depth of meaning no one had told me words could achieve. Words were given to us by THE GOD WHO gave us the seven world faiths.

A sunset is just a poster from GOD.

A psalm is the lyrics to a song sang long ago; its melody lies within you.

I'm here to help you raise the volume of your tune.

Talking to myself and PRAYING to GOD are related forms of communication that I don't discuss with anyone until s/he enters WONDERLAND.

I'll explain the difference between prayer and PRAYER, and God and GOD, a little later.

Suffice it to say that I talk to myself while PRAYING to GOD.

I interrupt my conversations with THEM [Him and HER] if I tell GOD anything that isn't wise.

I also use my body's language, in addition to words, to PRAY.

And I use abstract images in my mind to express myself to THEM in shorthand.

Without many ways to PRAY, I can't see what I want to say.

Words have to emerge from the marrow of my bones and come out through my skin.

But that's hard werk.

Sending messages to God through prayer is conventional and easy.

Getting Him to believe what you tell Him is what people hope to accomplish by going to an institution of religion to worship.

Werking with THE GOD of us all is my specialty.

WONDERMENT creates more than one place in inner space.

Some words in WONDERLAND look different on paper.

I'll bet you WONDER why.

WONDERLAND was created for us by GOD; the same God you read about in your scripture but Whose message has become passé for the modern age.

I don't just talk to myself in this closet in my mind.

I answer me.

What's even more magical is that GOD answers me.

PRAYER is the way my relationship with the Abrahamic God of the Jews, Christians and Muslims becomes magical.

I'm a gay, white rabbiT who's been WONDROUSLY attached to the T.

I'm not boasting.

I'm making a point.

Stay with me.

Learning to use words meaningfully is like picking fruit from a tree and then following the twig to the branch to the bough to the trunk to the root. This is how I returned to the seed in me. This is how I came to see myself as like a seed planted by GOD in a place that's like a garden.

You already know that the world you share with others is no rose garden.

You're surely bitter, cynical and disappointed with what you've learned about the outer world. If you're hopeful, great. But you don't even know where HOPE is located in your body.

You rose up through something that was like solid rock into something that was like light. You grew in a way that resembled a stalk magically ascending toward the sky. You perceived that you energize yourself in the way leaves contribute to the needs of a plant. You branched out with interests that resemble what a trunk, boughs and branches do for a tree.

You flowered sexually.

And you fruited from your labors.

So, when I tell you that you're like a tree in an orchard, you understand what I mean.

There's an orchard within you.

I'm not a tree in a forest with a Cheshire cat in it.

There's no annoying grin on my face.

I'm not here to get one over on you.

I'm like a tree with something that's like a serpent in it.

I'm a tree of self-knowledge that grew out of a garden that, over time, turned into an orchard.

I'm a gay, white rabbiT who's figuratively got my T in the palm of my hand as I speak.

Does that make you uncomfortable?

Are you afraid of my agenda?

What do you think I might do to you?

What's going through your mind right now?

Do you see how thick this second layer of the looking glass has become?

Let me tell you a little more about myself using words in WONDROUS ways. Maybe that will help you laugh off what you worry I might want to do to your precious anus, Alex.

Who am I?

I'm not exactly a metaphor.

I'm only something like a symbol.

I'm more like a simile.

I'm a thing that grows like a tree.

But I'm a thing with feelings.

And that makes me different from all other things.

Once I could see this about myself, the most amazing thing happened. I discovered there was something hanging down from the trunk of my tree that could do something that resembles speech. And when I went through puberty, he began to talk to me.

He's been telling me what he wants [things] and what he desires [men] ever since.

And I complied with a lot of what he told me to do.

GOD made me this way.

My sexuality offends some people because that's just what GOD wants me to do to them. That's a part of His and HER agenda.

You can avoid WONDERLAND. You can pretend you've never been here. You don't have to avail yourself of my familiarity with your inner space.

But tell me this:

How have you done so far fighting wicked witches, wizards who are imposters, brainless mannequins, heartless men in armor, cowardly lions and a best friend who's as devoted as a terrier but who can't guide you from within?

Give up trying to fly over the rainbow, Bluebird.

I'm going to take you right through the rainbow within you.

I'm going to lead you through the seven layers of HOPE.

And I'm a gay Jew.

So, I'm not going to promote Jesus to do so.

My container is located in San Francisco, CA.

I've lived here for decades.

I watched as my gay brothers wandered down Castro Street [gayborhood] in the 90's with canes, blind sticks and in wheelchairs. I lived through the epidemic before the pandemic. I'm one of the few gay men of my generation who's still alive. And I'm a gay Jew whose container and contents are working diligently to rest peacefully every day of the week here in my favorite city in the whole world.

Here, I'm free to be a hyphenated gay Jew and white rabbiT.

Living in San Francisco is a political experience as well as a sexual delight.

I ended up here to be with a former partner who died of AIDS.

Don't feel sorry for either of us.

We separated when he got seriously sick.

I'll tell you why we split up later.

What I want to talk about now is how I've been feeling since October 7, 2023 [The Gazan invasion of Israel]. I've had to reassess what it means to me to be a gay Jew. My feelings for the external world have changed.

I lived for five years abroad as a young man, two years in Israel and three years in Holland. I also spent time in Madrid, Spain.

Later on, I'll give you some juicy details about what it was like as a young, gay man to have had sex with exotic men from many lands in my day. But as a gay, senior citizen, I'm going to describe a shift within me over my opinion of Israel.

Are you feeling uncomfortable again or are you getting excited?

Watch what's happening in your heart, even though we're still getting to know each other in your head. You'll never know exactly where you are in WONDERLAND until you know your way around all of it.

The impetus for the creation of the State of Israel was the Second World War in which European Christian nationalists murdered 6 million Jews. After that war, Christians worldwide felt guilty and gave back the land God had given us 3,400 years ago that Roman indigenists conquered 2,000 years ago.

But the Christian nationalists incarcerated 100,000 gay men and murdered about 10,000 of them. As a gay Jew, I used to be equally horrified by both obscenities. Today I place my priorities on the needs of gay Muslims who want to be a part of the creation of a

Palestinian state on the West Bank of the Jordan River, with the Dead Sea to the east and Israel to the south, west, and north. After the Six Day War in 1967 when Israel conquered that land from the Jordanians, the Palestinian problem became an Israeli problem that the Jordanians had done nothing to solve.

We know that the United States didn't enter the Second World War to save the gays or the Jews. We went overseas to help good Christians. But over my lifetime, I've seen my generation of Americans develop a great sense of PRIDE [respect] in their parents or grandparents for having fought that war overseas.

The Republicans are PROUD of having saved the Jews from annihilation by Christian nationalists.

The Democrats are PROUD of having saved gays by encouraging and achieving marriage equality.

As an Independent, I'm PROUD of my fellow Americans for having done both.

But I'm ashamed of the Republicans for the homophobia perpetrated on the far right. And I'm ashamed of the Democrats for today's anti-Zionism on the far left. Muslim nationalists in the Middle East want to destroy Israel, hand our land over to the Palestinians and murder all gay people in the Middle East.

From where I stand between our two political parties, I see the civilized world of today as divided between those who promote gay rights at one extreme and those who promote Jewish rights at the other. Those who are opposed to both are the atheist regimes under the direction of Russia or China. That's just mad, Hatter!

See what happens?

Outer place always bleeds into inner space.

You can't find peace of mind in here, either.

There's always something that enters to upset you.

I take my race, religion, national origin, gender and sexuality very personally.

I believe GOD gave them to me to cherish and protect.

I use my identity to determine how to treat others.

I vote my identity.

I believe tolerance and compassion for the underdog is always the best course of action.

Charity may be a form of worship that all monotheists claim to believe in.

But I also see the world of today as a political horseshoe not a political spectrum.

WONDERLAND is located between the two ends of the political horseshoe.

The homophobes are on my right, and the anti-Zionists are on my left.

To complicate matters, homophobia emanates out of Jerusalem while pro-Palestinian sentiment for a state of their own emanates out of Tel Aviv.

As a gay Jew who lived in Israel and speaks some Hebrew, I can tell you that all Muslims [birds] and Jews [bees] are here with me in WONDERLAND. I'm here to tell you all about the birds and the bees.

The first thing we all WONDER about in WONDERLAND are the facts of life.

But the birds and the bees don't know their way around inside themselves any better than you do. The closet you've entered with me isn't a place to escape reality. It's a place in inner space that reveals the deeper meaning of reality. What's more, GOD is in here with us.

The population of Israel is 10 million. Of that, 20% [2 million] are Muslims. They were Palestinians who didn't run away when Jews from around the world returned after the Second World War. Today those Palestinians are Muslim Israelis.

There are also 2 million Muslims in Gaza. They were Palestinians who did run away during the creation of the modern State of Israel. Just look at the difference between Israeli-Muslims and Gazan-Muslims.

The Muslims in Israel aren't racists, homophobes, misogynists [women haters] or misandrists [man haters]. They aren't anti-Zionists. They don't have to join the Israeli military if they don't want to. But they don't want to become a part of a Palestinian state.

What I want to see in a Palestinian state are Muslims as evolved as Israeli-Muslims, not as hateful, prejudiced and dangerous as the Muslims in Gaza.

And I know how to make that happen.

It's at this point in the conversation that I direct you to the cynicism oozing out of your soul. That black discharge has already fogged up your head and heart, obscuring you from seeing the facts of life clearly.

Don't worry.

This is normal.

Life is a school.

There are two classrooms.

One lies within us.

The other lies around us.

There's only ONE TEACHER.

THE TEACHER is called GOD.

THE TEACHER is teaching us in both classrooms.

The outer world has been in existence for the past 80 years with a Jewish state after 2,000 years without one. That coincides with the death of Jesus. Islam was created 700 years later, which turned Middle East indigenists into believers in one God.

I'm sure you can see that in the outer world people don't act like there's one God.

GOD only exists for those who live in WONDERLAND.

I'm a resident of San Franciscan.

I never left my heart in San Francisco.

I found it here.

As someone who lived through the sexual revolution of the 1960's, the serpent in my tree has a lot to say about life on planet Earth. My serpent and I have been in a monogamous relationship with a gay Catholic and his serpent for 15 years.

My partner Wyatt became an atheist after 12 years as the secretary of the Catholic church in the Castro. I love his willy, but I've had to learn how to accept his self-will. I do so by letting him be himself, not by trying to change him.

Wyatt has always had a big heart and a good soul. He doesn't need God to tell him how to behave.

I just adore him.

I thank GOD for him many times a day.

Having a loving, monogamous relationship is like having a study partner in school who helps you see questions and answers you couldn't see on your own.

Wyatt has helped me prepare for life's tests from THE TEACHER, even though he's uninterested in exploring his life through that metaphor. He's even helped me prepare for my final exam without knowing it.

I hope that through this book of maps that will orient you in your inner world, you'll live well and prosper in WONDERLAND. I'll do my best to contribute to your peace of mind as you pursue peace on Earth anyway you choose. I'll even help you pursue peace everlasting in whatever way that makes you feel the most hopeful.

I think everyone should help others WONDER as they wander.

Harvey Milk was the gay Jew of my generation who told gays in San Francisco to come out of the closet.

Call me "Harvey Honey."

My message is for everybody. But my message is about gay Muslims. If you don't care about the wellbeing of gay Muslims, let me warn you that your reflection in the looking glass will become distorted. You'll find your self-image much more difficult to get through.

Frankly, I don't care how my T makes you feel.

Your feelings don't concern me.

Life is a school, and your grades aren't going on my report card.

But your lack of feelings should concern you.

In the Constitution, we have it in writing that a black person was once regarded as being worth 3/5th of a white person. But we still see white people on the right trying to stop black people from achieving a full 1-to-1 correspondence within themselves and with all others.

We also know that the value of a woman is deemed $0.65 in contrast to a man who's worth $1.00. And yet a woman's right to choose death over life, something men have been doing since the dawn of civilization, is in serious jeopardy. [You're going to be shocked when you learn what I think about abortion. I'll just let you WONDER about that for now.]

Now that Israel has had to give back 100 Muslim prisoners for every Jewish hostage, we can see that the value of Muslims to Jews is 100 to 1.

These are issues neither the left nor the right wants to talk about.

Muslim nationalists [Hamas] in Gaza are bent on destroying Israel.

Religious nationalists worldwide are bent on eradicating the LGB & T community.

And black people, other people of color, undocumented aliens, gay Muslims, the disabled, the unhoused, the unwell, women and children are feeling the price they're paying for being caught in the middle.

These problems are obvious, not just to a gay, white rabbiT.

But the solutions to these problems are easy to remedy.

The answers are just hard to describe in a few words.

If I wanted to shout them out, I could do so on social media. But the answers I propose will never be available to those who are shouting at one another. So, please be patient with your furry friend as I describe the world's problems and solutions little-by-little in short story form:

The word in Hebrew for the ark Noah built is ארון [aron].

The word for the basket Moses was taken down the Nile in is ארון [aron]

The word for The Ark of the Covenant the Israelites carried God for 40 years in the desert is ארון [aron].

And the word for closet in modern Hebrew is ארון [aron].

When Harvey Milk told gay, humans being in San Francisco to come out of the closet, he had no idea of the profound, spiritual depth he was alluding to in Torah, the core of the Hebrew Testament. He didn't speak Hebrew. Therefore, he didn't know what he'd said that was such an amazing new idea for us at the time.

That said, coming out of the closet means much more today than just sexual liberty.

Just imagine looking at today's container ships crossing the oceans as arks [closets] filled with animal instincts rather than products to be sold at market. Every captain of a container ship would be a Noah. Every harbor would be his safe haven.

Just imagine looking at yourself as an abandoned baby crying in a basket [closet] that was floating down a river. You'd conclude that the male God of the Israelites stopped you in bulrushes [impediments] that would require the compassion of a nearby princess to protect and defend you.

Every one of us has felt as vulnerable as baby Moses. And every one of us had a special woman help us through a predicament in which we felt abandoned.

Just imagine you're a tabernacle [closet] carrying God across a desert to a land promised to you, alone. That would make you a messenger to others from the God within you.

As you make your way to that land you've been promised by Him within you [WONDERLAND], you find yourself on an amazing journey that only you can fully fathom.

Neither the straight nor the gay community has had any idea of the depth of the word "closet." It's a word that was hollow but which I'm now going to fill with meaning.

From my perspective, today's gay community is like Tweedledee.

Today's straight community is like Tweedledum.

If you've had trouble making sense of the world around you, it's no WONDER.

The main metaphor that I'd like you to PONDER that will help you come further into your closets is that life is a school.

We're enrolled at birth.

We graduate when we die.

There's only ONE TEACHER.

Your grades aren't going on my report card.

My grades aren't going on yours.

Only THE TEACHER can keep track of each and every student's progress.

Don't pretend you can peek in THEIR [His and HER] roll book to see others' grades.

Keep your mind focused on where you are and where you're going.

You're not going anywhere with anyone.

You're doing this alone.

Werk on graduating this school with HONOR at all times.

Do your homewerk every night.

Be ready for pop quizzes at any time.

Study for those tests from THE TEACHER you anticipate.

Keep your eyes on your own paper.

And always plan ahead for your final exam because it can come at any moment.

Oh.

And one last thing.

Give up the silly notion that God is male.

That's just nonsense you bought into from men who have a problem with women and that silly little serpent in their tree.

The reason I know I'm mortal isn't just because I'm old. It's also because the times have changed. In my day, we thought we had forever in the palm of our hands. But now that kids are getting murdered at school, the primary lesson from THE TEACHER in the school of life is that you never know how long you've got.

Study yourself if you're interested in learning about yourself.

Study other things or things with feelings if you're not.

But you're the only thing with feelings that matters in the long run.

Your feelings for others need to be examined for disloyalty to yourself.

You have four closets.

They can be found in your inner world.

They're aspects of yourself that you can access if you want to know yourself.

But you don't have forever to do the werk.

Time used to be measured by the face of a clock. Today, time is measured digitally. Think of this shift in our view of time as like looking at a Ferris wheel from the ground or being on a Ferris wheel looking out at the world from a constantly shifting perspective in midair.

When you look at the face of a clock with two hands, you're viewing time indirectly and impersonally as though watching a Ferris wheel go round. But when you take a seat on a Ferris wheel and it carries you up and around, that's like facing time from a personal perspective.

The numbers on a clock are all visible, just as all the seats on a Ferris wheel are visible from the ground. But when you're sitting in your assigned seat on a Ferris wheel, it's like viewing the face of a digital clock in which you see only the numbers of the clock at one moment in time.

This shift in perspective makes life surreal, making you more aware of your mortality. Time is objective externally and subjective internally. This is an important detail about life in WONDERLAND.

Time is an aspect of WONDERMENT you've never had described to you in this way.

You can't get off the Ferris wheel.

You're going to go around and around your inner world until you die.

Understanding what you see subjectively at this moment in time depends on how much you can make your way around yourself inside.

This is the underlying meaning of the words "here-and-now" in WONDERLAND.

I'm not just a gay man.

I'm not just a Jew.

I'm a rabbiT and an embodiment of Israel in the here-and-now.

Jerusalem is the heart of Israel.

Tel Aviv embodies the soul of Israel.

Think of me as living in Haifa, the head of Israel above the other two.

I reside in my head.

Live wherever you choose to live.

Do whatever you need to do to help the outer world keep going around like a Ferris wheel viewed from the ground.

I semi-retired from work life at the age of 45. I fully retired at 59. I've been enjoying my golden years for almost 15 years. I've got my feet up. Now I'm thinking about what I went through and what I'm going through with foresight about where I'm headed.

I'm just one embodiment of Israel created by our TEACHER who's trying to survive school life on this planet. I can't change what people say about gays and/or Jews. But I can see that if life is a school, then there are bozos at the back of the room making classroom management difficult for those of us who are here to create a transcript we'll be PROUD of.

No one is going to be here forever.

We all graduate.

Jesus was enrolled on Christmas Day, and He graduated on Good Friday.

If you like His transcript, but you don't want to carry His cross, welcome to my world.

Wisdom, not love, is the message I want to carry.

GOD chose me to be me.

I had no say in that matter.

I didn't get to choose my parents, my nationality, my language or my body.

Most of my life I wasn't particularly comfortable with my container, my contents or my location in outer place. To tell you the truth, I only discovered in old age what a privilege it's been being me, and nobody else but me.

I don't want what anybody else has anymore. I'm content with what I've been giving myself.

Many people are takers.

They give to some only if they can take from others.

If I don't give of myself in some way to all others, I don't receive as much as I want from GOD.

If I don't also give to myself without taking from anyone, I'm just behaving like another wolf in sheep's clothing. And for a gay, white rabbIT, that would be embarrassing and dangerous. I'd have turned into my own worst enemy.

I'm PROUD of me. I wave my Israeli and Palestinian gay flags humbly and unabashedly. But I'm not going to get in the parade of life with those who are shouting at everyone passing them by. I'm simply too old and jaded.

My container is a like a vehicle given to me for the journey of my life.

But someday I'll be leaving my vehicle behind.

I feel I have a DESTINATION all my own.

My contents are like a cup I'm filling.

I'm no longer worried about being half-empty or half-full.

My cup runneth over.

That's why I PRAYED for and got a SAUCER [serenity].

That's why I don't make the mess I used to make inside myself.

When it comes to my location in inner space, I'm most comfortable in my head. And I'm staying here. I'm not going down through my stiff neck into my heart anymore. My heart was broken. Granted, having had my heart broken made it easier to get out of it into my soul.

I now consider myself more heartfelt than soulful. But I'm most comfortable being a thinker who uses the force located in my head. I'm not "The Thinker." That was a sculpture made by Rodin. [See back cover] That guy looks like he's sitting on the toilet. I don't just think when I defecate because I have nothing else to do. I think all the time.

My feelings [heart] lie under my left nipple.

My beliefs [soul] lie under my right nipple.

When I was young and goodlooking, and a guy would suck my nipples, it felt like my nipples turned into windows that revealed God's realm. Those WONDERFUL, young, gay guys in my youth gave me a glimpse into Heaven.

But getting to my idea of Heaven today requires going there through my conscience, which I discovered was located at my breastplate between my two nipples. That's where the fire burns inside me. My conscience resembles the Burning Bush that convinced Moses to go back to Egypt to save the Israelites from a bondage they'd endured for 400 years.

When I was a young man, I was like a pharaoh.

I didn't care about some others.

And I was like a slavedriver.

I didn't care about myself.

I tried to kill the slavedriver in me with food, alcohol, cigarettes, drugs and sex.

That's how I lost the discipline within I needed to keep me on task werking.

It should have been no surprise that I felt like a slave in shackles for hundreds of years.

I ran away from my crime with denial.

But the God within me told me to go back to my inner Egypt.

So, like Moses, I turned around and went back to the place I'd once called home.

First, I found my way out of bondage to my family.

But without feelings of sorrow for the ancient Egyptian indigenists within me, GOD refused to approve of me.

I made my conscience my guide by feeding the flame in my breastplate. It now warms my head, heart and soul. I can now say that I've freed my mind with good thoughts, liberated my heart with loving feelings and emancipated my soul from myself with beliefs that say more about who I am and who I'm becoming than who I was before.

I'm on my own now, and I like me this way.

I don't have to associate with human beings anymore.

I now associate with humans being.

We were all born alone and will die alone. I think there's unnecessary pressure to be a part of something bigger than ourself. Sure, it's nice to feel like a card-carrying member of the human race. But being popular isn't the way to achieve that feeling. We all wanted to be popular when we were kids. But that ship sailed a long time ago for me. I wasn't popular then, and I wouldn't do well seeking popularity now.

I gave up the popularity contest when I saw that I can't claim to be like anyone. Oscar Wilde said, "Be yourself. Everyone else is taken."

Now I only yearn for me to like myself a little more each day. That's my only goal in life. You may claim that love conquers all, but I don't believe it for a second. The only thing that conquered me was me liking myself. I've never liked the idea of me loving me.

I don't even consider myself on a journey with Wyatt. He's my best friend and soulmate. I needed a study partner, and THE TEACHER graciously gave me one. Wyatt has helped me answer many test questions I wouldn't have been otherwise prepared for.

I love him.

I like me.

That's the way I was made, so that's the way I live my life.

I don't see why gay men aren't allowed to marry everywhere in the world, including Israel. I think religious nationalists are out of touch with GOD'S plan for man. And I plan on telling you what His and HER plan is on our expedition together through the looking glass.

I'm not shy about speaking for GOD.

I PRAY.

GOD answers my PRAYERS.

I just don't PRAY for stuff in the outer world.

I also don't PRAY for people.

Let people PRAY for themself.

I think they could use a closer relationship with GOD.

I PRAY to Him and HER for answers.

That's my T, Gurl.

Wyatt has a curriculum all his own. I can't give him my correct answers to his test questions. I can only tell him what happened to me as the result of my incorrect answers. The last thing I want is to lose him. He's the most precious person in my life.

I'm not afraid of him walking out on me.

I'm afraid of him dying and leaving me alone in school.

I went through those feelings of abandonment as a kid, and I don't want to repeat them.

That said, I can't compromise my inner world with hypocrisy.

My grades are too important to me.

Thank GOD, Wyatt understands and agrees on letting me live my life my way.

Believing in myself is vital to my werk habits.

Life is a school with ONE TEACHER.

THEY gave us three Tutors in the West.

THEY gave the Hindus tens of thousands of tutors.

THEY gave the Buddhists a world without a Tutor; the Buddha was a god-like man.

And THEY gave the Taoists 16 tutors.

This makes classroom management in the school of life absurdly difficult. But I didn't create this school. I'm just here to use it and leave a legacy behind for future students.

In the West, The Jewish Teacher's name is אלוהים [Elohim].

The Jewish Tutor's name is אדונאי [Adonai].

Moses introduced us to His Teacher in the Book of Genesis and to his Tutor in the Book of Exodus.

The Christian Teacher's name is Father.

The Christian Tutor's name is Jesus.

He is the Son of the Father.

Jesus lived from about 6 BCE-30 CE [Before the Common Era into the Common Era.]
The calendar used by the whole world today measures events before and after His life.
Christians also believe in a school counselor who doesn't have a name.
He's called the Holy Spirit.
The Muslim Teacher's name is Allah [الله].
Muhammad's Tutor was the Jewish archangel, Gabriel.
Muhammad lived from 570-632 CE [about 1,400 years ago].

Islam claims that Allah is the last name we will be given to describe Him. That's information about Him that imams and clerics aren't yet ready to talk about. As they're schooled on the world stage, they'll start to WONDER what they don't yet know.

Moses spoke about Elohim in Genesis. In the Book of Exodus, At the Burning Bush, Adonai gave Moses his mission. In the Book of Leviticus, Moses told us what They told him. I don't believe what he said. He was too traumatized to get that message right. I'll tell you why later.

Jesus spoke about the Father and the Holy Spirit.

Gabriel is the Jewish archangel who spoke to Daniel in Tanach [the Hebrew Testament] and Mary in the New Testament. Then Gabriel inscribed God's words in Muhammad's heart. Gabriel was Muhammad's Tutor. Gabriel gave Muhammad the last name for God: Allah. This comprises the Quran.

Think of Gabriel as like a school administrator who works for THE TEACHER. Adonai, Jesus and Archangel Gabriel are all Jewish staff that THE TEACHER used in the past to deliver His message.

In the past, God was only regarded as male to make His message more appealing to men. But today, GOD is making THEMSELF known as He and SHE because we know so much more about ourselves and how each of us is made from a man and a woman. If we're truly made in GOD'S IMAGE, then we must admit that God isn't only male. The God of our ancestors didn't tell us everything we need to know in scripture about Himself for life today. We have to reinterpret scripture for the modern world we live in.

Talking about God using masculine pronouns is passé. We can't afford to continue using antiquated linguistic terminology to describe our CREATOR.

GOD is THE TEACHER and PRINCIPAL of the primary and secondary school education of us all. But when we graduated to the university level of our spiritual education with WONDER, THE TEACHER becomes THE PROFESSOR. And your Tutor becomes your T.A. [Teaching Assistant].

Those who are ready to unify the messages of Tanach, the New Testament and the Quran are university level students of life. Those who insist on allegiance only to the one scripture they were brought up with are like school children, not like adults who are enrolled in the university setting of analysis of scripture.

If you believe in a male God but were home schooled or went to a religious academy, the metaphor of life as a school with GOD as our TEACHER is a change of perspective that may make you uncomfortable. Every religious student of life has been taught that their faith holds a monopoly on the truth. So, presenting you with the metaphor of life as an educational institution will upset the mindset of religious nationalists and atheists, alike.

At this point, I want to point out that you've got your head all the way in WONDERLAND, but your chest [heart and soul] may still be in the outer world holding allegiance to what "they" taught you up until now. Decide if you'd like to pull your head out or whether you'd like to come all the way in.

If you're finding it hard to decide, you're ambivalent. You have feelings both for and against this proposed action. If so, think of yourself at this moment in time as sweet [loving] and sour [angry]. I'm asking you to entertain an idea that may be new to your palate.

Moses changed the world with a single metaphor [you're a tree of knowledge].

Jesus changed the world with two symbols [you're wine in bread].

Muhammad changed the world with hundreds of similes [Muslims are like and unlike Jews and Christians].

But Harvey Milk changed the world with a single word: closet.

Your inner world is made up of four closets [ark, basket, tabernacle and the coming out of your CLOSET that brings you into WONDERLAND with knowledge of your relationship to your gender].

We're all CLOSETED today, not just gay people. By describing myself as Harvey Honey, I'm describing a land of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] inside, although God only promised the Israelites a land of milk and honey outside.

Harvey Milk [1930-1978] was born before the recreation of the State of Israel on May 14, 1948. I, Harvey Honey, was born in 1952 after the state of Israel was recreated. Together, we can help you bridge your impression of your inner world as only filled with love [milk] and wisdom [honey]. Spirituality is the study of your loyalty to love and wisdom.

God comes from the world's scriptures which were written by men to appeal to men. They were inspired by God, gods and god-like men.

The world is guided by GOD. S/HE inspires men and women because S/HE is male and FEMALE. S/HE created every nation on Earth. S/HE even created you in THEIR IMAGE.

There's one country where more than 50% of the people are Jewish; 120 countries where more than 50% of the people are Christian; and about 53 Muslim countries where more than 50% of the people are Muslim.

I prefer the modernity and influence of science over all the "promises" from God I've had described to me by believers of the Abrahamic faiths who seem so sure about what will happen to them after they die. I don't believe a word religious nationalists have to say when it comes to life-after-life. That's why I describe myself as spiritual, not religious.

Religious nationalists are hate-oriented. They want to maintain a separation between the Abrahamic faiths that keeps them opposed to one another based on religious principles. But they all hold one principle in common. They're all homophobes.

What you're going to discover in WONDERLAND, in addition to who you are, is GOD'S reason for revealing THEIR genders to us now.

There's a fire in me that was lit by GOD, not God. I was made in GOD'S IMAGE, not God's image because I'm a combination of a man and a woman.

I believe that I've got a destiny that I can achieve with THEIR help, not His.

My DESTINATION after life is personal.

The religious concept of Heaven, Paradise, Nirvana and/or unification with ancestors doesn't attract me or appeal to me. I'm good for GOODNESS' sake. I strive to become BETTER because that's the only thing that makes me like myself more.

I see that we're all in this school alone together.

That said, I'm willing to share my answers from the tests I've taken.

But I'm not willing to do anyone's homewerk for them.

You're on your own.

When people don't give me what I want, I simply tell THE TEACHER on them. And believe me, PRAYER werks. It's not enough, but it's a great start to every successful outcome I've had. If you don't like that idea, simply don't bother to PRAY. There's no law [yet] that says you have to pray any one way.

I PRAY every night. I call it "office hours" with THE TEACHER. I PRAY using words, body language and abstract symbols. There's so much more I want to say to GOD than can be said in words.

I don't fight over names for GOD, THE TEACHER.

As a Jew, I've already PONDERED what Moses told the Israelites to do:

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד
[Shama Israel, Adonai Elohenu, Adonai echad].
Hear O' Israel,
The Lord [my Tutor],
The Lord [TEACHER]
and all other tutors are ONE.

Whether you've chosen Adonai, Jesus or Allah as your Tutor, there's still only ONE TEACHER. S/HE is both a He and a SHE.

We, Jews, have been trying to describe the importance of MONOTHEISM to the world for 3,400 years. The implication today in being a monotheist is that you have to learn from all THE TEACHER'S Tutors and tutors. The outcome of your efforts to live in your head wisely; in your heart lovingly; and with loyalty to our CREATOR in your soul - is so personal that no one can describe how to do that for everyone.

I'd add that THE TEACHER'S lessons have changed from generation to generation. So, be prepared for your Tutor's lessons to change, too. If you aren't willing to change your thinking, then THEY will change your feelings and beliefs. But that generally causes a great deal of pain, suffering and even unnecessary premature deaths. So, decide what werk habits in the school of life you wish to use.

I made the best choice possible in my school curriculum by making me my major.

I graduated the school of hard knocks by the age of 30.

I got my G.E.D. in gay A.A. in L.A.

There, I learned about my Higher Power.

Then I applied to spiritual university.

I graduated with a Ph.D. in me by 40.

THE TEACHER now employs me as a professor in His and HER school because I'm a worldclass expert on healing. I've written three dozen books on how to stop driving myself

as mad as a hatter. Nobody knows more about behaving illogically, irrationally and unreasonably than I do.

Jesus was a Self-ordained rabbi.

I'm a self-ordained rabbiT.

I've got a unique rapport with my T.

The thoughts in my head are wise.

The feelings in my heart are loving.

And the beliefs I hold in my soul are loyal to the ONE GOD WHO created us all.

I see the Jews as the masters of wisdom.

I see the Christians as the masters of love.

And I see the Muslims as the masters of loyalty to God.

I've combined my Jewish head, my Christian heart and my Muslim soul.

I see myself as a master of all three inner forces: thinking, feeling and believing.

I'm a gay, white rabbiT who bring his T wherever he goes.

Do I sound mad?

I'm actually far less mad than I used to be.

I've gone below my neck to the mysterious forces in my body. GOD gave us the religious institutions of faith in the Far East to compare and contrast them to our Western religions. This reveals the dark side of ourself. Like the moon, we all have a dark side. Like the Earth, the light and dark side of ourself is in flux.

I not only know all about my Jewish head, Christian heart and Muslim soul. I also know about my Hindu navel, Buddhist genitals and Taoist backbone because I've studied the religions of the Far East, as well as the Abrahamic faiths.

I know all about the gods [tutors with a small t] on the other side of the external world. I can see how we demean their beliefs here in the West just by describing their gods as false. All Gods, gods and god-like men and women come from GOD. What makes them true or false are their feelings. If you love others, your God comes from GOD. If you hate others, your God is a false god.

Therefore, I consider myself a Jewru, not just a rabbiT.

To be a monotheist, you have to internalize all GOD'S belief systems. GOD made them all. Ironically, there are very few monotheists in this school. MONOTHEISM is the crowning achievement of spirituality. Maybe as the result of this venture in WONDERLAND, you'll crown yourself a monotheist.

I was crowned a queen on June 23, 2019, the day my mother died. If you're a princess, you won't know what it means to be crowned queen until your mother dies. [More about your navel which is a reminder of the umbilical cord you shared with your mother, later.]

Each of us has a spiriT within us.

Our spiriT is like a fire GOD lit when we were conceived.

Our spiriT is like the conscience we imagine as in our breastplate.

Our spiriT is like a burning bush inside a tree of knowledge.

When that fire within us goes out, we graduate this school.

Very few people are advanced enough in their spiritual education to avail themself of the benefits of MONOTHEISM through a larger, more magnanimous, relationship with THE TEACHER. They're still fighting to give more external than internal meaning to their being.

The balance between our two worlds is modeled by the Jews who claim that God gave us Israel, our one and only nation. This is an externalization of our God's plans for man that Christianity and Islam have been opposed to for millennia, despite the fact that there are scores of Christian and Muslim nations.

ישראל [Israel] means "struggle with God." Today, Israel is in a struggle with THE GOD of us all. Israelis are learning about both their worlds. This is the secret to their success.

Therefore, as a gay Jew, I can't afford to solely be a student of my inner world. I've had to become a student of both my inner, private world and the outer, public world.

ONE GOD created three monotheistic faiths that are in tremendously meaningful relationships with one another.

If the whole world was Christian, people would still be murdering one another the way Christians are doing today.

If the whole world was Muslim, we'd see the same thing. Muslims are murdering each other in greater number than even Christians.

Because Jews only very rarely murder other Jews you might think the world would be better if everyone was Jewish. But that would be a terrible idea.

Granted, we don't try to convert anyone to our faith.

We prefer to advance the concept of God through education rather than dogma.

We haven't nationalized any country other than our own.

And we're not interested in doing so.

That's because we think variety is the spice of life.

Only Jewish nationalists reject a secular education. They promote a religious agenda only. Like Christian and Muslim nationalists, they're homophobes.

We, Jews, aren't succeeding in making our message about Israel real because our message is askew. The Jewish rendition of God is just as male as the other two.

The three Abrahamic faiths claim to be monotheistic, but they reject one another based on their dogmas about God. Real estate is of primary importance to religious nationalists. That's why there are so many Christian and Muslim nations, and why they're always fighting one another. The only thing all religious nationalists can agree on, including those in Israel, is the abomination of gay people.

Because my major is me, and nobody else but me, I now know that nothing happens to me that THE TEACHER doesn't have a hand in.

All lessons are in anticipation of tests.

All tests are in preparation for my final exam.

The final will determine whether I'll graduate with or without HONOR.

Religious nationalist Jews, Christians and Muslims say the same thing.

But they all refuse to allow gay students to study with them once we come out of our CLOSETS.

It's so frustrating that the Abrahamic faiths can only agree on the abomination of gay men and lesbians. This is the cross we in the LGB & T community bear. So many of our straight classmates see nothing of value in us.

Because I don't get the regard I deserve, I've had to tell THE TEACHER that I don't feel appreciated by any of the religious nationalists. They're trying to make me feel that I've been abandoned by God.

But I don't feel abandoned by GOD.

I only feel abandoned by their Gods.

I know I'm a monotheist who believes in ONE GOD, and they're not.

I'm not carrying anyone's cross anymore. I now kvetch [Yiddish: complain] a great deal about the weight of the crosses I've carried and the distance I've schlepped [Yiddish: dragged] them.

[Yiddish is the old-German that Northern European Jews spoke at home.]

[Ladino is the old-Spanish that Southern European Jews spoke at home.]

I'm not shlepping Christ's cross to Calvery.

He already got there without me.

Nor am I continuing to behave like Simon Cyrene who helped Jesus carry His cross. [Matthew 27:32].

I've carried enough crosses for others because they weren't willing or able to carry their own.

I'm done.

I've been too compliant.

I think everyone should carry his or her own cross.

I've learned my lesson.

I do me.

I only do me.

I'm not interested in anyone's advice on how I could become more like Simon Cyrene.

And the best reason I can give you for why I don't carry other people's crosses anymore is because they're still on them.

Wyatt is very prim, proper and establishment oriented. He's constantly telling me how peculiar I am. Fortunately, he's also an extremely patient partner who thinks he'll eventually succeed in making me less mad. And he has. He's made me see the importance of keeping my eyes on my own paper while taking tests.

I'm especially long-winded. Here we are already 21 pages into this book, and I still haven't told you the meaning of the title of this chapter, "Take Off Shoes. Me Go Water."

I was born to Holocaust survivors. My mother, Bella, was a German Jew. Her mother, Josephine, was Jewish. Bella's father, Edward, was Christian, probably Catholic because he was Bavarian. Bella managed to evade the Christian nationalists during the Second World War. That's a miraculous story in itself. But I'm not going to tell it. She refused to tell me her story until I was in my thirties. I had to earn her respect for her to reveal to me her struggle being a Jew in Germany during the War.

But you've earned my respect just by having read this far into this book about the meaning of life from WONDERLAND. Therefore, I'm willing to tell you some of my story in an effort to help you advance GOD'S plan for man.

My father, Solly, was a Lithuanian Jew. He and his family were captured by Lithuanian Christian nationalists and locked up in the Kaunas ghetto. From there, the German, Christian nationalists transported him to Stutthof Concentration Camp in northern Poland which was run by Polish, Christian nationalists. The rest of his family were sent to Auschwitz where they were murdered. When the war effort wasn't working to advance the Christian nationalist mission to conquer the world, they moved him to Dachau

Concentration Camp in Southern Germany where he was forced to slave for the Third Reich.

My parents met in Munich in 1945 two months after the War ended. [Dachau is practically a suburb of Munich today.] My parents married in New York in 1948. In 1955 we went to the Bronz Zoo. There, there was an exhibit of alligators. And I said to Solly and Bella, "Take off shoes. Me go water."

As I already said, words hold a depth of meaning that we only discover over time if we use words in new and creative ways to say things we couldn't say before that we now want to express.

I'll be talking about my deceased parents using their first names because the roles we played with one another are over. They're not my parents anymore. I'm an orphan. My parents are dead. Solly and Bella are the names of the first tutors I had in the school of life. Their influence on my spiritual education was immense, but inadequate. I'll tell you more about that later, too.

The Abrahamic faiths are still fighting over their scriptures instead of plummeting the depth of God's male words to find out how S/HE constructed Tanach, the Gospels and the Quran as steppingstones up to His and HER realm.

The world is made up of land, sea and sky. The male side of God gave a small piece of land to the Jews, the seven seas to the Christians and the sky overhead to the Muslims.

Although I was only three-years-old when I said what I said at the Bronz Zoo, I've since figuratively entered the world of water [feelings]. I've experienced the depth of the meaning of feeling and faced the maritime creatures [like alligators] that correspond to evil outcomes that arise from matters of a dark heart.

I've also entered the world of spiriT. I've flown through the beliefs in my soul and roosted with the birds that arise from a soul filled with loyalty to THE GOD of us all.

Thoughts are like rocks in our head.

Feelings are like currents that cause waves in our heart.

And beliefs are like winds that blow through our soul.

The Jews are like bees collecting pollen [little rocks].

The Christians are like fish swimming around in aquariums.

The Muslims are like birds who look down and view it all from above.

The aron [ark: CLOSET] Noah built is the imagination we all constructed in childhood that became the vehicle that would get us through puberty. We filled it with a sample representation of all the animal instincts in MOTHER NATURE.

Your imagination is full of instincts that influenced you much more in childhood. You let them off your ark to repopulate the world through WONDROUS experiences in the external world.

Jesus stated that the only way into His Father's kingdom was through Him. Two thousand years later, I had to learn how to walk through my thoughts, swim through my feelings and fly through my beliefs without Him.

But I can now go where no man has gone before. And it wasn't even that hard for me to do once I knew my way around WONDERLAND.

Here, I can unite my head, heart and soul by following the instructions of Adonai, Jesus and the Jewish archangel [Gabriel] who inspired Muhammad.

Of course, there was the issue of that pesky serpent [penis] in my tree [body] that started to talk to me when I was going through puberty. That coincided with when the rains came and I began to feel flooded inside. That's when I was so glad that I'd built an ark that would take my head through childhood to adulthood despite that deluge everywhere else within me.

That storm was like no other I've been through. But God promised us with a rainbow that He'd never put us through that [puberty] again. And He's kept His word.

But the words that came out of the mouth of my serpent were BEGUILING. They were a juicy mix of the two fruits hanging down from my tree. The production and dissemination of that fruit juice [semen] is what gave me my first clue to the reason for GOD having created life from within Himself and HERSELF [THEMSELF] for us to WONDER about.

Making babies would have been a fool's errand for someone like me. I simply bought a mirror and looked carefully at what I saw in my reflection. I think every parent will eventually tell you that they did the same. Being a parent is such hard work because it also requires hard werk. It requires you to go within to QUESTION who you are and what you stand for.

But if you end up as the parent of an inner child, as I did, you'll eventually squeeze a thank you out of you for yourself. What's more, your inner child, unlike some sons and daughters, will grow up to enjoy being with you. You'll find yourself with a companion who really likes you. You won't develop a chip on your shoulder over all the things your parents did to screw you up and screw you over.

Most parents truly love their children and enjoy parenting. And most children love their parents. Children who grow up to produce grandchildren for their parents often create a third generation with tremendous courage, strength and conviction, despite everything that's happening in the world around them.

I had no grandparents, uncles or aunts. Christian nationalists murdered all of them. I had two first cousins who survived the War. One of them was a niece [Ellen] Solly adopted who'd been hidden in a Catholic orphanage. So, she was like a sister to me when I was an infant. My half-brother, Henry, and half-sister, Ilana, had also been hidden in Catholic orphanages. Another cousin, Ellen's older brother [Garik], survived concentration camp and then moved to Palestine.

None of my blood relationships lasted the test of time.

I miss family, especially at holidays. But every orphan who never had parents knows more about that than me.

I don't blame myself any longer for what I didn't know as a young parent of my inner child. It was especially hard because I was the parent of an unwanted, inner child. I was devastated when I discovered that my inner child had to be enrolled in special ed. classes in the school of life. He wasn't the brightest bulb in the box. That was a cross I resented having to bear. I blamed God for that, but I thank GOD for it now. My inner child has given my life incredible meaning and purpose.

I didn't get to choose my Jewish family who were Holocaust survivors.

I was stuck with the elementary and secondary school-like spiritual education I got from Solly and Bella who'd been deeply traumatized by their lessons of life in Europe.

Because I didn't grow up in a normal household, I couldn't imagine bringing children into this world. I was far too damaged with cynicism and scorn just with the difficulty of having to learn about me. I considered that a punishment, not a privilege.

I only slowly came to believe that being me has been the greatest gift I could ever have been given. Being gay and Jewish with a slightly dopy inner child has made me feel blessed in so many WONDERFUL ways.

3.
Sucking my Thumb

Sucking my thumb was a childhood pleasure my parents disapproved of. But when I reached adolescence, I discovered I was particularly physically flexible. I'd go to the bathroom, put my legs up on the toilet cover and suck my penis to orgasm. That relieved a great deal of the stress I was under. I was thrice blessed by being gay, Jewish and flexible.

But when I'd been a child, sucking my thumb was the best I could do to help myself calm down.

Ellen got married and got the hell out.

Solly and Bella were always fighting.

My older half-siblings, Henry and Ilana, were at each other's throat.

My younger full sister, Rina, and I were always clashing.

The Second World War had ended in 1945.

But the cold war at our house was freezing.

When I was four years old, I did something bad, and Bella told me to go to my room. She came in some time later and asked me if I was ready to apologize. I'd never been asked that question before. And my answer the first time was "No."

Her response was a swift, hard slap across the face. That made me bite my tongue. Bella took me to the bathroom and showed me how to wash the blood out in my mouth.

When I was five, Solly told me to stop sucking my thumb. So, every time he entered the room, I took my thumb out of my mouth, and every time he left the room, I put it back in.

Every night Solly and Bella fought in the dining room. But one night, Solly got up from the table, came to my room, still yelling about something to Bella, saw me sucking my thumb in my sleep, and he slapped me hard across the face. I bit my tongue again. Once again, Bella took me to the bathroom to wash out the blood in my mouth.

When I was in elementary school, I learned that kids had their mouth washed out with soap if they said something bad. My parents never did that to me. And at the time I thought I was lucky.

As a young adult, I didn't suffer from soapy mouth syndrome.

I suffered from bloody mouth syndrome.

I felt that every word that escaped my lips brought with it a little blood.

The reason I had a lisp was because I was afraid to speak up for myself. I know that's not logical. I shouldn't have been afraid of Solly and Bella when I was grown and out of the house. I shouldn't have been afraid of sucking my thumb when I was upset. I shouldn't even have been afraid to apologize.

But life is a strange school. I was figuratively placed in a class with kids who were afraid to speak their mind. Those who weren't afraid protested. They were put in another class. THE TEACHER didn't tell me why I was in the class I was in. But now I feel privileged to have slowly learned to voice my opinions.

But there was a depth to words I couldn't plummet before I'd oriented myself to all the forces in inner space.

I thought with my head.

I felt with my heart.

I believed with my soul.

I CONTEMPLATED my navel.

Wants and desires emanated out of my penis.

And my anus was a mysterious door that opened two ways.

Every word turned out to be like an iceberg. Only so much of a word floated above the waterline. Most of every word lay deep beneath the waves of my ocean of emotions.

I finally found the courage to dive into the frigid waters of self-speech.

I identify with Jonah who was swallowed by a whale. [נביעים: Nevi'im, The Book of Prophets] This was the ancient Jewish way of describing linguistic deep-sea diving. I, too, went overboard into the mystery of being me to experience the depth of my feelings. I observed the darkness, cold and pressure at the bottom of my emotions. And then as I rose back up to the surface where I felt spit out into the external world.

In Sura 10 of the Quran, Jonah was thrown overboard because he was fleeing from his mission as a prophet, which led to a storm threatening the ship he was on. The crew cast lots to determine who was responsible for the storm, and when they realized it was because of Jonah, he admitted his fault and asked to be thrown into the sea to calm the storm. He sacrificed himself for the wellbeing of his mates.

The word of God is deeper than other words. To study the word of God, I had to learn the value, not the meaning, of words. A little later on, I'll explain to you where the expression, "the word of God" comes from.

For now, I'll just say that words don't go down that deep when you think about words as icebergs that float in the ocean. They don't go down as deep as the ocean. Think of this trip through the looking glass as more than a recording of my observations of my feelings from the surface of my heart.

Words aren't good at describing what I want to say. From the bottom of my ocean of emotions, my words float so far above the depths of my feelings that I sometimes find speaking deceptive. And yet, I have no other way to express myself. I'm not artistic or musical. I'm not especially scientifically oriented, either. I can't talk about the external world. The only things I can do well are dance and speak.

I used to swim around my words while in conversation with people. The surface of communication was like scattered icebergs for me. I got little joy from everyday conversations. Unless people were willing to dive down below the depths of our words to talk about deep feelings, I saw no point in talking at all. I was shy.

I'm not anymore.

Now I can talk to everyone.

I can swim down to the bottom of my ocean of emotions and fly above the clouds in the sky.

As I learned more about Solly, Bella, Ellen, Henry, Ilana and Rina, I became sad, even apologetic for something I couldn't say.

When I was young, I felt like I was on board an ocean liner that had hit an iceberg and was going to sink.

I was in dialogue with voices within me trying to secure a seat on a lifeboat.

I was a musician who was willing to play with the other band members until the very end.

I was busy rearranging deck chairs.

I went running from cabin to cabin looking for valuables people left behind.

I even tried to try to climb onto icebergs by worrying about semantics.

Now I'm just onboard this ship of fools to learn about me. I know where my head is headed, so I'm not worried about where this voyage is taking me.

I'm just me, a spiriT in a container on a journey who's never going to reach the safe harbor [Heaven, Paradise or Nirvana] others yearn for. I have a DESTINATION in mind that I can envision but can't describe. The only thing I know for certain is that it involves graduating this school with HONOR. And that's just what I plan to do.

I couldn't talk to Solly about this. He was a zombie. But Christian nationalists made him that way. He was like the walking dead. They're indirectly responsible for making me the way I am, too. And if you think that Islam isn't going to have to take responsibility for turning the Israelis into who they've become, you're mistaken.

THE TEACHER grades us all on a curve. If you don't like your grades, murdering the top students in class isn't going to help your G.P.A. Trading one Jewish student for 100 Muslim students isn't going to do anything but encourage more kidnappings and murders of Jews worldwide.

Does it look like evaluating black people as worth 3/5th of white people was a good idea by our forefathers? They must have been as mad as hatters to come to that conclusion. People are going to look back on today to say the same of some.

Jews of my generation who were born after the Second World War wanted to help needy classmates in America, not just their own tribe.

They helped black people emancipate in the South.

They helped women attain reproductive rights.

They helped gays achieve marriage equality.

Many Jews supported Israel, which is the only democracy in the Middle East and an example to the world of what Jewish ingenuity can do.

But many of today's scholars see it differently. They think Israel was a mistake right from the start. They don't see that THE TEACHER divided the school of life into two academic departments after the Second World War.

One college was assigned to figure out why so much of the Christian world supported the idea of murdering 6 million Jews for being Jewish.

The other department sought to figure out why so much of the Christian world supported the idea of murdering 5,000-10,000 gay men for sucking cock. These are the same Christians who refused to say the word "AIDS" in the '90's. And they're the same Christians who are opposed to trans people today.

You can see that both departments have found some of their answers. The Republicans bombed Iran as a sign of America's support for Israel, something the Democrats would never have done. And the Democrats have supported civil rights, women's rights and marriage equality, something the Republicans would never have done.

"Islam" means "submission." Islam will someday submit to the nightmares they've created in the past 80 years for Jews, Christians and Muslims [straight and gay] in the Middle East. THE TEACHER will see to it, just as THE TEACHER saw to it that there'd be two colleges in our Western school system to deepen our understand of man's inhumanity to man.

Elohim and Adonai aren't GOD.

The Father, Son and Holy Spirit aren't GOD.

Allah isn't GOD.

The God of the Abrahamic faiths is just the male side of GOD.

GOD is male and FEMALE.

We now live in a world where the traditional, Abrahamic idea of God isn't nearly big enough to describe the big picture anymore.

WELCOME TO WONDERLAND.

Your whole body has now come through the looking glass.

For 2,000 years, the Christian world accused the Jews of ruining life on this planet for them because they said the Jews murdered their God. Now Islam is murdering Jews for retrieving our real estate [Israel]. And some in the Christian world agree with them thinking that.

Christians represent 32% of the world's population. Muslims represent 25%. We, Jews, are far too small a minority [0.2% of the world's population] to be responsible for the misery of 57% [over half] of the world. If you're looking for the small percentage who are crushing the planet, look to the 1%. They're five times greater in number than us.

The Jews aren't responsible for anyone's grades in the school of life. We're not responsible for the pain and suffering Christians and Muslims are causing themselves and each other.

As I said before, Jews rarely murder Jews. Christians and Muslims have a long history of murdering each another, as well as gays and Jews. The Crusades were wars over Israel in which the two of them murdered each other to steal the land God had given us.

The Christians and Muslims have both got plenty of land. The Jews in Israel are trying to stop Muslim nationalists from murdering them while keeping the little bit of land God gave us.

Israel is what all today's political struggles between the left and right are really all about. Even the United Nations is more focused on Israel than any other nation because they know that there's something odd, weird, queer and particularly peculiar going on there.

But that's my opinion, which is based on me taking my life seriously. If you don't think I should take life so seriously, don't take your race, religion, national origin, gender and sexuality seriously either. I happen to think very highly of how GOD made me in every way.

GOD chose the Jews.

So, GOD chose me, a gay Jew.

If that's true, then GOD chose everybody.

We were all enrolled in this school to be in class at this time in His and HER story.

When each of us will graduate, however, is a mystery.

THE TEACHER doesn't like racism, homophobia, misogyny or misandry. You don't have to be a מייבין [maven: expert] to know that much.

Antisemitism on the right and anti-Zionism on the left aren't going to silence me. THE TEACHER doesn't like those character defects, either.

Antisemitism didn't die the day Hitler murdered his girlfriend, killed his dog, and then blew his brains out.

[Who kills their dog before they commit suicide?]

Dogs are man's best friend, in part, because of their sense of smell. They aren't ashamed of putting their nose in our backside or crotch to get a better sense of who we are.

The word for "dog" in Hebrew כלב [kelev] is a contraction of כמו הלב [kmo ha lev] which means, "like the heart."

Humans are heartfelt when we use our nose, not our eyes or ears. We have very sensitive noses. We just don't realize it because we combine our olfactory feedback with our visual and aural input.

Your nose knows.

In WONDERLAND, you're going to learn how to think with a Jewish nose.

Only an antisemite or anti-Zionist wouldn't want to learn how to do that.

The fact that I've put my Jewish nose where no straight Jewish man would go unifies antisemites and anti-Zionists with homophobes.

The more people become aware of their inner world, the more they distain the idea of hating anybody. Anti-Zionism is, after all, nothing more than Christian nationalism [antisemitism] dressed up for the modern age as Muslim nationalism.

Jewish nationalism was expressed for the first time when the Israelites conquered Canaan, 3,400 years ago. Jews have never conquered another nation. We've only fought for the one nation God gave us.

When Noah got off the ark [the first level of the closet metaphor], he constructed a vineyard and got so drunk that his son, חם [Cham: hot], told his brothers what their father had done. Cham's two brother covered Noah up without looking at him. When he sobered up, Noah cursed Cham's son, Canaan, for what Cham had said about Noah to Cham's brothers. God told the Israelites that they could have the land He'd given to the descendants of Canaan. [Genesis 9]

The only purpose of Jewish nationalism from the very start was to attain and protect what was ours [Canaan: Israel]. This was meant to set an example to the world about the meaning of MONOTHEISM.

God works in mysterious ways.

GOD doesn't.

S/HE is blatantly clear about what S/HE does.

Sadly, the goal of comprehending MONOTHEISM can't be fully appreciated today because the Jewish nationalists in Israel oppose marriage equality. If there's no room for me as an equal in Israel, then there's no room for GOD.

The world is distracted with anti-Zionism when the real issue is homophobia. Abrahamic believers who are homophobes aren't interested in learning more about the meaning of MONOTHEISM. They only want to promote their male God. They aren't yet interested in THE GOD WHO created us all. Today, S/HE is teaching us the meaning of pronouns to relate to THEM differently than those who came before us.

Wisdom is the fruit needed to bake humble pie.

Love is the flour.

Loyalty is the butterfat.

Don't be surprised if everyone has to eat a little crow.

That's just a fact of life when you live in WONDERLAND.

The seniors [Jews] are doing their best to get the juniors [Christians] and sophomores [Muslims] onboard with the meaning of MONOTHEISM. Understandably, the freshmen [Hindus, Buddhist and Taoists] have questions that the class is going to have to answer intelligently.

But what a donut with a hole Israel is today under the rule of Jewish nationalists. Let's just not forget to look at the other donuts. They're all holey. In my opinion, every nation on Earth, with the exception of the United States, is a holey land.

I'm not your cross to bear.

I'm my cross to bear.

Jesus gave me His self-love, and I'm using it to like myself.

I don't want to love myself.

I think self-love leads to self-indulgence.

I'd rather love my partner and indulge him.

If you don't like yourself as much as I like me, remember what the Christian nationalist understanding of Christ's message did to the gays and Jews in Europe in the last century. Just look at what life in Europe without Christ's message is doing to Eastern Orthodox Christians in Ukraine and Russia today.

Love is an experience that emanates out of the heart. What's more, love is the best revenge. If you don't love others gently, tough love will teach you that Jesus wasn't messing around down here.

If your heart is dark, your love is dark. But if your heart has been illuminated with the rainbow of hope God gave the ancient Jews in the story of "Noah and the Ark," there are feelings in those seven colors today that will come to mean something to you over time.

1.	Red	Rage
2.	Orange	Angst
3.	Yellow	Fear
4.	Green	Yearning
5.	Blue	Sorrow
6.	Indigo	WONDER
7.	Violet	Ecstasy

The hope in the rainbow remains far overhead until you discover these seven emotional correspondences to the colors of the rainbow. This is the secret to wisdom of the heart.

I don't live in my heart.

I'm not a Christian.

I don't live in my soul.

I'm not a Muslim.

I'm a Jew who got out of my head through my stiff neck and into my heart.

Then I got out of my broken heart and through the fire in my breastplate laterally.

I made it into my soul.

But I didn't stop there.

I continued down to my navel, genitals and anus.

And then I made my way back up to my head.

I wouldn't call myself a traditional Jew. I've come to embrace all three of the Abrahamic faiths. I also embrace the religions of the Far East that Western believers only consider philosophies. And I embrace myself as a gift from GOD to me.

I don't listen to that silly serpent in my tree that insists I follow my wants for things and desires for sex with as many men as I can appeal to. The reason I don't is because I believe in "the word of God." This is what that means to me:

Torah is handwritten on parchment. It takes between 60-65 cow hides to produce enough parchment for one average sized scroll of Torah that weighs about 25 pounds. Torah was originally written without spaces between the 304,805 letters because the ancient Jews couldn't afford to waste space. They called Torah "the word of God" because it was literally all one word without spaces between the letters to save money.

There's a legend that says that the curious, ancient Greeks baited the rabbis into taking on the job of translating Torah into Greek by offering them papyrus, an invention the Greeks had gotten from the Egyptians. The ancient rabbis went hog wild when reformatting Torah on a paper product by including spaces between words, punctuation, paragraphs, chapters and then dividing Torah into five books.

They say it was the Greeks who gave Torah the name The Five Books of Moses. They sold each book separately. It was a very profitable autobiography of the life of Moses in ancient Greece. That also explains why the Greeks were so curious to learn more about the Jews 500 years later when the Greeks discovered what Jesus had to say. They didn't do badly becoming the first publishers of His biography either.

Life is a school for scholars and fools alike. If you aren't interested in earning a living through learning, THE TEACHER may not help you make your dreams come true. Your Tutor may not remind you to study for upcoming tests. So, you may not be as thoroughly prepared as you could be for your lessons in this school. What awaits us all is our final exam. I can guarantee that you won't miss that.

Bella's German countrymen threw her out of lyceum [junior high school] because she was Jewish. Today, trans-Americans are being considered for deportation. Think about the wellbeing of the LGB & T community if you want THE TEACHER to care about the wellbeing of the straight community.

I've gone down from my soul to my navel. I know something about my relationship to my mother that others don't know.

I've come out of the closet [ark].

I've come out of the closet [basket].

I've come out of the closet [tabernacle].

I've come out of the CLOSET and embraced my manhood.

But some want to murder everyone who comes out of the CLOSET to stop us from continuing to do so.

As more gay people come out of the ארונות [aronot: CLOSETS] and unify through PRAYER, you're going to see more TEACHER'S pets snitching on bozos at the back of the room who are trying to stop us from learning and growing.

Life is a school. You didn't get to pick your parents, body, country, language or sexuality. And, of course, you didn't get to pick your gender.

Obviously, GOD made me male to invite me to figure out why. I find it challenging to be male, not gay or Jewish.

My parents were very damaged by Christian nationalists. But I learned to help myself rather than blame my parents. I learned to use words to express who I am honestly from my head; sincerely from my heart; and authentically from my soul. That's why I consider myself genuine.

I had little choice.

I had to say something.

I couldn't just watch religious nationalists take over the planet with homophobia.

4.
The Mulberry Tree

I graduated my elementary education at Shenandoah Day School in West L.A. I had no idea at the time that life was a school, and that "graduation" from the school of life refers to "death." I just knew that I was terrified of going on to junior high school.

We were poor. Shenandoah Day School had students from both sides of Robertson Blvd. But I lived on the poor side which meant I had to go to Pasteur Junior High. And many of those poor people were black people who lived in Culver City.

I was terrified of black boys. I saw them as aggressive and mean. But I also saw them as mysteriously attractive and desirable. Many of them were masculine and strong. And those attributes very much appealed to me.

In my 6th grade class, there had only been one black person. It was a dark-skinned girl who was large. Because I was afraid of all the boys in my class, I sat with the girls on their side of our classroom. But because the girls weren't terribly interested in being my friend, or friends with the black girl, she and I always found ourselves alone together, whether it was during the nutrition break in our classroom or walking down the stairs to lunch.

During the lunch hour, after we finished eating at the picnic tables outside, I'd walk around the quad by myself. The boys would go off to play sports. The girls remained at the picnic tables throughout the lunch hour. I couldn't very well continue to sit with the girls once the boys had left. That would have looked weird. The black girl sat there alone, and I wandered around the quad pretending I had somewhere to go.

A boy was supposed to refrain from contact with a girl unless there were other boys around to support him. At least that was the social rule as I understood it as a gay boy growing up in the 1950's and 60's.

There were two male teachers in our elementary school. I had Mr. Alexander for the 5th grade. Mr. Williams, my 6th grade teacher, wasn't as warm and friendly as Mr. Alexander. But Mr. Williams encouraged me to pursue my interest in science. He told the class that we had a mulberry tree growing in the yard near the cafeteria, and he told us about silkworms, and how they eat mulberry leaves. So, I decided I wanted to see if I could make silk – a perfectly understandable interest for a gay boy at any time in American history.

I don't know how or where I got the silkworms, but I did. I brought a couple of leaves home from school every few days and watched as my silkworms ate their way through them. They left a path the width of their body behind them, turning whole leaves into shredded leaves.

That was my first introduction to worms [girls]. I wasn't afraid of worms, but I was terrified of snakes [boys]. Only slowly did I learn to associate words with multiple meanings, such as the words, "clitoris" [worm] and "penis" [serpent].

As a child, I thought I was going to become a scientist. I thought the world was a fascinating place, and I wanted to study it. I didn't yet realize that I was a fascinating person. I didn't anticipate growing up with an exceptional yearning to study myself using words and the word of God.

Words, as it turns out, connect the outer world to the inner world. Words are like bridges. At one end of a word is an objective meaning that correspond to something in the

outer world. At the other end is a subjective meaning that can change your relationship to yourself within yourself. Interpreting scripture is an ongoing spiritual process because the word of God changes us in both our worlds.

Bella had moved Rina and me to California and divorced Solly here because she could do so with one year's residency without having to prove he was a monster. He wasn't a monster. He was a zombie. He was the walking dead. You can't prove something like that in a court of law.

Before that, we'd lived in Buffalo, NY. There, I remember getting up early every morning to explore our apartment in the duplex we lived in. I studied the furniture and the pictures on the walls and WONDERED why our fireplace didn't work. I studied the frayed fabric of the couch Bella let me jump on because it was so old that she didn't care about it anymore. I studied the pots and pans in the kitchen cabinets below the counter. Everything seemed different before the Zeves woke up and came out of their bedrooms.

One morning, I saw Bella's hand mirror in the living room. I stared at my face in the mirror. I studied my reflection. And I concluded that I didn't like what I saw.

As I came to that conclusion, I felt an odd sensation. It felt like I'd stepped off the roof of a building. It felt like I was falling. Much later – like 25 years later – I discovered that that sensation is the feeling called "sad."

My words were disassociated from my feelings. It's not that I was never sad. I was often sad. I just hadn't yet associated emotional sensations in my body with words to describe them as feelings. I didn't realize that other people had feelings, too. All the words I had for feelings were in my head. None of those words had, as yet, made their way down into my heart where I could associate them with the emotional sensations that corresponded to those thoughts.

When I looked in the mirror and felt sad about what my face looked like, I remember liking the feeling. When I'd go outside and hide in the tall bushes in front of our house, I felt the same way. When I looked for the turtle that we'd put in our bird bath in the backyard and couldn't find it, I felt that way.

I thought sadness felt good. So, I pursued that feeling, not knowing how to associate it with a word, just knowing that I liked how sadness made me feel. It felt like someone had pressed their hand into my breastplate. Sadness made me feel separate, special and different. Most of the time I felt nothing at all. But that physical sensation in my chest stood out in my mind as mysteriously pleasant.

While I was a little boy growing up and my parents' marriage was still intact, I looked out at the world around me like a scientist, studying what I saw. But I also looked in at the world within me, studying what I perceived.

By the 6th grade, I'd been living with Bella and Rina in L.A. for four years. I studied silkworms and that black girl who talked to me even though no one else did. I perceived that I was sad. But I couldn't associate that feeling with Solly's absence. I just knew that something in my life was missing.

I didn't know much about spiritual life then. I hadn't yet learned about that tree Moses had described, the one with a serpent in it. I didn't know that people valued themselves differently based on their feelings.

All I knew was that silkworms ate mulberry leaves and that I felt like the black girl in my class. When she and I were 10, we didn't talk about our feelings. But there was a mysterious bond between us. Now I know that we'd both grown up sad.

At the end of the first semester, Mr. Williams gave me a B in art. I was very upset because it was the only B on my report card. It didn't look good not having all A's. I saw myself as a straight A student. I couldn't have a B on my report card. That would mean that I wasn't as talented as I thought I was.

So, I went to Mr. Williams after school and asked him to review the grades he'd given me on my art projects. He saw that I'd deserved an A and told me that he couldn't change my grade then, but he'd give me an A in art at the end of the year if I continued to do as well. I got that sinking feeling again in my chest, but I agreed. And at the end of the school year, I got all A's.

The silkworms gorged themselves on the leaves I provided them. They built cocoons. Then they turned into moths and flew out of the shoebox I had them in. A few of them died in our one-bedroom apartment. I suppose the rest of them made it out the window.

It all sounds so insignificant and small now, as though I'm looking at the past through a telescope. When I look at life today, I think I see it through a window. I think everything happening today is its real size. I really don't know when I maximize or minimize reality. What do I have to compare anything to except the past?

What I know now is that the past makes me sad. I look at that little boy I once was, and my heart aches to reach out to him. I wish I could make him feel better.

But I can't.

It's too late.

I can't change the past.

Nor can I change the fact that much of the time during childhood I didn't feel anything at all.

I didn't know how sad I was at times as a child.

It's not even important anymore.

What's important is how I feel today.

Time is subjective. We all agree on an objective measurement of time based on the movement of Earth and other heavenly bodies. How I feel today about the passage of time is all that matters now that I'm old. People without a job to go to know what I mean. People on street corners with nowhere to be can relate to what I'm saying.

Once you hold down a job, you can pretend to nod in agreement with me about the subjectivity of time, but you don't really know what I'm saying until you retire. So much of the objectivity of time comes to us through making money and having to be somewhere at a specific time to do so.

You'd have to go back to summer vacations in elementary school to recognize the subjectivity of the time I'm talking about.

The work world turns us all into cogs in a clock. Our hands are conjoined with the hands of time. We have to be reminded by children on summer vacation, the unemployed and the retired to recall the subjectivity of time in a world that's defined objectively.

Our clocks are digital, but our mind is analogous.

I liked books about magic and the adventures of kids who were heroes when I was in elementary school. I didn't see myself as magical or heroic. I didn't even see yearning to be magical or heroic as something I connected with being authentic.

I was still more like a scientist. I looked out at the world around me. I didn't even know there was a world within me. I thought everything was around me and nothing was within me.

I suppose I thought of myself as like a donut. I was the hole at the center, and everything else in my life was a sweet bread with powdered sugar dusted on it. I suppose that's why I liked donuts so much as a kid.

The dusted sugar over everything today is Madison Avenue love, described to us through television advertisements. They make it sound like Christ's love was powdered sugar He sprinkled over ancient Israelis.

Madison Avenue likes to remind me that there's a hole at the center of me. They like to try to sell me things to fill that hole. I know Jesus can't fill the hole inside me because I see that hole in Christians, too. I see it in everyone regardless of their nationality, sexuality, gender or religion. I'm not going to pretend it's not there.

The mulberry tree was my first introduction to a tree of knowledge that described something spiritual about the world around me. I learned a little about the world we share as well as my private world from that Mulberry tree growing on our elementary schoolyard. But it would still take me decades to internalize the concept of trees.

I'm not just a gay, white rabbiT.
I'm also a tree of self-knowledge.
But I'm not the kind of guy to go to, to learn about the world around us.
I know very little about the objective world.
I don't even have a lot of feelings for the external world.
I like my home, and I like nature.
I apply the world around me to my world within.
I feel for me.
I have a bridge between my two worlds that I built with words.
This is what started me WONDERING why I was so skeptical that I'd become cynical.
I was so cynical that I felt hopeless.

I thought I knew so much about what the future would look like that I was constantly worried about who would steal what out from under me.

I'm disgusted with the Christian concept of Heaven and the Muslim idea of Paradise. What a total waste of time it is to yearn to go to such a place to be with God.

The superrich and religious nationalists are trying to sell us on a journey to God after life, so they can keep what they've got here. They're colluding to keep us compliant. They'll swear on a stack of Torah scrolls, Bibles and Qurans that their economic influence over us is sanctioned by Him.

But they're not monotheists. The 1% and the institutions of religion are in a cult, regardless of their belief system. They want to convince us that the 1% we need to protect ourselves from are trans people. The 1% and the institutions of religion are homophobes, regardless of their name for God.

To survive, you just need money.

To live you need honey.

People gamble with their money to avoid work.

People gamble with their honey to avoid werk.

The more I stay in the here-and-now, the more I'm learning how the present is a gift from GOD. And that has nothing to do with my past or my future. That's honey from the ROCK I receive every second of every day of my life here in WONDERLAND.

I wanted revenge against many people.

In order to stop myself, I became super compliant.

Now I can see how vindictive I feel, even though I refuse to allow myself to act on that feeling.

I'm a giver.

Wyatt is my one and only receiver in bed.

We're not takers.

We give and receive from one another in multiple ways.

We've come out of our CLOSETS [ark, basket, tabernacle and gender] to the best of our ability.

I love GOD.

Wyatt doesn't.

That's just the way it is sometimes.

If you can't come out of your CLOSETS the way we have, you might like to consider listening to people like us because we just might know more about loyalty to GOD than you do.

5.
CACTUS

At Shenandoah Day School I had one classroom. I had one teacher and I associated with one group of students. When I was out on the schoolyard I didn't speak to anybody except those who were in my class. My classmates seemed to be able to talk to everyone, but I couldn't. I had no appetite to speak to strangers. I was verbally anorexic.

At Pasteur Junior High School, I got lost in a way that I'd never been lost before. I had six classes. I had six teachers and six times as many kids to deal with each day. The kids were noisier and more unruly. They'd gotten bigger and louder, while I felt smaller and quieter. I just wanted to be invisible and silent. The more time I spent with kids, the less I liked them.

You hear people say sorrowfully that they lost their childhood. I didn't. I didn't like childhood. I always wanted to be an adult in the company of adults. I wanted to talk to adults, not children.

Becoming a junior and senior high school English teacher wasn't my original plan. In fact, it felt like it went against my plan. But when the bell would ring, I'd close the door, and it was just me, one adult, with a room full of kids for 50 minutes. They transported me to WONDERLAND without me even knowing it.

In my 7th grade art class, our teacher told us to choose a word and make a painting of that word that describes its meaning. I chose the word "cactus." I tore magazine pictures into little pieces and used the scraps of color and print to form capital letters. And then I took a pen and drew needles on each of the six letters that make the word "CACTUS."

You're going to see words in this book that you wouldn't capitalize. You're going to see words in another font. I'm doing so to associate those concepts with GOD, our CREATOR WHO is both male and FEMALE.

GOD gave us the spark of life, but S/HE didn't give us the fuel to stoke that fire.

The fuel is GOODNESS.

If you don't see how GOOD you are, you're going to think you have nothing to feed the flame within you. You're going to feel small and insignificant.

No one told me that my conscience is like a fire that burns in my breastplate. No one told me that only GOODNESS would stoke that fire. They didn't tell me that the reason for being is to become a BETTER person. How was I supposed to know how to improve myself if no one told me how to make my conscience my guide? If you can't perceive the light within you, how are you supposed to shine it around you?

That art class in junior high was the first time I realized that words could have subjective meanings and that I could create a personal meaning for a word in a way that nobody else could. That motivated me to start looking at all sorts of words to discover if they meant something special to me.

The next word I thought about was "Christmas." As a Jew, I looked at Christmas as a scientist. I looked at what happens to society during the month of December with fascinated disconnect. I had no idea why the world suddenly changed so much at Christmastime. The birth of love had nothing to do with me.

Another word I studied was "vacation." We never went anywhere. But during summer vacation, I got to get away from all the kids in my life. I got to study the open lots

in L.A. for bugs and plants. When they built apartment buildings on those lots, I got to smell the wood and inspect the nails and screws they left scattered on the ground.

During summer vacation, I'd go into our back alley and rummage through the garbage cans every day looking for hidden treasure. I was fascinated with the possibility of discovering things of value. Today, that's called cruising.

The summer I was 12, Bella bought me a used bike. I taught myself to ride it. I only banged my head once when I crashed into a cement post. Once I was secure in the saddle, I rode throughout the neighborhood to examine the houses, WONDERING what it would be like to live in a house with a mother and a father so I could claim to be a part of an American family.

Bella and Rina didn't seem like family to me. The families I saw on TV were more real than what we were. We lived in a one-bedroom apartment. Rina and I slept in the bedroom. Bella slept in the living room. Bella worked all day. Rina was busy with her friends after school.

After school, I was perfectly content to do my homework, play piano or read adventure stories about kids who went to magical lands. When I turned on the TV for companionship. I especially loved to watch "Superman" and "The Three Stooges." [Today, I see myself as super strong because I can feed the fire in my conscience with GOODNESS. The light I shine out reflects the light within me. I look around at what religious nationalist Jews, Christians and Muslims are doing and see three stooges.]

The black boys in junior high never bothered me.

None of the boys bothered me.

That is to say, they all bothered me, but they didn't threaten me.

I was still afraid of them, but I achieved invisibility.

Only those boys who were a little like me could see me. They talked to me. I had dreams about becoming their friend, getting close to them, smelling their skin and touching them. But I didn't dare make my desires known to anyone.

Wyatt is like one of those boys.

Wyatt sees me.

If we'd grown up together, I like to think we might have fooled around and become lovers in early adolescence. I was 57 and he was 45 when we met. That's a long time to wait for a dream to come true.

I didn't know that I was like my picture of a CACTUS in adolescence. I didn't see my mind as made up of scraps of paper with words and pictures on them. I didn't see myself as in the process of being formed spiritually despite my funny looking T. And I certainly didn't see all the needles sticking out of me.

You may notice that my speaking tempo is short and clipped, as if what I say has to be stated in one lungful. I always feel short of breath. I always feel I have to compact my words to get them out efficiently and economically. I don't want to waste words. They're precious.

But I'm always a little afraid. I've been intimidated. Overcoming that is a process.

6.
Personal Values

When I was 16, I experienced my first orgasm. Actually, it was my second. The first time was a nocturnal emission. I woke up after my first wet dream and instantly knew what had happened and that what was in my underwear was semen. I knew semen was necessary to make babies. I just had no idea how to repeat the process of getting the semen out of me so I could enjoy the sensation that went with it.

I guess Solly must have realized I wasn't like other boys. He sent me a book called, "Boys and Sex." In it, the author described the various techniques boys use to masturbate. I followed what I thought was instructions to learn to cum.

I didn't discuss the matter with anyone, especially not with the boys at school. But the conversations I'd been overhearing for years on the schoolyard suddenly made sense to me. The laughter, the jostling, the whispers – they'd all been about sex.

It's not like I was interested in their juvenile antics. But like an anthropologist studying a tribe of indigenists on a far-away island, I began to understand the unstated, cultural experiences of male, human beings. I saw that sex is often the underlying topic of male conversations that isn't literally talked about, but referred to by omission. I realized that boys have sex a lot on their mind. I later saw that men have sex on their mind, too. They're just better at concealing what they're thinking about.

What I didn't see at the time was that I was a boy, and I had sex on my mind, too. But I was thinking about having sex with other boys, while the other boys were thinking about having sex with girls. That was a truth that saddened me. That was a secret I found myself with which was no fault of my own.

Soon after I discovered how to masturbate at the late age of 16, I discovered the surrealist artist Rene Magritte [1898-1967]. His painting "Personal Values" completely captivated my imagination. [See back cover] It was as though a door opened inside of me. That door led me down a corridor with other doors. When I opened those doors, I found myself in rooms that I hadn't known were there.

I'd been living in a mansion and hadn't known it. I was in a place I called home, but I didn't know my way around it. My body was a domicile in outer place. But in my mind, there were corridors with doors that opened into rooms. I found my hidden treasure.

I was like a pyramid that I'd finally found a way to enter. I found the pharaoh inside my pyramid, a dead king all wrapped up with nowhere to go. He was perfectly preserved. The whole place had been made for him.

And that PERPLEXED me. What did the ancient Egyptians know that we don't know? And what did the ancient Jews who slaved to build those pyramids for the ancient Egyptians know that I didn't know?

Frank Lloyd Wright memorialized the pyramid externally through architecture. My goal is now to internalize architecture with spiritual form and function. I use my internal world as inspiration in getting through my external world. Wright was right, but he was also wrong.

I didn't feel like there was nothing inside me anymore. I didn't feel like the hole in a donut. I discovered magnificent rooms to explore in me that were filled with mysterious and WONDROUS things. And those things held personal meanings. The words I'd learned that describe the world around me meant more when viewed in my imagination. The whole outer world was a mirror of my inner world. All I had to do was look in the mirror to decode my own reflection.

Nobody knows how the ancient Egyptians built the pyramids. And nobody knows how GOD creates each and every one of us as an architectural WONDER. But both mysteries are linked to the Jews. The outer walls of a pyramid correspond to our skin. Within us, lie the mysteries to the meaning of man.

I didn't know it at the time, but I'd discovered the essence of symbolism. When Jesus said that His body was bread and His blood was wine, He created a symbolic relationship with Himself that had never been described that way before.

I was a donut, sweet bread with a hole at the center. When I discovered how to masturbate, I discovered wine. I got drunk on the physical sensations and feelings that I could produce with my hands grasping my penis. I turned into a Noah after he got off his ark.

I inserted things in my anus to fill the hole inside me. I wanted to be filled with something sweet that included that WONDERFUL sensation [orgasm] I'd never felt before. I wanted to become a jelly donut.

Just dusting the top of me like a donut with a hole blanketed in powdered sugar was for kids. I was beyond childish rewards, trophies, badges and commendations. I wanted raw, hot sex.

Over the years, I filled the hole inside me with a lot of other men's jelly. My memories of learning how to sweeten myself thanks to handsome, young men are WONDERFUL to this day.

But I'm an old man now. I'm sweetening myself from the inside now – with spirituality. My mind was once like a pyramid that I explored for meaning. But the dark corridors and secret rooms have now all been mapped. The pharaoh who wanted to keep all the Israelites [Israel lights] enslaved lies dead inside me.

I had confused that mummy with Solly when I was a young child in his house. And when Bella left him and took us to California, she became like my mummy. She was a substitute father as well as my mother. She was the ruler of her house, my temporary abode.

When I left her home at the age of 18, I went out into the world to announce that a mummy had risen from the grave. I became a monster on the loose. It took decades to get my mummy back in its sarcophagus and convince the world that it was dead.

Today, I'm the inner father to my inner child.

Solly is dead.

The king is dead.

Long live the queen.

I'm the master of my home. Wyatt lives in the house I bought with the money Larry made that Larry and I split when we separated.

Wyatt's not the mommy in our relationship. We're not playing house because we're not like our parents. We don't have any parents. Each of us parents himself.

Because Wyatt grew up with two parents while I grew up with only one, we address our familial issues differently. I had to learn what it means to live with a partner who had a man in his life. I'd only lived with Solly the first six years of my life.

When Bella became my substitute father, Solly turned into a fat grandpa. He was more like Santa Claus. He'd show up with presents, and then he'd leave. And all the milk and cookies I left for him in my heart couldn't convince him to stay.

Being in a relationship with a man who had a man in his life growing up has been a peculiar experience for me. Wyatt and I aren't playing roles. We meet each challenge in being soulmates with a fluidity our parents could never have imagined.

A problem is a problem because it doesn't go away easily or quickly. A challenge isn't a problem because it includes an attitude adjustment that utilizes serenity as the oil that greases the wheels.

When I was a young adult, I thought sex with many men would make me sweet. When I reached middle-aged, I realized that it hadn't. It had actually made me bitter. I'd become cynical, sarcastic, sardonic, skeptical, distrustful, suspicious, disparaging, scornful and negative. I couldn't find a man who'd fill me with something so sweet that I'd want to devote myself to him for the rest of my life.

That's not to say that I'm not filled with a luscious, sweet center.

I am.

I'm a really sweet guy.

But I'm not sweet because of all the semen I once let other men ejaculate into me.

I'm sweet because I've been able to produce my own honey.

It isn't literally bee jam that's made me sweet. It's having been a busy bee all my life trying to figure out how to sweeten myself from the inside out. I am who I am because of attitude adjustments.

אֶרֶץ זָבַת חָלָב וּדְבָשׁ [Eretz zavat chalav udevash]

"Israel is the land of milk and honey." [Exodus 3:8]

Milk is love.

The first thing that entered my body after I was born was my mother's milk.

Milk was my first association with love, not bread or wine.

They came later.

Honey is wisdom.

Honey is sweeter and thicker than milk.

Honey is the jelly I produce that I feed myself like a worker bee feeds the larvae in her combs. But I'm a queen bee.

I understand the spiritual process that produces my milk and honey. My home is a hive and a barn. I don't live in a Jewish garden [Eden] anymore. I live on a spiritual farm. I'm like a sheep that makes milk [love], and I'm like a bee that makes honey [wisdom].

My milk [love] comes from my left nipple which is above my heart, and my honey [wisdom] comes from my right nipple, above my soul. When I ejaculate, out of the mouth of the serpent in my tree pours a combination of the milk and honey I produce in my spiritual system.

When יהושע [Joshua, savior] and קיילב [Caleb: faithful, wholehearted, dog] were the only two of the 12 spies who were confident that Canaan could be conquered, the others were accused of לשון הרע [lashon hara: gossip, bad mouthing].

Jesus [Joshua #2] told the Israelis in His day, "I was sent only to the lost sheep of Israel." [Matthew 15:24]

Jesus [Joshua #2] was referring to all those who didn't realize they were living in WONDERLAND [Israel].

Those today he bad mouth Israel don't realize how serious that crime will be for them in the long run.

When Jesus [Joshua #2] said, "You study the scriptures diligently because you think that in them you have eternal life. These are the very scriptures that testify about Me, yet you refuse to come to Me to have life." [John 5:39-40]

Some of the secret to the land of promise inside of us all lies outside our head in our heart [milk]. But when our heart is broken, that secret moves us into our soul [honey]. If we don't continue to pursue the secret of life by going through the fire in our breastplate [RIGHTEOUSNESS] to that third place in inner space, we stuck somewhere inside. We turn into our own worst enemy.

GOD knew what S/HE was doing in creating Moses, Jesus and Muhammad to reveal aspects of the secret to eternal LIFE. If you've studied some of these scriptures, you already know some of these meanings.

Nobody could explain this to me growing up. How was I supposed to know that the world around me was real, but the world within me was surreal?

If not for Rene Magritte, I wouldn't know anything I now know. He opened my eyes. I had no idea there were eye lids inside of me that were shut. I thought the only eye lids I had were on the outside of my eyes. Magritte told me without words to come in. He told me I had values that were personal. He said those values were available for me to rearrange like furniture in a room.

And he said it all without words. That meant there were ways of communicating that paintings could imply. But that also meant that as an aspiring author, I had to become motivated to use words to say something words can only infer. That was an artistic conundrum for me in discovering I was surreal [dreamlike, fantastic].

GOD created a public world around us and a secret world within each one of us. I apply words that describe the world around me to the world within me to make meaning of my being. That's what figurative speech is for. The world within me is just as rich and beautiful as the world around me. But accessing my secret, inner world required learning about the thoughts, feelings, beliefs and desires that had been fighting one another inside of me until I conquered them by unifying words with scriptural meaning.

Then, I discovered that the words I was using to describe my inner world weren't adequate. I found myself at the bottom of my ocean of emotions looking up at my words like icebergs floating far overhead. How do you describe a place in inner space that's so deep, so dark, so cold and under such pressure that there are no words to describe it?

The British Petroleum disaster in the Gulf of Mexico [America] brought me further awareness of a wealth beneath the bottom of the ocean of my emotions. Tapping into the emollient in my soul required far greater spiritual knowledge of the source of wisdom than others were able to convey, or I'd make a mess inside myself like the oil companies have done to our shores.

I had to devise a way to take my readers down with me into me. I had to get swallowed up by the whale that swallowed up Jonah through the study of Tanach. And then, like the prophet Jonah, I had to get coughed up onto dry land to make my way to today's Nineveh [New York].

Jonah was unhappy in Nineveh. He discovered the people there had already repented.

I didn't want to suffer the same fate. I had to find something to say that no Hebrew or Islamic prophet had ever said before. I had to bring the Hebrew Testament, Gospels and Quran into the modern age for repentant believers to view in a different light.

I suppose that's why GOD revealed to me that I was a white rabbiT.

I suppose that's why you're here with me in WONDERLAND.

I suppose I was always destined to guide you.

That's the T, Gurl.

I've had to seek my T and nobody else's T but mine to have an effect on yours.

THE TEACHER created numerous names for Himself and HERSELF. S/HE first put us in different classrooms to explore reality from different perspectives. Like the Hindu story of the blind men who touched an elephant, those in each classroom had come to a different conclusion about what the ELEPHANT in that room looked like.

It's a paradox to have been given two worlds.

It's a conundrum to have to make peace with the forces within you.

But it's an enigma to know THE TEACHER WHO has given us many names.

There can be only ONE GOD, even though there are different impressions of the ELEPHANT in every room. When I touched myself and saw Him and HER in many ways, I could see that I was blindly discovering who I was and WHO S/HE is simultaneously.

I didn't know what the word "personal" even meant until Rene Magritte opened my eyes to the room full of symbols that signified his personal values. I had no idea I had any intrinsic value to anyone but my mother. I had no idea how to get into that room Magritte painted or how to leave it. Until the moment I first saw that painting, I didn't know I was worth anything in the way that external things have value, not just meaning.

I'd always been told that Jews are transactional, that we put a price on everything. It was implied that that's a bad thing. But Rene Magritte, a non-Jewish Belgian of Christian origin, created a painting in which everything that gave him value was described using things. That I found paradoxical.

I no longer dismiss the value of external things in determining my feelings for me. The whole point in having been given two worlds is to give my inner world value based on how I interface with things. The more I can correlate things to personal values, the better I feel about myself.

The same is true of the people in my life. The more I treat people like things that have great value to me, the better I feel about myself.

The only reason people aren't just things is because people have feelings. That's what separates people from other things. But by the way you see some people treat other people, you'd have to agree that many people treat other people as though they're only things. They don't yet see everyone as having feelings.

Objectifying people has been exacerbated by social media where people interface with others through technology rather than in person.

Wars begin when people become so distant from each other's values that both sides forget that those on the other side have feelings.

This is what Jesus was referring to about the Jews and the Romans of His day. He didn't say it the same way, but He said the same thing in the words used to describe outer reality verses inner reality in those days.

The reason it's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God is because rich men don't care about how a camel would feel being abused in that way. [Matthew 19:24]

Why is the comb in Magritte's painting bigger than the bed, and why is the comb resting on top of the bed?

I didn't know anything about vanity from a personal perspective until I could discuss the words "comb" [vanity] and "bed" [sex] with personal meanings for which I had developed intimate feelings. Until then, I didn't realize that my comb was much bigger than my bed. My vanity was much larger than my feelings about sex. And my feelings about sex when I was a teenager were enormous.

I appreciate Magritte's personal perspective on his values. But once I was aware of the association between vanity and sex, I could say that if I'd painted "Personal Values," the comb on the bed would have taken up half the room.

As a ballet dancer, my ego was huge. I went into dance professionally because my vanity was ten times the size of my sex life. Ballet is too grueling a way of making a living without a gigantic ego.

When I stare at myself in the mirror while dancing in my garage nowadays, I see much more than a comb. I see a chisel cutting through solid rock. Today, I sculpt reality like marble with my body's beveled edge. My vanity is my tool of self-expression.

Magritte was an artist.

I was a dancer.

But now I'm figuratively a sculptor who carves reality like clay.

In looking at the wine glass in Magritte's painting, I could see that it was as big as the bed, and in front of it. But why would the glass be empty? I spent most of my life asking myself if my cup is half-empty or half-full. I gave up alcohol more than 40 years ago to fill my cup with my spiriT, not with liquid spirits. My value can't be determined anymore using a wine glass.

Why is there an unlit match beside the goblet? Why wasn't that match lit? I've always felt a flame burning inside of me. That's how I describe my passion for life. I have a desire to make something of myself. I have an urge to penetrate myself with something hot, enticing and exciting, the way I'd wanted men to penetrate me with their match [penis] when I was young.

I'm not like an early 20th Century, European, surrealist painter.

The match in me has been lit.

I'm my match.

The fire in me can't be separated from rest of me except with death.

My personal values may be QUESTIONED.

But I won't allow them to be dismissed just because I'm now an old, gay Jew.

Moses had a confrontation with his God [Adonai] at the Burning Bush.

That was his depiction of an eternal flame.

He carried his unlit match with him for 80 years before it got lit.

In his autobiography [Torah], Moses said that he saw a bush that burned without being consumed.

You and I can perceive the flame of the Burning Bush internally as our conscience.

We make it our guide.

I know that THE TEACHER is the ONE with the fire WHO lights all matches when S/HE is ready for us to burn with THEIR light.

T.A.'s [Teaching Assistants] in the university setting in the school of life are only there to present us with an understanding of our PROFESSOR'S agenda for each of us, alone.

Until people go to college in the spiritual sense, they see others as things that may get in their way. They don't see people as things with feelings brought to them by our PROFESSOR to learn something new about ourself.

This was true about religious wars in the past.

All wars are religious wars.

I knew about sex at the age of 16. But I knew about it from the point of view of a scientist. I was taking biology at the time. I was in the 10th grade. My teacher taught us about chromosomes and the scientific difference between a man [x + y] and a woman [x + x].

But none of my teachers taught me about the unlit match in Magritte's room. They didn't teach me how to strike that match to set myself aflame with the appreciation of GOD that orgasm brings. I knew nothing about my match [penis] or GOD'S flint.

Magritte's symbols only excited me about the mystery of sex. I had to yearn to solve the mystery of life for myself. Magritte could only present me with symbols placed in physical relationships to one another. I had to fill those symbols with value, not just meaning, for those symbols to become personally important, or I would be fated to remain spiritually impotent.

I wanted to say something no artist could say. That's why I entered the world of literature which led me to the world's scriptures. I wanted to fill my symbols with subjective meanings, not the objective meanings the institutions of religion and my university schooling had given me.

The shaving brush on top of the armoire in "Personal Values" was coincidentally out of my reach, too, because I had no need to shave at 16. I wasn't a fully grown man. I didn't yet know anything from the perspective of a man. I was still just observing adulthood in others. I was in the process of transitioning from a boy to a man.

At the age of 16, the obstacle in my path was learning to masturbate. I couldn't be a man if I couldn't pass that simple test. But once I had passed that test, I then had to teach myself that a man isn't a man just because he can ejaculate. That lesson about the facts of life was a long time in coming.

All the men who came into my life in early adulthood proved they were men by filling my hole with their jelly. That was a paradox, a conundrum and an enigma. That was a problem that would require our TEACHER and my Tutor to teach me the meaning of my life, so different from anyone else's.

I didn't know it at the time, but the flame in me had actually been lit at conception. Granted, it was then just a spark, but that's the difference between a thing and a thing with feelings. That's why the Republicans are so adamantly opposed to abortion once a fetus has developed a heart. Straight couples of any age must be given easy access to birth control so as not to have to extinguish a life if they don't want a child.

As a gay youngster, I was learning how to keep the flame in me alive. But I didn't have to worry about extinguishing the flame of a fetus like straight people have to.

There is a GOD. And there are sensible answers to hard questions if you're interested in discussing these matters away from the mad T parties sponsored by bakeries, bars, smoke shops, cannabis dispensaries, sex clubs and casinos.

There's no way to prove there's a GOD in the external world.

The proof must come from within.

That's where faith resides.

If you'd told me when I was a teenager that there's proof of GOD, I would have laughed in your face. I wasn't raised in a religious household. I had no interest in having GOD in my life. But I was fascinated with paradox, conundrums and enigmas. Synchro-mysticism stupefied me. I knew there was something magical happening all around me, but I couldn't yet talk about it.

There are two words in Hebrew for the word "here." One is po [פה]. The other is kan [כאן]. "Po" is "here" in the sense of outer place. "kan" is "here" in the sense of inner space. The symbols in my inner world that refer to my personal values are here [kan] inside of me. Magritte recreated something in this painting that emanated out from inside of him. I'm describing something inside of me using pictures that I'm painting in your mind. I'm an artist of sorts, too. This white page is like a canvas.

I love sex with Wyatt. I love to fill him like a donut with my jelly. I think of myself as his old, pastry bag. The tip of me goes deep inside of him to fill him with all the milk and honey that's inside of me. That's what I do with him sexually that I'm now doing with you spiritually.

But my milk and honey don't literally make Wyatt any wiser, although I do find that it makes him sweeter.

But my honey isn't like his.

My milk isn't like his milk.

We're two men who've dedicated ourselves to filling each other with our milk and honey.

Our bedroom is just one of many rooms in our home.

But we're not given the same tests in the school of life.

We're not even using the same textbook.

I'm using the Old Testament.

He once used the New.

If only I could infuse my wisdom into him and fill him with all my experience in life.

If only I could suck milk shakes out his nipples.

His left nipple is the nozzle that emits his vanilla smoothie [love].

His right nipple is the spout out of which pours his chocolate spritzer [soulfulness].

These are the ways I, as a gay Jew, access Wyatt's symbols, the bread [love] and wine [soulfulness] in him. When I suck his nipples with all the ardor, candor and hunger of an infant who hasn't yet learned words, I come to know him in the biblical sense of the word.

There are two words in Hebrew for the verb "to know." To know someone as in having met them is להיפגש [lifgosh]. To know someone in the sense of having seen them naked, writhing in ecstasy is לדעת [la-da-at].

I know Wyatt in the biblical sense of knowing [la-da-at]. And yet, I still feel like I'm getting to know [lifgosh] him. I feel as though in some ways we've just met. I can never know him to the degree I wish to know him. I can't give him more than I have to give. Yet I want to. This is a paradox I've taken to THE TEACHER.

There's a bar of soap in the foreground of Magritte's painting that's reflected in the mirror that's attached to the armoire. This is the sense of cleanliness I achieve with Wyatt before GOD. I couldn't cleanse myself without the enlarged bar of soap Rene Magritte depicted. To do that, I had to be able to achieve the kind of intense orgasms I now enjoy with my man.

I associate sexual cleanliness with spirituality, not religion. Sex involves a moral [internal] hygiene that comes from scrubbing my memories of my actions in the past for greater personal value. This gives me a sense of coming before GOD with a clean penis and anus, not just clean hands.

I see so many religious, nationalist men in all three of the Abrahamic faiths figuratively sucking God's penis to get what they want out of Him. I see them turn Him over to tempt Him with their tongue. That's what institutional forms of prayer look like to me when I see hateful people pray.

I find them spiritually unhygienic, obsequious and perverted.

I PRAY to GOD as far as His and HER navel and go down no further. I don't want that intimate a relationship with THE TEACHER or my Tutor. I don't want to appear submissive, groveling, oily, slimy or unctuous. And I certainly don't want to get into situations where I have to beg HER for anything because I'd only focused on His needs until now.

When straight people wage wars, I think they should admit that they see their enemies as devoid of feelings. They should admit that they don't mind breaking the 6th Commandment because they see their enemies as less than human. They make up for that with prayers that go below their male God's navel. They overcompensate.

There are two rugs in this painting. I don't know why there are two. Maybe one rug symbolizes Magritte's father [y] and the other, his mother [x]. It looks like nothing has been swept under either of them. Magritte doesn't seem to have a relationship with his parents or God that he feels the need to hide.

There are clouds on the walls of this room and a window reflected in the mirror. This gives me a sense of the enormity of his view of life. It's almost as if he was halfway to Heaven as he painted this picture.

But how he intended to get out of that room I really can't say. Was he going to jump out the window? Was there a door through which he entered that he planned to leave? Magritte didn't show us. It's as if he took for granted that someone would come and get him.

I, by contrast, had no idea I have an inner abode with many rooms. Maybe that's because my sense of self-confidence had to be earned with hard werk.

There are so many questions artists ask that writers must answer. I'm so glad I don't have any ability to work with paint or clay. I find those mediums of expression messy.

Give me words. I can store words in my mind, use them in the outer world and use them literarily to describe my inner world.

Even though some words, like the N-word, harden like paint on the palette and have to be discarded, most words remain malleable and soft.

Microsoft Word has provided me with an atelier; a workshop I can bring with me wherever I go. My studio is in my computer.

But all my words come out black on a white canvas. I leave it to you to add emotional color to them if you so choose.

The best I can do is describe my words as brilliant expressions of light against a black background. I have the uncanny ability to present words in unique ways that wake people up to what they're telling themself.

But the background of my life isn't dark and foreboding.

The background of my life is more like the background of the Mona Lisa.

It's a mysterious WONDERLAND that's hard to put into words.

7.
Paul and Jan

I moved to Israel at the age of 18 with a job promised to me by Inbal, a Yemenite dance company. I'd worked with their first prima dancer, Margalit Oved, at U.C.L.A. Inbal accepted me sight unseen on her written recommendation. I lasted about three weeks. Inbal wasn't the right fit for me.

Then I took ballet classes at the Bat-Dor dance studio, and they hired me into their modern ballet company with the same name. That dance troupe was conceived by Batsheva de Rothchild and Jeanette Ordman in bed. I can't thank that lesbian couple enough for giving me the opportunity to meet choreographers like Paul Sarnasardo who talked about carving air with his body like a sculptor carves clay. He turned me into a Rodin on the dance floor, something I couldn't appreciate about myself until decades later.

I only lasted a year as a professional dancer. The dancers didn't like me. A social art requires social skills. I didn't seem to have enough social skills to succeed at my chosen craft.

But while on our European tour that year, I came out of the closet at the DOK club in Amsterdam. I'd had sex only a few times before. My first time was earlier that year in L.A. with a tourist I met on Hollywood Blvd. We did it in his Roosevelt Hotel room. The second time was later the same year in a London hotel room with a fellow I met on our charter flight to Europe. The third time was in Jaffa, Israel with a new immigrant from Lebanon. We both lived in a hotel for newcomers. The fourth time was in Manilla while on a previous tour with Bat-Dor. By then, I was 19. I met a Filipino backstage. We had sex in the garden, potting shed of his parents' house.

By the time I got to Amsterdam that same year, I was ready to come out of the closet and have sex in my own home. Everyone in the dance troupe later told me they'd suspected I was gay. I hadn't had the courage to tell them because they hadn't treated me kindly enough to trust them. I ended up seeing all of them at the DOK that night. My secret was out. I danced that night with an abandon I'd never felt before. I couldn't have been ~~happier~~ [gayer].

Straight men seek happiness through vaginal sex.

Gay men seek joy through anal sex.

Joy is a combination of happiness and sorrow.

After what I've had to go through to come out of my closets, I'm never going to be happy. But I've discovered the potential to become more and more joyful. I now think that's a far greater gift.

I didn't know about the depth of a lot of words in those days. But nobody then knew the depth of the word "closet" in Hebrew. We thought coming out was simply a sexual experience that led to an authenticity about our desires. We didn't realize that our desires would develop into an urge far more powerful than just an attraction to same sex relationships.

I found I have the ability to recreate the creation story in Genesis with every orgasm. The serpent in my tree conspires with the woman [Eve] in my heart to overwhelm the man [Adam] in my head.

This is the way in which I fell deeply in love with Wyatt.

My secret is out.

I just want to share it with the world.

The mutilation on my belly is the key to the joy I enjoy in seeking more of the secret of life. I was born in a woman. There's a scar on my tummy that reminds me of this truth about my origin. My navel is a symbol that means so much. It unites me with all of humanity. Women don't even need to be reminded of this. It's men who have a problem acknowledging that they came out of a woman.

Moses claimed that God created woman [Eve] out of man [Adam].

That's absurd.

Men come out of women.

Women don't come out of men.

If you don't believe the truth as it was presented to you as a scab you once had on your abdomen, you're out of touch with reality. Even depictions of Jesus on the cross always show Him with a belly button. He, too, came out of a woman.

For every tit, there's a tat. Love [tit] and loyalty [tat] are like my two nipples. I figuratively try to milk each of them for as much as I can.

If I want love from others, I have to give them love in return. If I want loyalty from others, I have to give that, too.

I think the whole world is transactional, not just the Jewish world.

If you believe you have a heart and soul, you're going to have to behave lovingly and loyally to prove it. To the extent that you do, GOD will grant you good luck. To the degree that you don't, watch and see what happens. Plenty of people are willing to gamble that there is no GOD. I'm well aware of how transactional I am with Him and HER without getting perverted about it.

I believe that those who believe in GOD eventually learn that good luck has to be earned. If you don't know how to do that, a gay, white rabbiT might be of some assistance in orienting you to a life of WONDERMENT. But if you're a gambler at heart – if you're just listening to that serpent [y] in your tree or worm [x] in your APPLE – you're eventually going to discover that the HOUSE always wins.

Tell it to the Democrats.

Tell it to the Republicans.

The spiritual Independents know something that not even the President knows.

I met Paul at the DOK while living in Amsterdam a year after I came out at the DOK when I'd been on that European tour with Bat-Dor. I moved to Amsterdam in 1973 because gay life in Israel was abysmal. Gays used to meet in Independence Park in Tel Aviv at night because there was nowhere else for us to go. But the police would occasionally raid the park, and we'd have to scatter. I found myself running from Jewish police thinking, "What's wrong with this picture? My parents ran from Christian nationalists. Now I'm running from Jewish policemen in Israel."

I shouldn't complain about the way gay men were treated in Israel in the early 1970's. It was even worse in the U.S. in those days. I shouldn't complain about the past at all. The past was a path to the present, and the present is a gift from GOD.

I've put the past behind me. I live in the now. I only go into the past to contrast who I was then to who I've become.

The whole world was primitive in 1973 from the vantage point of gay people. The world is so much more civilized today. If Israel would enact marriage equality, the world would advance to an even higher level of civility. But the religious homophobes in Israel have control over their country just as religious homophobes do throughout the Middle East.

The world didn't like what Christian [German] and Buddhist [Japanese] nationalists did in the Second World War. Nobody on our side shed a tear when we bombed Dresden, Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Sometimes war is the only way to advance the mindset of people who don't want to learn anything new. When humans being become more civilized, they'll solve their problems in religious schools that will teach spirituality, not on battlefields.

There is no more antisemitism. It's an idea that was eradicated in World War Two. Today the world suffers from anti-Zionism. People hate Jews for a different reason. They claim to hate straight Jews if they're on the left end of horseshoe politics for supporting Israel or gay Jews if they're on the right for defying Torah. But to me, there's no difference. All Jews are targets for those who've been brainwashed by Christian or Muslim nationalists.

Jewish nationalism brings fear to the hearts of some Christians and Muslims, yet the only country Israelis are fighting for is our own. Just look at what Christian nationalists and Muslim nationalists did to conquer the world for 2,000 and 1,400 years, respectfully. Yet the Palestinian sympathizers would have you believe that they're the most deserving underdogs the world has ever known.

I welcome those on the West Bank to that small piece of Israel, granted they can do better with it than the Gazans have done with the piece of the Middle East they were given by the Israelis to rule. But a Palestinian state won't happen until all nationalists stop hating themselves. Homophobia is the most loathsome of all projections of self-hate. If you can't love the body GOD gave you, you end up blaming the Jews, gay and/or straight.

In 1973, I thought I was smart, but I was just hot. Paul watched me dance at the DOK and let me know that he liked what he saw. He was dark and swarthy. His last name was French, but he was Dutch. He'd lived in Indonesia as a child. I think his father had worked for Shell Oil Company. Paul had WONDERFUL stories to tell about the Asian boys he grew up with, played with and played around with.

Paul was a quiet type who only liked very young men. I was probably 15 years younger than him. He drove a deux-chevaux [Citroën 2CV] that didn't have a floorboard. It had a board on the floor. You could see through it to the street below. He came back to Holland after five years in Norway where he'd lived with a Norwegian partner. He moved back in with his mother in Utrecht, the capital of the Netherlands. I went to Utrecht many times by train to be with him. He drove me throughout the Dutch countryside to meet his friends.

Paul was goodlooking but terrible in bed. We just couldn't get it together. I was a bottom at the time, and I expected him to top me. He was a bottom and was hoping I'd top him. In those days, people didn't talk about what they wanted to do in bed. I'd heard they wore handkerchiefs in the States to advertise what they were looking for sexually.

But I wasn't that precocious. Neither was Paul. We simply fumbled around until we achieved a friendship without benefits.

Sex builds great friendships if you're sexually compatible. Many gay men then, and now, have loads of buddies with whom they play around.

I was never interested in having sex with my friends. I've always, only wanted sex with one special person. I'm monogamous by nature. For many gay men, sex and friendship are compatible states - so long as romance isn't introduced into the equation.

The problem with men having a penis is that it gets persuaded by their heart to want more than just sex. Sensations mix with feelings to produce powerful desires. And you never know what feelings will surface when. This is the mystery about matters of the heart.

I'm not interested in sharing Wyatt with anyone. He's the man I've chosen. And he isn't interested in sharing me. We're possessive, even if we aren't romantic. We covet what we have with each other. We're thankful to others and appreciative of ourself. I'd add that I'm also grateful to GOD.

Several months into my growing friendship with Paul, his ex-lover from Bergen, Norway came for a visit. Jan was about five years older than me. I don't know why he and Paul broke up, but I sensed that Jan had just gotten too old for Paul. I think Paul was looking around for another young guy to raise up like Henry Higgins did with Eliza Doolittle. But Paul didn't want a fair lady. Paul wanted one flaxen lad after another.

Paul and Jan planned to come to Amsterdam for the day, so I offered to show them around. Paul worked at night, so he had to go back to Utrecht. I offered Jan to stay the night at my place and go back to Utrecht in the morning by train.

Jan and I ended up having sex that night. It was so good for Jan, in fact, that he started to hyperventilate. He even clutched his heart at one point. I slowed things down, but I was too excited to let him stop. We did it three times, twice that night and again the next morning.

Jan told me he didn't have a heart condition; he'd never had a physical reaction to anyone like that before. He said there was something about our connection that opened him in a way he'd never experienced sex before. That was ironic, since I was the bottom, and he'd literally opened me.

Gay men can become very emotional. We've been told that our sexual needs don't need to include an emotional component. But feelings may enter the equation anyway.

When Jan told Paul that we'd had sex, Paul was chagrinned. I was so naïve about the forces of jealousy and envy when I was young that it never occurred to me that a couple could have separated while still holding possessive feelings for one another.

This probably isn't news to you, but it was a major milestone in my discovery of the powerful forces inside me. I suppose the mirror on the armoire in Magritte's "Personal Values" should have been a clue to a reflection of other people's personal values that I can now see much clearer than before.

I never saw Jan again. I left Holland after living there three years and lost contact with Paul. But the lesson of jealousy of other men's bodies and envy of their powerful personal values has stayed with me.

I didn't know I was possessive when I was a young man. I thought free love was without a fee. I didn't realize there's a price to pay for every kind of love.

Some of the best sex I ever had was with men who weren't emotionally stable. But they were so emotionally charged because of spiritual progress they'd made within themself that our sex was extraordinary.

I didn't care about hurting men emotionally when I was single. I didn't care about breaking my word because I hadn't made a promise to anyone. But the 7th Commandment concerning adultery is for everyone. Just because the third person hasn't made a commitment doesn't relieve any of the three of them of the power in the 7th Commandment. The lesson will come, I guarantee you.

Women talk about the guilt they feel in being the "other woman." That was something I hadn't considered. I thought men were absolved of that shame. I was wrong.

Larry and I were partners for 14 years here in San Francisco. We met when we were both 36 years old. We pledged fidelity to one another. I thought we'd be together till the day we died.

But our sex life wasn't great. I was still a committed bottom in those days, and he was a bottom, too. We pretended we didn't need to be topped, but we really did. Larry eventually went to his former boyfriend, Jim, and had sex with him behind my back. Larry needed the pleasure and comfort of being penetrated. I just wish he hadn't screwed me over in the process.

I found out about it a year later, and my feelings of possessiveness rose like lava bubbling up and then oozing out of a volcano. Jim thought I was nuts for being so selfish. But what I'd done to Paul was finally done unto me. Not caring about another man's feelings is a recipe for disaster. The 7th Commandment finally meant something personal to me.

When I discovered that Larry had had sex with Jim, I turned into a volcano that rumbled and set off earthquakes. It took me a year to explode.

But when my feelings started to pour out of me like lava, I told Larry I was scratching my name off our monogamy agreement. And I rubbed it in by telling him that I was reneging on my promise of fidelity to him to his face before I did anything with other men.

I actually think Larry was relieved. He'd always wanted an open relationship. And perhaps he'd found the way to get it by letting me know about his continued, sexual need for Jim. But cheating on me spelled the beginning of the end of our relationship. Larry could no longer be trusted.

Granted, I'm a handful. I'd had mental challenges that Larry simply had no more patience to deal with. But he wanted me to leave him. He didn't have the decency to just come out with what he wanted and leave me.

Larry had chosen to be with me, in part, because I wanted a monogamous relationship. That meant I wouldn't infect him with other men's germs. He was terrified of dying of AIDS. But when he realized he was slipping beyond HIV+ and was showing symptoms of having AIDS, it was too late for him to care about germs. He really wanted to get laid. Jim was also HIV+. The two of them climbed onto the funeral pyre together.

At the time, I only felt sad for me.

I saw Larry's love for me as transactional.

I couldn't feel sorry for him that he was dying.

I felt betrayed.

The problem with many straight men in the past, that's still true about many of them today, is that they manipulate women because those men think God is on their side. They see all men as on the same side as their male God, with women on the other.

Gay men aren't playing on their team. We don't believe in the male God straight men believe in. We think those men are hypocrites. We see that they're homophobes. It's obvious to us that they can't be trusted.

Just because Larry and I couldn't marry in those days didn't mean that we weren't being tested on our word. Larry broke his word. Whether or not he believed in the power of the 7th Commandment, the 7th Commandment believed in him. He broke a vow before GOD, whether he wanted to admit it, or not. He died at the age of 58 of complications caused by AIDS. Jim had died a couple of years before him.

When Larry and I split up, we were both 50 years old. I still wanted a monogamous relationship. Being monogamous is stereotypically associated with being a bottom. But it's a fallacy that all men want to roam while women just want a home. Creating and enjoying a home can be a dream for both people in a couple. By leaving Larry, I gave him the joy of remaining in his home. He really wanted that.

Once you've come out of your aron [closet: temple] to the degree that you've become a tabernacle for The Lord, the concept of home changes. You begin to think about going HOME, not just about being at home here on Earth.

My separation from Larry felt like a huge failure at the time. It left me feeling vulnerable, weakened, raw and sapped. I had no idea then that my life would blossom in ways I couldn't imagine.

GOD had a plan for me that was bigger than what I could then see. All I had to do to realize my dreams was to move to WONDERLAND.

Actually, that's not true. All I had to do was recognize that I saved Larry's life by getting him to see an oncologist. His devotion to alternative healthcare practices had almost killed him. In helping, not hurting, him as we moved through our separation, I earned the good luck I was destined to receive.

I never really liked masturbating. I've always preferred sex with another man. But the meaning of monogamy is very real for me. I didn't just want sex. I found sex too shallow. I always wanted to make love.

Wyatt and I aren't married. But even if we couldn't have sex together for some reason, I'd never have sex with anyone else so long as Wyatt and I are a couple. I'm a one man, man. And Wyatt is my man.

Paul didn't want his cake and eat it, too.

There's plenty of cake to be enjoyed in monogamous relationships.

Paul wanted one piece of cake after another.

That's not a top issue.

That's not even a male issue.

Sometimes a woman doesn't want her cake or eat it, either.

Sometimes a relationship achieves what it was meant to achieve, and those two people just have to move on.

Monogamy is a need for me. It's a need that I want. But I don't believe monogamy is a need for everyone.

If someone believes that what they need is sexually different from my need, that's their prerogative.

Wyatt has a need to cook and bake. He loves to explore life from our kitchen. I have a need to sit in the living room in my yellow armchair and write. He's learning about food. I'm learning about food-for-thought. There are many classes in the school of life. His curriculum only intersects with mine is some ways.

The 7th Commandment states that adultery is a sin. That's because it's a breaking of our word. I don't approve of breaking my word. But I don't approve of it for me. Your grades aren't going on my report card. Do as you please. Discover what your words mean to you.

When Larry broke our agreement of fidelity, at first, I only divorced him sexually thinking we could still remain a couple in every other way. But that was an incorrect assumption on my part. Our relationship lasted less than two more years. And then we separated completely. That happened to coincide with him going through the AIDS crisis in which he almost died.

Paul and Jan had physically separated, but I don't think Paul was able to separate emotionally from Jan. I think Paul was jealous when Jan and I had sex because Paul knew that Jan had topped me, something Paul may have wanted to do but couldn't. Jan also had a much bigger penis than Paul. I think Paul may have been jealous of that, too. I also think Paul may have been ashamed of being a bottom, even though he looked and behaved like a top.

Jan had no problem having sex with me, and I had no problem having sex with him. But perhaps what Jan experienced during our sex together was his heart breaking as he truly separated from Paul once and for all.

PONDER that.

I certainly understand the difficulty in having feelings about how other people behave, especially when that behavior is sexual. But I think matters of the serpent and Eve [penis and heart] are individual and personal. Homophobes can't say that. They've got their desires [serpent] and feelings [heart] in everybody's business.

Over the years, I've learned a lot about my feelings through my desires. And I'm not the least bit shy about talking about these two inner forces [lust and love] using religious symbols from Torah to support my opinions.

Moses, Jesus and Muhammad described their relationship to God using terminology that was accepted in their day. For Moses that was metaphor. For Jesus that was symbolism. For Muhammad it was similes.

Today, I stay in my head where I can formulate what I think.

My feelings for most people aren't naturally warm, kind or compassionate.

I have a history of contrasting myself to others, not comparing myself to them.

That may be the result of Solly and Bella having been Holocaust survivors.

I also have personal scars in my heart from experiences with children when I was a child, teenagers when I was a teenager and adults when I was an adult.

I'm a senior citizen today. I came out of the valley of birth. I climbed the mountain before me that left the valley of my family behind. I then climbed one mountain after another. The rocky mountain range of my life is now in my rearview mirror. I'm now

descending slowly while keeping my eyes on the road ahead of me. I've never been where I am now. The valley of death lies before me. I see it much more clearly because it's all that there is. After that, I see nothing.

Sure, there may be a few hills I still have to overcome on my way down. But today, I make mountains out of mole hills because I had to climb so many mountains in the past. I'm now reflecting on the true size of my problems. But this insight only came in old age.

The difference between a mountain and a mole hill can't be measured from the outside. It's an inside assessment. And the only tool I have to evaluate that with is my heart. This is why the subjectivity of my life is so important and why I see objective differences as so minor.

You're probably at an age when you're climbing one mountain after another. Your mountains are in your external world. And you're probably a mountain climber with great skills. You've learned the ropes. You've learned how to depend on anchors. You've learned how to make secure knots. You've got all the gear you need and all the team players you need to enjoy each and every climb as a new adventure.

But in your inner world, it may be another story. You may be making mountains out of mole hills because you can't get over the least little rise inside without it causing anxiety.

Anxiety is the feeling that alerts us to the fact that we may die at any minute.

Anxiety is a reminder that we're always at death's doorstep.

Watch the next time you have to face a mole hill. Watch your anxiety mount. And remind yourself that you may feel like you're facing the angel of death, while unwilling to enter his realm. You yearn to do more chores. Your view out onto the valley of death is exaggerated. You want to get to werk.

The world we share is half of my world. The world within me is my other half. This is where my spiritual education happens. I may get frustrated with what I don't consciously know. But GOD isn't going to graduate me over mole hills that upset me. Those are quizzes in the school of life. They don't even rise to the level of a test.

At my age, it's all downhill. I have no more mountains to climb. I've only got mole hills to deal with. This is why I can see more of the big picture than I could before. Despite the darkness I see around me, within me there's a shining light.

Today, it's my relationship with GOD that's of concern to me. S/HE is THE TEACHER. I'm a senior [Jew] who's working on my final exam. I want to pass my final with flying colors. I want to graduate with HONOR. I'm too old to take any more chances.

I don't care what other people are doing with their time in class.

When I was growing up, we had the Vietnam War and the Six Day War. Our relationship with Vietnam has improved enormously. We saw the error of our ways, and the right capitulated. But our relationship with Israel is now creating tension never before seen in this country. And I think the left is going to have to capitulate.

Everybody graduates.

But every body is left behind.

I'm not interested in anyone's grades or transcript. I'm not planning to go where they're going. I don't want to be in a place called Heaven or Paradise with average students of life who pulled the party line. I'm not interested in chicken wings attached to my back or playing the harp for ETERNITY.

Those images are old-fashioned. My DESTINATION can't be described because it's too personal, private and uniquely tailored for me by me with GOD'S help. That's what it means to live life as a mystery in the making.

Judaism doesn't believe in Heaven or Hell. Judaism doesn't make promises on God's behalf about life after death like Christianity and Islam do.

I'm backing Judaism. We, Jews, have been enrolled in this school for 3,400 years. Christianity has only been in class with Jesus for 2,000 years, and Islam just started working with Gabriel 1,400 years ago. I don't have the same confidence in them, even though they, too, have Jewish Tutors.

THE TEACHER expanded the class curriculum with Christianity to include love. And He further opened the doors to loyalty to Him through Islam. But don't tell me you can graduate without passing the classes in all three spiritual departments in the school of life. You're deluded if you think you can claim to be using your head, heart or soul while claiming to be a monotheist.

Keep Heaven.

Keep Paradise.

I don't want a public life after life.

I've done my best to deal with the public, both washed and unwashed.

I don't want life after death in Heaven. It would be a burden having to be with people who are dogmatic and hellbent, even if they made it into God's realm once they left here. I just don't like those kinds of people enough to want to spend ETERNITY with them.

I realize that may look antisocial and uncooperative on my part. But I assure you, I love mankind enough to want to help everyone.

I happen to be an introvert who only enjoys the companionship of others to a degree. GOD made me this way. And S/HE has guided and encouraged me to follow THEM on the path that I'm on.

I'm also not interested in Paradise where I'd have to watch Muslim men make their way through 70 virgin women sexually. What's worse is how they might feel for all ETERNITY with 70 wives. That sounds more like Hell to me.

The word "paradise" comes from the Hebrew word פרדס [pardes: orchard]. Life starts out as a garden. It turns into a forest we all get lost in. But eventually it becomes an orchard of experiences where we enjoy the fruits of many trees.

Do you know what Zionism means?

Muslim nationalists are promoting anti-Zionism, and they can't even tell you what the word "Zion" means.

ציון [Zion] is a Canaanite hill fortress in Jerusalem captured by David and called, "The City of David." [2 Samuel 5:6-10] That happened in the late 9th Century BCE or early 8th Century BCE. Zion can refer to one of three places today:

1. The hill where the most ancient areas of Jerusalem stood
2. The city of Jerusalem itself
3. The dwelling place of God. [Wikipedia]

I don't subscribe to religion as it's generally practiced by those in the Abrahamic faiths. I don't subscribe to each and every one of the political positions of the Christians on the

right or the Muslims on the left. I have a very real and personal relationship with GOD, and I don't even need to believe in name for THEM to make that happen.

Israel is real. Israel is the place where MONOTHEISM began. Fighting over Israel is ridiculous. It only proves that those who claim to be monotheists aren't. Anyone who believes in ONE GOD would recognize Israel, not try to destroy it by murdering Jews worldwide.

Palestinians must show the world that they're monotheists by protecting gay Muslims through a new state of being, not just an external nation state. If that doesn't suit the political platform of the left or the right, I say they're fighting over traumas they went through in childhood. I don't think they're looking reality in the face.

Do ask.

Do PRAY.

And then do tell.

President Clinton did the best he could, given his love of cigars. His "Don't ask. Don't tell" policy from 1994 to 2011 was a sign of how primitive our country was, just a short time ago. Four years after we threw out that horrible perspective on military exclusion of gay people, we achieved marriage equality in this country.

I do want to talk about my faith in GOD.

I also want to talk about my sexuality.

And I want to talk about my monogamous relationship with my partner.

But I especially want to talk about what Solly, Bella, Ellen, Henry and Ilana went through in Europe where MONOTHEISM didn't exist in their day. That caused a rise in Christian nationalism that promoted antisemitism and homophobia. The gays and Jews didn't have a chance in those days. Today, Islamic nationalism in the Middle East has turned into anti-Zionism. Anti-Zionists are antisemites and homophobes.

I want to talk about all of it because it's all related.

Gay Jews and gay Muslims serve shoulder to shoulder with straight Jews and straight Muslims in the Israeli army. But look at what happens to gay men in Muslim countries. They're pushed off of buildings, forced to hide in the closet and abandoned by their family.

American Jews want our Zionist homeland to be the greatest land of milk and honey. We're renown for our milk and honey. The U.S. is renowned for milk and money.

The United States is the most generous nation on Earth, but the pursuit of vinegar [exclusivity] is crushing us. Wisdom is still our downfall because we've got far too many wise guys who think the bottom line is money, not honey.

Our government, corporations, institutions of faith and charities put the bottom line at the top of their list of priorities. You know it. Everyone knows it. The swing from right [Christianity] to left [Islam] politically is a sign of how bipolar the U.S. has become spiritually.

We go politically from one pole to the other pole. We can't stop at our equator. We're emotionally, politically and spiritually on a pendulum we can't control. And the Russians and Chinese love watching us swing up and down, and back and forth.

Nobody wants our Jewish milk [love] and honey [wisdom] anymore. Here in America, some insist that wisdom of the heart [love] is more important than wisdom of the head [wisdom]. We're in wars in the Middle East making deals with Muslim nationalists who claim to be "soulful" anti-Zionists. What does that mean?

The Muslims in charge of the Middle East claim to be the only monotheists on Earth, the only ones who are loyal to God [Allah]. They say their wisdom of the soul is greater than Israel's wisdom of the head and America's wisdom of the heart.

But Muslim nationalists are hateful and prejudiced. They're out to control the whole world. Don't call antisemitism, anti-Zionism and homophobia something other than what they are. They're all self-hatred projected onto Jews.

The whole world is as mad as a hatter. For millennia, the world has been accusing the Jews of making too much money. But now that millionaires are everywhere while billionaires still run the world, everyone thinks they now have a chance to outwit Jewish bees in producing honey.

The Christian fish and the Muslim birds think they know something the Jewish bees don't know. What none of them know is the difference between honey and royal jelly.

There was a time when Europe was just a meadow. It wasn't the spiritual garden, forest and orchard it is today.

Fish [early Jewish fans of Jesus] swam across the Mediterranean Sea where God turned them into Christian sheep. There, the sheep began the production of milk [love] by conquering Europe and turning every country into a dairy.

If we look back further in history, we can see how the ancient Romans, and before them the Greeks, had been the dominant bovine producers of what later became the European milk market.

Later English, French, Spanish and Portuguese dairies conquered indigenist lands overseas to produce Christian love [milk] in the New World.

The Spanish and Portuguese turned South America into overseas dairies to enrich themselves. The English and French did the same in North America, turning the whole New World into Christian farms where sheep were led by wolves in sheep's clothing to fight each other and with the rams in Europe for domination of the milk market worldwide.

The story of the production of milk is peculiar because it originated in Israel with fish that Jesus inspired. Such is the history of Christianity from a gay, white, rabbiT's perspective. Such is the nature of life on Earth when viewed from WONDERLAND.

The ancient bees got stuck in the Diaspora in Europe and the Middle East for 2,000 years. Those busy, little bees did their best to produce honey on European dairy farms.

But it wasn't easy for the bees in the Middle East who were living on Muslim poultry [loyalty] farms. The birds were only concerned about the production of chicks, while the sheep in the north were only concerned with birthing lambs. Neither of them was, as yet, concerned with the meaning of MONOTHEISM. They just did what they were told by those in their herd or flock who claimed to be closer to God.

Even though there were hives on every dairy farm in Europe and poultry in the Middle East, the production of milk [love] and eggs [loyalty] was limited because there was so little honey [wisdom] to unite their endeavors.

The bees were forced to live separate from the sheep and birds. In Europe, the bees had to be locked up in ghettos to keep the mad sheep from murdering them. That mad cow [sheep] disease was called antisemitism. It was created and disseminated by the Church.

In the Middle East, the birds who ran the mosques created strict laws to keep the birds away from the bees. That bird flu turned into anti-Zionism when the State of Israel was recreated by God.

The bees in the Old World [Europe and the Middle East] had to produce honey secretly, while the sheep who produced milk mooed loudly and proudly and the birds chirped cheerfully about their production of eggs.

Between the 11th and 13th Centuries, the bulls who ran the Church fought the vultures who ran the Mosque over control of the Holy Land. These wars were called "Crusades." Both sides wanted to "liberate" Israel.

It's ironic that the bees who'd participated in the Temple cult had killed animals for more than a thousand years to assuage God of their sins and guilt. No bee then could see that their nature was mirrored in MOTHER NATURE.

All the animal instincts children bring aboard their ark before puberty today mirror their parents' unwillingness to look at life as a mystery.

During the Crusades, the Christian sheep and Muslim birds murdered each other over possession of the Jewish beehive, instead of caring more about their production of love and loyalty on their farms. They behaved like animals.

About eighty years ago, the world voted to allow the bees to reconstruct the hive that God had given them. But then the birds in the Middle East and throughout the world declared war on those bees living in Israel. That war has since spread worldwide. The vultures who run the Mosque scorn honey. And deep down inside they scorned milk, too. They just want the whole world to lay eggs [loyalty] for Allah.

Not many today seem to care about the future of honey production. But Einstein himself said that if the bees go, the world goes with it. You'd think it would be obvious after 3,400 years of domesticating the human race through the production of milk, honey and eggs that more people would want to learn how bees are able to make honey without stealing other people's land or money.

Milking sheep to profit from their love isn't exactly easy.

But everyone wants what they've got.

Getting chickens to lay eggs out of loyalty to God isn't easy either.

But everyone wants what they've got, too.

The secret to making honey isn't a secret.

You can see for yourself that the worker bees [females] collect pollen [tree semen].

They turn that into honey which they feed their baby bees.

The drones are expected to contribute to the maintenance of the hive.

So, the real, but untold, secret isn't the production of honey.

It's the production of royal jelly [WONDER] that's needed to feed queen bees.

The mystery lies in what differentiates royal jelly [WONDER] from everyday honey [wisdom].

The drones who run the Synagogue say the mating of drones with queens is an abomination before The Lord.

I agree.

I admire wisdom.

I adore love.

And I venerate loyalty.

But I despise the down-low.

If you're a drone, mate with a worker bee.

If you're a queen bee, mate with other queens.

Some queens are like drones [tops], and some queens are like worker bees [bottoms]. And some queens can't be pigeon-holed into those two categories.

But this much must be said:

The production of honey [wisdom] worldwide depends on the bee in your bonnet. Everyone is preoccupied with something other than what they're doing spiritually. The school of life requires us to take many general education courses to gain a well-rounded education to inform our decision about what major to choose.

All today's queens, whether Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist or indigenist, thrive on royal jelly [WONDERMENT]. The creation of queens in the United States is the highest in the world, but that's because we produce more royal jelly per capita than any other place on Earth. And most of our royal jelly comes out of San Francisco.

Russia and China are much too spiritually backward to follow our lead. The Protestant and Catholic countries in Europe heartily endorse the production of royal jelly. But without American inspiration, the queens there are limited by their traditions, which is a shame considering that the European continent was inspired by WONDERMENT.

Hans Christian Anderson [1805-1875] turned a duck into a swan just with inner beauty.

The Grimm Brothers described siblings [Hansel and Gretel] who had to learn to survive in the forest after they were abandoned by their parents.

Before them, there was Aesop [619 BCE-563 BCE], who was from ancient Greece. Variations on his fables for today from San Francisco include:

1. The Tortoise and the Hare in the RabbiT
2. The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing Who Cried Wolf
3. The Chinese Ants who eat Taoist Grasshoppers
4. The Sour Grapes the Foxes [Republicans] are selling
5. The Jewish Lion and the Gay Muslim Mouse

If you can't see the fabulous, fairy tales and fantastic fables that are making their way to a theatre near you, you need to make your way further into WONDERLAND.

European Christians still don't believe in all of GOD because they can't see how GOD uses American English in mysterious ways. You can see it by their actions. Russian rams are killing Ukraine sheep and lambs to annex their farm. And praying to Jesus hasn't helped. But that's because most Russian rams and Ukrainian ewes are homophobes. If you want His love, you're going to have to model it.

Bovines believe in the importance of the Church in making milk [love], but they forget that Jesus was born from a Jewish bee [Mary]. They give credit to Him and His Father for having created the milk and honey described in Tanach. But the bovines are too phlegmatic to stop themselves from murdering one another. How do they expect to impress the world with their milk? They can't even get birds [Muslims] to convert to their faith. And the bees certainly have no interest in running dairies and poultries.

All HOPE lies with the queen bees and the production of royal jelly.

It's the story of David and Jonathan that first described the royal jelly [WONDERMENT] that gay Jews are now known for. Without WONDERLAND, there's nowhere to go up. The planet is going down and out. A mirror turns into a wailing wall. There's no way to get through it. You certainly can't see the handwriting on it.

Those who run the Synagogue, Church and Mosque don't seem to want to open their mind to the possibility that it's their imagination, not their eyesight, that's out of focus.

No one seems to be able to make peace without the help of queens. Princes [lesbians] and princesses [gays] are under the direction of their queen mother. But they won't receive their mother's crown until their mother leaves this world for whatever is in store for her next.

You can call MOTHER NATURE "Elohim."

You can see your NATURE as coming from your Father or His Son.

You can call Him "Allah."

It doesn't matter what word you use to describe your God.

GOD created everyone.

And HER plan is much greater than His plan, although THEIR plan is what got us this far.

GOD plans to advance the mystery of WONDER.

GOD save our gracious queens.

Long live our newborn queens.

GOD save our queens.

8.
Marrakesh

Early one spring while living in Amsterdam, I decided to go to Morocco during my Easter vacation. I'd gotten a job through a gay, Jewish couple [an Englishman and a Sudanese] who I'd known in Israel who'd also moved to the Netherlands and were working for an American bank. They got me my job in that bank.

The Dutch are very generous with vacation time and vacation pay, so I decided to use the opportunity to experience life in a Muslim country. And because I speak some French, I thought Morocco would be a great destination, especially since flights to southern Spain were so cheap and frequent.

Long story short, I flew to Malaga, hitchhiked to Algeciras, and took the ferry to Tangiers, Morocco. I ended up on a train from Rabat, the capital of Morocco, to Marrakesh, the red city founded in 1070. But our train was delayed along the way. Instead of arriving in Marrakesh in the early evening, we arrived close to midnight.

I sat in a compartment with seven Muslim men, four guys on each side of a padded bench. It was second class, so I was in the company of men who were middleclass by Moroccan standards. I could tell from their dress and demeanor that they didn't have more than a high school education, but neither did I. We all looked employed, doing the best we could with the opportunities we had. They all appeared to be busy, little, straight birds building nests to feed hatchlings that would fly away one day, just as we see happening today.

Sitting and talking to such men was fun at the time. I enjoyed meeting people who exemplified the local culture of their country.

Back in the 70's, so many people claimed to be "citizens of the world." They shared common meanings, but they withheld personal values. When I'd meet people who were candid about themselves, I was grateful for the opportunity to see life from a more grounded, straightforward and candid perspective.

A lot of that's changed with social media. People now have a vehicle for presenting their beliefs, regardless of their personal values. And social media companies aren't yet sophisticated enough to filter out anti-Zionism and homophobia.

Being gay and Jewish in Morocco wasn't something I planned on advertising in those days. [I might not even talk about it there now.] But sitting in a train compartment with seven locals was a chance to interface with them candidly given my anonymity. Since we all spoke French to some degree, none of us was the least bit concerned about communication style, grammar or our limited vocabulary. We spoke slowly and clearly, using facial expressions and body language to augment our message.

It was a delightful way to pass the time, and when we parted in Marrakesh, I felt I'd made friends on the journey of life. I walked from the station to the town square with a spring in my step to look for a hotel.

But I couldn't find any hotels with a vacancy at midnight so close to Easter. I suddenly felt lonely, frightened and abandoned. I was only 20 years old, and you know how kids that age get themselves in predicaments that you and I would probably plan ahead to avoid.

But that's part of the adventure of youth when you're young. Naiveté and inexperience lead the way, even if it leads you astray. There I stood in the town square at midnight with nowhere to go and nothing to do.

And then, one of the men from the train compartment came up to me and invited me to stay at his house. Of course, I wasn't going to say no. That was the adventure I'd been secretly wishing for. That's why I'd chosen to go to an exotic place like Morocco in the first place.

I don't remember his name, I'm sorry to say. We did correspond for a while after I returned to Holland, but you know how it is. I'll just call him Muhammed. That's usually a good guess when it comes to male, Muslim names.

On our way through the ancient, narrow, winding streets of Marrakesh, Muhammad told me that his wife was waiting at home for him. He explained that he was a soldier in the Moroccan army. He was stationed in the Atlas Mountains on a ski patrol and came home every few weeks.

He lived in an apartment on the fourth floor of a building outside the inner city. The building was probably 75 years old – a walk up. It had two rooms. You entered into the kitchen/bedroom. The second room was a living room. His wife jumped out of bed when we entered. They didn't show any affection in front of me.

Muhammad was a goodlooking man. I'd say he was about 30-35 years old. His wife was very young, possibly even younger than me. She was a large woman and there was a girl beside her. I'd say the girl was about 16.

His wife made up a bed on the floor in the living room for the two of us. Muhammad explained to me that when he was out of town, the neighbor's girl slept with his wife as a precaution that she wouldn't sleep with other men in his absence. Apparently, that was a culturally acceptable means of securing fidelity in marriages in Morocco.

So, Muhammad and I ended up in bed together, with his wife in bed with another woman in the other room. No. Of course nothing was going to happen.

Well, I don't need to give you all the juicy details of this part of my story. That night ended with an amazing orgasm for both of us. Muhammad's legs were incredibly strong and well-shaped from years of skiing. His swarthy body was a feast for the eyes. And we slept in each other's arms with an abandon that only happens when you feel surrounded by disapproving eyes.

The next morning, the girl went home which made me WONDER how Muhammad and I would get another chance to have sex if he was going to spend his nights with his wife.

I spent the next day with his wife who spoke a little bit of French. I watched her prepare a main meal for the three of us while Muhammad went off to take care of personal business.

She had a cutting board on the floor and a gas tank for a single burner in the corner of their bedroom. She was cutting the skin off tomatoes. I showed her how to put a tomato in hot water to peel the skin without losing any of the meat. She was delighted and appreciative of my sophisticated "European" ways.

I'd told Muhammad that I was Dutch. He would never have known that my Dutch was worse than my French. I certainly wasn't going to reveal my nationality and religion to anyone in Morocco, or that I'd lived in Israel for two years and not only spoke some Hebrew. I could use my Hebrew to make sense of some of the Arabic I was hearing.

The meal that day was amazing. They taught me how to eat with my hands, using bread to scoop up the food. In the afternoon, I went to a bank to cash a traveler's check that I'd kept in my shoe. But the check was slightly frayed, so the bank refused to cash it. I went through my money in a couple of days and didn't know what to do next.

I ended up going to the open market where I sold my jean jacket and mirrored sunglasses for enough cash to get to Casablanca where I could contact the American bank I worked for through our corresponding bank that dealt with international transactions in Morocco.

That was an adventure in itself. I was very PROUD of myself for solving that survival issue without anyone's help. I was also PROUD of having discovered what it felt like to sit on the curb without any money, watching people go by. That humbled me. I'd never viewed the world without money from a street curb before, and in a foreign country yet.

But the aspect of the story that I want to focus on is my relationship to Muhammad, a married Muslim man who was having sex with me in the communal bathroom of his apartment building more than once a day behind his wife's back. He and I smoked a lot of hashish each day, and we had a lot of very forbidden sex, which made it all the more exciting.

Muhammad didn't have any gay mannerisms. He was as masculine as all the other men I saw in Morocco. But he had no problem leading a double life. Who knows? Maybe his wife was having sex with the girl in their bed. There was no way of knowing because the cultural clues to how life was lived in Morocco were beyond my ability to discern. But here in the West, we call that the down-low.

I met a "nephew" of Muhammad's. He was a gorgeous young man who I spent some time with. But he had nowhere we could go for sex.

This was a long time ago. I have a feeling that sexual candor in Muslim countries is only now challenging the status quo thanks to the Internet. Young people in my day found ways around religious nationalism without challenging the system. Today the system is severely broken, but communication worldwide has never been better.

Those on the far right hate the gays. But they're also becoming aware of how much they need the Jews. Those on the far left hate the Jews because they defend Israel, but those on the left are well aware of how much they need the gays.

I, as just one Jewish queen on the chessboard, have no intention of sitting still or shutting up. I see how the castles [billionaires] move in straight lines to take our money. I see how the bishops [institutions of religion] move diagonally across the board to secure their power. I see how the knights [military] move in an "L" shaped pattern to defend their king to promote his "love." And we all see how little the pawns can do about any of it.

When I got back to Amsterdam, I sent Muhammad and his wife a few souvenirs from the Netherlands to express my gratitude for their hospitality.

Life is a school, and my encounter with that Muslim student was a lesson from THE TEACHER that gave me quite a thrill at the time. It left me with a great memory of an adventure I had while on vacation. And I even discovered I could summon survival skills when in a pinch.

Today, I create an adventure out of every trip I take out of my house. I believe there's something to learn about every person, place and thing. I believe every encounter with a

stranger is a gift from GOD that I enhance with my presence. And I believe that GOD'S presence is in our presence, whether we perceive it, or not.

I can now look back with a greater view to the lesson I was given with Muhammad. I now see the importance of keeping my word to GOD in not assisting men in breaking their word with their spouse. If I want to see trustworthiness in the government and business world where so many agencies and companies collude with one another against us, I have to express my good word by not sleeping with married, bisexual men or gay men in open relationships.

By having learned this lesson, I believe I earned the good luck that brought Wyatt into my life. In my fifties, after Larry and I broke up, I avoided men who were unavailable to focus only on those who were potential, spiritual mates.

That said, when I look back at the good luck I had in meeting Muhammad way back when, I can see that his semen [royal jelly] still lives in me. We didn't make a baby. We made a memory. And that memory lives in me in many WONDERFUL ways. That memory makes me feel more alive. We had something then that's still meaningful to me, even if it's something I now see as wrong.

Today, I'm 73. Muhammad must be in his late eighties. But it doesn't matter whether old friends are alive or dead, so long as we have rich memories of our experiences with them.

I was able to go back to my memories of Muhammad to learn more about who I am today. If my perspective on that lesson from THE TEACHER doesn't mean more to me now, I'm not growing. I'm dying. I'm dying to die. And that I don't want to do. I want to be dying to LIVE forever.

The religious Jews in Israel say that Torah lives. Some even scrawl it as graffiti on walls. They believe Torah creates life like semen creates babies. They always go back to Genesis 3:4-5, the words of the serpent who tempted Eve to eat the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge saying:

> You will not certainly die
> For God knows that when you eat from it
> [the Tree of Knowledge]
> your eyes will be opened,
> and you will be like God,
> knowing good and evil.

Well, I'm now more like GOD than God because I know a lot more about GOOD [depth] and evil [shallowness]. I certainly will die. I just may be lucky enough to be allowed to LIVE after I die. I think that all depends on how I do while I'm alive.

I'm one rendition of Torah, even though every scroll of Torah is exactly identical. I infuse Torah's life-giving properties in myself. And then I share them with others. That's what it means to me to be a gay Jew born into this era that some consider modern and others look down upon as a dark age for faith.

When I was young, I wanted to receive life from others.

Today I want to give it.

I want to penetrate and infuse my ideas in my readers.

When I was a ballet dancer, I carved air like a sculptor to create images that reflected my image. Today, Wyatt and I fill each other with life-giving royal jelly as we caress each other like clay in our hands. Such is the sex life of queens with hearts and souls.

Muhammad filled me with his life-giving royal jelly over the course of the few days we spent together in Marrakesh. He added to my Judaism with his Islamism. He infused me with a perspective on THE TEACHER that was so personal, so private, so delicious and delectable, that I've never forgotten him. He took me to Paradise with him hand in hand, penis in anus. I have no idea whether he cherishes his memories of me still. But I do know that I cherish my memories of him.

Men like us can produce life figuratively. We have little need to reproduce ourselves biologically. I find what we do so much more precious than making babies. Men who do make babies have a need for men like us, whether they know it, or not.

The life I infuse in Wyatt is something I can see in his eyes. He's slowly being filled with me, along with my rendition of ONE GOD. And that makes him so precious to me that I have no words to describe what he means to me.

I've invested myself in a man, and he in me.

This is true love.

I don't need to love myself.

I need to like myself.

I need to feel secure in being me.

I need to feel good in my own skin.

I believe Jesus loved Himself and shared His Self-love with others. This has brought the love Jesus had for His Father to a place far beyond His words as recorded 2,000 years ago.

I think His love infuriated some men at that time. They betrayed Him because they didn't understand Him. And I don't think there are many men who fully understand Him today.

There wasn't just one Judas. Judas is a concept, not just a man. Every homophobe is a Judas. The thought of men loving men motivates some men to betray Jesus still. Just look at the Christian nationalists in Europe in the 20th Century.

I think Jesus liked Himself. But I don't think people today understand the difference. Like yourself. Love others. Whether you infuse your love in them literally or figuratively depend on the oaths you've given others and the vows you've made to GOD.

My money is Wyatt's money. My house is his house. My food is his food. Everything I've got is his because everything I've produced in my testicles, stored in my prostate and given him with my penis is a sign of my investment in him.

My Jewish royal jelly is infused in his Christian bread [body] and wine [blood]. We're the spiritual combination of a sheep and a bee. We produce milk and a honey. This is the meaning of royal jelly. This produces WONDERMENT.

If only more Americans could just make milk and honey. What good is milk [love] without honey [wisdom] conjoined with a spiritual perspective? What good are eggs if you can't make crepe that you fill with sweet delights?

If every king of his castle [billionaire] could learn from us queens, he'd turn his home into a dairy and poultry with beehives. He'd turn his family into an Israel. And he'd teach his offspring how to do the same.

Werking the land can only be done if you're educated enough to read and curious enough to explore the deeper meaning of words. Neither public nor private school can teach you what I'm telling you. This is the kind of education that uses life to produce FAITH. Not even a house of prayer can do what you and I are doing.

Do you see this happening in Gaza, Lebanon, Syria, Yemen or Iran? The hostage crisis is over. Now we have to watch as Hamas refuses to disarm and disband. How many Jews will be taken hostage the next time, and how safe will Jews be anywhere where Muslim nationalists are allowed to perpetrate anti-Zionistic rhetoric. Muslim nationalism is no less destructive than Christian nationalism was in the past.

GOD has granted me the ability to love one man and like myself. And the reason I love that man is because he's a part of me. Our relationship is poetically more real than any male/female relationship we could ever attain.

This is something gay Muslims can relate to because it's a soulful regard for another man. All the prosaic religious nationalist men and women in this world aren't going to change what we in the LGB & T community have been given. They're only going to further betray the spiriT of Moses, Jesus and Muhammad with homophobia.

If the right wing wants to preserve family values and the left wants to preserve humanitarianism, they're both going to have to look at their personal values. You can't build a house on a weak foundation. Every board, every brick, every post and nail must be infused with honey. Milk or eggs, alone, simply won't do.

A country without free bees is a failed state. Look at all failed states in this world in this way:

Russian men treat Russian women like heifers, young cows.

Muslim men treat young Muslim women like caged birds.

Chinese men don't harness women like oxen to pull plows. Chinese women don't literally have their feet bound anymore, either. But how far can those women realistically go?

Indian men claim women are as sacred as cows. Yet Indian women aren't yet treated as fully human.

You ask, "Where's the beef? Where's the bird?"

I ask, "Where's the bee?"

Without honey, this planet hasn't got a chance.

Protect your queens, drones.

Build a hive, not just a dairy or a nest.

You need our royal jelly.

9.
Juan's Good Turn Deserved Another

I left Holland and returned to the States after living abroad for five years. I learned to communicate haltingly in French, Hebrew, Dutch and Spanish. I wore European clothes which, at the time, were distinct from American apparel. I spoke English with a British accent. I smoked cigarettes that I rolled myself. And I told stories about my adventures that gave people the impression I was an old man talking about escapades I'd had long ago in my youth.

The truth was that I was only in my mid-twenties. I was just one more insufferable bore. I was pretentious, calloused, insensitive and selfish. I was spoiled rotten. I was just trying to impress people with how much I knew about the world around us.

I'd been raised by my working-class, single, European, immigrant mother, not by my European father whose family had gone to Berlin every fall to buy their winter wardrobe and to Paris every spring to buy their summer apparel. Solly came to the U.S. the first time on the Queen Mary. He traveled first class. When things went sour for his family in Lithuania, they told him to come home. He went back to Europe the same way he left, in style. And then the Christian nationalists forced him into a concentration camp.

Yet I wanted to be like Solly. I wanted to be rich and powerful. I just didn't realize what that insufferably boring serpent in my tree was telling me at the time. When I lived abroad, I tried to look like royalty. But when I returned to the States with my tail between my legs after having gotten fired from my bank job in Amsterdam for taking a day off to get to a charter flight in Brussels to go on a vacation to visit my mother, I simply concealed, and then denied, how that had made me feel. And I must have made my friends who'd gotten me the job look awful.

When I came home from Europe at the age of 23, my first job was as a cashier in a deli in Marina Del Rey, walking distance from my apartment in Venice, CA.

At the time, I pretended to look inside myself for meaning, but I did so with a bong. All I could see around me were sweet breads everywhere and the powdered sugar they sprinkle over everything and everyone in the United States. I couldn't see the huge hole growing inside of me. I couldn't see that I was turning into a donut not a seven-layer cake.

Bella and her second husband, Lou, had given me an old car of theirs. One night I was just about to park my car near my apartment building when I spied a young Latin man with his hand out seeking a ride. I stopped and let him in. We drove around for a while. He was Mexican-American, unusually handsome, with olive-colored eyes, milk chocolate-colored skin and a flashing smile that bent the moonlight. He was up for fun, so I drove us back to where I'd picked him up, parked my car and we walked to my ground-floor apartment.

Because I'd lived in Holland where it wasn't necessary in those days to lock your door, I didn't lock my front door in L.A. either. As we entered my apartment, he commented about that.

Sex with Juan was one of the most memorable sexual experiences of my life. We just clicked. I was losing my mind, and sex helped create magical, mystical and mysterious experiences that relieved a lot of stress. Going crazy can make sex much better, even though being crazy makes life so much worse.

QUESTIONING my sanity eventually brought me into WONDERLAND.

Not QUESTIONING my sanity created more and more hell on Earth.

All I can say is that Juan just knew what to do. There's no way to say why good sex is so good. That night with him felt like we'd left the planet and were having sex in outer space surrounded by the prying eyes of stars and the blushing faces of celestial clouds. Our bodies were in an orgy of heavenly delights.

He left the next morning without saying much. And I was too proud [conceited] to tell him how enamored I'd become of him overnight.

About a week later, however, I was sound asleep. I dreamt I was having sex with a hot guy. And it felt incredibly real. We were underwater writhing in each other's arms breathing water as though it was air. As we twisted and turned with all the freedom you can achieve when buoyant, I began to QUESTION what was happening. The more we rose toward the surface the more frightened I got because I couldn't see the face of the man I was kissing.

Then, suddenly, we reached the surface in my dream. I opened my eyes, gasped for breath in realizing it wasn't a dream. Juan had quietly come in, taken off all his clothes, slipped into my bed and was caressing me while I slept.

I knew I'd been violated. My space had been intruded upon in the middle of the night. And yet the abuse felt WONDERFUL. It was the greatest fantasy of an S&M experience I could have ever conjured up. I was dominated by a man simply with cuddles and kisses. It was everything the leather community talks about without any of the pain. I felt used and abused in a way I couldn't blame Juan for. He took me to a place I never would have had the nerve to even imagine going to on my own. He was literally a dream come true.

That was probably the most romantic experience I ever had in my whole life. Wyatt isn't romantic. He never says he loves me; he shows me he loves me. He gives himself to me in a way that expresses his love and undying devotion through deeds as well as kisses and caresses. Our sex life is hot even after 15 years together because he knows how to please me, and I delight in pleasing him. He knows how to give himself to me in a way that satisfies my urges. But it's not romantic in the conventional sense of the word. It's male-on-male heat. It's not romantic warmth.

Maybe romance is a level of ardor women seek more than men. Maybe I thought I wanted romance when I was young because I was so in touch with the feminine side of myself. Juan addressed that need in me in a way that no one else had been able to do.

I just don't need romance in my life anymore. I don't need a knight in shining armor piercing my armor with his sweet sword. Juan did all that while I was sound asleep dreaming. He came into my dream long before he came in my butt. He touched me in a place so deep while I was sleeping that I didn't know anyone could go there to be with me that intimately. Juan revealed a place in inner space that I now go to all the time with GOD. It's more than a romantic experience. It's a place of such self-disclosure that I find it hard to describe in any other way than as romance.

Maybe this is a feminine fantasy that I was once able to actualize. It surely had been a gift from GOD that I share with you now in the hopes that you allow yourself to be your own Juan and Barry.

It's possible to dream with yourself by yourself about yourself in GOD'S company. You don't have to wait for anyone to scare you into submission. You can experience

WONDERLAND with yourself in GOD'S company. It can be done, just not with food, alcohol, cigarettes, drugs, sex or gambling. All it requires is werk.

Although "Islam" means "submission," you can submit to yourself as well as to Allah [God]. You can make you your knight in shining armor. You can pierce you with your sweet sword in the Paradise that comes over you each night. You can thrill you in your dreams. You can tell yourself Arabian tales that are perfect for 1001 knights. There's no limit to the stories you hold inside that you may secretly wish to tell yourself.

All the fantasies I ever had of sex with another man were for practice. They were ways in which I tried to dive down into myself to make love to me. And as I rose to the surface of those dreams, I knew whose arms I was in as I held my hand; who's lips I was kissing as I licked my lips; and whose body I was writhing in as I turned over under my sheets. I was seeking my true love from the inside in. It just can't be done without THE GOD of us all.

I can see myself as male [y] and female [x]. I can penetrate and be penetrated by me spiritually. I'm two sexes in one. I'm everything I fantasize having if I allow me to be who I want to be: the BEST I can be. I'm two souls [x + y] yearning to be united intimately.

Self-like is the ultimate expression of my love. Christ's love for His Father was a reflection of His ability to like Himself and love His Father. What Christians today are afraid of is liking themselves. What some of them are promoting isn't even Christ's love. It's the hatred found in the Book of Leviticus, chapter 20. The love that has no name knows your name. Your affection for you is what Jesus was talking about. This is the highway to Heaven you can achieve while here on Earth.

10.
The Cuban Missile Crisis

I was living in L.A. making the most out of a mental health concern I couldn't solve. I felt ruined by inside forces beyond my control. I saw myself as a building that had been condemned. It had to be demolished, but I had nowhere else to go. I had to admit I was living in a place that was unlivable. I personified a catch-22.

Repairing myself while living under such conditions was also intolerable. You hear horror stories of people remodeling their kitchen who haven't got hot and cold running water or refrigeration for months on end.

What I went through was like that. I didn't have hot and cold running feelings for decades. I didn't have emotional heating or cooling inside me, regardless of the weather within me. I was camping out in my body. I couldn't say I knew how to live in my own skin.

Trying to move out under such conditions is traumatic, but understandable. But where are you going to go?

Mental health issues are like no other illness because all the wounds, bleeding and scarring are on the inside. There's nothing a doctor can look at to patch up. You're simply broken beyond anyone's ability to repair you. It's as if your backbone has been severed. You become a cripple. You can't move on the inside. Yet on the outside no one can see what's wrong with you.

I suppose that's not entirely true. You meet people all the time who you assess to be tortured individuals. Sometimes they don't even have to open their mouth for you to know that they're very uncomfortable in their skin.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women need more rehearsing. They don't know all their lines. They don't understand all the motivations of the character they're playing. Many of them are even bad actors.

All the world's a stage, and all the extremely male men and really female women are pretending. We watch them strut about in the limelight. Those who can't maintain their ridiculous act are booed off stage and relegated to those places in the wings that we know to avoid.

This has to change. The masculine or feminine box we've been stuffed into is like a closet. It's intolerably dark and small. Until men can be allowed to feel sorrow [blue], not just rage [red], none of us will feel safe.

I. was deluding myself into thinking that no one could see how damaged I was. That said, most people were charitable. They simply acted as though I was normal when interfacing with me. And I believed them because I wanted to believe it. But when I looked in the mirror and asked myself who was the fairest of them all, I couldn't believe what I said to myself. "You're behaving very unfairly to me."

I liked to go to gay, Latin clubs in those days. I met a Cuban. He was a kindergarten teacher. He carried himself as though he was Spanish royalty. I found that attractive.

We dated for a while and even went to Palm Springs for a three-day weekend. He was fun in bed. I liked him. I thought we could make a good team. I thought we could build something together.

He spoke endearingly about his students. I just didn't realize that I was like another kindergarten child to him. He liked young men with special needs. And boy, were my needs special.

His care and attention for me wasn't the problem. That I found attractive. The problem was that he was a racist. He hated black people.

Those who are colorblind [chromatic vision deficient] are very different from those who are color blind [multiculturally sensitive]. I'm color blind because I can look through containers to contents.

My Cuban boyfriend looked European, not Latin American. He had blue eyes and golden-brown hair. His skin tone was the color of milk caramel. He looked like he was from northern Italy or southern Switzerland.

I didn't realize he was self-conscious about his body because it didn't fit into the Cuban stereotype of mixed races. He gave me the impression that he felt his coloring was his ticket to Heaven. I now think he saw black people as headed for Hell because of the color of their skin. Talk about shallow. That's so superficial that it's only skin deep.

GOD, in His and HER infinite wisdom, gave us external differences to teach us to look past the boundary between our two worlds to the person within. We all have a spiriT.

But all my Cuban boyfriend could see was the outermost layer when he looked in the mirror with his sky-blue eyes that adored his tawny-blond hair and butterscotch skin. He adored everything about himself that he could see on the outside. But he couldn't look deeper to judge himself by his feelings for others.

He was nice enough a guy not to let black people know how he really felt about them. But he wasn't nice enough to himself for me to find him attractive.

He was my Cuban missile crisis.

I loved his missile.

I hated his crisis.

I can't understand why people can't see any deeper than with their eyes. I suppose they use their ears to some degree. But they rarely seem to use their nose. They can't smell whether they're fragrant or foul. They can't ask themself what grade they're in in the school of life.

The problem with some parents is that they teach their children to judge others by what's going on below their navel. The way to judge a person is by what's going on above their navel in their head, heart and soul.

What's the point of coming out of your CLOSETS if you don't change your mind, transform your heart and transcend your soul for the sake of self-intimacy?

At the time I dated my Cuban missile, I was in spiritual kindergarten. I was like a child he was having sex with. But he was a third grader. He was also a child. On the outside, we looked like adults. But on the inside, he was about 8 years old, and I was about 5.

In the school of life, you've got to use your nose more than your eyes and ears. See-no-evil, hear-no-evil and speak-no-evil just aren't enough anymore. You've got to add one more monkey to the mix: smell-no-evil.

If not, you're not going to understand that THE TEACHER is using poetry and prose to teach us. S/HE gives us lessons in both our worlds. Some lessons are prosaic [external].

Others are poetic [internal]. If you don't know that much about life, you're going to suffer loneliness, meaninglessness and PERPLEXITY without achieving any value from suffering.

The search for profound answers to what we have to go through can only be achieved with poetry. Life rhymes. Life holds a gait and tempo you've got to find from within. Words are lyrics to psalms, not just songs. Psalms have an unwritten melody based on feelings. If you can't sing a psalm from within, all your study of scripture is for naught.

GOD has to provide you with your own, unique melody to a psalm. We don't have the melodies David sang in his psalms to Jonathan, only David's lyrics.

To harmonize the lyrics in your head with the melody in your heart, you have to unify your thoughts and feelings. If your thoughts go one way and your feelings another, you're going to make noise, not music. You're going to experience that cacophony as anxiety. That's the reaction in your body that alerts you to that spiritual conundrum.

Anxiety is meant to remind you that you're not going to be enrolled here forever. We all have to be reminded of that from time to time. So, take practice tests willingly to prepare you for your final exam. If you don't, you may get more anxious [orange] as you age.

The closer you get to your last scene, the more you may pretend to act like you know what the Director [Tutor] and PRODUCER [TEACHER] want from you. Your performance has been important to the musical, but your time on stage will eventually come to an end. The limelight you've been in is shrinking. The curtain is closing. When you find yourself alone without an audience, a crew or other actors to kibitz [Yiddish: joke around] with, you know that there's nothing lonelier than being backstage in a dark, empty theater.

Most people can't see what they're going through some of the time. They become a victim to their wants [things] and desires [people] because they don't listen carefully to what the serpent in their tree or worm in their APPLE is telling them.

We've been given no guarantees about anything in life. If you have it in writing that your Tutor will give you everything you want, מזל טוב [mazel tov: congratulations]. I use my Tutor's instructions by day. But by night, I have office hours with THE TEACHER. That's when I'm able to apply what I've learned that day to what I need to know about the next.

The ancient Jews didn't believe in luck until they lost 10 of their 12 tribes to the Assyrians. That's when the word מזל [mazel] came into the Hebrew language. It means "constellations." The Assyrian indigenists believed in astrology, the power of the universe.

Life is both light and dark. The stars are pinpoints of light in darkness that reveal the truth in very subjective ways. That's why astrology is so appealing as a way to look into the future.

My Tutor is there for me in seeking answers in the moment. But THE TEACHER is there for me during the darkest of times when I need to see my DESTINATION in terms of the big picture. I can't know the reason for every outcome. I can only do my best to use my FAITH in GOD to prepare me, regardless of what I have to go through, to learn more about myself.

So much in the way of my fears has more to do with my inner world. The more I can map my inner world and orient myself here, the more the outer world looks like a place of

celebration. That's when the lessons and tests begin to feel like challenges rather than problems.

All men enjoy sex in the red [rage] range or in the blue [sad] zone. Straight men [red] who let out their anger at other straight men [blue] have been unconsciously trained to let out their anger as though they're anally penetrating the other guy. Those straight men who are the recipients of other men's rage have been trained to take the hurt and sorrow as though they were being anally accessed and humiliated from the experience.

When the red man has gotten "it" out of his system, he laughs. His friends laugh. That indicates to the blue man that the red man has pulled out emotionally from the issue that upset him.

The blue man is allowed to object to the reason for having been forced into the passive position. He's allowed to express his hurt, resentment and sorrow on his face. But he's expected to take it like a man. That doesn't take courage. That just takes awareness of the way straight men behave.

The red/blue [enraged/sorrowful] relationship of gay men is identical, except that the red man penetrates the blue man sexually. What's more, they both do it with glee, not to humiliate, but to please and satisfy. They're able to adapt this emotional relationship of one-upmanship between men to two-upmanship.

This is what gay hook-ups are all about. Gay men have to get their feelings out of their system, too. They just do it with their penis or anus with glee rather than only with their heart through anger and subjugation.

Much of the behavior of the 1% is intended to subjugate, subdue, overpower, crush and suppress the poor and middle class. The rich don't need the money. They're just doing it for kicks. It makes them feel good to dominate.

I was always the blue man. I was the one who was willing to be sad. I was the one who was willing to be penetrated. I wanted the red man to use me to relieve himself of his anger and frustration. I wanted to be ruled, directed, dominated, dwarfed and overshadowed.

Some heterosexuals think that only blue men are gay. They think that red men are more manly because they penetrate. That's absurd.

Men who enjoy being screwed sexually aren't any gayer than the men who enjoy screwing them.

Mannerisms in our community are intended to describe whether you're a top or a bottom. But I've been surprised by many a man once I got in bed with him. Mannerisms in bed can change enormously from what they look like in the public sphere.

I claimed to want a boyfriend but could never find a man who was just right for me. I didn't understand the underlying, spiritual element of man-on-man relations. I just thought I wanted a loving bond. I didn't realize that I needed to get a lot of red/blue negativity out of my system before I was ready to settle down.

In the hook-ups I had with men when I was single, once we'd both cum, we both felt a lot better about ourself. But we avoided talking about the deeper red rage/blue sorrow issues we were going through.

I thought I knew my type. But I had sex with many kinds of men before I could see what was going on inside of me. I was a much more colorful person than I realized.

If you allow your urges as listed in the five Commandments on the second tablet [murder, adultery, stealing, lying and coveting] to run you, you may end up addicted to

food, alcohol, cigarettes, drugs, sex, gambling, work or suicide. There are no exceptions to the 6th Commandment. [A little later, I'll go into the laws of Leviticus that excuse murder in certain circumstances.]

THE TEACHER is conducting class simultaneously in a laboratory [the external world] where tests are administered and a classroom [the internal world] where the theory is being formulated. Everyone is hard at werk learning lessons and taking tests. Some are even precociously preparing for their final exam.

The theory and lab classes are interrelated. We create hypotheses and then put them in practice in the lab we share [outer reality] to discover whether each of our hypotheses will support our theory. We create truths about the meaning of our life that enhance our conclusions.

Daily life uses the scientific methods we've all been trained to apply personally. Life is like an experiment. When all goes well, we harmonize with reality. We thrive. We create hypotheses and theories that we try to prove. We find we can manage survival issues successfully, even admirably when our conclusions are validated. We make money. We build a family and friendship circles. We grow old cheerfully.

In those ways that we don't develop hypotheses and theories that harmonize with reality, we feel we've failed. Some are poor externally. Some just feel poor internally. They feel anxious a lot of the time. They're fearful about external outcomes or they're paranoid about internal outcomes. They struggle with their studies. Their relationship to THE TEACHER suffers. They may even feel their seat has been moved to the back of the classroom.

Some of the monetarily richest people on the planet are the spiritually poorest. You can see it. They're only rich in money. They don't know how to produce honey. They're not sweet or kind to themself. They're obsessed with succeeding as something that's just out of their reach. They have a fantasy they think will change everything if it comes true.

It's never about the money.

It's always about the honey.

Once, Bella was telling me about something in her life, describing a time when she was poor. Lou interjected, "You were never poor, Bella. You just didn't have any money."

Lou was from Belgium. His father was Jewish. His mother was Christian. He survived the War in Holland hiding from Christian nationalists any way he could.

Bella's mother was Jewish. Her father was Christian. They were a match made in Heaven even though she was considered Jewish and he was considered Christian.

People may tell you that we're doomed because we can't fight the rich and powerful. They'll tell you that the billionaires have got too much power.

In WONDERLAND you discover that you can fight the rich and powerful side of yourself that's obsessed with dominating your inner world. You can change your whole world just by changing your relationship to yourself.

This is the source of HOPE that emanates out of your heart through the wisdom that comes from feeling deeply for yourself.

You can fight the obese side of yourself that never feels sweet enough.

You can fight the alcoholic inside who yearn for liquid spirits instead of spirituality.

You can fight the drug user in you who goes to WONDERLAND artificially.

You can stop smoking to ask yourself why you're fuming inside rather than ignited with curiosity about what you were brought her to do.

You can stop the Don Juan in you who says, "Open says a me" but is only interested in opening legs, not doors.

You can fight the gambler side of you who relies on chance to get rich quick.

You can stop calling in sick to werk.

You can refuse to hurt yourself with red rage just because you're blue in the face and refuse to admit it.

You can fight the corporate side of yourself with a big heart and a deep soul.

You can fight everyone and everything with the gifts GOD gave you.

There's no excuse for not struggling with your Tutor to pass the tests given to you by THE TEACHER. It's all an inside job that you must externalize because we've all been given two worlds for a reason. You can't clean up one without the other.

Always remember that people are just for practice. Your end goal must always be to improve your inner world. Help others improve by proving to yourself that you're here to graduate with HONOR. You need deeds to show yourself that you're worth what you say you're worth in your eyes. GOD sees what you see in you and a lot more potential.

If you don't believe life is a school, you aren't going to care enough about your grades and your relationship with THE TEACHER. If you don't believe life is a school, you're probably going to fight with others over names for THE TEACHER and THEIR Tutors. And in doing so, you're only going to prove to yourself that you're not a monotheist.

Hyper-religious people all agree that gay men are the problem.

This is why the modern world looks as it does.

Until religious nationalist, straight men overcome their disgust with themself, they'll always blame gay men for what we do in bed. They'll hate those of us who kiss men because they can't achieve the self-love that we have that they envy.

Caring about other people's grades is admirable.

But worry more about your own.

If THE TEACHER brings you an assignment to help others help themselves, do it.

But if you just want to help people instead of teaching them how to help themselves, you're crippling them.

Don't put a stumbling block before the blind [Leviticus 19:14].

Help people build their own stairway to Heaven.

GOD will see to it that in doing so, you'll receive the WOOD [feelings] you need to build another flight of your own stairs.

The Western world is still processing what Christian nationalists did to gays and Jews in Europe in the Second World War.

When Israel secures marriage equality, advancement for Palestinians will emancipate underdogs the world over. The primary need for straight Palestinians is to face what they're doing to gay Palestinians.

WELCOME TO WONDERLAND.

It's not just where I reside.

It's where everyone would love to live if they knew how to be GOOD and how to get BETTER.

You can make your way through the looking glass and become a permanent resident of WONDERLAND with hard werk. You can apply for citizenship here without giving up your citizenship to your country.

You don't have to just visit WONDERLAND like Lewis Carol did.

He left Alice in the lurch.

A gay man would never do that.

11.
My Comstock Load

"The Comstock Lode is a lode of silver ore located under the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, a peak in the Virginia Range in Virginia City, NV, which was the first major discovery of silver ore in the United States and named after Canadian miner Henry Comstock. After the discovery was made public in 1859, it sparked a silver rush of prospectors to the area, scrambling to stake their claims."

The load of crap I was given to shovel was dumped on me at Comstock Junior High School in Santa Rosa, CA where I taught drama for six months before the Board of Education of Sonoma County eagerly agreed to terminate my employment and compensate me for the whole school year if I'd quit.

My first teaching job was as an English teacher at El Sereno Junior High School in East L.A. I taught there for four years. I loved teaching, but I needed a change. I couldn't stand spending so much time on freeways. I wanted to live in the country.

Gay men haven't historically done well in the country because of rednecks. Rednecks seem to think God gave them something they need to carry through life like a hymen. They want to return to Him with it intact and virginal. The very thought of having it pierced by another man conjures up thoughts of Satan celebrating his win.

Rednecks have a problem with anal sex between men that they don't have with anal sex between men and women.

Rednecks have red necks if they have red thoughts and red feelings. They pour red [enraged] thoughts into their heart despite everything Jesus taught them. Muslim red necks continue that flow of red from their head through their heart to their soul. That's why their temperaments and behaviors are so similar. That's why the fire in their breastplate burns red, not blue.

Everyone with a red neck thinks that Satan is gay. They think he enters a man through his anus and destroys his ability to think, feel and believe in himself. They think that the devil finds ways of getting us to sell him their soul. Muslim red necks don't even have to sell their soul to Satan. Christian red necks are sure they gladly give it away.

Red necks think that the gay community works for Satan from the outside in. They feel in their heart and believe with all their soul that our agenda is his agenda. They think we help Satan just by breaking through as many men's anuses as we can. They see our agenda as so despicable that they think we can even achieve it with a passionate kiss on the lips of a man in public. That's all they think it takes to turn a "good" man into a servant of Satan and to lead him down into the devil's domicile.

I'm glad I got Satan's message out of the way. I don't want there to be any misunderstandings about the difference between good men and bad. According to all religious nationalists, evil is that simple to see. Evil is personified in every man who's been anally penetrated and looks like he liked it. And men who support men who like anal sex are considered equally evil in the eyes of religious nationalists.

The big question about life on Earth isn't the future of Israel, Ukraine or Taiwan.

It isn't about the future of women who want abortions or black men who have sex with willing, white women.

The big question isn't even over criminals who steal from the poor and middle class to enrich the richest of us all.

The big question that separates the good guys from the bad,
the men from the boys,
the red caps from all other caps
and those who are assured of life after death
is penetration of a male anus by a man for mutual, sexual delight.

Surely Satan has answers to this issue that will satisfy all those who are murdering others left, right and center, but who all agree about the sanctity of their sphincter.

A red neck has nothing to do with a redneck. A homophobe is a red neck, regardless of his race or religion. A red neck is an antisemite or an anti-Zionist because they're both homophobes. Israel must join the nations that have marriage equality to prove to the world that the red necks in Israel have no say over Israel's policies.

People around the world are confusing Jews with red necks. Marriage equality is the only way to separate homophobes and antisemites/anti-Zionists from GOOD Jews.

Now I'd like to tell you about my experience as a gay Jew who came out to my students at Comstock Junior High School in Santa Rosa in Sonoma County, CA in 1989.

I got hired as a drama teacher for the 1989-90 school year. I had no idea that I was going to become a trauma teacher. Will calls me an overly melo-traumatic queen, but that's because THE TEACHER included classes in my personal curriculum that weren't electives for me. I had no choice about the tests I was given in the classes I was forced to take. I had to pass the test of facing myself as a failure. I still feel that my "heavenly" REWARD depends on me doing the right thing inside and out.

When I came out at Comstock JHS, it felt like I was the only Jew in the whole school. But I wasn't the only gay person. There was a lesbian counselor who was closeted. But once I came out, she couldn't have anything to do with me. I was too hot to handle. She had to protect her job and her reputation. Things were so different in those days.

There was a woman who ran the student store whose daughter was gay. She was a secret ally. And there was a Japanese-American, school secretary who'd been incarcerated in the concentration camps that white, Christian Americans forced Japanese Americans into during the Second World War. She was also a secret ally.

But that was it. Nobody else wanted to be nice to me or come close to me. I glowed like I was radioactive. I'd set off an atomic bomb by coming out. Nobody hid their nastiness behind the invisible wall that existed in "polite" society in those days. Once I was out, the gloves came off.

Before I came out to my students, I went to the vice-principle. I told her about the hateful words scrawled on the board every day when I came into the room. I also told her about the innuendos and antagonism I was getting from my students. I told her that all my students were gossiping about me being gay.

And then I told her that it was true, and I intended on ending the rumor by confirming it.

I can only describe the look in her eyes as "a deer in the headlights." The thought that a teacher and colleague under her supervision would go so far as to confirm his sexual preference for men out loud to junior high school students was more than she could bear.

She was beyond words. All she good squeeze out was a sheepish whisper to tell me that she didn't think that was a good idea.

The next day, five minutes before 3:00 pm, I came out to my sixth period class. The kids literally ran screaming from the room when the bell rang. Within minutes the news traveled throughout the school. And by the next morning my life at Comstock Junior High School resembled Hiroshima and Nagasaki after we'd dropped atomic bombs on Japan.

Those two bombs were set off on a direct path to Tokyo in 1945. The only reason the Japanese surrendered was because they realized they had a choice. Either they surrendered and dismantled their goal of conquering all their neighbors in tandem with Hitler's intentions in the West or their capital would be annihilated.

The bomb I set off at Comstock Junior High School in November 1989 reverberated in the homes of every child in that school. It sent shock waves to the Press Democrat, the local newspaper of Sonoma County. And it created an earthquake at the Board of Education that reminded them that "the big one" is approaching.

The thought that a male teacher would come out as gay to pubescent boys and girls in those days was a nightmare some people in Santa Rosa and the larger community of Sonoma County couldn't imagine. They thought it was the end of civilization as they knew it.

But that was 35 years ago. Those students of mine are in their fifties today. Many of their children have children. The U.S. looks quite different now. Today, I could be married to Wyatt and talk about my husband in class. The U.S. has survived the terrifying hallucination predicted by people then who were red neck through and through.

The divide between Democrats and Republicans today is over marriage equality in Israel.

Killing is wrong.

Israel must survive.

Marriage equality is the only way for that to happen.

Tomorrow's problems won't be about the rich and poor. Anyone with a heart will want to help the poor raise the quality of their life by helping them learn to fish. Without honest work, people don't learn to werk. We all need to werk our way through this school to the best of our ability.

THE TEACHER werks in obvious, not mysterious, ways. THEIR curriculum is hard for many to see because of their struggle through their daily lessons and tests. They only see what's passed back like handouts from the front to the back of the room. They don't bother to look for the big picture as it's being described on the board.

To see the big picture, you have to have experienced hatred. Quotas against white people in the United States to balance the playing field have now ended. Now we can all say that we've sacrificed to make the U.S. a better place. Now we all know how it feels to be hated.

I relish how minorities fight for rights that the majority later consider worthy of adopting and using. White women have never had it so good now that they can earn a living and can tell men that they're not financially dependent on them anymore. That's thanks to all women repairing the system from the bottom up. The same will be true in finance. The more those of us who came from humble beginnings get rich, the more we

can see to it that big business is regulated and taxed. The only way to stop hating the rich is to become rich.

But nobody talks about facing their hatred of the rich side of themself. Nobody wants to admit that self-indulgence is the cause of the proliferation of bakeries, liquor stores, smoke shops, cannabis dispensaries, sex clubs and casinos. Self-indulgence causes self-hate.

The cause of all the problems in the world certainly isn't the gays or the Jews. Homophobia and anti-Zionism are red herrings that pour out of red necks. Ted necks reflect red thoughts, red feelings and red beliefs that are causing all the hate we see in the world. People hate some of what they're doing to themself. Everyone's neck turns red on occasion, even black people.

We hate some of our grades in this school. We want all A's. We don't think THE TEACHER is being fair. We don't want to prove to ourself that we're our biggest problem. We just want good luck to magically appear to make us happy.

My friend, Mike, is white. מייקל [Micha-el: who is like God] is gay. He grew up in a Baptist family who made his life hell when he came out to his parents when he was 17. He had to move out of his parent's house and finish high school while living and working on his own.

Mike knows discrimination in a way that most white people don't. Most people, regardless of the color of their skin, experience discrimination when they walk out their front door. But my friend experienced discrimination while inside his own home.

The kind of discrimination the Republican Party is selling to white people are problems that needs to be addressed, but not with hate. Everybody needs to learn to stop hating themselves to do that. Securing the right not to serve a gay customer doesn't express a religious "freedom" or respect of one's faith in God. That's just hatred dressed up to look like devotion.

If you want to tell me that you're going to discriminate against me because of what it says in my Jewish scripture, I think you've lost your mind. Most people who quote the Book of Leviticus aren't even Jewish. How is it that they're using my scripture against me? They should use their own scripture to promote hate. Leave mine out of it.

Jesus never gave Tanach to the ancient Jews who believed in Him. They already had it and interpreted it in a new, positive way thanks to Him. If today's Christians want me to believe that they're better than Jews, they're going to have to stop hating people like me. Jews don't hate other Jews. Jews don't murder other Jews. Jews respect other Jews.

Those Jews who are homophobes are the one exception.

Christians who want me to believe that they have the right to use Torah as the foundation of their faith are going to have to prove to gay Jews that they aren't going to use their faith against any Jews.

Buddhists don't use Hindu scripture to denounce the Hindu gods.

Buddhists maintain their atheism without putting Hindu religion down.

Islam has also incorporated many of the hateful ideas found in the Book of Leviticus.

But homophobic Muslims don't quote Torah to denounce Judaism.

Hateful Muslims refuse to admit that their faith is the third story of a three-story edifice created by God. They're in the penthouse scorning their neighbors below.

Christian nationalists have always used our scripture against us.

We keep pounding on our ceiling, but it doesn't seem to help.

We're now at a point in GOD'S story when all religious nationalists are forced to face their hypocrisy.

The T parties are just getting started, Gurls.

The days of red caps verses blue caps are over. The mad hatters in the blue caps are just as mad as the mad hatters in the red caps. You can only tell the mad hatters from the haters if you look for the T from within.

The ancient Jews lost 10 of our 12 tribes to the Assyrians [Syrians] around 720 BCE [2,700 years ago] because they were divided. Do you really think that those ancient Jews didn't learn a thing from that lesson? They lost the Temple [slaughter house]. And they lost the holy artifacts that they kept in it.

Soon after, they lost Israel. They were taken in chains to Babylon [Iraq] in 597 BCE [2,600 years ago] as slaves for the second time in our history. Once again, they found themselves bowing down to masters. When the Babylonians were defeated by the Persians [Iran] in 538 BCE [2,500 years ago], they were permitted to return to Israel, where they chose to rebuild the Temple.

But those ancient Jews lost our nation and their butchery a second time to the Romans [Italy] in 70 CE. They were dragged in chains to Rome for a third experience of the master/slave nightmare.

My father was a slave to Christian nationalists from around Europe in the 1940's. They weren't just German. I'll never forget that the Christian nationalist "Final Solution" was religiously motivated and empowered by Christians throughout Europe. I am the son of a Jewish slave. I will never bow down to a Christian. I feel the trauma black Christians suffered in the United States in being forced to bow down to white Christians.

THE TEACHER has given each of us one test after another, but none of us can understand the point of each lecture and lesson until well after the test. If we don't review our tests after we've taken them, how are we going to do better on the next test?

We, Jews, know this much:

Divide the Jews and you will be divided. Unite the Jews and you will be united. All the efforts of the Democrats and Republicans to divide us only hurt our country. This is what all the other civilizations in the past tried to do to us, too.

Jerusalem and Tel Aviv are divided over marriage equality. Israelis aren't divided over protecting their country from foreign invaders. Address the homophobic elephant in the room.

Christian nationalists are as nearsighted as the ancient Jews who thought God would never take Israel away from them. That perspective was backward in hindsight, out of date and destructive. It won't work for today's Christian nationalists any better than it worked for ancient Jewish nationalists. America's greatness lies in its multiculturalism and yearning to be free. Do I have to remind you that the whole point of believing in Jesus is to avoid nationalism because love knows no bounds?

Freedom comes from our head.

Liberty comes from our heart.

Emancipation comes from our soul.

Hope today will shine like a rainbow over Israel when marriage equality reaches its shores. That will also end the conflict between the religious right and secular left in the U.S. The left will love Israel for becoming more civilized, and the right will love themselves for having become more loving through the tenets of Jesus.

The Christian nationalists in this country will finally realize that homophobia was one of the Christian nationalist themes of the Third Reich and throughout the axis powers in the last century. That said, the support of Israel by the right should be appreciated by all Americans, not just the Jews.

But what will happen to that support when Israel joins the civilized world by enacting marriage equality?

Jesus doesn't hate gay people.

Christian nationalists hate gay people.

The time has come to take a closer look at the Book of Leviticus. [We'll go there a little later.]

The status quo in the Middle East ended on October 7, 2023.

That was a lesson from THE TEACHER that brought me to awareness of the WONDERLAND within me. Gay people worldwide will always be forced to embody the center of the political spectrum. Those who don't support us will find no peace of mind because their extremism always goes back to religious nationalism of Christians on the right and Muslims on the left, which is marked by homophobia on both sides.

We can't allow life on Earth to be run by any nationalists. They must all go back to their institution of faith and learn to PRAY. Even if we wish for a world without nations, we aren't going to be able to avoid the mentality of nationalists. We're all tied to the land, just as we're tied to the sea and the sky.

The Jewish settlers who are attacking Muslims on the West Bank are hoodlums, just as the Palestinian are who use violence to achieve their ends. But put them together in a room and ask them how they feel about the LGB & T community, and for a brief moment they turn into best friends.

There are gay bars throughout Israel, but none on the West Bank.

It's religious nationalism that needs to be put on a slide and looked at under a microscope.

That said, the nationalism found in Russia, China, Venezuela, North Korea, Cuba and elsewhere isn't based on religiosity. Their problems arise from atheism which is also homophobic at its roots. Just listen to the homophobic nonsense spewed out by the Dalai Lama.

I support Muslims who support Israel's right to exist. But the way to put that political position into practice today is by supporting the rights of gay Muslims throughout the Middle East. All enemies of good people are homophobes. Without homophobes, peace is possible. Even peace with the State of Israel and the creation of a neighboring Palestinian state is possible.

Our great rabbi, Hillel, 200 years before Jesus was born, said, "If I am not for me, who will be? If I am only for me, what am I?" Hillel was asked to summarize Torah while standing on one leg. In other words, the ancient Jews wanted him to give them a quick answer, not the sort of answers I'm giving you that take you through the looking glass

slowly to reflect on your nature. Hillel said, "Don't do to others that which you find abhorrent."

I say, "Don't do to yourself that which you find abhorrent."

Jesus brought Hillel's message closer to the modern age. He told the Jews in His day to love their enemies. A few thousand Jews liked His message. But as we can see 2,000 years later, nobody is doing what Jesus said. Those who come closest are the Jews. Are the Russians and Ukrainians calling each other up to warn their enemies to evacuate their apartment buildings before they bomb them? Are the Iranians, Yemenites, Lebanese, Gazans or Palestinians doing the same before they attack Israel?

The way for us to love our enemies should be practiced at פסח [Pesach: Passover]. We should feel for the ancient Egyptians who knew nothing about God. Today's Egyptians do have God in their life. And look at the relationship Israel and Egypt have forged. The whole Muslim world should be inspired by it.

Jesus was a Jew. The Jews have always done a better job of showing the world how to live like He advocated. The Christians certainly don't have a history of doing so. If the Muslims wish to pursue GOD'S wisdom and love, not just God's loyalty to them alone, they should learn from us, as well as, with us how to do so.

Mike didn't see his parents behave in a loving and forgiving Christian manner for breaking a law in Leviticus when he came out to them. But that was 25 years ago. Many Christians have since learned to become accepting of gay people.

Don't do to yourself or others that which you find abhorrent.

If you didn't like having quotas on white people, you shouldn't have treated black people like subordinates. If you didn't like men oppressing women, you shouldn't have treated gay men like sons of Satan. We'll divide your institutions of faith and set son against father and brother against brother if you persist.

We're all children of ONE GOD. We're all learning how to tolerate, accept and admire people who behave differently from us, so long as they don't get violent. Jesus taught the ancient Jews about love. He brought them into a new place in inner space. He got them out of their head and into their heart. But over the course of 2,000 years, we've had to learn the difference between tough and tender love. To learn that lesson from THE TEACHER, each of us will have to have our heart broken in a deeply personal way.

You will suffer in this school. But with suffering will come awareness of what you're learning, and why.

We all get frustrated when people are lazy. But we're all self-indulgent one way or another. Some just don't see when they've got their feet up.

People can be motivated to do more spiritually if they can be taught how to move through the lessons in their life that feel threatening. People don't work at all well when they're afraid. But they werk very hard on the spiritual lesson before them when they feel courageous.

More Americans would vote if they felt spiritually included in the advancement of our society. More disadvantaged Americans would want to work for public assistance if they were helped through the traumas that keep them in bondage spiritually. Without spiritual assistance, charity doesn't help nearly enough. In the long run, it hinders.

What you may think is easy for you, the next person may react to traumatically. We've all been spiritually programmed differently. Personally, I always hated having to work. I had 27 jobs in my life. The first 26, I hated the boss. On my last job I was the boss, and I still hated the boss. Now I'm looking more deeply into my relationship with THE BOSS. I can see that I was my problem.

Work traumatized me because I had such high standards that I couldn't do anything for money without feeling that I was under extreme pressure. I felt my time was too valuable to spend it working. I felt there was something I needed to do for me that I couldn't do while on the clock.

Learning to serve GOD taught me to serve others for my sake with Him and HER as my witness. I was no longer doing it for "them." I was doing it for THEM. This put even more pressure on me. But if I made mistakes, I could go to GOD for assistance in learning how to operate myself more efficiently. I never felt people gave me that wiggle room I needed.

This led to my great appreciation of werk. If I'm not investing myself in everything I do, I'm not living my life as a student. I'm living life as a gambler.

Losers need to lose to learn how to win. But they deserve to be taught why they lost what they lost by getting to review the scores they got on the tests they took.

I never felt fully forgiven by others. I always felt I was looked at askance. I needed to feel that life was a school with a lesson I could learn from even if I failed the overall test.

Teaching people how to fish is a complex process. Keeping them in touch with the big picture in learning to fish is helpful in developing their sense of courage to try again. Leave excuses, regrets, prejudice and bitterness behind. Do you want to succeed, or do you want to fail yet again? If you want to succeed, find out why you failed in the past so you can succeed in the future.

Most problems aren't money problems.

They're honey problems.

Make more honey and more money will follow.

Ironically, religious nationalist Jews, Christians and Muslims can all agree that gay men are abominable [the adjective describing us in Leviticus 18:22]. Yet they all raise their fists to the heavens above at how each of them is treated by the others.

Connect the dots. If you want to be more respected, you're going to have to show more respect. Until the Abrahamic faiths agree that Leviticus 18:22 is a trick question given by THE TEACHER to teach the Israelites to think more deeply, the wars won't end. Until the Abrahamic faiths agree that the eight exceptions to murder in Leviticus 20 are all trick questions, people will continue to find excuses to murder one another. The antisemitism will continue to morph into anti-Zionism, which will be expressed as homophobia by all those without FAITH. THE TEACHER will see to it that no nation on Earth feels safe until every gay Jew in the world feels safe.

GOD is distancing Himself and HERSELF from Jewish, Christian and Muslim nationalists to teach them that distance makes the heart grow colder, not fonder. Their methods of problem-solving have become cruel and inhuman. This is why they're all spiritually unsuccessful.

So, let's explore the difference between hot and cold from the Book of Leviticus:

The Book of Leviticus is known for its laws. It's not part of the storyline of Torah. But there's one story in Leviticus that advances the plot. It's found in chapter 10.

The sons of אהרון [Aaron: mountain of strength] were נדב [Nadav: generous or noble] and אביהו [Avihu: father is he]. Nadav and Avihu offered God a sacrifice that was described as אש זארה [esh zara: strange fire]. That strange fire blew up in their faces, and they died.

This was a great mystery to the ancient Israelites. It left them fearful. If the sons of the high priest weren't safe from God, nobody could consider themself safe. Today, if GOD sets higher standards for us all, then we're all required to live up to those new standards. It doesn't matter what name you use for GOD. What matters is your wise, loving and loyal nature.

For the Israelites who'd lived in ancient Egypt along the Nile, the concept of strange fire didn't exist. But once they were on the Exodus and came to Mt. Sinai which has an elevation of 2,285 meters [7,497 feet], they discovered ice, a fire that burns but in a very strange way.

Learning about the spiritual properties of the burn of ice is just as important as learning those of fire.

GOD is like fire.

GOD illuminates us with THEIR wisdom.

GOD warms us with THEIR love.

But GOD also burns us.

But S/HE does so like ice, not fire.

To know THE GOD of us all, you have to learn the figurative difference between the burn of fire and ice. Many people nowadays find this level of spiritual awakening too frustrating to maintain faith in God. They give up. They choose atheism instead. They choose to focus on their external world only.

The axis of evil around the world needs to be iced out. But we're all freezing one another individually, as well. That's because we unconsciously burn ourself with ice [cold indifference that turns apathy into hate].

We ice ourself with food, alcohol, cigarettes, drugs, sex, gambling and overwork. Even violent thoughts only spoken inwardly are like arctic winds that chill us to the bone.

Murder is a way of freezing people in their tracks.

So is suicide.

Going to a business to seek a product or service to freeze your feelings, so you don't have to suffer the pain of feeling inadequate, is common. They say, "pick your poison." What they mean is, "Pick up your preferred shape of ice: shaved, crushed, cubed, nugget, or flake." Racism, misogyny and misandry are icebergs some people cling to if they feel lost at sea. The LGB & T community are melting the iceshelf of homophobia where all religious nationalists reside.

Freezing out our fellow Americans with hate is the consequence of choosing to hurt others rather than hurt ourself. The antisemitism of the past and anti-Zionism of today is in reaction to the temperature of the world within each of us.

We end up freezing ourself out of our own heart and soul with self-hatred if life in this school becomes intolerably difficult. We find ourself huddling an igloo called our mind.

This is what the closet of some people looks like. This is why the message of the LGB & T community is a message from GOD to the world. Come out of your CLOSETS. If you don't, we will melt your mind to prove to you that you're hurting yourself more than us.

You can see what's happening in Israel where the homophobic Jews in Jerusalem are freezing out the gay Jews in Tel Aviv. This isn't a problem that can be fixed by changing leaders. Netanyahu is as hated in Israel as Trump is hated in this country. And Trump is as adored in Israel as Netanyahu is adored in parts of the U.S.

The problem is in understanding the meaning of ice in WONDERLAND. The problem is internal. If you don't look for the ways in which you freeze yourself, you won't see the hypocrisy in the ways you treat others abominably.

The whole point of hurting others is to avoid having to do so to yourself.

But such a strategy is very unwise.

The principal at Comstock chose to freeze me out. He did so by turning my classes into a dumping ground for the most incorrigible students in the school. Ignorant parents took their kids out of my class to "protect" their children from me. Then the administration filled my empty classrooms with kids they couldn't manage; kids with deep psychological problems that they had no constructive way of dealing with. Drama class turned into trauma class.

The principal frequently called me into his office to accuse me of a variety of crises that had nothing to do with my sexuality in order to build a case for firing me. When he did that, he'd put his feet on his desk so that his crotch was facing me, forcing me to look him in the eyes without looking between his spread legs.

I went to the union and told them to get me the hell out of there. And they did. Today Santa Rosa is a better place for gay people because of the courage I displayed for a few months as a teacher in one of their schools.

The homophobia of the previous century has been extinguished like a wildfire in most of California. Marriage equality is the law of our land because gay people proved to America that we're all-American.

We did so by coming out of the first of our four closets.

But we're not through coming out.

We're coming out of our ark.

We're coming out of our basket.

And we're coming out of our tabernacle.

The fire carried by the gay community is melting igloos everywhere to help men and women understand the importance of their gender, not their sexuality. We're leaving people religiously homeless in an effort to help them make their way HOME with spirituality.

No one can stop us by shutting the synagogue, church, mosque and temple barn doors. It's too late. The lesbian fillies and gay stallions have already bolted. Even the colts won't go back. Religion is failing God.

God works in mysterious ways.

GOD doesn't.

If some don't understand His and HER timing, well, let's just call that bad luck. WONDERLAND isn't going to go away just because a few people have refused to keep moving through their looking glass.

I think those who broke into the Capitol on January 6, 2021, were Christian nationalists who had a knee-jerk reaction to marriage equality. They just didn't have a clue what they were really so upset about. They were hoping to do to marriage equality what they did to a woman's right to snuff out a fire in her belly.

The difference is that snuffing out a life through an abortion is a form of murder. Men kissing men is a ridiculous reason to hate them. The only men who died from a penis in their anus were gay men who were HIV+ in the last century. And even gay men aren't dying of AIDS anymore. The lessons from THE TEACHER have changed.

No pregnant woman's grades are going on my report card. If women don't want to learn about the consequence of murder through sex, something gay men did in the 20th Century, that's their problem, not mine.

Straight couples who don't use protection during sex deserve to suffer for their irresponsibility if they end up with an unwanted pregnancy. Gay men learned to have sex responsibly thanks to the AIDS epidemic brought to us by GOD. Now it's straight people's turn to learn how to engage in sex responsibly.

If a woman needs an abortion because of rape, incest or a medical problem, there should be no question about protecting her wellbeing. The dignity of the woman's life should always take precedence over the life of her fetus in such a situation.

But if a man and a woman choose to abandon a life that they've created that's in her womb, I think the woman should be forced to bring that fetus to term. And, I think there should be financial consequences for both the father and the mother. I think they should be forced to contribute to the financial cost of bringing up that child in foster care until s/he's 18. Why should we have to foot the bill?

Abortion and anal sex aren't difficult issues to deal with if you're thinking clearly. Rational humans being can deal with problems below their navel when their head [thoughts], heart [feelings] and soul [beliefs] are well-managed by their conscience in conjunction with their scripture.

But that requires logical thoughts, rational feelings and reasonable beliefs. That requires unifying their inner forces using spirituality. We've had our fill of religious intolerance.

THE TEACHER'S idea of loyalty to Him and HER requires us to behave soulfully, not just wisely or lovingly. This is why Islam is so important to the future of humanity.

Embarrassment of our body and shame of our character no longer move us to behave better. The only thing we can do to get the 1% to pay their fair share is to convinced them that there is a GOD. They've got to recognize that they aren't going to be here forever. They must willingly pay their fair share.

12.
Blarry House Research

In February of 1990, I met Larry at GMSR [Gay Men's Spiritual Retreat]. I was in the midst of fighting the war they were waging against me at Comstock. So, I brought my toe

shoes and pink tights to the retreat to make a statement about the homophobia I was forced to endure on my job. Larry liked my performance, my message and my body.

Larry was a gay Jew from New Jersey. Even some of his grandparents were born in the U.S. He was all-American. He loved basketball and baseball. He was a tenor with a WONDERFUL voice. He sang in Protestant church choirs. He'd created an acapella quartet called, "The Choral Majority." They sang parodies of Protestant hymns at Pride events around the country. His most famous song was "Amazing Gays" [how sweet the sound as we sing in harmony. We seek a world where justice reigns, where people can be free.]

I thought I could become all-American by copying Larry. I didn't realize that becoming all-American has to be done individually from the inside in. I thought the whole world was going to become as anti-establishment as Larry was.

Larry never met a stranger. He was exciting to be around because he thought life was more fascinating than the concept of pre-slicing bread. I never felt dull in his company. I almost fell in love with him from the day we met.

At the time, I lived in Healdsburg, a small town just north of Santa Rosa. He lived in Noe Valley in San Francisco. Getting together felt magical. It felt like the Red Sea parted just for us. We strolled through the walls of feelings on either side of us, hand in hand, to face the future before us together. Although we visited Israel with his family a few years later, our ideas on love were a million miles away from what was going on in Jerusalem at that time.

Before Larry and I moved in together, he had a problem we needed solve. He didn't want a monogamous relationship. I did.

But I also had a problem. I didn't like the idea of moving back to a big city.

After dating long distance for a few months, he agreed to monogamy, and I agreed to leave life in the country. What had happened to me on my job at Comstock made it easy for me to relinquish my dream of bucolic, village life.

Actually, there was a third problem. Larry was HIV+ and I wasn't. He stood under a Damocles' sword. If I chose him as my mate, I had to be willing to lose him prematurely. But that was an easy choice since I was so deeply in love with him.

I met Larry on February 12th, 1990, two days before Valentine's Day. My job at Comstock JHS ended on the Ides of March [15th] 1990. The Board of Education was glad to be rid of me, and I couldn't wait to close that door behind me. I'd moved to the small town of Healdsburg to live the rustic life I couldn't find in L.A. But I became the gay pariah of Sonoma County by coming out on my job.

I moved into Larry's apartment on Sanchez St. just off 24th Street in early July of 1990. Shortly thereafter he moved his business out of our apartment into a rented office space in the Potrero Hill district.

It was uncanny how my arrival coincided with his one-year-old business taking off exponentially. He went from one employ to 14 almost overnight. In a couple of years, he moved to a much larger space above a ladder store in SoMa [South of Market]. He hired more than 50 employees who worked a day and a night shift. Larry's company was nationally known in the world of focus groups throughout the 90's.

We bought a house on a hill on Laidley Street in the Fairmont district. We suddenly found ourselves in the role of a power couple in the gay community. I taught ESL at Lincoln High School in the Sunset district. We traveled the world on vacation, although

we traveled in a way that always keep us in the company of the working class. We were very conscious about thinking globally and acting locally.

Larry's company suddenly collapsed because managers stole clients to start their own business. He faced bankruptcy after only six years in business.

I came to his rescue by reinventing his company as a virtual company he could run from home. That eliminated the overhead of an office and managers. There were no more crowds by the water cooler and coffee machine.

We named the business, "Blarry House Research." Barry and Larry were partners in love and in business. I ran the finances. It looked like the sky was the limit.

Fourteen years after we met, we separated while Larry was in the middle of an AIDS crisis that almost took his life.

Larry had had lymphoma for years but refused to treat it with conventional medical intervention. He used an alternative health practitioner to manage his cancer.

I'd already given up teaching to help out in the business full-time. We were able to pay off our 30-year mortgage in eight years. But the two of us had turned into donuts. There was nothing at the center of us when we needed it. We'd become spiritually bankrupt.

I was devastated when our relationship came to an end, but I simply had to face the truth and start all over. We were 50 years old when we broke up.

For me, rejoining single life in San Francisco in middle age was like going back to elementary school to face unfinished primary school lessons when I was fully grown. I towered over my classmates. I felt like I was sitting in a desk chair that was much too small for me. My 14-year relationship with a man put me at a whole other level in the pursuit of love that I felt younger, gay men couldn't relate to.

Over the course of the next seven years, I had very little sex. I felt like one of my silkworms when I was 10. I spun a cocoon. I went within. I began to look for myself spiritually. I started writing every day. But because I felt so alone at home, I went to the Starbucks in the Castro and wrote there for hours on end.

That's where I met Wyatt.

Another personal and deeply private truth is that I'd always felt arrested by GOD for not having tried harder relate to my parents' trauma in the Holocaust. I felt I'd spent a lifetime in solitary confinement which manifested itself with mental health issues. For almost 50 years, I'd lived in a tiny cell inside myself. I hardly ever got to come out and feel connected to the outside world. My life was lonely and morose a lot of the time until I met Wyatt.

Although I'd come out of the closet sexually with relative ease at the age of 19, getting out of my prison cell was a different story. Wyatt couldn't open my cell door for me. He could only show me how he lived outside prison walls. That motivated me to find a way out of solitary confinement; my cell block; the prison yard; and over the wall. I slowly learned how to relate to other humans being in a way that was authentic to me.

I wasn't a prisoner at large anymore.

I no longer felt like a fugitive.

I didn't have to glance behind to see if I was being followed.

I could let go of my parents' paranoia that had become indistinguishable from own.

Through an extension of the Higher Power concept I'd discovered in A.A., I discovered GOD while on my spiritual journey. GOD released me from the bonds S/HE had

inflicted upon me. But that didn't happen overnight, and it didn't happen without a lot of hard werk.

I found a connection to Him and HER that was inclusive. But that required study of the world's seven major faiths as FAITHS that all believe in ONE GOD, just in different ways with different means.

I found my way to honor Solly and Bella. But I found it using my nose, not my eyes and ears. I found a way to smell the best in them even though they couldn't find that fragrance themselves.

With a Jewish head, a Christian heart, a Muslim soul, a Hindu navel, a Buddhist penis and a Taoist backbone I could connect to the indigenist, blue fire in my breastplate. I also learned the meaning of strange fire from Torah. I could then see how I'd iced myself out of a good life with bad habits that I'd unconsciously developed within myself with me.

Solly and Bella had lived their lives very differently.

I don't know what their inner worlds looked like.

They never talked about such things.

Another way of describing what happened to me is that I found the key that opened my cell door.

Wyatt spoke a language he'd learned so fluently and unconsciously that he didn't even know what he was revealing about himself. He taught me Christian [love]. Until then, I could only speak Jewish [wisdom].

In learned about the symbolism that Christ had given the Jewish followers He attracted in His day, I was able to embellish the main metaphor of Moses with Christian symbolism. I combined my tree of knowledge with his bread and wine. By later exploring the Quran, I was able to analyze my beliefs with Islamic similes to lay eggs in addition to making milk and honey. I applied what I knew about the world around me to my world within to grow spiritually.

Just the combination of Jewish metaphors and Christian symbols alone made it possible for me to perceive life in the U.S. in a way I'd never seen it before.

We basically live in a Judeo-Christian society, but I'd been pretending I could speak American. I really couldn't relate to life in America any more than an English-speaking Canadian can relate to life in Quebec without French, or a French-speaking Belgian can relate to life in Antwerp without Flemish.

Life in the United States requires knowledge of these two spiritual tongues [wisdom and love]. If you only speak one, you're going to feel like a stranger in this country and an alien to the human race.

The Republicans speak the equivalent of English [Christianity].

The Democrats speak the equivalent of French [Judaism].

And we're living in a country equivalent to Canada [Eden].

Our miscommunications are unsustainable.

This is my truth about life in the most powerful nation on Earth, which is also the most powerful nation in the history of civilization. Now that I can communicate with both Jewish metaphors and Christian symbols, I can talk about how we don't understand one another with a loyalty to my country I couldn't express before.

Americans are now learning to lay eggs. We're finding new ways of introducing GOD'S plan for man for the modern era. No other country on Earth can do this because no other country on Earth has the spiritual rapport with Israel that the U.S. has forged.

I can now describe how my head [Judaism] and heart [Christianity] had been in the same conflict that the U.S. is going through. I can see how we'll unite the Abrahamic faiths in a way that can never be accomplished by the Old World without our help.

Jews say that there's only one God.

Muslims agree.

Christians say that there are three Gods in one.

Christians don't distinguish between Him [Jesus] and Them.

Cutting an APPLE in half doesn't turn it into a pear.

Hindus believe in 10,000 ways to Him [Brahma] through reincarnation.

Buddhists are atheist who don't believe in any gods.

Buddhists get from here to their final destination [Nirvana] through reincarnation on their own.

And Taoists believe in 16 gods, ways through life to whatever comes next.

Larry and I were a peculiar power couple. Unbeknownst to us, we brought our Jewishness to San Francisco in a way that Harvey Milk had brought his here. Larry had known Harvey personally. Larry was a gay Jew from New Jersey and Harvey was a gay Jew from New York. They'd both been unconsciously guided by the multiple meanings of the aron [closet]. They'd lived a parallel mystery about the meaning of life. They were both moving toward something in the 70's that I couldn't put down on paper until more than 50 years later.

The gay Jews of San Francisco have been the embodiment of trains of thought that have extended the mindset of the people of our city. We've moved along tracks of feelings to stations of belief that people elsewhere can perceive with biblical importance. But we didn't know what we were doing then. San Franciscans have since achieved something never before seen on Earth. Here lies ground zero of WONDERLAND. This is where each of us agrees that inclusion of the LGB & T community is GOD'S plan for man.

The gays and Chinese of San Francisco didn't leave our hearts here. We found our hearts here. San Franciscans have always been attracted to a message of unification of the world through a coming out, spiritual process that embraces all seven of the world's FAITHS.

Larry and I may have been anti-establishment at the time. We may have been against the war in Vietnam and the war against a government that refused to help gay men suffering from AIDS. But we were learning how to speak to Americans as gay Jews in a way that had never been broached before.

We were out of the closet sexually and out of the Book of Leviticus. We were real in a way that Jews had never conceived of reality before. We were members of a society where some people wanted to learn what we'd learned about life. We were living proof that the closet is a vehicle [ark] a home [basket] and a temple [tabernacle], not an igloo.

The only problem was that we didn't know what we knew. We were young and inexperienced. We'd simply pursued what we'd wanted from a nebulous place deep down within.

Today, I know what I know. Today I don't yearn for good fortune. I earn my good fortune. I'm not an atheist anymore. But I'm not so foolish as to support any nationalist agenda.

Homophobia is a religious problem in Israel, just as it is here. When the Jewish people can eliminate homophobia from Judaism, we'll emerge from our CLOSETS as a monotheistic belief system that puts our FAITH in ONE GOD, not the one God of our ancestors. Until that happens, the world will simply have to watch how painful the coming out process can be.

Larry and I were one of many spiritual streams that bubbled up from the ground of San Francisco in the last century. Our relationship was primarily in search of somewhere like Xanadu, an idyllic, exotic, and opulent dwelling place that we didn't realize was within us awaiting to be discovered.

Larry and my relationship fell apart in 2004. Larry died of AIDS on Cinco de Mayo, 2011. But I've gone on in my pursuit of the mystery of my being. And along the way, I unexpectedly found GOD.

I met Wyatt in 2010, six years after Larry and I parted. I found the bubbling spring I'd been searching for within me, and I found the love that knows its own name.

I believe that the only way to achieve understanding of Elohim, the Father and Allah are through my love for me because I'm a human being, too. If I can't love myself, how can I give that love to others and God?

I speak the language that combines Judaism [metaphor] and Christianity [symbolism]. This is the love that mandates that a man [y] love himself like a woman [x] because he's half woman [x + y]. This is in direct conflict with what it says in the Book of Leviticus.

I only like myself because I can see too much of me to approve of myself unconditionally. I can see my imperfections and how they get in the way of me achieving GOD'S love for me.

I'm not invested in anyone's grades in the school of life other than my own. Therefore, I can love people, excuse them for their minor character challenges and wish them well. I don't have to forgive or exonerate anyone. That's not my responsibility. Unlike some others, I don't play God.

I know that other people's grades aren't going on my report card.

Therefore, I can focus more on my own.

My only goal in life is to learn. I ask GOD to help me learn to like myself more, but a lot of that progress depends on me. The more I learn about me, the more I find to like about what I know about me. I PRAY to GOD to help me like myself more each day.

13.
Nick and Nora

Yesterday, Wyatt and I drove up to Healdsburg. Neighbors of ours in our condo building in San Francisco bought a home there, and they invited us up for lunch.

They're both retired police officers. Nick is in his 60's. Nora is in her 50's. He's an Irish-American Catholic. She's Jewish American.

Nick was a contractor who quit his job at the age of 39. He had a wife and a few kids, but he felt he had to make a change. He gave up his financial and physical security and joined the police academy in middle age. Nora had a family, too. She joined as a young woman at the age of 25.

They both raised families until their marriages blew up. They've never talked to us about how that happened, but I could see that they'd gone from their heads into their hearts, and then their hearts were broken.

They met just after Nora moved into our building ten years ago. Even then, I could see they were moving through their chest and that mysterious fire in their breastplate into their souls.

They set up a gym in their garage and often sat out in front of the building drinking beer. They became a loving fixture in the neighborhood. They befriended everyone.

Between them, they've got 15 grandchildren. Yesterday, I saw the pictures of each and every one of those grandkids on a wall in the bedroom that was set up to display their love of family. Their house has three bedrooms, one for papa and mama bear; one for the baby bears; and one for the grandbaby bears.

I never got to visit the home of police officers. So, this was a special occasion for me. Here's the email I sent them this morning:

Dear Jelly Donut and Cream Puff,

You know who you are. Don't make me call a club a diamond or a heart a spade.

Thank you so much for inviting us for lunch yesterday. I so enjoyed your company.

I grew up in a one-bedroom apartment with my mom and sister. My sister and I slept in the bedroom until I was 12 and she was 10 in twin beds pushed together. Our mom slept in the living room. Looking back, it was long overdue that we switched, and my mom and sister slept together in the bedroom, and I got the living room couch.

Thanks to rich relatives who owned real estate, we got to move into a 2-bedroom apartment in one of their buildings. My mother gave me my own bedroom. I suppose those relatives had taken pity on the way we were living.

I've always had a problem seeing charity until long after it was given. Only now that those relatives are dead am I grateful that I got to have my own bedroom as a teenager.

I haven't seen the inside of many straight couple's houses who've achieved the American dream. It was a great privilege for me to have you open your home to me.

Your home is a testament to the beautiful life you've created with one another. I couldn't be happier for the two of you. As soon as we pulled up and I saw the faded, but not tattered or shredded, American flag, I knew I'd feel welcome. Our country is under such distress.

Keep filling yourselves with cream [milk] and jelly [honey]. You've made a little Israel for yourselves, a parcel of milk [love] and an allotment of honey [wisdom]. You should be very PROUD of [pleased with] yourselves.

The American dream is there for everyone. But how many can do what you've done to make it happen? You're a model to your children and grandchildren of what can be accomplished in life if you fill yourself with magic by helping others do the same.

Good thoughts,

Barry

14.
The Importance of Being Earnest

Bell had a brother named Earnest who died when he was seven years old. He was in a hurry to buy something with money Josephine gave him, ran out of their apartment, slipped and fell over the balcony onto the courtyard below. Apparently, the hair of my grandfather, Edward, turned grey in a matter of days.

Bella [Berta, as she was called at the time] was five years old when that happened. After days of watching her parents sit motionless with grief at their dining room table, she finally burst out saying, "I'm glad he's dead. Now I can have all his toys."

Bella regretted saying that her whole life. But that might have been the only thing she ever regretted saying. She wasn't one to mourn what she said.

Bella didn't believe in God. She believed in the universe. She never said what that meant to her. But as she aged, her mind seemed to wander further into outer space in search of something she couldn't put into words. I lost her.

Getting past regret [cobalt] is a shade of blue that isn't all that dark or ominous for me anymore. Disappointment [navy] in myself is a much darker tone. I see grief as midnight blue. Whenever I regret what I've said, I PRAY for insight into what my words meant to me. In Bella's case, I think what she really wanted to tell Edward and Josephine was that she'd hold Earnest in her heart for the rest of her life.

Bella gave me her maternal grandfather's name [Emanuel] as my middle name. עמנואל [Emanuel] doesn't mean, "God with us" as most people think. It means, "us with God." When it comes to the topic of compliance, the issue is in knowing when to come with God and when to take God with you. This is a subtle distinction that I don't think religious nationalist homophobes have learned.

This is something we learned in the Diaspora. When people push you out of your own home, coming and going with God isn't enough. You have to learn the mystery in why GOD wanted you to move on.

We're not willing to move on from The United States or Israel. The time has come for the whole world to learn the meaning of diaspora from within.

I believe Bella wanted me to be scholarly like her grandfather Emanuel. She wanted me to be beloved the way she saw Josephine loved her father. I didn't end up loving Solly the way Josephine loved Emanuel. That wasn't possible because Solly and I didn't have as much in common intellectually as Josephine and Emanuel had.

Bella never suggested that she had always wanted a rabbiT with a funny looking T as a son. But she implied that making her happy would require me doing something so clever that it would reflect her loyalty to both the Jewish and Christian sides of her family. Having a Jewish mother and a Christian father must have been quite a challenge in Germany in those days.

I think that because Bella's father, Edward, was Catholic, Bella made an oath to him and an unconscious vow to God to keep Earnest in her heart. She wanted to show her loyalty to her Christian father and her Jewish brother. She just didn't know how to become soulful. My earnestness is my way of honoring Bella, Earnest, Josephine, Edward and Emanuel.

רינה [Rina: joyful song of God] was given the middle name "Josephine" in memory of our maternal grandmother. Bella wanted Rina to be like Josephine, and Bella wanted me to be like Emanuel, Josephine's father.

Rina and I are no longer on speaking terms. For me, that's felt like a father disowning his daughter. But there's no way for me to forgive her for what she's done. I'll just say she broke the 8th Commandment.

Josephine moved from Vienna, Austria to Munich, Germany and opened a tobacconist shop. Edward, Josephine's husband, was a customer of hers. Josephine's father, Emanuel, was a school principal in Vienna.

Bella wanted Rina to be strong and independent like Josephine.

Bella wanted me to be scholarly like Emanuel.

Bella had been brought up by Josephine to be ashamed that Edward was Catholic.

Josephine thought that Edward might have had another family that he'd abandoned in the village in Bavaria that he came from. This must have brought up misandry in Bella and Josephine that they shared, but didn't talk about.

I only found out from Solly that Bella had a Christian father when Solly wanted to demonize Bella in my eyes.

All hearts eventually get broken.

Then, some move on to make their way into their soul.

This is the diaspora within us.

The Diaspora isn't for Jews anymore.

I see myself as the embodiment of my great-grandfather Emanuel. But I also see myself as the embodiment of the wishes of my maternal grandparents, Josephine and Edward, and, of course, the wishes of my parents, Bella and Solly. I speak aloud as though I'm talking to several generations at once. I want everyone to be able to embrace some of my message.

I see proper nouns as words of steel. I build upon proper nouns to produce a skyscraper within me that's as strong as steel and as transparent as glass. I dedicate each story in my edifice to a person.

Deep down inside, I think I'm always channeling the voice of my uncle who died at the age of seven. I'm more than just sincere. I'm more than serious. I know the importance of being earnest: "characterized by or proceeding from an intense state of mind; grave" [Wikipedia]

15.
Hook-Ups

I wouldn't say I had a lot of hook-ups in my life, but the answer to that question is subjective. When I think about what I was trying to accomplish through hook-ups with exotic men from around the world, I had a lot. But when I compare that to what some gay men have had, I may only have had a few.

Looking back on my sex life as a young man now, I can see that I had no idea what I was trying to achieve. Now I can see that I was the blue man in red/blue relationships. I acted out the role of the one who was hurt. I wanted to get in touch with my feelings of guilt, sorrow and an unconscious need to feel punished.

But I can also now see that I was acting out the roles of Solly [red] and Bella [blue]. I couldn't do so consciously at the time because the level of damage that they'd been through was so great that I needed a lifetime to appreciate the horrors they'd been forced to face in Europe and how that had made them feel. Solly felt red about it. Bella felt blue.

For trying to appreciate their virtues, I was given permission to PONDER their traumas.

I didn't know their virtues when I was young.

I had to seek intimacy with many men to discover the difference between vice and virtue. They couldn't be labeled red or blue. There are a virtue and vice in red. There are a virtue and vice in blue.

The secret to that moral mystery is imbedded in the seven visual symbols of emotions that correspond to the colors of the rainbow.

When I bottomed [blue], I lived out the feelings Bella went through with Solly. She was a kind, cooperative woman who just wanted to show her devotion to her husband and children. She wanted to support her family while letting Solly support us financially.

When I topped [red], I lived out the feelings Solly went through with Bella. He wanted to be a shining light unto Israel. Surviving so many smashed, Jewish bulbs left him enraged at why those lights had been extinguished. He wanted to express God's unwillingness to forgive the Christian world for what it had done to the Jewish people.

Solly couldn't consciously make that connection, so he ruled over Bella and "his" family as though he was God's right-hand man. His rage was misplaced. He didn't have the wisdom to use his conscience as his guide. He used his penis, instead. He pushed, pierced, penetrate, speared and lanced his perceived enemies. He had no ability to respond charitably to the tests our TEACHER was giving him. Nor could he conclude that the external tests he failed were related to challenges in his character.

Solly also had no connection to Middle Eastern Jews who hadn't been through the Holocaust. He just wanted to demonstrate to his murdered, European parents and all those who'd gone up in smoke in Christian nationalist ovens that they hadn't died in vain.

I didn't explore being a bottom or a top to be more like a woman [blue] or a man [red]. I was trying to understand my parent's struggle with their sexuality in a greater context. The truth was that I couldn't imagine what it was like to be heterosexual. I felt no desire to sleep with women.

Solly and Bella's sex life was, therefore, a mystery to me. Obviously, it turned out disastrously. I can't imagine any couple getting a divorce if they have a great sex life.

I went through the sexual revolution of the 1960's with a whole other agenda in the back of my mind than my peers. I didn't just want sexual autonomy. I wanted to discover the meaning of self-intimacy. It took me a lifetime to see the obvious.

On a vacation to the Riviera, I had a hook-up in Nice, France with a French fellow of Italian heritage. He was short and Mediterranean in stature. He had the brown skin and dark eyes I find so attractive.

I was topping that fellow when he suddenly looked up at me and said, "Daddy." But he said it in a voice that was so childlike, like Chatty Cathy [the talking doll] that it went through me like a knife. I didn't know that some men [y] had fantasies of sleeping with their father [y]. I suppose some women [x] did, too. Many men [y] in those days seemed to look for a woman to dominate. And many women [x] behaved like daddy's little girl.

That guy shocked me because I was worried about being like Solly. I didn't admire Solly intellectually, emotionally or spiritually. I didn't want to be like him, and I certainly wasn't physically attracted to him.

What I was doing with hook-ups was figuring out what it meant for me to be the combination of that one man [y] with that one woman [x] who'd given me life. The only way to do that spiritually was to get close enough to Solly and Bella spiritually to understand the virtues they'd bestowed upon me. Without appreciating what they'd given me in terms of contents, I couldn't appreciate my container as mine, alone, and not theirs.

For that, I needed more information about Solly and Bella to be able to tell others their virtues and values. The way I began that search in them was through sex with men.

I was a young man, and I was always horny. No one told me I could learn about my parents' virtues and values by sleeping around. From superficial explorations of intimacy with others, I learned how to go deeper within for a greater sense of self-intimacy that I could then reflect on whether they were gifts given to me by my parents.

At first, all I saw in Solly was a man who dominated and oppressed his wife when she didn't agree with him. They had huge financial problems that scared Bella because she was so deeply concerned about their children's welfare. But she didn't have the skills to contain her fear.

Their marriage made her so miserable that one day she took a bus from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. She planned to jump. But when she thought about us having to live with Solly alone, she began to cry and came home.

Acting out the role of Solly in bed wasn't my idea of a sexual fantasy. So, when that French guy called me, "Daddy," that chilled me to the bone, and I lost my erection.

All I saw in Bella was a woman who dominated and oppressed her children when we didn't agree with her. We didn't dare disagree with her.

A hook-up that brought a different light to my impression of Solly and Bella took place at a pissoir in a park in Amsterdam that I rode to late one night on my bicycle. It was summertime, about 11:00 pm. It was still light out and I could hear the animals that were making noises at the nearby artis [Dutch: zoo].

I'd never looked for sex at a pissoir before, so I was nervous. But there were two men there fooling around. When they saw me, they stopped. One of the guys started to grope me while the other watched.

You probably know what it's like to have an out of body experience. That night it felt like my body was enjoying sex with one of those two guys, but my mind was thinking about having a honeymoon experience with my husband while his best man was watching us.

That image stayed with me for years because it led me to conclude that all my hook-ups had been honeymoons after weddings that ended in divorce the moment we ejaculated. I saw myself as repeating Solly and Bella's wedding, honeymoon and divorce in an idealized manner in the course of a single hook-up.

But my parents had actually lived together for four years before they got married, so my idealized view of them was inaccurate.

In my mind, I produced a perfect, first night experience between an experienced man with a virginal woman. And I was always the [blue] virgin who had an amazing first orgasm in the arms of her [red] experienced husband on their wedding night.

I didn't realize that I relived that fantasy with every man I had sex with until I looked back with older eyes at that night in the park with those two Dutchmen. It was as if one of them had been my sexual partner and the other, a witness to what I was doing with the other. But having that witness, made it possible for me to assign a witness within me to observing myself. That witness was my conscience.

Like the dream I had with Juan that brought me slowly to the surface of the ocean of my emotions, I had many experiences with men that added to my surfacing with consciousness to awareness of what was really motivating me deep down inside.

Now I finally know that what I'd wanted Solly to tell me all my life was, "Be kind to yourself."

If he'd only known that much about life, I could have loved him, even though his and Bella's relationship didn't succeed. If he'd bestowed that drop of honey upon me, I could have discovered the sweetness of my own wisdom without having had to let so many men ejaculate in me at one end or the other to discover how giving and friendly they were to me with their penis.

I had to give and receive kindness to so many men before I could give myself what we were giving one another. I had many hook-ups before I could admit my innate GOODNESS.

I no longer need to use men to like me or honor my parents. I have ONE GOD and one soulmate [Wyatt].

That's changed everything for me from the meaning of MONOTHEISM to the meaning of monogamy.

When I was finally old enough to look back on my life like the Sierra Nevada Mountains the pioneers crossed to get to the Pacific Ocean, I could see the wisdom in GOD having let me find wisdom through my own circuitous route. I went west. And that has made all the difference.

When Wyatt and I got together 15 years ago, I saw that I was finally ready to live out my fantasy of being a man in bed one way, and let him be a man in bed his own way. We were ready for the more intimate relationship of being individuals, not stereotypes performing red/blue roles.

Wyatt would never in a million years tell me that I'm the best friend he never had growing up or that sex with me is better than with any other person on the planet. But that's because he's a gentleman.

I'm a gentle man, but I rarely behave like the gentleman he is. We respect each other's differences. I want the whole world to know how amazing he is in bed. He would rather I didn't tell a soul.

I want to praise GOD for having brought Wyatt into my life. He just wants to walk around the subject of GOD altogether.

It appears to me that he isn't enrolled in that subject in the school of life. He has other things on his mind, and they're all vital to my happiness. Why wouldn't I celebrate the way he is and the classes he's taking? I don't need to change a thing about him. I just need to understand how GOD made him in His and HER image, so different from me. If GOD wants him to change, that's THEIR business.

Our intimacy in bed is no less rewarding than our intimacy in every other room in our house. We're two sets of soles celebrating soulful regard for one another. We don't have to get sloppy about it with the kind of maudlin feelings you see on TV. Maybe we're a little like your grandparents, except that we're more aware that we're a gentle man with a gentleman making our way together through today's harsh world.

I'm very dependent on Wyatt for my connection to the outside world. He's so externally oriented and capable of navigating this complex world we live in, while I'm not. I feel like I'm just about ready to enter the 20th Century, while he keeps reminding me that we're now well into the 21st.

Wyatt has turned the mystery of my life into the mystery of having GOD in my life. This makes each moment more precious than the moment before it.

I don't feel like I'm wasting my life in any way. I feel that time is now on my side because time has never been more subjectively important to me.

Now, going home isn't about returning to my address in San Francisco. Going HOME is a feeling of returning to GOD.

There are ways to advance in the school of life without pain and suffering. But there's nowhere to go from here without milk, honey and eggs. We need the bees [Jews]. We need the sheep [Christians]. And we need the birds [Muslims]. The only way to work with all three is for me to see gays as gifts from THE GOD WHO created us.

I hope my stories about my sex life help you with your sex life because sexual adventures turn into an important part of our journey. I think it's worth me telling you how I truly feel, so different from how I felt as a young man and even as a middle-aged man when I was with Larry.

If you could cut the corner that I couldn't cut to arrive at where I am now, you might have what I have for longer than me. You could achieve a strength and power so much greater. You might even be able to make the kind of difference that the world desperately needs today in shaping our tomorrows.

Charles Dickens said, "It was the best of times. It was the worst of time." That didn't just refer to the 19th Century. That refers to every moment in the here-and-now. People today are distressed. They resemble the U.S. flag displayed upside down.

It's O.K. to be distressed. The time in which we live is distressing. But you're so well prepared for this day-and-age if you're young, young at heart and an old soul.

Today's kids are so much more focused on accuracy. Just look at how they negotiate technology. That kind of attention to detail is just what it takes to make a difference from within.

Each of them is like an iPhone. They're a technological device made of flesh and blood that THE TEACHER is teaching them how to operate in mysteriously, unique ways. The more today's young people appreciate this metaphor, the easier it will be for them to upload new spiritual apps into their hardware.

16.
Replacement Politics

The fruits of good and evil described by Moses in Genesis 3 were meant to make man feel guilty. Adam humiliated himself by blaming Eve before God. And then Eve shamed herself by blaming the serpent. Neither of them could reflect on how they looked before Him then, or what they'd look like before us today. They'd simply covered their genitals with embarrassment and thought that would be enough. The physical embarrassment, emotional shame and spiritual humiliation that our ancestors had to go through have brought us to where we are today in terms of our knowledge of guilt, especially the guilt in having to be ourself.

The fruits of good and evil haven't changed since Moses first described them so long ago. Those fruits have simply taught us more about guilt than those before us could ever know. But we can't anticipate what will come next. Only in retrospect can we see how we're trees of knowledge today so different from our ancestors' interpretation of the literal meaning of a forbidden tree in a faraway place called Eden.

I'm a metaphoric tree of knowledge: Jewish.

I'm symbols of bread [flesh] and wine [blood]: Christian.

I'm like a bird that made my way out of an egg. I'm spreading my wings and learning to fly: Muslim.

If your imagination isn't advanced enough to produce pictures of yourself in your mind, you're not going to be able to follow my trains of thought. You may even jump the track and crash. You may explode if you're holding something volatile deep down inside you. Or you may walk away in a daze, unable or unwilling to think about what just happened. You may be a train wreck and not even know it.

The logic you produce in your head; the rationality you produce in your heart; and the reason you produce in your soul are what lead to the appreciation of beauty. To become a beautiful human being on the inside requires a coordination of your thoughts, feelings and beliefs that leave others in awe of the harmony [coordination] you've achieved inside.

The 1% are turning us back into their slaves. But we can revolt in many ways, one of which is by becoming a beautiful human being. We don't need to humiliate the rich and powerful. We're richer inside than outside. The more we raise the class curve, the more the billionaires will learn about the poverty that creates the hording of money. Paying a lot in taxes is a privilege.

Embarrassment of our body leads to modesty.

Shame of our character leads to humility.

And humiliation from GOD leads to loyalty to life and LIFE EVERLASTING.

You have to reside in a deep place in inner space to understand these progressions.

Those who aren't old enough or experienced enough are simply shallow by today's higher standards.

Judge today's Abrahamic followers from where you are in WONDERLAND as either deep or shallow. If you claim to be deep, don't be afraid to learn how to make love by becoming lovable.

Make your children PROUD [pleased] with you.

Pay a lot in taxes.

Don't force your children to make you proud [self-important].

Sex is just one topic in the school of life. That only sexual issue that's worth asking is whether you're breaking your word to someone and whether you're behaving red or blue emotionally. If you're lying to others, you'll never be able to give yourself the answer to the first question. If you're truthful, you have the potential to become emotionally purple, whether you're a top or bottom, male or female.

Once you're sufficiently deep to explore your sexual desires as urges given to you by GOD to teach you to use your conscience as your guide, you'll discover more about matters of your heart and soul. You'll appreciate all that you've learned about guilt because it doesn't tempt you as much as it did before.

Educated, straight believers are now sensitive enough to their own spiritual advancement to understand that the songs, "All I Have to Do Is Dream" [1958] and "Like Strangers" [1960] by the Everly Brothers should make us cringe by today's more awakened, sexual standards. We were attracted to those songs in an old-fashioned, romantic sort of way because those two brothers sang about loving women.

But this isn't what I hear. I hear them singing about their sexual attraction to one another.

If a gay man doesn't sing about his sexual attraction to his straight, biological brother, straight brothers shouldn't sing that way to each other, either. Let's keep love between biological brothers out of the bedroom. That will require more sensitive attention to the use of pronouns.

"All I Have to Do Is Dream"

https://duckduckgo.com/?t=ffab&q=dream+by+the+everly+brothers+music+and+lyrics&ia=videos&iax=videos&iai=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.youtube.com%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DtbU3zdAgiX8

"Like Strangers'

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cBZK-jsEfm8

Don't regret not having seen how perverse our forefathers were even though they didn't consciously know it. There are all sorts of sexual associations you may make unconsciously that you may not yet see as creepy. The more you look deeply into what

straight people may be unconsciously telling one another, the more you'll appreciate the irony of how gay people are helping straight people clean up their act with GOD'S help.

The Abrahamic faiths are a family of believers. Either Muslims are educated and sensitive enough to understand what it means to be GOD'S third child, or they're going to continue to murder their older, spiritual siblings [Jews and Christians] and themselves, as we see so many of them doing. This in-family fighting has got to stop.

Today, the road of ישמעאל [Ishma-el: heard by God - Islam] crosses the road of יצחק: [Isaac: laughter - Judaism]. We thought these two roads would never even come close to one another, let alone cross [T]. But our inner world is as round as our outer world. It's all a part of GOD'S plan to turn us from animals through humans being into figurative angels.

All Muslim nations today are failed states. But so is Israel. The only nations that are succeeding and progressing in a civilized manner are those with marriage equality. And those nations all come out of the Christian foundation with the exception of one Buddhist nation [Thailand] and one Taoist nation [Taiwan].

Until the whole world wants what we've achieved in civilized nations, there will be no peace on Earth. People will continue to tear each other apart for ridiculous reasons. You can see the difference between our nations and theirs. GOD is smiling down on all nations with marriage equality. It's no secret. It's just something people don't want to talk about unless they're in WONDERLAND.

Does it look like the religious nationalist Jews are behaving wisely; religious nationalist Christians, lovingly; and religious nationalist Muslims, soulfully? Of course not. And that's because they've all chosen the same scapegoat: the gays.

GOD will continue to humiliate the extremists in the Abrahamic faiths until they see the light. I doubt there will be peace on Earth until there's marriage equality throughout the world.

In Genesis, God changed Abram's name to Abraham. The difference in those two names is negligible. God merely wanted to show His children that names don't much matter. Calling God Elohim, Father or Allah is a moot point. What matters is that you recognize that you must behave like a monotheist if you believe in any of these names for GOD.

Those who are spiritually deep will understand that the conclusions our ancestors came to about God through His scriptures were necessary then, but not now. Today, only the shallow will refuse to PONDER more elevated ideas about GOD'S plan for man.

Just believing what the leaders of your faith have told you to believe is too superficial a way to address your scripture, given the education and worldliness you've achieved in your life. QUESTION everything. Believe what you find to be wisest. It will be your beliefs that will define your life and the possibility for you to achieve LIFE after life.

Be careful what you bite into, chew on and decide to swallow. You always have the option of spitting out anything that seems distasteful, rotten or inedible.

Gay Jews are treated like Ishmael by homophobic Jews because homophobic Jews can only identify with Isaac. They aren't willing to feel the disappointment and humiliation Abraham and Sarah put Hagar and Ishmael through.

The thing is that if it had been Abe, Sam and Harry, it wouldn't have been any different. Feelings of jealousy and envy break up relationships and ruin things down the line.

Black people were treated like Ishmael by white Christian nationalists who also identified with Isaac. Racist, white Christians are still unwilling to feel the disappointment black Christians felt because of what Christians put them through.

The unification process of brotherhood that Jesus taught His followers didn't negate what God taught the Jews before He showed up. The reconciliation of Ishmael and Isaac can only happen from within. Neither are responsible for what their parents put them through. But they are responsible for how they respond to it today.

The differences in dress between Orthodox Jews and secular Jews is no different from Christians who wear red or blue caps. The more people try to dress differently, the more they accentuate the differences they hold in their heart.

The Hebrew word for clothing is בְּגָדִים [begadim]. But the root word carries the deeper meanings of treachery and betrayal. "In Biblical contexts, clothing can symbolize one's identity, status, and even moral condition, reflecting both the external appearance and the inner truth of a person." [Wikipedia]

Fashion isn't just a way of identifying with others. It's also a way of obscuring or concealing your distain of others. People who ignore others are only showing how ignorant they are.

Anyone who engages in the counterculture is seen as an Ishmael in the religious nationalist world. Yet the irony of life today is that everyone feels like an outsider regardless of how they dress. Some are just too shy to admit to God that they've been unconsciously revolting against aspects of themself.

You can see how many Muslims worldwide have moved onto the world stage because they observe our Judeo-Christian mistakes and wish to avoid them. But so long as homosexuality is a sin in Islam, Muslims will slip and slide on the ice. Their self-hatred will get the better of them.

Now that everyone in the underground movement on the left feels like Ishmael and everyone in the above ground movement on the right feels like Isaac, the conflict between these Biblical half-brothers and sons of Abraham is moving toward a breaking point. Until we come together to study our scriptures together, politics will remain the tail [counterculture] that wags the dog [establishment].

Breaking the family model comes from the story of Abram, Sarai and Hager in Genesis. Hagar should never have agreed to that ill-fated sexual union with Abram.

Today, Muslims [birds] and Jews [bees] feel like they came from a broken home. The story of how Ishmael and Hagar were rejected by Abraham and Sarah ruined homelife with sexual impropriety. Muslims feel like Ishmael. Jews feel like Isaac. Until these half-brothers come together with sympathy for what the other has been through emotionally from a biblical perspective, I don't think much may change politically.

Jews, Christians and Muslims can't call themselves Abrahamic with PRIDE [dignity].

Their sons are murdering one another.

In the Book of Exodus, God gave the Israelites the Ten Commandments. In the 6th Commandment they were told not to murder. But then in the next Book [Leviticus], God gave them exceptions [laws] to that Commandment.

There are no exceptions to any of the Commandments. The exceptions [laws] from Leviticus 20 enumerated below are terrible remedies to problems that can be managed much more wisely than the ways God orders them dealt with.

1. Those who sacrifice their child to Molek must be murdered.
   Believing in competing, false Gods, gods or god-like men is a sin for a monotheist. Those who believe in the ONE GOD WHO created us all know that there is only ONE GOD. We know that Molek and other, ancient names for their Creator hold false values. Indigenists who believed in false gods have since converted to one of today's seven faiths. Today's Jews, Christians and Muslims claim to be monotheists. Therefore, they should know that we were all created by the same GOD. False gods were created by GOD to test our values. Sacrificing children to false values is a terrible mistake, but it's not a reason to kill anyone. Unless people get violent with us, we should seek peace with them.

2. Those who curse their father and mother must be murdered.
   Children who get verbally or physically abusive with their parents are trying to tell their parents that they're bad parents. Parents who haven't sufficiently PONDERED the meaning of their own life are going to look like hypocrites in their children's eyes. But murdering your parents because they disappointed you is ridiculous. Parents must be helped, not murdered.

3. Adulterers and adulteresses must be murdered.
   Killing those who break their promise of fidelity is a slippery slope. You wouldn't want to murder someone for breaking others promises they made. Murdering people who don't keep their word doesn't fix the mess they made. It doesn't even deter others from breaking their word. You'd have to be very shallow to kill anyone who lets you down.

4. Both a son who's had sex with his step-mother and his step-mother must be murdered.
   When men had many wives, there was a chance that one of a man's many sons might have sex with one of his many wives, especially a father's youngest and most beautiful wives. In today's world this problem doesn't rise to the level of a problem that even needs to be discussed, let alone enforced. Only a man who's insane with jealousy over his son's container or contents would murder his son. And killing his wife for having sex with his son is the sign of a man with a terribly fragile ego.

5. A father who has sex with his daughter-in-law and his daughter-in-law must be murdered.
   Same ridiculous problem from the point of view of a son; same outrageous solution. The best I can say is that we're so much deeper than the shallow Jews for whom these words were written 3,400 years ago. Any man who would want to enforce this law against his wife and his father is just as deeply damaged as they are.

6. Gay men must be murdered.

Murdering gay men for having sex with each other doesn't solve a problem. It only creates a problem. Religious nationalists [y] disapprove of gay sex because it mirrors their disgust with the feminine side [x] of themself. Those countries with marriage equality keep religious nationalists and their insane unconscious desire for revenge against themselves in check. The argument for murdering gay men, as the Christian nationalists in Germany did in the last century because it would improve the moral fiber of society, is illogical, irrational and unreasonable. Anyone with a head, heart and soul can see through this preposterous law. Murder is immoral. Anal sex is not.

7. Anyone who has sex with an animal and the animal must be murdered.
   What could possibly be the point in killing an animal someone had sex with? Some animals, like the dog, may understand the concept of embarrassment of their body. They may even understand the concept of shame of their behavior. But no animal has the cognitive ability to understand the meaning of humiliation before GOD. Don't behave like a pig, a boar or a jackass, and you won't find yourself attracted to animals.

8. Anyone who predicts the future [mediums] or describes connections between disparate peoples [spiritualists] must be murdered.
   Murdering those who QUESTION these Levitical laws isn't going to stop GOOD people from thinking, reflecting upon their feelings and evolving their beliefs. Exceptions to the 6th Commandment don't work. By extension, exceptions to any the Ten Commandments don't work. If you begin by not murdering people, you won't find reasons to break any of the Ten Commandments.

   The difference between "murdering" and "killing" is the big question.
   You murder a human being.
   You kill an animal.
   If you think that someone is an animal, you think you have the right to kill them.
   Knowing the difference requires becoming a human being with a conscience.

If you look at how you've treated yourself in the past, that should bring up the compassion not to use the excuse of killing people whose values are different than yours.

[I'll discuss the difference between empathy, sympathy and compassion when you've come a little further through the looking glass into WONDERLAND.]

These eight laws from the Book of Leviticus, given to Moses by God, were set up at a time when there were no other monotheists in the world. It would have made no sense then to punish indigenists who were polytheists for crimes committed by God. In those days, nobody had any idea that there was only one God except the Jews. The ancient Jew had no choice but to protect themselves from the violent indigents around them.

Even now, people behave as though there's more than ONE GOD. They don't want to discuss their differences. They want to use brute force to get what they want.

The creation of Christianity and Islam, both of which claim to be monotheistic faiths, requires them to subsume the Ten Commandments from the Book of Exodus but not the laws in the Book of Leviticus. Today's Jewish nationalists aren't wise enough to discard these laws. The problem is that, like the Christian and Muslim nationalists, they're

homophobes. Only men who love men can see through these moral [internal] and ethical [external] issues.

The Holocaust was the culmination of Christian jealousy with the Jews that had mounted over the course of 2,000 years. Christian nationalists believed they had good reasons for breaking the 6th Commandment and murdering the gays and Jews. They murdered anyone and everyone who opposed them.

What Islam is being forced to face today is no different, except that they're envious, not jealous, of the Jews.

The Christians wanted the Jewish container that Jesus got from His mother. Today's Muslims want the Jewish contents that earned us the State of Israel.

Coveting is unreasonable.

We're all stuck with what we got.

If you want more, you'll have to werk with GOD to get some of it and make peace with the rest of what you got.

Christians are still puritanical and prudish over the body they didn't get.

Muslims [Ishmael] are still killing Jews [Isaac] over the broken home they both came from.

The family of man must unify, not divide.

The conflict created by these eight laws in Leviticus is so obvious to anyone with a conscience that it's almost laughable to even have to explain the idiocy of following them. Surely, THE TEACHER created this curriculum to prove to us that not everything in this world should be taken literally. Our whole idea of our CREATOR needs to be adjusted to the modern era in which we live. We're old enough now to know better. GOD is a TEACHER WHO wants us to learn to think, not obey THEM mindlessly.

Follow the Ten Commandments.

Think twice about agreeing to any of the laws in the Book of Leviticus.

Reject the eight laws in Leviticus 20.

Rabbis have a responsibility to denounce these eight laws and enact marriage equality in Israel. By not doing so, they're causing great harm to Jews worldwide and to the State of Israel.

Priests, ministers, parsons and pastors have a responsibility to teach from the New Testament and leave it to us to reinterpret the Old Testament for the modern age. Christians have done enough damage by stepping over the line drawn by Jesus that separates them from Jews. Christians have a responsibility to stop murdering in Christ's name. They're tearing their Tutor [Jesus] to pieces.

Muslims have a responsibility to acknowledge that the State of Israel was given to us, not them. Muslims need to join the civilized world by enacting marriage equality, as well. Their imams and clerics have a responsibility to reflect upon the message of their Jewish Tutor [Gabriel] presented to them by the Prophet Muhammad who brought them out of indigenism to MONOTHEISM. If Muhammad could move out of the broken heart of an orphan who lost his father and mother, Muslims with parents can carry the mysterious message in moving out of their red heart into their blue soul.

Gay people have come out of the aron [ark, basket, Ark of the Covenant and CLOSET] to teach the world the meaning of WONDERMENT. Obviously, straight men couldn't do this

themselves, and won't be able to do this without the help of men who have the natural ability to love men.

The concept of ONE GOD has brought us to the paradoxes, conundrums and enigmas we're living with today. If God stated these laws for literal obedience at one time, then S/HE has obviously changed HER mind since. It's far more likely that these were trick questions from THE TEACHER on our ancestors' tests. Early monotheists were simply too immature spiritually to see the big picture. They had to learn to QUESTION their logic, rationality and reasonableness. It's now time for us all to scorn these ridiculous non-issues and move on.

The way to replace evil with GOOD is with BETTER beliefs. Unquestioned thoughts and shallow feelings produce erroneous opinions. The concept of GOD for today is a CREATOR WHO leads each of us individually toward LIFE after life with greater diversity and understanding in order to achieve a deeply personal rapport with Him and HER.

Today's fathers hold a position of influence. They don't have supreme power over their family. They may state their beliefs, but they don't have the right to control their family with their beliefs. Their beliefs are just strong opinions. Society has a greater responsibility to the wellbeing of us all that must be upheld.

Today's mothers have the right to equal influence with fathers over their children. If there are conflicts between parents with regard to the raising of their children or between children that their parents can't solve, society has a responsibility to get involved if it leads to trauma or violence.

The science that governs this process is called "psychology." The more parents learn about this science of the mind, they more they can control the forces within themselves while expanding their loyalty to GOD.

This isn't a GODLESS world.

This is a world that's becoming godless.

I seek a depth to my FAITH that our primitive ancestors could never have approved of because they were shallow by today's more enlightened standards. If I hadn't read my scripture with a modern, probing perspective, I, too, would have become dogmatic, dominating and unreasonable. Thankfully, I love men. I would never hurt a man unless I absolutely had to protect myself.

Wisdom has nothing to do with the profundity of my scripture alone. All scriptures are wise and profound. Wisdom is the result of a deepening of the interpretation of values as conveyed by words.

Seek honey to make money.

If you're unsure of what you're doing, seek royal jelly as well.

17.
"Call me Ishmael"

Herman Melville [1819–1891] practically pumps your hand with glee in the first three words of Moby Dick. "Call me, Ishmael" isn't what you would have expected anyone to say to you in 19th Century America. Christians identified with Isaac in Torah in those days, not Ishmael. Americans were a more religiously traditional people then. They knew that Ishmael referred to Muslims. They knew the pursuit of big Dick, the great, white fish [Jesus], was something Satan would describe. This was the spiritual agenda Melville couldn't talk about because he was gay.

You may still not fully appreciate my motive in dedicating this book to gay Muslims and trans people if you solely identify with Isaac in the Book of Genesis. You can't know what I know from personal experience with gay Muslims. And you won't learn what I've learned about trans people until Chapter 33 [GOD'S IMAGE].

I dedicate this book to gay Muslims and trans people because religious nationalists are praying against them. If we in the spiritual community don't PRAY for them, nobody will.

I see GOD'S realm here on Earth more as a courtroom where S/HE is the JUDGE. The jury may cast a vote on outcomes, but it's more of a recommendation to the JUDGE than a pronouncement of the way things will turn out.

Nevertheless, I believe my PRAYERS are answered, but not because I'm sitting in the jury box. I'm actually a defense lawyer advocating for my clients. My PRAYERS are more like briefs submitted to the court. I take the outcomes of our trials here on Earth very seriously because the tribulations of my clients are very personal to me.

Perhaps you can now see why a white rabbiT in WONDERLAND is needed as more than just a tour guide. You're being called up as a witness for the defense as the result of learning to WONDER about why it is the way it is. The prosecution is made up of the Abrahamic faiths and the 1%, who are homophobes at heart. The JUDGE will certainly rule in our favor. Hatred is not a Jewish, Christian or Muslim virtue.

Disappointment in love is a level of sorrow that can only be overcome with greater discipline, not cynicism. I should have used my Tutor's help to achieve what I couldn't accomplish on my own years ago. But I didn't have a spiritual connection to GOD in those days. I thought I could get my dreams to come true by myself.

Sex just for the fun of it has its limits.

It's fun to read the first chapter of a book after you've perused the cover front and back. And it's no big deal if you decide to put the book down and not read it through to the very end.

The problem I had with my reading [sexual] preferences when I was young was that I was more attracted to collecting covers [bodies] than reading books [spiritual insight]. I didn't like reading [spirituality] in those days. I can now see that I was spiritually illiterate. I was only interested in pretty book covers. I had scores of book covers [hook-ups] I'd collected sitting on shelves [memories] that I'd never bothered to read [reflect upon spiritually]. I guess when I was young, I just wanted to impress people by telling them I had a sex library in my mind [a wide range of sexual memories].

Today I'm more impressed with what I've done with those memories to advance my moral awareness of my present in relationship to my past.

Every two men talking are saying more than others may hear. Some people think that men have nothing important or deep to communicate to one another. But I watch how men converse with one another. I listen to their tone of voice. I interpret their feelings for each other using the literal meaning of their words as lyrics and the melody of their speech as song. Men sing to each another. There's harmony in the way they communicate. It's not always easy to perceive that if you don't look and listen with your nose.

I also watch men's body language. Most straight men are physically free and easy with other straight men.

Sadly, many men, gay and straight, may not know what they're doing right when it comes to communicating with one another.

Every time a man touches his nose, he's telling GOD how much he wants to smell the promise of LIFE after life. Every time he scratches his body, he's telling GOD he's irritated by something just outside the boundary of that part of his skin. Every sneeze is GOD blessing him. Every burp and fart is him cursing himself. A yawn is a silent scream.

But every time he touches another man, a man reassures Ishmael and Isaac that Abraham is dead. There's no reason for any man to let childhood traumas interfere with his struggle for brotherhood.

Body language isn't a language you can interpret in others unless you've studied your own body in the mirror like a dancer. You're going to have to learn about your container to feel more comfortable with your gender. How will you attract someone of either gender into your bed if you don't know your own container intimately?

Your container is the tip of your iceberg. Your contents all lie below the waterline in your heart. Below the bottom of your heart lies your soul. The oil you seek below the ground of your feelings is black gold, Texas T, the lubrication that will get you out of your shell without breaking it.

Gay men and lesbians can only interpret so much of your body language for you. We know what we know because we care more about our gender than straight people do about theirs. But you can catch up if you're straight by observing yourself more closely.

There isn't a man on the planet who doesn't secretly love his penis, testicles and anus. But there also isn't a man alive who hasn't been poisoned with hate that leaves him insecure about what's going on below his navel. That insecurity just comes to the surface differently for each of us. The only person who can heal you of your self-hatred is you. A gay man can try to help a straight man do that, but the straight man has to do his own inner werk. A gay man can't do it for him.

You may think that gay men aren't up to the task of creating peace on Earth because of the alcoholism, drug problems and sex addiction in our community. But that's just the tip of our iceberg. At the edge of the waterline every gay man secretly tells himself, "Take off shoes. Me go water."

We never wanted to do God's bidding. We've always unconsciously wanted to do GOD'S bidding. This is His and HER request of us to be authentic; to be ourself. This is the werk S/HE has given to each of us alone. We want to heal all men of the horrible self-hatred we were cursed with. We want to end ridicule in both our worlds.

We know GOD wants us to cherish others even more than they cherish one another and themself. S/HE wants us to model for the world what self-forgiveness looks like.

I have no qualms about forgiving myself for loving the contribution Jesus made to humanity after everything self-proclaimed Christians did to my family. I even forgive myself for everything I did to myself to medicate my problems with hurtful behaviors.

The religious nationalists hate those thoughts that take them down through their קשה עורף [kshe oref: stiff neck] to places deep down inside that they were told are forbidden.

GOD can and does see everything. S/HE even sees what you don't see about you that S/HE gave you clues to in your body. If you think you aren't going to get lessons tailored personally for you, you don't realize you're enrolled in a very special school with THE ONE TEACHER of us all. If you don't believe that everything that happens to you has been personally set up for you to learn about yourself each and every day of your life, you've got your head up your ass. A mirror won't help you see that.

This world isn't like a clock, a God-made machine that ticks out time without a way to change the future. The future is changed every second of every day depending on how you respond in the here-and-now to the present.

The religious nationalists claim anal sex is the problem. Those who are secular claim love is the answer. The BEST answer lies in learning to like yourself.

Being locked in CLOSETS doesn't mean there's a change in store for you sexually. It means there are changes occurring to your personality to improve you. Your relationship with yourself is changing. This is a spiritual paradox, conundrum and enigma that will change your attitude toward the one man you were brought here to learn to like in your own, unique way.

Straight men don't usually realize they're a prisoner in their own hands. They'll shake hands with other men, but neither of them will look each other in the eye and admit in loud in words or out loud with a wink, a smile or a nod that that hand has gleefully rubbed their own penis. They don't want anyone to know that their hands are in love with their whole body. And the even greater secret is that their whole body, not just their penis, is in love with their hands.

Men go into trades that don't require a college education so they can use their hands to make money. They love their hands for giving them a way to survive. But they may not want to admit that those very same hands have given them a way to experience the challenge of liking themself a little more each day.

The touch of a woman is a gentle reminder to a straight man of what his own hands do for him that he's been forbidden from doing in ways gay men have been sanctioned to do. A straight man has to perceive the color violet [ecstasy] through a woman's eyes. He has to touch her to feel BETTER about himself. That should make all GOOD straight men QUESTION how GOD made them in THEIR IMAGE.

GOD made straight men the way they are to teach them to love themself indirectly. We don't need to try to change them. We just need them to understand that only we can help them understand themself. They don't know enough about being a spiriT in the body of a man. And women can't teach them that. It takes a gay man to teach a straight man what it means to be a man.

That said, there are plenty of princesses and queens who don't like themself. And there are plenty of frustrated princes, too. The problem isn't your gender, your sexuality or your God. In the next chapter, I'll tell you your problem. I call it the [z] factor.

So, why did I dedicate this book to gay Muslims and not to gay Jews?

It was Harvey Milk, a gay Jew, who told us to come out of the closet.

If Jesus had been a gay Jew, there wouldn't be hope for anyone other than gay Jews.

GOD, in THEIR infinite wisdom, had to select a non-Jew to carry THEIR message.

With milk [love] and honey [wisdom], you can get through any test THE TEACHER puts you through except for tests of self-loyalty.

You need a land of milk and honey within you as well as around you to prove your loyalty to yourself above your loyalty to all others. Israel's struggle is with GOD, not God. You need to be awakened to your own struggle with GOD. You need a mission that's so tailormade for your spiriT and your body that you know in your heart of hearts [soul] that it comes to you from our GOD, not your God.

GOD is my gay GOD, our Jewish GOD, your Christian GOD and their Muslim GOD. S/HE created all Gods, gods and god-like men and women. Until you recognize that our GOD is half FEMALE, you'll continue to hate something about yourself.

Without a mission that proves your loyalty to you, you'll never make it to your final DESTINATION, destination or whatever you want to call it. Whether you believe in Heaven, Paradise or Nirvana, you'll never get there if you die in a prison cell that only you can get you out of.

If a boy has an attraction to his brother, and they become physically intimate, that's not a crime. But if he has an attraction to his sister, and they become physically intimate, that's abominable. There is a double standard.

I'm shocked that many in the gay community that I spent my whole life supporting have tuned into anti-Zionists. They drank the Kool Aid. Now they hate the Synagogue as much as they hate the Church. Now they want to get back at both by supporting the Mosque. Fools venture where gayer angels dare not tread.

Granted, Israel overreacted to October 7th. But the U.S. overreacted to 9-11. Trying to turn Afghanistan into a modern, Muslim state was failed, political policy because the only thing that will turn all Muslim states into civilized states is a Palestinian state with marriage equality. The U.S. went to the wrong end of Islam in starting a war with the Taliban. We should all be looking to Israel to solve this problem for us.

Gay Muslims can appreciate that what once was a narrow path created by the LGB & T community, we've turned into a highway. Gay Muslims know that they butter their pita on the inside. It doesn't matter to them if Judeo-Christian bread falls butter side up or butter side down.

Most gay Muslims believe in LIFE after life. They know that gay Christians can't get them where they want to go without gay Muslims swearing allegiance to Jesus. Gay Jews can't get them to Paradise either. Only Archangel Gabriel can help them.

Today's Gay Muslims just want to believe what Harvey Milk told all gay people to do. They want to use his truth to attain their truth. They just want to come out of their CLOSETS into a safe world where they can live in peace with their lesbian wife or gay husband.

I'm almost as shocked by what's happened to the LGB & T community recently as by what's happened to the Republican Party we once knew. But I'm all American, not half American. I'm an Independent who's telling you what I see from the center of the political

spectrum at what I see happening at both ends. Horseshoe politics isn't lucky. I don't care if you nail that horseshoe right side up or upside down.

At one time I was embarrassed by my body, ashamed of my character and humiliated by GOD for feeling guilty about having to be me.

Today I love myself just enough to like myself. I've werked on myself. Now I have to watch my country go through what I've been through. Americans don't much like America these days. Some Americans have even lost their civility.

I think the U.S. chose to sacrifice our needs for the needs of Israel after October 7th. I think Americans knew that the Democrats wouldn't support Israel militarily the way the Republicans would, so they voted Trump in as President.

But now that Gaza lies in ruin, Lebanon, Syria and Yemen see themselves as next on the list for destruction because the Republicans backed Iran into a corner. Supporting Iran with oil and drug money from South America must stop. The protection of Israel will bring us the spiritual answers we need to make further peace everywhere on Earth.

The Middle East is a donut.

Teheran is at the center of that donut.

There's no THERE there.

And their spiritual emptiness has been spreading throughout the Middle East.

The U.S. and Israel are stopping Iran from invading Mecca which is located in Saudi Arabia. The future of Islam lies in our hands, not Muslim hands.

The future of the Vatican was saved by the U.S. after the Italian nationalists sided with Hitler. The future of Mecca must be saved by the U.S. and Israel, so the Sunnis aren't overrun by the Shiites. Muslims have proved that they can't manage themselves spiritually. Anti-Zionism has overwhelmed their mind.

I'm reading the handwriting on the wall to you. Apparently, some haven't yet learned to read cursive. Is this the problem in seeing what GOD is saying today?

If you can sign your name, you can combine those few precious letters you can read in cursive to make meaning of your being.

Think about it this way: Life is a piece of paper, and you're the tip of a pen. You're learning how to hold yourself as you go up and down and around in ways that will leave your John Handcock in indelible ink on the page.

No one needs to write graffiti on walls as though they were God revealing His truth to the world. You don't even need to sign checks anymore. You just need to move yourself across the page as though you're a pen; as though you're climbing mountains; descending into valleys; and turning yourself around in intelligent circles to produce a signature that's so legible to others that GOD will invite you to LIFE EVERLASTING.

18.
A Man and a Woman

There's a scientific explanation for the difference between the genders that's genetically accurate but spiritually inadequate. They taught us in school that a man is genetically defined as [x + y], and a woman is defined as [x + x].

That explains how we were made physically. Some of our physical characteristics come from our father [y]; others from our mother [x]; and some are new combinations of the two.

But we can now see that the [x] chromosome we all got from our mother isn't the same as the [x] chromosome women got from their father [x]. This is a poor use of symbolism because the symbol [x] represents two different ideas.

I'm going to rename the chromosome we get from our mother [z]. This means that man is [y + z] and woman is [x + z].

We're still genetically a combination of [x] or [y]. But there's a strange quality we all got from our mother [z] that's hard to define. I'm going to describe it as something about our spiriT that unites us in ways that nothing else can.

All the trouble in the world is caused by [x] and [y].

All the solutions to the problems in the world are created by [z].

CONTEMPLATE your navel, the valley or mole hill on your belly. You were born from a woman [z]. You didn't come out of a man [y] as Moses claimed. Whether your gender is genetically male [y] or female [x], you literally came out of a woman [z]. Moses used a metaphoric explanation about the beginning of human beings to describe something that mankind has blamed women [x] for that doesn't describe enough of the big picture.

Our spiritual path is determined by the mother [z] GOD gave us.

The point in your spiritual education when you first discovered that you had something that united you to both men [y] and women [x] was when you entered WONDERLAND with your first orgasm.

That was the magical moment when you discovered that the [z] side of yourself had been hidden in your body until puberty when it surfaced in a mysterious way.

Having a penis ejaculate in your anus isn't going to change the way you understand the forces of thinking [head]; feeling [heart]; believing [soul]; and desiring [penis]. The only thing that's going to change your relationship to yourself is your relationship to your navel [z]. This is the Hindu chakra that reveals the myriad faces of GOD.

If you've been conditioned to think of God as male, you're going to give yourself ways to do as you please in the hopes that you'll be able to convince Him that you have His best intentions at heart.

That's a lie you're telling yourself.

You're in denial of how hypocritically you're behaving toward your truth.

You can only have GOD'S best intentions at heart if you're aware of the [z] factor that unites all the forces within you through your mother.

Praying to God isn't going to help if you have to answer to THEM rather than to Him. Once you realize that GOD [Y] has a feminine [X] + [Z] side as well, your conscience won't be able to get away with everything you tell yourself.

Obviously, you couldn't know your [z] factor until you'd made your way this far through the looking glass. WONDERLAND is where you're primed for the secrets of the universe. All the experience you've attained up until now has prepared you for what you need to learn about yourself to make BETTER use of your conscience as a spiritual guide.

You can't read the handwriting on the wall until you've learned GOD'S language [metaphor, symbolism and similes] and used figurative speech in self-communication. That is what produces CONTEMPLATION, MEDITATION, QUESTIONING and WONDERMENT.

GOD'S language isn't Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek or Arabic. GOD'S language lies much deeper within you. Putting His and HER language into words is always going to lack some of the profundity of THEIR message. As you learn how to better communicate with

yourself, you'll learn to PRAY. Increasing your self-knowledge will teach you to like yourself.

Honesty is the best policy because it leads to self-intimacy.

You can't trust yourself if you're lying to anyone.

There are so many people who claim to believe in one God, but who behave badly under trying circumstances. These circumstances are the result of paranoias that come from deep down at the bottom of their heart. There are creatures that figuratively live down there that are frightening, even dangerous.

Paranoias are different from fears of outcomes in the external world.

Paranoias are fears that live in our inner world. We all project our paranoias onto the external world.

My mother used to tell me to put a sweater on because she was cold. The chill she felt was a sign that her conscience was a fire that wasn't stoked enough to keep her warm. Projecting that paranoia onto me didn't help her advance spiritually.

Paranoias projected are called phobias.

Obsessive/compulsive behaviors and addictions are attempts to manage phobias.

What you need to learn to manage are paranoias before they surface as bad habits that turn into phobias caused by self-disregard.

O.C.D. and addictions are common reactions to those we trust who betray us. We don't have all the knowledge needed to perceive people's prejudicial intentions with our eyes and ears alone. Only our intuition [nose] united with our conscience can tell us whether people are doing things with good reason.

Life is a school, in part, because we all need to learn to protect ourself from the terrifying creatures that rise up from the depth of our own heart, so that we don't end up blaming gays and/or Jews for what we're going through.

When children aren't given what they want, they conclude that their parents are against them. This creates currents in their heart that draw up paranoias that children should be encouraged to deal with through play. Video games are ways some adults relieve themselves of paranoias, too. This helps them avoid obsessive/compulsive behaviors and addictions that would lead to more phobias that always end up being expressed as anti-Zionism and/or homophobia.

We should be ashamed of many representatives we vote into political office because they study our phobias to wrest power away from us. Our country is in great distress because we're all becoming distrusting of what we're being told. The media is made up of men and women who are also paranoid. Spiritual ignorance mixed with greed is ruining the nation.

The problems between men [y] come from their fathers.

The problems between women [x] come from their fathers.

The problems between men [y] and women [x] come from their fathers.

I can sum up the topic of betrayal in eight simple sentences:

1. Men [y] betray men [y].
2. Men [y] betray women [x].
3. Women [x] betray men [y].

4. Women [x] betray women [x].
5. Men [z] trust men [z].
6. Men [z] trust women [z].
7. Women [z] trust men [z].
8. Women [z] trust women [z].

> "Do not have sexual relations with a man [y]
> as one does with a woman [x].
> That is an abomination."
> [Leviticus 18:22]
>
> Instead,
> have sex with a man [z]
> as one does with a woman [z].

The self-loyalty that's needed to confirm what I've just said emanates out of your navel [z]. This is the only inner force you have in common with everyone on Earth. We were all born of woman.

Moses experienced his first fear while floating down the Nile.

But he experienced his first paranoia by blaming his mother as a frightened infant for allowing that to happen.

It was only in the bullrushes, after the terror was almost over that he [z] cried out for what he thought must have happened to his mother [z]. If she didn't come to help him, he concluded she wasn't able to because she wasn't safe.

God chose Moses above all other Israelites at that time because he [z] cared about his mother's [z] wellbeing, even though he [y] thought she'd [x] abandoned him. Leading the Children of Israel out of bondage was just Moses' way of helping his mother through a mission.

19.
The PERPLEXED

All my friends are PERPLEXED.

Everyone is PERPLEXED.

But my friends are surely the most PERPLEXED people on the planet.

I can't take responsibility for that because it's as if I didn't choose them. I feel as though THE TEACHER just sat them down next to me and told us to work together on how to werk separately.

My friend, Mike, is an atheist and sex addict [his words]. The discrimination he went through in his parents' house as a gay boy growing up was so debilitating that he was ecstatic to get out of their house to celebrate how much freer he felt out in the world than he felt with his own family.

I think he defies his hateful parents by only having hook-ups. I think he's afraid to love. I think the shallow levels of intimacy he achieves with other gay men bring him the courage he needs to overcome his paranoias without overwhelming his spiritual system.

Every single week he cleans his apartment from top to bottom. I think that's a reminder and celebration that he's grateful to GOD to be out of his parents' house. They haunted him with threats of disapproval by Jesus.

Biting into, chewing on and swallowing the fruits of GOOD and evil have turned Mike into a stanch Democrat who vehemently advocates for the poor and disenfranchised.

He's earnestly seeking a side of himself [z] that he doesn't have a word for. He hasn't yet found a way to name his [z] factor, but he knows that we're all spiritually related and need to help one another.

Wyatt has helped me see that I can lead a horse to water to entice it to drink.

Helen Keller was a lesbian who learned how to follow her tutor [Ann Sullivan].

Helen became a permanent resident of WONDERLAND.

If she could do it without eyes and ears, just with her nose, surely you can do it, too.

I can lead you to water, but I can only entice you to drink.

The choice is yours.

My former business partner is obese. She's an atheist and food addict. Her father habitually raped her when she was between the ages of 12-15. She built a wall of flesh between her [x] and her father [y] that everyone can see and politely tries not to mention.

She's never going to lose the hundreds of extra pounds she carries. She doesn't want to tear down that wall. She only yearns to build it higher. Someday, she's going to fall off her wall like an egg and crack open. And all the King's horses and all the King's men won't put her together again.

But she's one of the most brilliant people I've ever met. What makes her so smart is her lack of guilt. She's not embarrassed by her body; she thinks her father should be. She's not ashamed of her behavior; she thinks he should be ashamed of that, too. And she knows there is no God. So, she has no hope of achieving revenge from God against the man [y] who ruined her [x] life. He's dead, and she doesn't believe in hell.

When she dies, I'll celebrate her departure from this school as a chick [z] who had to die to be REBORN. I can't imagine how much courage it's taken her [z] to stay sane under

her circumstances. A thin shell is all she's got to separate her from the horrid world around she'' always see around her.

Some chicks [z] never hatch. They live in their shell their whole life. That's the equivalent of a closet. They have no desire to come out. Nor do they have any interest in discussing the matter with GOD, given that their mother [x] didn't do anything to protect them [z] from their father [x].

How and when you enter WONDERLAND is personal. The more you know yourself, the more you can talk about your challenges in ways that may be meaningful to others.

My former business partner has her own opinion about the difference between good [x] and evil [y].

She believes that only women [x] are good enough to save us.

But she's made a fist, extended her arm over her head and raised her middle finger.

That's her message to God [Y] and man [y].

I wouldn't think of contradicting her. I think her answers are absolutely right for her. I see her as an amazing classmate who helps me compare and contrast my idea of life on Earth to hers. I'm in complete agreement with her that none of us should believe in God. There is a GOD. But it's not the God we were brought up with.

A close friend of mine named ג'ונתן [Jonathan: God has given] recently died at the age of 88. His parents were New York, Jewish artists who moved to Louisiana in the 1930's. His father was a commercial artist, and his mother was a portrait art. Needless to say, they were as poor as church mice during the Depression.

Jonathan had a younger sister. Both of them grew up to hate their mother [x], Nadine. But I could see from just a single photograph of Nadine [z] with Jonathan when he was a child that she loved him [z] intellectually.

I think Nadine hated her mother [x] and father [y]. She created a great conflict between her children's thoughts and feelings. The two of them were virtually crippled for life.

Outwardly, Nadine just wanted her kids to survive under the financially horrible circumstances of those days.

But she had no understanding of how her feelings of negativity toward men [y] and women [x] drove her to torment everyone around her. She coached her children as though life was a game they had to win. She didn't guide them as though life was a school they could graduate with HONOR.

Jonathan's sister died in a mental institution. Jonathan died of heart failure. He never succeeded in forming a sexually intimate relationship that he could sustain. The studio apartment he lived in for 35 years was his shell. He shared it with his cat. He cleaned the litter box because he loved his cat [Mona], but he couldn't part with her feces. The place was filled with Mona's feces in plastic bags that he didn't have the heart to throw away.

I think the same was true of Jonathan's own shit. He couldn't let go of it.

Jonathan was a Bu-Jew. He followed Buddhism all his life and claimed to be a pacifist. But he didn't lift a finger to fight the part of himself [y] that was hurting him [z].

He wrote poetry and drew sketches of men in the nude for fun. He dreamed about achieving fame and fortune. But the enemy [y] he wasn't interested in getting to know was himself. He was a thing with feelings for everyone, but he could only express those feelings for his cat. He couldn't express his feelings for himself [z]. He tried to achieve self-intimacy with porn. Real people terrified him.

Jonathan was a charming, old man with a sweet disposition. He had many friends. I'd go so far as to say he was beloved. I don't want to give you the impression that he was a curmudgeon or a dirty, old man.

He hadn't yet written a will by the age of 88. He hadn't even made arrangements for the care of Mona when he died. He continued to express his [red] rage by talking about how much he disapproved of Nadine's [x] treatment of him. He never learned how to use his childhood experiences to contrast who he'd been with who he'd become.

Jonathan felt abandoned by Nadine [x] every day of his life. He was a Moses who died in his basket in the bullrushes. Many could hear him crying and tried to help. But he never got further out of his closets than that.

What Jonathan omitted to tell anyone was that Nadine left him a small fortune when she died at the age of 99. He slowly ate through her money, but he hated spending it on himself. He lived in poverty and did whatever he could to get others to pity him and spend their money on him, instead. He died leaving tens of thousands of dollars behind without making any provision for helping out his friends, many who were poor.

This is a level of misogyny [x] that's comparable to my business partner's misandry [y]. These are ways in which [x] or [y] takes over and squelches everything [z] tries to unify from the inside in.

I'm not about to take responsibility for what you've done to yourself. I'm not going to pour water down your throat. That would be spiritual waterboarding. The paranoias that rise up from the bottom of your ocean of emotions will haunt you, not me. I'm not going to ruin my reputation with me by using sadistic arguments to try to change you.

It's not my job as a task rabbiT to do your werk for you. Just don't blame all the gays and/or Jews for your problems. That's your problem, not ours.

I also have WONDERFUL stories to tell about friends.

דניאל [Dani-el: God is my judge] was married to a woman named Grace. "Grace" is what GOD gives us if we move through the deepest level of guilt [humiliation] with righteousness and dignity.

Dan divorced Grace when he realized he was gay. She forgave him. They eventually became best friends [z] + [z]. Dan found a man [y] he loved, but Dan's [y] relationship with Andrew [y] didn't last. Andrew [z] married Gerry [z], and the four of them [z] + [z] + [z] + [z] went on many vacations together because Dan brought them and kept them together in a loving bond. Grace [z] recently died. Near the end of her life, Andrew [z] and Gerry [z] arranged with Grace [z] to buy her home. Now the two of them [z] + [z] live five minutes away from Dan [z].

People who seek love [z] find it. People who seek revenge, [x] or [y], find themselves looking for dreams that remain just out of reach. To receive you must give. Giving is hard to do because sometimes people don't want what you've got. I've had to bite the bullet [my tongue]. I've had to leave conversations to avoid the source of people's problems which I could see emanate out from within them. I could see that they weren't yet capable of addressing their problems with WONDER.

Giving to others is practice in learning to receive from myself. The more I give, the more I receive. The better I learn to give, the better I learn to receive.

I'm becoming an expert at receiving by learning what to give when.

This is the way to wisdom in WONDERLAND.

I've PRAYED to GOD to remove my vindictive tendencies. I've asked for more lessons from THEM to help me help THEM do so.

I'm willing to do the werk.

I'm willing to do the work.

I just don't want to go to any institution of religion to worship. That's not how I enjoy handling my challenges.

Buddhists believe in a force they call "karma." Those who believe in God call that force "God." Yet all the religious nationalists who believe in God try to use gays and/or Jews as scapegoats. As a gay Jew, I'm in the enviable position of being able to use the first-person plural pronoun [we] to tell the world that we're sick of it.

Neither the gays nor the Jews are creating the world's problems. You're creating all the world's problems. If you want to seek revenge, seek revenge against yourself, [x] or [y], by WONDERING whether you have a [z] factor.

Karma is a bitch.

But at least you now know that the source of karma isn't God.

The source of karma is GOD.

Another friend of mine, Raphael, got married to his partner, John, after 35 years of living together. They haven't had sex together in decades, but they're absolutely devoted [z] + [z] to one another. They don't use sex [y] as a weapon. They found sex works better for them, [y] + [y], with other men [y] rather than with each other, [y] + [y].

Other people's sex life is none of my business.

GOD didn't make me judge and jury over the institution of marriage.

I don't know what's best for all others.

So, I got my nose out of other people's private parts.

I live my own life.

I've got my own curriculum to deal with.

I look at how THE TEACHER deals with my answers to my test questions.

If you can't resist looking at others' paper, at least question whether their answers to their test questions are even remotely similar to the questions you're being asked to answer. Do you really think THE TEACHER would be so stupid as to give you and your neighbor the exact same test?

Bella and Solly's marriage only lasted ten years. Living together as an unmarried couple the previous four years was a major lifestyle choice that was frowned upon in the 1940's. That set them apart from most of their peers. But their parents had been murdered. All their family members had been murdered. They felt they had the right to do as they pleased.

They probably decided to get married because Bella wanted children. Solly already had Ellen, Henry and Ilana to raise, but that wasn't enough for Bella.

Solly and Bella probably thought of themselves as a normal, average couple. They divorced in 1960 because their hearts had been broken, but neither bothered to look more deeply at what that said about their relationship to God. It all comes down from above.

Having been Holocaust survivors presented them with huge questions that neither of them could fathom. The physical pain they'd been through, coupled with the tremendous

sense of grief in losing all their loved ones, was all they could handle. There wasn't even much in the way of psychological help in those days for those who were so deeply psychologically damaged.

But they were both lucky enough to find loving partners who were more compatible. The problem was that Bella and Solly never consciously entered WONDERLAND. They didn't WONDER why they were brought here or how much they'd contributed to advancing the cause of man's humanity [z] to man [z].

THE TEACHER knows that most of the students in this school are at the secondary school level. They aren't going on to spiritual college to ask themself tough questions. They aren't interested in exploring the meaning of their life through poetry. They're going to remain prosaic. They just want to succeed in the external world with enough money and friends to make their time here enjoyable. They don't care about the hole in their donut. They'll take what they can get around them, rather than from within them.

Bella was stuck in her ark.

She cared about the wellbeing of her family, probably like Noah's wife.

She did what she could to get her and her children off her husband's ark.

But she couldn't separate herself from men.

She had to build an ark of her own.

Solly was stuck in his basket.

He cried out for his mother to save him.

When he realized his mother hadn't showed up because she'd been gassed and then burned in an oven, he got furious. It was all he could do not to retaliate in like kind.

This world is filled with people who are normal but who'd like to be treated as special. They're average, but they want to think of themself as unique. And those desires should be respected, even if some scorn them behind their back. They're simply stuck in a closet.

Unfortunately, most people think that everyone else is normal and average, while they think of themself as special and unique. They avoid talking about their spiritual struggle. Even if they wanted to, they can't find the words.

Their problems have a poetic side that they can't grasp. They aren't more insightful because their eyes are shut on the inside. They're too afraid of God to consider the alternative, a wise, loving and loyal GOD WHO wants them to learn about THEM, not just about Him.

They're visitors to WONDERLAND who don't know why they end up here.

They can't imagine that our TEACHER brought them.

The Democrats are selling us [x].

It's helping us understand our challenges with racism, homophobia, misogyny, misandry and gender dysphoria.

The Republicans are selling us [y].

It's helping us face our challenges with Jews, Jesus and Archangel Gabriel.

But the state of the nation is appalling because the classroom is divided.

If you need a friend [z], look within.

Give yourself a hand [z].

You deserve you.

What's more, your classmates deserve you [z].

Everyone in WONDERLAND is PERPLEXED.

That's a necessary part of becoming a fully rounded, human being.

20.
The Four Seasons

Wyatt met Peter many years ago. We'd see Peter on the bus occasionally because Peter only lives a block away from us. So, I thought reaching out to Peter might be a convenient way for us to develop a friendship with a gay neighbor.

Peter is from Singapore, and Wyatt is especially fond of gay, Asian men. Peter works in technology, and Wyatt is technologically super smart, too. Peter is also a foodie, and Wyatt loves to cook and bake. Wyatt is especially fond of Asian cuisine.

So, the three of us started to do things together. Everything worked out smoothly because it was founded upon Wyatt's enjoyment of friends with similar, intellectual interests.

At Pride, a year and a half ago, we invited Peter to join us the Saturday before the Sunday parade to scope out the downtown event before the half a million people showed up the next day. We're too old to go to the San Francisco, Sunday, Pride parade anymore, but we like a taste of Pride, and the event the Saturday before is perfect for us.

Peter invited a friend of his [Keith] to join us. Keith met us in a leather vest which showed off his muscular arms. He's a gym bunny. He works out daily and eats a carefully arranged number of calories to support his muscular development. As a a white rabbiT who was formerly a ballet dancer, I get along well with gym bunnies.

Keith is also Asian. His father was a diplomat for Taiwan. Keith was born in Madagascar. He only lived for a short time in Taiwan in childhood before his father was sent to Kansas City, KS to work in the Taiwanese embassy there. Keith was 10 years old when he was brought to this country.

It turns out that each of the four of us was born in a different season. Peter was born in winter. Keith was born in spring. Wyatt was born in summer. And I was born in fall. That's how Keith came to call us "The Four Seasons."

Winter [Peter], Spring [Keith] and Summer [Wyatt] love to talk about the external world. Fall [me], of course, is interested in the fruits of my labors that I gather in the autumn before the ice returns in winter, that bring me into my next spiritual year. My life is all about my inner werkings.

The three of them put up with me, but they really aren't much interested in where I'm coming from. WONDERLAND isn't a place that interests them. So, I try not to get too personal.

I'm very fond of Peter and Keith. And I love Wyatt. So being with the three of them makes me feel good. But I've learned to make an effort to join them in the external world they share. Doing so has helped us form a friendship family.

You've chosen to come with me on this tour of WONDERLAND. We have our peculiar relationship about the meaning of life because the topic interests us.

The three of them know that I see myself as a tree of self-knowledge, and they love to rib me for being a sap. Some trees can't help but ooze out what's inside them. I like to remind them that I was the tree in the forest that brought the three of them into the grove the four of us share.

The day we met Keith at Pride he and I took time to walk alone together and talk. He told me he's a doctor. I asked him what area of medicine he specializes in, and he told me he'd been an AIDS doctor, but he's now working for a drug company on cancer research.

Because Larry died of AIDS, I asked Keith more about his affiliation with AIDS patients. Keith is 15 years younger than me. His career choice of treating gay men with AIDS was of personal interest to me having lived for 14 years with a man who died of AIDS. It soon became clear to me that Keith puts his heart and soul into his job. He doesn't just go to work to collect a paycheck.

Larry died of sex addiction. I certainly have my own experiences with escapism.

Addiction to food, alcohol, drugs, cigarettes, sex and gambling is common worldwide. People can even get addicted to work. I was never addicted to work, but now I'm PROUD [honored] to be able to say that I'm addicted to werk. Werk sets me free. It relieves me of the burdens I faced all my life that left me feeling odd, weird, queer and peculiar. That's what led to me becoming PERPLEXED.

I used to WONDER about a lot of things that I don't need to WONDER about anymore. Thanks to the inner werk I've done, I've found poetic answers to some problems I see others still having to deal with prosaically.

Some go to bakeries to seek self-love by eating sweets.

Some go to liquor stores to drink in their spiriT through liquid spirits.

Some go to smoke shops to fume about what they can't have.

Some go to cannabis dispensaries to get aboard express trains to WONDERLAND.

Some go to sex club to fly to Heaven in others' arms.

And some go to casinos where they pray to God for outer wealth.

I wouldn't know this if I didn't know how to use my mind to imagine; my heart to achieve my dreams; and my soul to encounter GOD. Finding my way through WONDERLAND has turned me into the gay, white rabbiT who's leading you through the looking glass.

We all try to avoid too many sweets, liquid spirits, cigarettes, party drugs and wild sex. But none of us can avoid casinos in the figurative sense. Life is a gamble. There's no escaping the speculative nature of being alive, especially if you're concerned about LIFE after life. There are risks and rewards for everything we do. We've got to take chances. Those who suffer analysis paralysis know what I mean. The trick is to avoid high stakes in which you might lose more than you can afford.

Wars and sports are common ways for straight men to bond with other straight men without worrying about sexual innuendos. Having a common enemy in war or opponent in sports brings men together. Competition and battles focus them in a way that nothing else does, with the exception of the fear of eternal death. Feeling like a member of a team or a troop is easier for some men than feeling like a member of the family of man.

Playing with balls and scoring distracts a lot of people from the challenge of becoming spiritual. Winning becomes a substitute for TRIUMPHING.

But feeling like a team player with GOD as everyone's COACH isn't possible unless you're a monotheist. And that's hard for straight men to do given that gay men bond much more naturally and easily with men than they do.

My secret is my [z] factor. I talk about what I have in common [z] with everyone. I'm not insecure about bonding spiritually because I'm secure about my sexual relationship [z] with Wyatt [z].

Keith opened up to us about his feelings for his mother. He's in his late 50's and she's in her 80's. Apparently, she'd been a tiger mom who protected him through all their world travels.

But she infantilizes him, as many mothers, not just Jewish mothers, are known to do.

Why don't we see Christian nationalist mothers [x] standing by their gay sons [z]? Why would their Christian Tutor [Jesus] get between the mother/son bond? I thought the whole point of Christianity is to celebrate the family bond.

Jesus [Y + z] guides all mothers [z] to fight for the rights of their sons [z]. It's the Church that's destroying that bonding by using Torah unwisely. THE SORCERER'S apprentices shouldn't get mixed up in matters that don't concern them. Each and every Tutor leads us to lessons from THE TEACHER in a circuitous manner to teach us how to produce milk and honey; bake bread, make wine and learn to fish for ourself; so, we can make our way out of our shell and learn to fly. For that, you need eggs.

Just handing people milk, honey, bread, fish and eggs is a dead end. It may be a good way to attract them to the cause you feel passionate about, but it only produces takers over time. People need to learn to receive through giving.

It shouldn't surprise anyone to see Asian mothers [z] modeling spiritual, baking skills with milk, honey, eggs and fishing techniques that white Christian nationalist women [x] can't employ because they're following the laws of Leviticus that most Jewish mothers [z] discarded long ago.

Wyatt had a mother [z] who didn't just care for him. She kept him alive. Losing a lung as a child is no minor medical challenge. Nevertheless, his mom [Lois] didn't allow him to hijack the family with his pain and suffering. Lois modeled to Wyatt that tough love is still love.

Peter may not have gotten much in the way of a [z] factor from his mother [x] who was mentally ill. But he did become caring and nurturing thanks to his father's [z] and brother's [z] help. Their curriculum was vastly different from most men in their day.

Women [z] who love their children just as their mother [z] loved them make good fathers [z] to their kids. Bella demonstrated that after she divorced Solly.

Fathers [z] who love their children just as their mother [z] loved them make good mothers [z] for their kids. Solly couldn't demonstrate that. His mother [x] had been busy building a business. He was the youngest of eight children. He was raised by servants. He was practically an orphan.

Once you know that power emanates out of your navel [z] - the first wound and scar you ever received in life - you come to believe that your ties to your mother [z] go beyond any other ties you've ever had.

That said, I'm not a misandrist. I don't hate my father. GOD gave me both my parents to spiritually challenge me to become the BEST person I could be.

This was all planned. S/HE knows what S/HE is doing. The ties to your mother [z] and father [x] or [y] bind you to Him and HER, and to one another.

The religions of the world are all exclusive because they appeal to the [x] and [y] factor in their worshippers. The business world is exclusive for the same reason. People yearn to

feel exclusive [special and unique]. Their institution of faith satisfies them with promises from God, and then they seek products and services that will give them a sense exclusivity to fill the hole inside them.

WONDERLAND isn't for snobs. If you turn your nose up to anyone, you're turning it up to your God. Your inner world wasn't given to you to raise yourself above others. Either you [z] look at yourself in the looking glass directly, or you'll project your struggle, [x] or [y], onto others. What you'll then see in the looking glass will be a distorted imagine.

These misperceptions of reality turn your inner world into a house of mirrors, a maze of mirrors and glass panes that include some curved mirrors that create distorted reflections.

The Prophet Muhammad was an orphan. He spoke passionately about the needs of orphans. The more we use our [z] factor to relate to everyone, but especially orphans who have no connection to their biological mother [z], the more healing we'll bring into this world.

Those who know this do what they can to relieve themself of their feelings of self-abandonment. They stop hurting themself and others. Some even come to believe in ONE GOD WHO created us all with a plan to bring peace to this planet.

Life is a navel [z] academy, not a naval academy. You've been enlisted whether you want to serve, or not. You're making your way up from seamen [semen] recruit to fleet admiral. And you won't be discharged from this fighting body until you die.

As a gay Jew whose scripture [Tanach] claims that straight Jews should murder all gay Jews, I appeal to Judaism to denounce all behaviors that originate in Torah that are uncivilized by the standards set by humanity in the modern era.

I feel a special need to protect gay Muslims who haven't had a chance until recently to come out of the ארונות [aronot: CLOSETS] in the U.S. to be free. If I can help gay Muslims and trans people by changing the perception of gay Jews by Israelis in Israel, I believe I've done my part.

If Harvey Milk could infuse his wisdom into the gay community of San Francisco in the last century by urging my generation of gays to come out of one closet, I, Harvey Honey, can offer my understanding of the CLOSET metaphors in Torah to the whole world today.

21.
Forgetful

Manasseh was the first son of Joseph in Torah. One of the twelve tribes of Israel was named after Manasseh. מנשה [Manasseh] means "to cause to forget." Manasseh, my gay, German, Jewish friend from Berlin is very forgetful. He always forgets how Jewish homophobes really feel about him.

Manny [Manasseh] is about ten years younger than me. His mother was Jewish, so he's Jewish. But his father had been no more than a sperm [y] donor. She lived with another man for a number of years. From the age of 10, Manny lived with his mother and his sister lived with her father and his family.

Manny always believed in God. He claimed to be Jewish through his mother, but she didn't provide him with a Jewish home or a Jewish upbringing. The rabbis in Germany required him to study Judaism and formally convert at the age of 18. He also needed to be circumcised.

There was no doubt that Jesus had a Jewish mother [x + z]. Yet, Christian nationalists throughout Europe refused to honor His Jewish roots [z]. They praised their Jewish God [Y] while loathing His Jewish roots [z]. They had to be shamed by what they'd done to the Jews in the Holocaust before they were wiling to change their mind about how they felt about us.

Daniel was visited by Archangel Gabriel who explained Daniel's vision. "That underscored the importance of divine communication and the clarity that God provides to His servants. Gabriel's involvement illustrates the active role of angels in God's communication with humanity, serving as instruments of His divine will." [Wikipedia]

Mother Mary [x + z] was also visited by Archangel Gabriel who told her that she was about to have The Lord's Son [Y + z]. He was the first Jew to come from His heart, rather than just His head.

Seven hundred years later, Archangel Gabriel told Muhammad that He was going to inscribe God's word [Z] in his heart. That moved Muhammad out of his broken heart to become the first human being to come from his soul [y + Z].

I don't see these religious relationships to this Jewish archangel as incidental or coincidental.

Here we are 2,000 years after Jesus acknowledged the path from His Jewish navel [z] to His Father [Y].

Here we are 1,400 years after Muhammad moved through the words of Gabriel [Z] that transcended his broken heart to bring him into his soul [Z].

Yet these three Abrahamic followers are murdering one another over the land God gave us.

What's more, rabbis, patriarchs, priests, pastors, parsons, minister, imams and clerics have done little to forge peace between their flocks by teaching them what we all have in common. What we have in common are our Jewish roots [z].

For the most part, religious leaders only extol the religious position of their own religious establishment.

No WONDER this world looks as it does.

No WONDER people are so shallow.

And the problem isn't going to get any better until people in the religious establishments guide their followers in a better direction.

Religious leaders spend a lot of time and money on helping the poor and disenfranchised. That said, the uber-rich want to remain stinking rich. They only support the Synagogue, Church and Mosque because the religious are willing to care for the wellbeing of the unfortunate. The rich don't want the government to have to do that. That would raise their taxes.

The uber-rich only care about their money.

The religious nationalists of today only care about their power.

But THE TEACHER is teaching us all about the meaning of milk, honey and eggs.

And that's causing a great deal of pain and suffering because so many people don't want to learn about the meaning of life as much as they want to receive material comforts.

Manny and I share being gay, German and Jewish. But our sexual identity, national origin and religious affiliation aren't enough to bridge the spiritual gap between us.

Clearly, GOD brought Manny into my life to teach me more about myself, not him. I just didn't know what I didn't know until I WONDERED what I could learn about me that I didn't yet know.

Manny's matzoh always falls butter side down. He's always unlucky. He sees himself as the victim of unfortunate outcomes. He has the mentality of a victim.

God holds a very traditional role in Manny's life. He complains a great deal about how others treat him, but he discusses none of his life lessons with God. God is his Lord and Master. He doesn't really believe in GOD, THE TEACHER.

This has made Manny bitter and disapproving. He speaks and behaves like a modern, gay Jew, but he feels and believes like an old-fashioned Jew who has a chip on his shoulder. Manny isn't even shy about expressing his disapproval of me if I point out that his head is filled with modern thoughts, but his heart is filled with feelings of persecution that he refuses to face.

I found all this about Manny disconcerting until I realized something about me that I hadn't seen.

I was showing off how much I knew about life rather than teaching people for the sake of helping them. That's why Manny was brought into my life. I was waterboarding him rather than offering him a glass of water to quench his thirst.

I couldn't teach people how to be nicer to one another until I couldn't get past my own feelings of having persecuted me. I often felt rejected or neglected. I dreamt of becoming a popular writer because I wanted other people's abandonment issues to disappear.

I've since learned how to figuratively grab ahold of my own umbilical cord [z]. I've learned how my [z] factor has given me an exclusive relationship to the mother [z] GOD gave me. Not even Rina shares my [z] factor. Each of us had a unique, individual relationship to Bella.

I now see how my German-Jewish mother [z] raised me so differently from how Manny's German-Jewish mother [x] raised him. Manny doesn't want what I have spiritually. He prefers to blame his mother [x] for how she raised him to maintain the victim mentality. He's a sentimental, old Jew who unconsciously hates his mother [x]. He's a Moses still crying in a basket. He's stuck in the bulrushes. His mother [x]

abandoned him. But because he knows a little something about Torah, he's waiting hopefully for a princess [a young, gay man] to come along to adopt him. What he got instead was me, an old queen who wasn't willing to listen to him kvetch.

It was no surprise to discover that my abandonment issues were what was really on the table. What Manny does with his abandonment issues is of no further concern of mine. I can befriend people on trains of thought going in the opposite direction.

Many Abrahamic men [y] blame women [x] for not removing men's feelings of abandonment. Men [y] blame women [x]. And women [z] are sick and tired of it.

I now believe that women [x + z] would do better running the world, even though they were badly influenced by men [x + y] in the past. Many men are still too selfish, greedy and emotionally damaged to make decisions in everyone's best interest. And I hold this opinion, even though I have no relationship with my own sister, Rina, nor want to have a relationship with her. She wasn't nice to me. She broke Commandments #8, #9 and #10. That hurt me because I had feelings for her, and now I feel betrayed. If she wants to heal our relationship, she'd have to start by getting out her checkbook to refund Lou's [Bella's second husband's] two children and me from the inheritance Rina stole out from under us.

There are men [y + z] and women [x + z] who reject the [z] side of themself.

They see themselves as insufficiently acknowledged and appreciated by almost everyone. They have a chip on their shoulder, even if they don't believe in God.

They reject their mother [z] because the world rejected and neglected them.

They also reject the feminine side [Z] of GOD.

Many men [z] and women [z] are werking on maximizing their virtues to understand what makes them filled with such WONDER. These are the people who need to run the world.

Women [x + z] don't generally become the rabid homophobes that men [y + z] become because women don't distain being the receiver [bottom] sexually. Women are naturally bluer than red because they're aware of how men have treated them for thousands of years. Therefore, women understand and empathize with how sad, gay bottoms feel when they're used, abused and discarded.

If you find yourself with people, [x] or [y], in your life who consider you a perpetrator of crimes against their humanity, study those circumstances deeply. Your spiritual grades are more important than your explanations, excuses or defenses.

Some women want to have a baby. They unconsciously know that feeding their fetus reflects the spiritual process by which women learn to love themself through loving others. They want to give to others in the most intimate way possible.

This produces an umbilical cord that will be severed after birth. This will create the navel that will remind you of your mother's gift of life to you before you were born.

This will bring the spiritual meaning of milk, honey and eggs to you through your mother long before you understand what you went through to be ENROLLED in this school.

I don't think Manny will stop kvetching once women run the world. GOD will continue to torment him with lessons that Manny isn't willing to PONDER. He's a long way from making his way to his own revelatory, burning bush experience. He's a long way from coming out of some of his closets. He's been through his ark. He has no problem being

gay. But he's stuck in his basket. He insists on feeling abandoned. For Manny to recognize that he could be on his way to becoming a tabernacle of The Lord, he'd have to rethink everything he thinks about men [y] and women [z].

He's only gay in the most superficial sense of the word.

He doesn't see that all out, gay people are angels disclosed.

They're no longer disguised.

I used to feel sorry for Manny because I felt all the negative feelings he felt.

But I've had to stop empathizing with him. I now realize he attracts negativity because he's stuck in a spiritual HER [basket] I was in and came through.

Manny isn't interested in going through the looking glass to live in WONDERLAND. He's stuck staring at his own reflection in the mirror. Like so many others, Manny hates his mother [x] and father [y]. There's no way I can convince anyone that it's easy to werk your way through misogyny [x] and misandry [y] with FAITH [z].

Manny doesn't want a rabbiT in his life. He wants a bunny he can play with. He wants someone who'll passively agree with him that life is like what Moses went through in a basket on the Nile. I can't tell Manny that he's being rejected, neglected and abandoned with good reason. I can't tell him that he's a CLOSET case. I simply have to let THE TEACHER teach him. I got the lesson I needed from that experience. Sadly, all I can do is tell you what I learned.

The struggle I went through with Manny revealed my struggle with misogyny.

My mother couldn't do any better than Jochebed under the circumstances my mother had to go through.

GOD gave me a skin like a shell. If I can't see myself as like a chick in a shell [CLOSET], I'm still a racist who's contrasting myself to the shade of other people's shells.

GOD gave me a serpent between my legs. If I can't love what I received, I'm still a homophobe who covets what other men have.

GOD gave me a messenger. If I don't like the messages given to me alone, I'm still a misogynist [x] and misandrist [y] who hates my [z] factor.

I couldn't make my home here in WONDERLAND until I could overcome racism, homophobia, misogyny and misandry. I still can't put down roots here if I have feelings of revenge toward any or all of the Jewish people. My goal is too great to get caught up playing God.

Bernie Madoff, Harvey Weinstein and Jeffrey Epstein were Jewish men [y] who demeaned their mothers [x] with their crimes. They had to have been homophobes. All three of them demeaned a part of themself [z] that no admirer [z] of gay men would ever do.

The 1% must learn from these three Jews what not to do. GOD is watching them. There's a price to pay to be a member of society. That price is called "taxation."

"No man is an island, entire of itself. Each is a piece of the continent, a part of the main." [John Donne] For a fish to know that much about the land God gave the Jews is a spiritual accomplishment.

Atheism is not the answer. Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism are world faiths created by GOD even though they don't PRAY to GOD. But the Abrahamic faiths don't either. All

the world's faiths are pointing us in the direction of MONOTHEISM. There's a reason [z] for everything turning out as it does.

The Temple the ancient Jews built twice in Jerusalem was destroyed both times and must never again be rebuilt. It's time for all Jews make their way through the tabernacle closet to today's CLOSET of gender identity. It's time for us to reveal GOD'S universal presence [Z] as seen from the inside out.

My nightmares were given to me by GOD to move me out of my head, down into my broken heart, through the fire in my breastplate into my soul. You don't need to know about my nightmares. You need to know about yours. This will move you into your navel where the universality of GOD'S plan for man emerges.

Then, you can make peace with your serpent [y] or worm [x], and stop the tug-o-war between men [z] and women [z]. After that, becoming anal retentive will discipline you in turning your problems into challenges.

I don't want you to take a lifetime getting into your soul. I want you to spend the rest of your life coming out of your soul into the forces below your bust. That's what I mean by graduating this school with HONOR. That can only be done if you come out of your CLOSETS.

1. The Israelites left Egypt for Israel with Moses. [1,400 BCE]
2. Their offspring fought under Joshua to conquer Canaan. [same]
3. Early Israelis built the Temple for Solomon. 1,000 BCE]
4. Then they lost that Temple to the Babylonians. [600 BCE]
5. Then they rebuilt it thanks to Ezra. [400 BCE]
6. Then they lost it to the Romans. [70 CE]

The Temple cult has been dead for 2,000 years.

Our temple is now the external world.

Everywhere we go and everything we do is a form of prayer.

All the institutions of religion point fingers elsewhere as if to say, "Look over there." Anyone in the Abrahamic faiths can point fingers at someone else's God, whether that's Adonai, Jesus, Allah or one of the Far Eastern gods.

Nobody in WONDERLAND would ever do such a thing. We want to go through every experience as a lesson from GOD, no matter how challenging others make it for us. We want to improve our grades so we graduate with a transcript we can feel PROUD of [delighted with].

Good turns into milk [love]. Evill, mistakes made and corrected, turns into honey [wisdom]. This knowledge of milk and honey separates those who are shallow from those who are deep. This has nothing to do with religion. It has to do with experience of life in WONDERLAND.

If you're Christian, you should be using Christ's navel [z] which united Him to His mother as your road to Heaven. His mother [z] was the first Jewish woman [z] who reached a level of such admiration in God's eyes that He blessed the world with His Son [Y + z]. This is why Jesus is the Tutor for Christians. Therefore, they have a responsibility

to use His body [z], not just His blood [Y], to get them where they yearn to go when they leave here.

The mother/son [z] relationship Jesus had matters, not just the Father/Son [Y] relationship. Asking why will bring you further through the looking glass.

Sex is the key.

If you don't know how to have sex meaningfully to increase your personal value, you need to learn how WONDERFUL it is to be purple, not red or blue.

Red Christian men and blue Christian women in the U.S. aren't succeeding in showing us what their faith is supposed to be teaching them.

If you're Muslim, you should be using the words of Archangel Gabriel as inscribed in the heart of Muhammad as the one and only road to Paradise.

Muhammad didn't have a holy relationship with his mother [z].

He was an orphan.

Allah Brought him a Messenger [Gabriel] to give Muhammad a Z-factor from God.

If you're Muslim, come out of your shell.

You're a bird with great distinction.

Flap your wings, not your lips.

Show us how to fly, don't tell us.

Make peace with Israel.

Muhmmad had a very different relationship with Allah than Jesus had with His Father.

Jesus was [Y + z].

Muhammad was [y + Z].

Muhammad was a straight man who had sex with many women.

But he was also inspired by God [Z] in a way that Muslim men will never know until they stop telling Muslim women what to do.

You need milk, honey and eggs. You can't live with milk or honey or eggs.

No man can be God's one and only begotten Son: [Y + z].

Nor can he be like the orphaned Prophet Muhammad: [y + Z].

The best a man can be is [y + z].

Get real about how you were made in GOD'S [X] or [Y] + [Z] images.

Learn to like yourself by changing how you behave.

Give your love to others to receive your love through GOD for yourself.

חַוָּה [chava/to breathe: Eve] was the wife of Adam.

שרה [princess: Sarah] was the mother of Isaac.

הגר [sad: Hagar] was the mother of Ishmael.

מרים [sea of bitterness, Miriam #1] was the sister of Moses.

מרים [beloved: Miriam #2] was the mother of Jesus.

Every woman holds the attributes of the women in Torah.

Modern women today are uniting their names.

They're finding the unity in being a woman despite the violent history of the men in their faith.

Hyper-religious men are still dividing women to keep them powerless.

We can see covetousness [green] in men and women.

But women are beginning to realize that what it means to be a monotheist requires them to work together and werk separately. Women [x + z] are sharpening their wits in these ways. If women [x + z] can do it, men [y + z] should be able to do it, too.

But men have problems that women don't have.

Some men try to be like Jesus [Y] or like Muhammad [Z].

They're afraid to admit that they're like gay men [y + z].

Some straight men are even anxious about their anus, the door that opens two ways.

They're afraid of spiritual, not physical, penetration by THE GOD of us all.

Women are striving for GODLINESS.

It's been denied them by men not by GOD.

They express their [z] factor more easily than men.

They want the best for their children and all other women's children.

This is why today's women [x + z] are becoming so powerful, regardless of their faith.

Women aren't breaking the 10th Commandment, which states: don't be forest green with jealousy over people's body or spring green with envy over their virtues.

My relationship with Wyatt is more than two men who get physically nude together.

It's more than two men who get emotionally naked with one another.

We're spiritually transparent before one another.

Each of us is in WONDERLAND witnessing what it's like to become soulful [z] with each other as a witness.

If you're young and in need of loving companionship, ask GOD for it. Then get busy werking for what you've asked for. If you think you deserve love without putting in the werk, you're a spiritual freeloader.

Don't let people use you or abuse you. And don't use or abuse anyone.

If people treat you disrespectfully, show them tough, not tender, love. Such people will only misunderstand your message if you treat them tenderly.

How tough or tender should you be?

Talk to your Tutor.

That's between the two of You.

WONDERLAND is only WONDERFUL if it fills you with WONDER. If not, you're only a number. You're a thing people will treat as though you have no feelings.

My father had a number tattooed on his arm by Christian nationalists. Protect WONDERLAND from people who have no feelings for their enemies.

Next year, celebrate Passover by feeling for the ancient Egyptians who had no idea how lost and confused they were without a connection to God. Maybe that will remind Christians and Muslims that their Tutors [Jesus and Gabriel] are Jewish, too.

If you scapegoat black people, other people of color, gays, women, the disabled and/or undocumented aliens, prepare for karma. And it won't be Buddha who brings it to you.

Buddha couldn't PRAY to THE GOD of us all.

Buddha was an atheist.

Some Buddhists today might like to consider learning to PRAY.

It's possible and practical to be both a Buddhist and a monotheist.

Buddhism rejects polytheism.

I WONDER whether more Buddhists might not like to learn to embrace GOD.

But the Abrahamic faiths aren't making it easy to make MONOTHEISM attractive.

The Abrahamic faiths all look unwise, unloving and disloyal.

Muslims believe in the words of their orphaned Prophet Muhammad. They believe in the SOURCE of his inspirational Messenger, Archangel Gabriel. But most Muslims behave as though they're the only ones in line for a very special place in God's kingdom thanks to their place in His story. I've got news for them. Religious Jews and Christians feel the same way.

GOD augmented the Jewish relationship with THEM through a Christian relationship with THEM and then with a Muslim relationship with THEM. But none in the Abrahamic faiths add to what others bring if they subtract the LGB & T community from the equation.

The Republicans are red.

The Democrats are red.

They're talking to each other about how blue they are.

The nation is swinging wildly through shades of red to decide how to handle our problems. Everyone wants to come together, but they're in relationships to dominate or subordinate each other. They're not ready for marriage equality [lavender] in the spiritual sense of the word.

Until you bend your stiff, red neck down into your red heart, nothing will change. Until you get out of your red heart that was broken with disappointment, through the blue fire in your breastplate into your indigo soul that holds the mystery of being you, you won't reflect on what it means to be GOOD. And you won't know how to become BETTER than you once were.

Going through the looking glass is going through a fire with a blue flame. You have to behave well morally [inside] and ethically [outside] to do so. You have to treat others more wisely than you treated yourself to improve how you treat you. That's going to require a combination of tough [black] and tender [blue] love. If you expect others to raise their standards, you're going to have to raise yours, too.

One day, an American President will order the Israelis to enact marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] if they want to continue to receive our military assistance. That day is coming. And all the Jewish and Christian nationalists aren't going to be able to stop that Democratic President because he, or his Vice-President, might be gay or impassioned by the concept of marriage equality [lavender] rather than the making of more red Americans.

Neither the Russians nor the Ukrainians have shown any interest in marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]]. Neither understands that the comforts we have in the West have been earned with spiritual advancements. Until all European Christians admit what they did to the gay Jews in the last century, they'll have to PONDER what they're going through without further access into WONDERLAND.

I believe we should put severe, import duties on products from all countries that don't have marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]]. Duties on those countries that discriminate against gays should be determined by how their government is trying to raise the awareness of their citizens to the importance of marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]].

The world is changing. The religious nationalist Jews, Christians and Muslims can't stop modernity. They all think that God can and will stop modernity for them because they believe He hates gays as much as they do.

But GOD isn't a He. GOD is a S/HE. The male perspective we have on God was created by straight Jews 3,400 years ago. Modernity is eating away at that perspective. A day will come when Israel enacts marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] because they'll realize that the civilized world doesn't look at Israel as nearly civilized enough. The Israelis, [x] and [y], will come to feel ashamed of themselves for having taken so long to join modernity [z] with marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]].

Will marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] in Israel turn Evangelical Christians into enemies of Israel?

Will the Republicans feel as betrayed as Jesus did by Judah?

Jesus and Judas were both Jews.

Don't judge one of those Jews but not the other.

What if Jesus and Judas had both been gay?

What if it had been a crime of passion?

What if they'd been closeted in their own ways?

Surely you can see that the LGB & T community has learned from Jesus.

We don't hate Judas.

Hate doesn't werk.

Jesus quoted Moses in Leviticus 19:18:

ואהבת לרעך כמוך

Love your neighbor as yourself.

You can't love yourself if you hate your shell [body].

Christian nationalism made it to our shores without Hitler. Christian nationalists won't ever need Hitler to complete their Final Solution, because Muslim nationalists are in lockstep with them, even if neither of them yet knows it. The money and power they both seek won't give them the honey they're missing.

The Quran curses those who do what the people of Lot did. [7:80-81 and 26:165-166] That refers to male homosexuality. Yet Lot's daughters had sex with their father to repopulate the world. [Genesis 19:30-36] Lot's wife [z] had already turned into a pillar of salt when she looked back at Sodom. What she saw was a reflection of her regret at what she hadn't done to raise her daughters better.

Wake up.

Our TEACHER is testing you.

If your heart's not black-and-blue by now, it never will be.

The order to murder all gay Jews originally comes out of the Book of Leviticus. Americans must not use any scripture to hurt people. The South used the Book of Leviticus in the Civil War to validate slavery. We must not allow those who are enraged [red] today to repeat that folly.

Muslim nationalists say that they, alone, are deserving of God's grace, but they hate gay men even more than Jewish and Christian nationalists. Islamic nationalists have fallen into the same trap created by God to teach the world the depth of the hypocrisy of men.

Hitler may only have murdered thousands of gay men in contrast to the millions of Jews he exterminated. But Muslim nationalists are marching in lockstep with Hitler 80 years after Hitler committed suicide. Islam is rife with Muslim nationalism.

Gay Muslims can't stop them by themselves. We must help gay Muslims seek "the love that dare not speak its name." This is the last line of the poem "Two loves" by Lord Alfred Douglas. It was written in 1892, and it was mentioned at Oscar Wilde's gross indecency trial. 'The love that dare not speak its name' is usually interpreted as a euphemism for homosexuality." [Wikipedia]

THE TEACHER, in His and HER infinite wisdom, is giving us lessons in overcoming homophobia and anti-Zionism. We have two political parties in America, but neither of them has learned both lessons.

The humiliation from GOD in the 21st Century is palpable. The animals and plants are giving up because man's humiliation is too much for them to bear.

The only way to achieve modernity [z] is for everyone to come out of their CLOSETS.

The compliance and complacency we see in others should alert us to the need to QUESTION our own looking glass experience.

A gay, white rabbiT brought you here on a tour of WONDERLAND. But I've turned into a grease monkey. I've replaced your headlights with more modern bulbs to help you see through the fog that was obscuring your inner vision.

Running away from WONDERLAND is easy. Coming further into your adventure through the looking glass is hard, but rewarding. My mission is to keep you here. Don't leave like Lewis Carrol. Stay here with me.

Your ark is the body you embraced when you went through puberty.

Your basket is the body you'll embrace when you get through your abandonment issues.

Your tabernacle is the body you'll embrace when you get through your crisis of faith.

Your CLOSET is the body you'll embrace when you'll get through your gender issue [z].

Looking back, the first closet you came out of was like a boat [ark] in which you carried the animal instincts you chose. You spent adolescence afloat without a sail or a rudder. Your animal instincts lay in your hull waiting for you to let them off two-by-two. You were seeking safe harbor. You made it through puberty by yourself. You're no longer a child.

Looking back, your second closet is like a basket in which you feel abandoned. You got stuck in the bulrushes like Moses, but you're just where God wants you.

The river of life isn't the same as your ocean of emotions. Crying out like a baby in a basket in distress may not have brought you the princess [z] you were hoping for. You still have a long way to go before your mission is apparent. Perhaps you already see that your parents did the best they could for you at the time.

In the third closet you carry God inside your tabernacle. Your body becomes your temple. Your relationship with Him grows in meaning. Faith moves from the outside in. God becomes personal.

Your life becomes a desert you trudged through like a tortoise. Everybody around you is running around like hares, as thirsty as you. But drinking the salt water in your heart doesn't quench your thirst.

You have to come through this closet to recognize the fourth CLOSET that the LGB & T have gone through. Then you'll be able to embrace both genders [z] with love. Then you'll see the hare rushing around inside the tortoise in you. Then you'll slow it all down. You'll pay attention to what's happening as a school you've been enrolled in to learn about yourself.

The expression לשים לב [lasim lev: to pay attention] translates as "to put your heart into it." That's when you realize that the monkey mind lies in your head. Wisdom of the heart makes you human. But becoming an angel disclosed can only happen in your soul.

CONTEMPLATE, MEDITATE or QUESTION to start the process of WONDERING in GOD'S presence. S/HE knows what you're going through.

Those of us who are blessed to be members of the LGB & T community must help those who are differently blessed. We have to begin by forgiving them. "They know not what they do." [Luke 23:34]

Someday, everyone will have the intellectual freedom, emotional liberty and spiritual emancipation to come out of all four of their CLOSETS at puberty. They'll find their mission in less time than it took Moses. He only discovered his mission in life at the age of 80.

Criticizing Israel for everything happening in the Middle East isn't the way to get a head. The problems of the religious nationalists reveal paradoxes you suffer, too. The religious nationalists suffer conundrums. But Israelis in Haifa hold the solution to the enigma of GOD. That solution is marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]]. Don't let those in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem confuse you.

Haifa is the home of the Baha'i faith, a religion established in the 19th Century that teaches the essential worth of all religions and the unity of all people.

The hostages have been released, but no one really believes the ceasefire with Gaza will last. So long as the nationalist, Islamic world is dedicated to the destruction of the State of Israel, the racists, homophobes, misogynists [x] and misandrists [y] - will see to it that there is no peace. They hate the gays as much as they hate the Jews. They'll always refuse to share power with women, even though they're half woman. Just look at Afghanistan. There's the perfect example of a failed, Islamic state.

There is no rainbow of hope shining over the Middle East.

There is no rainbow of hope anywhere in Islam outside the United States.

There's an Iron Dome over Israel, even though everyone with a good education knows that the history of the Jewish people began the civilizing process with faith in one God.

Now that Russia is sending drones to hover over European cities, Western Europe needs Iron Domes, too. The Europeans are between a Jewish rock and a Russian hard place. Will Israel protect Protestants and Catholics from Eastern Orthodox Christians?

The Abrahamic faiths have to be schooled, each in His and HER mysterious ways.

Angels have to reveal themselves.

Atheists choose man over God.

Religious nationalists choose God over man.

I choose my mother [z] first, then GOD.

You'll just have to muddle through with what you choose.

22.
In and Out

"In and Out" is a Christian fast-food corporation that specializes in hamburgers.

The reason I've entitled this chapter "In and Out" is because of these two spiritual directions, not the fast-food outlet. We were all conceived inside our mother. Coming in is called birth. Coming out is called death.

As a someone who was born by caesarian, coming out of Bella wasn't a big deal. I can't relate to people who were born vaginally. I didn't go through pain when coming into this world.

But coming out of my CLOSETS was like being born again. It changed my life completely. Those small figurative spaces had been far more cramped than Bella's womb once I'd grown to a certain size spiritually.

Coming out sexually was the first great achievement of my life. But now that I'm this far out, I don't know whether dying will be like coming further out or whether dying will be more like coming further in.

When I came out to Bella as gay, I did it with some anger in my voice. And she said, "Well, don't blame me. It's not my fault."

If it wasn't her fault, then whose fault was it?

I now see that I was angry over the embarrassment [ark] and shame [basket] I'd been through. But the question she asked brought me to the humiliation [tabernacle] I hadn't considered up until then.

I'd unconsciously blamed God for making me gay. And He humiliated me for blaming Him because I should have thanked THEM.

We talk about the spiriT as leaving the body upon death. But we don't discuss whether the spiriT comes in or comes out. Do we arrive at our SOURCE from inner space? Or do we arrive at our SOURCE through outer space?

I don't think it's about which direction you take to get where you're going. I think it's more about how you feel about yourself when you get THERE.

Coming out of the closet was hard for me. I did so sexually in 1970. It was hard for everybody in those days. I was embarrassed by my body, but I yearned to share it with a man.

I can't tell you how magnificent it was at the age of 18 to lose my virginity to a man. It changed my life in a way that's been reverberating throughout me since. That man was the first hero in my life. I can't tell you how I wanted to thank him at the time for what he did for me. But I was too embarrassed to tell him I was a virgin, even though I'm pretty sure he knew.

But I'd come out with shame of gay mannerisms. I didn't want to express the feminine side of myself. I wanted to appear to be all male, even though we're all half male, half female.

So, when I came out to Bella and she told me that she wasn't to blame for me being gay, the baton was passed from her to God. The feeling of humiliation for being like a woman began my quest for the meaning of guilt, and whether I had any reason to feel guilty about being gay.

I should have blessed God for being gay, but I couldn't because I couldn't bless a God who's all male. I couldn't bless THEM.

Coming further out of the closet brought me more freedom, liberty and emancipation. But now that I look back on my life from the inside in, I can see that coming further out was associated with coming further in.

I became so big inside that I felt I couldn't survive in my skin. I felt like I had to come out of myself like a chick from a shell.

I don't know how you'd compare coming out of your mother to coming out gay to your mother. But for me, I couldn't have been more grateful to GOD for coming out gay to everyone, even though I didn't have a connection to either Him or HER at the time.

"Youth is a gift of nature. Age is a work of art."

But there's no reason why youth can't be a work of art and age a werk of nature.

When I told Wyatt that he's the handsomest man in the whole world, he told me that I'm the blindest man on Earth. But this is my truth. It may be subjective, but I believe GOD protects our subjective truth if it's loving and kind.

GOD'S conscience is more important to me than ever now that Wyatt is so important to me deriving joy in life. Lois cared for Wyatt when he was a child. His life lay in her hands. She [z] did everything in her power to save his life. Therefore, she inspires me [z] to protect him in every way I can.

What I know about myself is the result of self-inquiry, not the result of me being gay or Jewish. Anyone can do what I can do.

Being both gay and Jewish has been a personal struggle with GOD that I've taken very seriously, given how much some people believe I'm an abomination before The Lord. My struggle is different than most. I struggle to appreciate every religion on Earth.

I don't see any hole in me as an indication of where my spiriT will come out when I die. I now tend to think that the door out of my vehicle may lie deeper within me. The hole in my donut is shrinking as I age. When I die, they'll cremate a jelly donut filled with a creamy filling sweetened with honey. That should create quite a blue flame.

The color of the flame in our breastplate determines whether we become soulful [z]. There are seven colors to get through. GOD judges us each day by the color of our flame.

You'd think my flame would be violet, since that's closest to lavender. And maybe it figuratively is. Maybe every LGB & T person does figuratively burn lavender. Maybe that's why it's so important that we acknowledge and strengthen our community.

WONDERLAND is as filled with WONDER as you can make it. If you think you can skate on the ice through the lowest level of hell on Earth, be prepared for disappointment when you leave here. You may not be thrilled with what you get for what you've been through.

Neither victims nor martyrs are violet enough for me. The flame of both is much too red or blue. I'm headed for UTRAVIOLET. And I'm not going to try to convince anyone that they're spiritually colorblind. I don't believe in telling people what they can't see. The reason being that they can't see it. I only annoy them.

I had to figuratively use a bulldozer to dig my thoughts out of my donut and move them to the hole at the center of me. The truth about who I am and why I'm here is now unavoidable to me. Granted, my truth is subjective. But I believe GOD honors subjective truths that are righteous, i.e. wise, loving and loyal to His and HER causes.

The longer I live, the deeper within I go. The deeper I penetrate myself, the greater my relationship with GOD grows.

They say in Hebrew, אין כיסים בסדינים [There are no pockets in shrouds.] Therefore, remember to bring a charitable attitude with you at all times.

I can see the hypocrisy in everybody, even me. If something unfortunate happens, no one can tell why it happened from a spiritual perspective. If they get sick, they don't say what they learned from seeking healing. If they have problems on their job or with their family, they don't explain why THE TEACHER gave them that test, or what S/HE told them about how to respond to it wisely.

What's the point of agreeing with me that life is a school with ONE TEACHER if you're not willing to ask THE TEACHER tough questions? Most people pray for the wellbeing of others. But they don't talk about seeking the courage to PRAY for better werk habits. This is the difference between a donut with a hole and a jelly donut.

Every Christmas, we see love falling from the sky on TV like powdered sugar that blankets the actors and sets they've constructed to make money. We see how sweet TV land looks with powdered sugar sprinkled over the material objects they encourage us to buy. But where's the honey? Why isn't it raining milk and honey?

I realize that high fructose men and women don't want to think about how much they've screwed up by screwing others over.

I have to think about having screwed me up and over because my classes in the school of life are now all in my major: me.

I've gone from tolerating myself to accepting myself to admiring myself. I've moved from self-hate through self-love to liking myself a little more each day. Now that I like learning about me enough to live fulltime in WONDERLAND, I don't covet anyone's container or contents anymore. I don't want to be anyone other than me, inside and out.

I like being me.

I feel the most challenged being me.

I wouldn't be as challenged if I was someone else.

I prefer going deeper into me because I'm really into me.

What I see in the way of courage in the way I handle external matters differently from the way I handled them in the past is the result of having gone further within and then verifying my progress internally with the smallest of successes externally.

This has made me less cocky. I see the same progress in Israel in how the Jews and Arabs there always seem to defy the odds. This is because Israelis are going further within. They're meeting with their Gods to produce a partnership that's getting stronger.

Being a member of the smallest of the world's faiths [Judaism] is highly advantageous for me. I'm always willing to listen to other Jews.

Whether I learn something new from them is another question.

Israelis not only need an Iron Dome around them.

Each of them needs an iron dome within them.

It's hard to be a Jew living among Jews.

The word for an Israeli who was born in Israel is סברה [sabra: prickly pear]. Israelis are surrounded by needles just like the picture of the CACTUS I made in the 7th grade. Their needles make Israelis safer and more secure than any other people on the planet. They protect themselves from everyone. They use tough and tender love to do so.

If you don't like Israeli tough love, I hear ya. I didn't like it when I lived there.

I fantasize about using tough love on others, while advocating for tender love in my writings. But the only way I've found to achieve better results with tender love is through PRAYER which has led me to use tougher love on myself.

Going further in leads me to coming out in my own unique way.

As a gay Jew living in WONDERLAND whose mother [z] is deceased, I have the right to call my honey: royal jelly.

Such is a rabbiT who's also a queen bee.

23.
Rainbows From Within

Allow me to review what I said earlier about the rainbow of fire made with water. Here are two additions:

Infrared	This is the invisible ray of GOD'S wrath.
1. Red	Rage
2. Orange	Angst
3. Yellow	Terror
4. Green	Yearning
5. Blue	Sadness
6. Indigo	WONDER
7. Violet	Ecstasy
ULTRAVIOLET	This is the invisible ray of GOD'S love.

This is an explanation of the feelings in my heart which are mirrored in GOD'S sign of hope in the sky. If I want to use the fire in the sky created by water, I have to QUESTION reality from an emotional perspective. I recommend you begin by QUESTIONING your feelings for you.

The rainbow of hope given to Noah by God is the same rainbow given to everyone else here on Earth. It wasn't just given to the Jews because there weren't yet any Jews in the story of Noah in the Book of Genesis.

My body was my ark while I was going through puberty. I spent years in childhood constructing a vehicle that would take me through water [feelings]. I hadn't even known that נואה [Noach: Noach] means "comfort."

I'd used God's instructions to create my first closet.

I'd rounded up all my animal instincts, brought them aboard and kept them in my hull.

I survived the deluge of feelings that poured down from the sky at puberty.

Then I perceived a rainbow above within me and associated it with hope.

And when I coasted into safe harbor [young adulthood] I ate, drank, smoked, drugged and screwed myself into a stupor to become familiar with the wine within me. I gambled that I could survive anything after having survived puberty.

Others could see how emotionally naked I was, but, like Noah, I cursed them for seeing through me.

Getting out of my closet [ark] was an opening into my closet [basket] which led me into a third closet [tabernacle].

If you can't get into and out of the closets within you biblically because you're an atheist, and you can't come out of your fourth CLOSET as a gay man, because you're straight - then you're not going to succeed in understanding the difference between coming in and coming out. You may even end up with problems just in cuming, period.

The fourth CLOSET that Harvey Milk told us to come out of is appreciation of the gender GOD gave you. This is why the trans community is now spiritually leading the gay community.

Coming out of your body at the end of your education in this school might be fraught with complications you can't yet imagine. You may experience great pain and suffering if you leave behind a legacy of self-loathing. You may have to face a different destination from the DESTINATION I'm moving towards.

Just look at the dead. How many of them did you know personally who left their body gracefully, quietly and in a dignified manner? A lot of people who look good running the race have a terrible time getting across the finish line.

In the New Testament, Paul says, "Do you not know that in a race all the runners run, but only one gets the prize? Run in such a way as to get the prize." [1 Corinthians 9:24–25]

Life isn't a race you win.

It's a school in which you get educated.

If you're in it to win it, the closer you get to the finish line, the more you may discover that GOD can move the goal post.

Paul also said, "I press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus." [Philippians 3:13–14]

Life isn't a sweepstake you can win, either.

Don't gamble with your eternal reward.

Let our TEACHER determine His and HER appreciation of your contribution.

Use your FAITH to believe in yourself, not the God of your ancestors.

Graduating the school of life isn't just an intellectual concept. Getting out of this school is a real, life issue that each of us has to face in our own way. Many people will boast that they're not afraid of death. That's great. But who among us isn't afraid of dying?

Coming out of the fourth CLOSET [gender appreciation] didn't make me gay. I was born that way. But it did make me a staunch ally of the LGB & T community. I couldn't get through myself while hating what was below my navel. I couldn't love my shell while hating the chick inside it.

All the promises you've been given by the institutions of religion that you got about life after life, or where you'll find your ancestors when you leave here, are useless if you can't perceive a big picture that accounts for more than just your high opinion of you.

In the West, we see life as a school that we claim has only ONE TEACHER. We claim to be monotheists. But each of the Abrahamic faiths has a marketing plan quite different from the other two:

Adonai is marketed as the Tutor who'll bring you wisdom.

Jesus is marketed as the Tutor who'll bring you love.

And Allah is sold to Muslims as the Tutor who'll bring them loyalty to God. What the Muslims are trying to convince themselves of is that they're THE TEACHER'S pet.

I may be a rabbiT [head] with a hare [heart] in my tortoise [soul], but let's slow down it all down, shall we?

Let's acknowledge that the rainbow in the sky reflects more than the HOPE in our heart.

Empathy is a very sad feeling for others that states that you've been through something others are going through.

Sympathy is a less sad feeling for others because you haven't been through what they're going through, but you can imagine how difficult what they're going through is for them.

But there's a third level of sadness: compassion. It's the least sad way of expressing that you know what a person is going through even though you'd never go through what they're going through because your conscience is a much better guide than theirs. Compassion will include some ridicule, scorn and derision of those behaviors that are the cause for the torment of fools. We should at least be compassionate of others because life is a school. Even though the lessons they're going through won't ever happen to us, we never know what lessons we might have to go through that we can't imagine.

I empathize with the Jesus. I know how hard it was to go through what He went through in some ways that I, too, have been tested.

I sympathize with Jesus. I've been through my own experience with Jews and non-Jews. I can imagine how difficult it was for Him to go through some of the experiences He went through that I've never gone through. I wouldn't want to have to go through what He went through.

But I also have compassion for Jesus. In turning over the tables of the moneychangers, He brought death upon Himself. He only lived for a few more days. He did something I'd never have done because my conscience is much more protective of me than His conscience was of Him. The world was even more dangerous in His day. He couldn't have expected to live after what he did. He knew it was suicidal to challenge the system to the degree that He did.

The reason I have compassion for him is that I've attempted suicide in my own ways, albeit not for the sake of others. Nevertheless, the outcome in breaking the 6th Commandment was horrible. I wouldn't want anyone to have to go through what I had to face. By the same token, I'm so sorry Jesus had to go through crucifixion.

Because the wisdom of my heart has grown, I now have sympathy for Solly and Bella in having been hunted to down like animals by Christian nationalists. I never realized that I didn't have the ability to feel this sad for their pain and suffering.

I have no idea why I couldn't move my empathetic, sympathetic and compassionate thoughts down from my head into my heart to feel sad for others. I suppose that's what it means to be psychotic. It's such a common character defect that I didn't think it applied to me, too.

But I've now achieved an aspect of the 5th Commandment [honoring my parents] that I couldn't do in their lifetime.

When I'm just thinking, and not feeling, it's like I'm moving through solid rock. As I got comfortable with the concept of feeling, I found the courage to lower the rocks in my head into the waters of my heart.

Those waters [blood] are red. When my blood emerges from my body now, I see it as a sign of the rainbow in me that I hadn't satisfactorily taken to heart. This is how pain alerts me to the meaning of suffering.

Because Wyatt has been through tremendous pain, I feel very sad for him. I want to compensate for that with comforts. I want to indulge him. He's such a good person, and he's turned so much of his pain into wisdom of the heart. I don't want him to have to wait until after life to be rewarded.

Every time I dive out of my thoughts [head] into my feelings [heart] I make a splash. That splash corresponds to the feeling of feeling. When my feelings are shallow, I experience them in waves.

When I dived down to experience the depth of my emotions and the pressure they could cause, I got much deeper into my heart. I reached those feelings that are in darkness and frigid cold. I have no words to describe those feelings. They're located deep in my unconscious.

My mind is as sophisticated as a submarine, and my heart as like an ocean of emotions. I can descend into my feelings and look out the portholes of my mind to see the WONDEROUS, yet eerie, world of my dark and foreboding unconscious feelings. I can even see the weird creatures that call that world home. Such are the monsters of the mind that cause nightmares.

To the extent that I can enjoy my emotions because I can swim through them like a fish, I can understand what Jesus was telling His followers about His love for them. I can understand why He held a view of life so different from any Jew before Him and why He chose fisherman to carry His message.

Those Jewish fishermen in His day knew where to find the fattest, oldest and weakest fish in the Sea of Galilee. They knew where the currents were about to drag those fish down the Jordan River from high up in the Golan Heights.

Jesus taught His followers to fish for men. He didn't want His followers to go down the Jordan River and end up in the Dead Sea where nothing can survive. For those ancient Jews who understood the geography of Israel as a clue to how God made them in His image, John the Baptist netted them, and Jesus brought them ASHORE after life in His Father's kingdom. This describes faith pursued as a feeling [love] that comes from the heart. This is why Christians believe in Jesus.

Religious leaders can't take you where I'm taking you in WONDERLAND.

But look at the hateful, homophobic feelings of Christian nationalists in the U.S.

The Eastern Orthodox Russians are murdering Eastern Orthodox Ukrainians because they're both homophobes, not over a land dispute.

You see emotional problems in the world of Jews, but we take the lessons of Jesus and apply them judiciously in our heart to one another. Jews don't murder Jews if we don't agree with them. We seek wisdom of the heart because we seek wisdom in all its forms. We use our scripture to unite with other scriptures, not to oppose them.

Does it look like Christian nationalists are becoming better humans being? The sheep should by embellishing what the bees are doing to create honey [wisdom], not resist it with greasy, frothed, unsweetened cream.

Muslim nationalists make marvelous omelets. But look at all the eggs they have to break. There are wiser ways to scramble what you need to know when you're under pressure.

Today, Israel is seeking wisdom of the soul [z], something Islam claims to have, but which Muslim nationalists can't demonstrate spiritually. Muslim nationalists are blowing up mosques to express their loyalty to Allah. They're mad about something, but that's not the way to show it.

We cherish our synagogues. The translation of בית כנסת is [beit knesset: synagogue] a "house of gathering." A synagogue is a Jewish, communal space for worship, prayer, and study. We have to protect synagogues from Christian and Muslim nationalists who covet what we have.

I was incensed when I was thrown out of a study group in an Orthodox rabbi's home in San Francisco when I came out to them as gay. They made me feel very unwanted.

Once you can amble through the thoughts in your head; swim through the feelings in your heart; and fly through the beliefs in your soul – you can unify the forces within you in your conscience, the fire in your breastplate.

I can't change your mind for you. I'm not in your head.

I can't change how you feel. I'm not in your heart.

And I can't change what you believe. I'm not in your soul.

PONDER the difference between GOD, God, gods and god-like men.

There's only ONE GOD, but there are three Gods [Adonai, Jesus and Allah].

There are many gods, such as Krishna, Vishnu, Shiva etc.

Siddhartha Gautama was the name of the Buddha. He was a god-like man. So was Lao-Tsu, the founder of Taoism.

Adonai, Jesus and Allah are Tutors given to us by THE TEACHER. But Buddha and Lao-Tsu were tutors, too.

If you haven't compared and contrasted the tutors of the East with the Tutors of the West, you can't yet see the entire big picture. You're only looking for a mirror in which you look good.

You may be fighting inside with yourself and outside with others over who's right.

The Israelites accepted ישוע [savior: Yeshua #1, Joshua] as their leader.

You may prefer ישוע [savior: Yeshua #2, Jesus] as your Leader.

You may select גבריאל [Gabri-el: the strength of God] as your Messenger.

Or you may choose to seek good ideas from all three.

יהודים [Yehudim: Jews] were named after the fourth son of Jacob, יהודה [Yehudah, Judah]. "Judah" means "thankful." He made a couple of really big mistakes in life, but God forgave him and let him see for himself the guilt he carried in his heart.

Be thankful for the wisdom you've amassed.

Be thankful for the evil you've committed, regretted and atoned for.

Without wisdom, nothing werks within.

Learn to walk, swim and fly through your inner world.

Learn the WONDEROUS difference between thinking, feeling and believing.

Without all three, you'd become a victim to your urges.

24.
Raphael and John

רפאל [Rapha-el: God has healed] is a friend of mine who's a stanch atheist. Raffy [Raphael] doesn't just promote atheism. He ridicules people who believe in God. Yet his name is associated with the healing power of the Abrahamic God.

Raffy's mother died when he was a young child. His father remarried. Raffy has several full and half siblings. They were all raised by his father's second wife. Raffy told me that he resented his step-mother [x] until he was able to look at what others had been through with their mother. After his step-mother died, Raffy was able to see what a devoted mother [z] she'd been to him and all his siblings.

Regret is a shade of blue [cobalt] we must all go through.

Raffy's resentment over his fate didn't get in the way of him seeking his destiny. He became a beloved, high school, English teacher. He found a life partner and soulmate. He and John have been together for 35 years. They married a few years ago.

Raffy is 80 years old. He and John have a lovely home with a pool in Sacramento and a one-bedroom apartment in San Francisco they've had for decades at rent-control prices.

They spend every winter in Palm Springs. And although Raffy has had bladder cancer four times, these skirts with death haven't slowed him down. In fact, he seems all the more appreciative of life because he knows the end is never far away.

When Raffy was a young, gay man, he was a committed supporter of gay causes. He survived the AIDS epidemic by having a boyfriend at the time who drained him every morning to keep his libido in check. But after the danger had passed with the development of AIDS drugs, Raffy enjoyed a rich and varied sex life with many men thereafter.

In my opinion, Raffy's only problem as a supporter of Democratic causes is that he doesn't appreciate the need for the Democratic Party to make alliances with moderate religious believers. His goal of turning the whole world atheist supersedes his willingness to cooperate with Christian allies in the Democratic Party.

Like Moses and Muhammad, Raffy was an orphan. He may have close relationships with women [z], but I think he unconsciously blames God for taking his mother from him. I think he feels abandoned.

Raffy has said horrible things to me about Netanyahu, the Israeli government and what Israel has done to Gazans. But he's also admitted to me that he has no understanding of Middle East, religious issues. He has no knowledge of His story as interpreted by each of the three traditional, Abrahamic faiths. And he knows next to nothing about gay life in Muslim countries, except that it's awful.

Raffy resides at the far-left end of the political spectrum. He found a place in the tent of the Democratic Party, but he's off in a corner with other atheists like himself. He doesn't want to associate with Democrats who believe in God. He thinks religion is the problem. He thinks atheism is the answer, even though countries like Russia and China are run by atheists who are homophobes.

I think people can't see more of the big picture because of childhood traumas.

I don't think it's because people are naturally hateful.

But trauma leads to hateful opinions if you don't become more thoughtful, heartfelt and soulful.

25.
Sakura

I met Sakura [Japanese: cherry blossom] about two weeks after I met Wyatt 15 years ago. They both found their faith at the Catholic church in the Castro. Sakura is my age. She goes back and forth to Japan. There, she has a house, a husband, as well as siblings. Japan is where Sakura contrasts her Buddhist roots with how she's been reborn in Christ.

What I love about Sakura is that she struggles so valiantly with our language and culture to profess her faith in Jesus. She knows very little about the Jewish roots that support the tree of Christianity. She knows that the trunk of Christianity includes boughs, branches, twigs, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit that Catholics glorify at her church where 70% of the congregation is gay and hold an inclusive view of faith through love.

Sakura has a tutor named Father Joe. He was a Catholic priest who'd lived more than 15 years in Japan, carrying Christ's message to the other side of the world. When he came home, he met a fellow, male parishioner [Dean] at church, and they fell in love.

They decided to get married, even though Father Joe was thrown out of the priesthood and had to forfeit his retirement income from the Church to express his love for Dean.

Sakura knows where she prays and what she's learning from Jesus. What's more, she heartily approves of the way the congregants at her church apply Christ's teachings to their lives despite the practices of the Vatican and many Catholics who are homophobes.

She prefers the Catholic vernacular spoken in the Castro because it's inclusive and loving. She's not learning how to hate all the people some straight Catholics hate. She's learning to separate Christ's love from the Vatican's hate.

The Vatican taught European Catholics to hate Jews for centuries. Hitler was a Catholic. We know that the Catholic Church is like an aircraft carrier, not the ark Noah built. For the Catholic Church to turn on any modern issue and go in a new direction can take 100 years or more. Just look at what they did to Galileo to impede science by promoting their primitive idea of the universe in the 16th and 17th Centuries.

Granted, the Catholic Church apologized to the Jewish people in the 1950's for participating in the Holocaust. Protestant sects have made formal apologies, too. But the Eastern Orthodox Church has done little in that regard to face us directly, even though they had Jewish blood on their hands, too.

Apologies from the Church to the LGB & T community have also been made, but I wouldn't claim that Christianity marches as one in our Pride parades.

Those at the beginning of our parade are trans baton twirlers. After them come the boys in the band. Then comes the nations with marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]]. And at the end of our parade, you'll find the business community who've invested in us as customers.

The Protestants in the U.S. are doing what they can to help Israel. Surely, that has washed straight, Jewish blood off their hands. But what about the gay blood spilled by Christian nationalists in Europe, some of which was Jewish? If Christianity doesn't apologize for what they did to all the Jews, they'll never fully redeem themselves in Christ's eyes. That blood is everywhere in WONDERLAND. I'm surprised they can't see it. Rose colored glasses hide nothing.

I promote the wellbeing of gay Muslims because, as a gay Jew, I don't see the difference between gay, Jewish blood and gay, Muslim blood. I don't see the difference in the blood of all those who died at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando, FL. on June 12, 2016, the scene of the deadliest mass shooting by a single gunman in U.S. history, and the second-deadliest terrorist attack on U.S. soil since the September 11 attacks. Forty-nine people were murdered by a Muslim terrorist, and 58 other people were injured.

Sakura is back at werk in San Francisco on her mission of earning good luck by doing God's bidding through selfless acts of kindness promoted by her church.

Wyatt was the secretary at that church for 12 years. I encouraged him to leave his job and take retirement. He was 59 at the time, the age I was when I retired. Wyatt had worked his whole life with no more than a week's vacation once or twice a year. I want him to enjoy life every day, even if it's too soon for him to take early social security.

Wyatt may have turned into an atheist, but he's a very generous and kind person. His problem is that he hates the idea of being transactional. He doesn't like the idea of God telling him that if he scratches His back, He'll scratch his.

I, on the other hand, love the idea of being transactional with GOD. But I like the idea of being transactional with THEM over moral [internal] issues, not money matters. I'm half man, half woman. I can see how the he [y] in me oppressed the she [x] in me until I learned more about how GOD made me in THEIR IMAGES.

Moral issues lead to honey issues.

Money matters just lead to more exclusivity and infighting.

I don't see any problem in behaving in a manner that soothes GOD.

I see myself as here to learn from THEM.

I'm not obsequies about being one of our TEACHER'S pets.

I don't fawn and flatter GOD in my PRAYERS.

I don't want to give Him or HER the impression that I love either of THEM more.

I treat GOD like a teacher, not like a lord.

I treat Adonai like a tutor, not like a master.

I'm here to learn, not grovel.

So, I appreciate how important it is to know how to both give and receive.

I can now see that if I give and give, some people will only take and take. I have an issue with their inability to look at life spiritually. So, I'm through selling others my faith in myself.

Sakura came over yesterday. After office hours with THE TEACHER last night, I send her an email this morning. Here is what I told her:

Dear Sakura,

I see your mother as like King Kong [x].

I see your father as like Godzilla [y].

I see you as a physical combination of the two of them [x + y].

But I see you as a special personification of Japanese, Buddhist guilt over what your countrymen did in the last century by siding with Hitler.

I see you as a modern Japanese woman [x + z] who represents your people at home and abroad in the best possible light.

I see you as a bridge [z] between the East and West.

You aren't the child of two Japanese monsters.
You're the personification of God's love in the modern age.
Some at church don't appreciate how disciplined you are.
They see you as your mother's daughter [x], not your mother's daughter [z].
What matters to me is that you're a Buddhist, [x] + [z] who can PRAY to GOD.
This makes you such a special Christian in my eyes.
You are what the new world will look like thanks to your contribution to humanity.
Continue to change the world the way you do.
Try not to get too frustrated with those who aren't as disciplined as you.
Ask GOD to explain His and HER lessons to you so you can learn more about yourself and your mission.
Apply what you know about how GOD made you to change this world from the inside out.
Good thoughts,
Barry

As a Japanese convert to Catholicism, Sakura is in a subtribe of Christianity.
As a gay Jew, I'm in a sub-tribe of Judaism.
Gay people are in a tribe that's made up of other tribes.
Discriminating against sub-tribes is only done by those who feel they have the right to control their whole tribe.
Jewish, Christian and Muslim nationalists see themselves as the leaders of their religious tribe.
They see themselves as in a special relationship with God.
We see ourselves in a special relationship with GOD.
Sakura and Manny met.
Wyatt and I took them to the botanical garden in Golden Gate Park.
Sakura is a Japanese maple tree with deep roots.
Manny is a palm tree from Germany.
Palms have shallow roots.
It's very rare to see palm trees in Germany.
They have to be protected from the harsh northern European environment.
Sakura doesn't yet realize how deep she is thanks to her Buddhist roots.
Manny doesn't realize how flexible his trunk is.
It can sway in high winds without breaking.
Sakura is easily angered by stupid people.
Manny is easily saddened by people who hurt his feelings.
When my Tutor brings me a lesson from THE TEACHER, I ask Him [Adonai] what I don't know that I need to know to help my classmates make their way through WONDERLAND. If I can help people help themself, I know I'm helping me.
I can't force people to look to their tree of self-knowledge for inspiration into how they were made.

26.
Godzilla Meets King Kong in San Francisco

GOD brought Sakura into my life to teach me about my bridge, not hers.

I'm not a bridge between the Far East [Buddhism] and the West [Christianity].

I'm not a bridge between Judaism and Christianity in Europe.

And I'm not a bridge between Western civilization and the Far East [Taoism].

I'm a bridge between the inner world [WONDERLAND] and the world we have to learn to share.

Israel is under attack by two monsters. Let's call one of them Godzilla [y] and the other one King Kong [x]. All human beings create monsters [x] or [y]. So, we all need each other to help us manage the thoughts, feelings and beliefs that go through our mind when we find ourselves in difficult situations in the external world. We all need help getting through CLOSETS.

We, in the LGB & T community, are under attack by religious nationalists worldwide. There are those in the three Abrahamic faiths who still believe that their God condemns us because He hates us.

It's no longer logical, rational or reasonable for straight people in the modern age to use the excuse that homophobia is condoned by their scripture. That won't fly anymore. Dutifulness to God is an excuse when it's used to hate anyone. It's hollow. Such people aren't like jelly donuts missing something inside, a deep disappointment when you bite into them. They're donuts with a huge hole in the center that the institution of their faith isn't addressing. That's terribly irresponsible and dangerous. We must force those extremist believers to face the insanity they suffer from.

The laws that promote murder in Leviticus 20 have all been discounted as preposterous by those who aren't as mad as hatters.

In Leviticus 25:44-46 it says, "Your male and female slaves are to come from the nations around you; from them you may buy slaves. You may also buy some of the temporary residents living among you and members of their clans born in your country, and they will become your property. You can bequeath them to your children as inherited property and can make them slaves for life, but you must not rule over your fellow Israelites ruthlessly."

This, too, is mad. Any God who would promote human trafficking is a false god. The only recourse Jews have in maintaining our faith is to embrace GOD and denounce the God [Y] of our forefathers as only half of our story. This, Christians and Muslims must do, too.

Gay Israelis are brothers and sisters to straight Israelis in the army. Those Jews who avoid military service don't develop those important bonds.

If the ancient Jews could be stopped from practicing the Temple cult they had invested in for more than a thousand years, modern Jews can be stopped from hating their fellow Jews.

If the modern world could end slavery and human trafficking, both of which are condoned in Torah, Israel can end the practice of discriminating against gay Jews.

The wars against Israel's enemies are reflections of a war going on within us all. ישראל עם [aam-Israel: the soul of Israel] is in a struggle with God [Y]. This is not THE GOD [X] + [Y] + [Z] we have the ability to imagine today. Today's struggle is a world struggle with

Gods, gods, god-like men, women and the LGB & T community. Therefore, Israel has a responsibility to model better behavior before ONE and all.

Jewish problems stem from Torah, not from other faiths. Jewish problems spill over into the problems we see in other faiths. Homophobic Jews have gotten caught up in worshipping a false God [Y]. Yet, it was God who presented Himself in a false light. Obviously, He did it with good reason. But we can no longer allow this tricky behavior to continue.

The Jews in concentration camp who put God on trial for crimes against humanity found Him guilty. They were absolutely correct in coming to that verdict. GOD has a responsibility to the world to correct His behavior. There's great reason to HOPE that THEY will.

We each have a duty to grow like a tree of knowledge. We cannot turn ourselves into bonsais to fit into a past that's long gone.

So long as Israel remains outside the union of civilized nations that have enacted marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]], we in the LGB & T community must oppose Israel's policy of sexual exclusion. Additionally, we must PRAY that GOD teaches Israel and all nations without marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] the imprudence of their ways.

Jochebed, the mother [x + z] of Moses, had no choice but to abandon her son by putting him in an aron [basket] and leaving it to God to determine his fate or destiny. She was a good mother [x + z] given the pharaoh's decree that all Hebrew baby boys be murdered.

Christian nationalists in charge of concentration camps forced Jewish mothers [x + z] to choose one child to live if she had other children. But once she made that horrible choice, the Christian nationalists then murdered her and all her children. The Christian nationalists were no more spiritually advanced than ancient Egyptians, even though the Christian nationalists believed they were good Christians doing Christ's bidding in the name of His Father.

Today's Germans have embraced marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] after having murdered thousands of gay men for the glory of the Third Reich. That's quite an accomplishment.

Manny is doing his best to live a dignified life as a gay, Jewish German in Germany in the 21st Century. But it takes a toll on him because he doesn't understand that his being is his mission. If he wants to increase his mission he has to BE better, not do better.

Some of Israel's rabbis don't understand the abandonment issue described in our scripture. They've abandoned gay Jews, siting God as their reason for doing so. And yet they WONDER why He's punishing Israel with one war after another. All the rabbis can do at this point is point. Their index finger is pointed out in every direction when it should be pointed in.

Jochebed [z] abandoned Moses under duress.

Bella [z] didn't abandon me when I told her I was gay. She stayed by my side through thick and thin. She modelled her [z] factor.

Josephine gave Bella all her money to seek a way to survive amongst the Christian nationalists before Josephine was taken to concentration camp. Josephine displayed her [z] factor to Bella through money to help Bella survive.

When Bella told Ilana [Solly's daughter from his first marriage] that she, Bella, was leaving him, Ilana begged Bella not to leave until Ilana and her fiancé could get married. Bella [z] didn't abandon Ilana [z]. Bella waited a year to leave Solly for Ilana's sake. Bella modelled her [z] factor to her husband's daughter. Ilana [z] wasn't even Bella's [z] own blood.

When Bella went into the Jewish home after Lou died because she couldn't manage on her own, I called her every day, sometimes two or three times a day. I visited her regularly in L.A. from San Francisco. But when she lost her mind to dementia after the age of 95, I couldn't communicate with her anymore. So, I called the staff every day to hear from them how she was doing. I modeled my [z] factor even when Bella didn't know how loyally I held her in my heart. She died at the age of 98 in her sleep.

Moses was a terribly angry man because, as a baby in a basket on the Nile, he was traumatized by abandonment. He couldn't understand why his mother had left him. It was only in the bullrushes before the Egyptian princess came to his rescue that he had a moment to free himself from his nightmarish crossing to worry about what his mother was going through if things had been that bad for him.

When his anger got the better of him at the age of 40, Moses murdered a man who reminded him of what the Egyptians had put his mother [z] through, not just the other Hebrew slaves. After another 40 years, God [Adonai] gave him a mission at the Burning Bush to atone for murdering a man.

But Moses never bothered to ask God why He had chosen him. Moses never got through his red rage. He died an angry man. He died alone in the desert, At the end of his life, Moses found himself with faith in God. Unfortunately, today God just isn't GOOD enough.

The laws of Leviticus are evidence of Moses' personal trauma, not his greatness. He was trying to relieve himself of his guilt by giving himself excuses for having murdered the slavedriver when he was too young and stupid to know better. He couldn't properly interpret God's message for him to get him to stop making excuses.

Murder is a level of self-abandonment [z] that cannot be excused or forgiven for any reason. It must be exonerated by GOD. This can only be done with a mission that consumes your whole life.

Granted I tried to kill myself, not others. But I'm a person, too. I've had to accept my mission in life. I've had to make my case for the veneration of the LGB & T community.

Those rabbis who can't interpret Torah with their heart, not just their head, will suffer abandonment issues of their own. The same is true of patriarchs, priests, pastors, parsons, minister, imams and clerics.

The creation of Christianity and Islam were meant to advance the spiritual development of man from his head through his heart to his soul. Today, the LGB & T community is bringing the world out of their soul down to their navel [z].

If you think you were created by God like Eve, just from a bone in a man, you're mad. You were created by a boner, not a bone.

You were created in a woman [z] by a man [y] and a woman [x].

This is a fact of life.

This is the truth about the birds and the bees that you need to know to advance through the looking glass to get a better view of WONDERLAND.

There's only ONE GOD [X] + [Y] + [Z]. And THEY are more than just male [Y] and FEMALE [X]. THEY are more than just wise and loving. THEY are loyal to us [Z]. Maybe this is what Christians call the Holy Spirit.

Moses died without anyone to see him off. Surely, he must have felt abandoned till the end, even though he'd achieved the closest relationship of any man until then with God.

Jesus felt abandoned on the cross. He asked His Father why He had forsaken Him. [Psalm 22:1, Matthew 27:46, Mark 15:34]

Jesus could ask such a question of Elohim [His Father].

Moses never could.

If a man helps you, tell him you admire his mother [x + z]. Let him know what a good job she did in raising him. This is the least you can do.

I love Lois, Wyatt's mother. In my heart, I've promised her never to abandon Wyatt. What greater gift can we give any mother than the assurance that her son will be safe?

Hyper-religious Israelis don't yet appear to me to be sufficiently civilized for the modern age. They're holding their country back spiritually because of homophobia.

Once Middle Eastern Jews and Muslims both admit how uncivilized they behave toward their own gay children, perhaps they'll be sufficiently humiliated before their individual Gods to seek peace with one another before THE GOD WHO created us all.

Once Republicans realize how uncivilized they are in feeling the same way about America's LGB & T community, they'll abandon their undying devotion to the laws of Leviticus that are destroying their humanity with homophobia, too.

It's the punishments in Leviticus 20 that are destroying America, not the truth about the birds and the bees. End those ridiculous excuses for condoning murder. It's time that those who claim to believe in God start looking at what they're doing that goes against GOD'S will.

What matters in the school of life are your grades.

Your grades will determine your transcript.

Your transcript will determine your fate or destiny.

There surely is a Godzilla [y] side of you if you're male.

You got that from your father.

There surely is a King Kong [x] side of you if you're female.

You got that from your father.

But you also got a [z] factor from your mother.

She holds the secret to building your bridge through this world to THE WORLD TO COME.

Your [z] factor is your rainbow of HOPE.

It's your personal path to Heaven, Paradise, Nirvana, or whatever you want to call your destination when you leave here.

27.
A Touch of Godlessness

My partner is an atheist. Most of my friends are. In fact, only three of my friends, Sakura, Manny and Dedi aren't atheists. I love my atheist friends. They're WONDERFUL human beings. They don't rely on the concept of God to guide them. They use their conscience as their guide and remain as grounded as people can be by using the external world to express the best side of themself.

I wish religious nationalists would use their conscience as a better guide, but I know how covetous they are of God. I know how they all rely on homophobia to maintain their scapegoat: the LGB & T community.

Jesus wasn't, isn't or ever will be an antisemite, anti-Zionist or homophobe. Jesus is a Jew who's still on a mission, according to faithful Christians. The fact that some Christians feel the need to hate their head in order to love their heart is truly tragic.

Your head is full of lyrics. Your heart is full of melodies. If you're a hateful person, you're creating noise, not music. Listen to the cacophony you're making inside yourself. Your instrument [body] will pay a price if you don't change your tune.

The Jews are still as CHOSEN as they always were, and that includes gay Jews. Where is it written that God only chose some of the Jews?

If you feel today's indigenists are also CHOSEN, that's admirable.

If you feel today's Christians are CHOSEN, even better.

And if you realize that there is a GOD WHO chose to turn Middle Eastern indigenists into Muslims, then you're werking within the established boundaries of history as THEIR story, not His story.

We've seen how so many parents and children have faced homophobia bravely to become inclusive. We can see that the world is changing for the BETTER, albeit slowly.

Change is having an effect on the very concept of family values, although religious nationalists seem unwilling to modernize their beliefs. They've been forced to so with regard to slavery, human trafficking and antisemitism. Now they're being told by our TEACHER to give up anti-Zionism on the left and homophobia on the right.

The Jewish people have been QUESTIONING God and His motives for 3,400 years. We haven't given up on God in all that time, but we, too, are being forced to move toward a greater understanding of THE GOD of us all.

Those straight Jews who are angry identify with those in Jerusalem. Those straight Jews who are sad identify with those in Tel Aviv. As a gay Jew, I identify with those who live in Haifa, the home of the Baha'i faith that was initially developed in Iran, where it has faced ongoing persecution since its inception. That religion has 7-8 million adherents. It teaches the essential worth of all religions and then unity of all people. [Wikipedia]

Today we live in a world where the idea of God being male has become dangerous. We've been forced to open our mind to a greater sense of GOD'S presence and, therefore, the greater challenge that creates for us all. The ones who've been blessed with the pronouns for the new age are trans people. Yet some people find them odder than queer people. Let's just agree that everyone is peculiar.

I'm sure you were also uncomfortable when you were first led around WONDERLAND by a rabbiT with a funny lookin' T. Nobody gets to choose their tour guides. Make the best of who and what you've got.

FAITH [UTRAVIOLET] isn't bestowed.

Faith is achieved.

The more faith you have, the more FAITH you need.

It's the only addiction worth pursuing.

If you love pomp and circumstance, you love formal activities - ceremonies that are often characterized by grandeur and celebration. Personally, I'm not fond of rituals, rites or worship. Habitual behaviors and traditions don't attract me. I celebrate nature. Nothing excites me more than watching a tree grow.

My friend, Mike, met a young man named Eric at a Unitarian church in San Antonio. Mike went there to try to find people like him who'd been traumatized by their parents about God's mission for them. He soon saw that that wasn't the right place for him. The laity there may have been PERPLEXED by their upbringing, but they weren't as traumatized by it as a gay boy growing up in a Baptist preacher's household in Texas. The people at that church couldn't help Mike. And he soon left them to continue his journey elsewhere.

But he met Eric there. Eric was also severely traumatized. Eric was about 25 at the time, 15 years younger than Mike. Eric was black. He was in his twenties. He lived at home with his mother and several siblings. He was desperate to lose his virginity. He was unemployed and deeply confused about what he wanted out of life. Mike thought he could help Eric through the traumas that were holding him back.

Mike got Eric a job with the city helping tourists on the streets of downtown San Antonio. Mike advised him on how to grow up and separate himself from his overbearing mother [x]. Mike would have been eager to help Eric lose his virginity, too, but Eric was straight.

So, Mike invested his time, money and attention into helping Eric without using Mike's penis to engage in his teaching technique. And Eric improved. He worked. He got an apartment with roommates. He finally had sex with women. And he had money in his pocket which made him feel like a card-carrying member of the human race.

Long story short, yesterday, October 21, 2025, Mike discovered that Eric had been murdered early that morning. Eric was out at 4:00 am, something Mike had told him not to do. But Eric was high-strung and horny. After discovering women, Eric discovered men. He came out gay. He should have been home sleeping in preparation for work the next day but instead was out looking around for adventure and ran into trouble.

Two men murdered him. Then they went to Denny's where they shot someone else and were then captured by the police.

This story is tragic but so common that we're accustomed to such sad endings for young, black men. Eric went out for a little blue fun. The murderers went out for a little red fun. Red bled into blue. It happens all the time.

Mike is devastated. But this is an outcome for those with faith that must be QUESTIONED as a spiritual challenge for us all. Hopes and prayers become empty words without spiritual insight. Those who don't ask THE TEACHER for answers to tough questions aren't using their faith sufficiently.

If we don't allow ourself to feel sad [blue], but only talk about sadness from an intellectual perspective, we end up thinking about sadness, not feeling it. People who only think about their feelings eventually stop feeling altogether, especially when it comes to feelings for young, black men.

People who talk from their head without engaging their heart talk a good game. But they can't experience the feeling of sadness [blue] when talking about sad events. The sadder [bluer] the situation becomes, the angrier [redder] they get. This is what's happening to everyone in the U.S.

Helping young men without religion is even more precarious than helping those with it. Young men don't know how to develop a conscious, transactional relationship with people, let alone with GOD. They're still at the age where they're unconsciously trying to get away with something. They can't see how they behave like angry [red] men outside who are deeply black-and-blue inside.

Adonai didn't promise Moses anything at the Burning Bush. When Moses asked God "His" name, Moses was told by his Tutor [Adonai], "יהיה עושר יהיה [ihe-e asher ihe-e: will be riches will be, what will be will be]." [Exodus 3:14]

That response from his God is so dear to some Jews that they don't use this name for God literarily. They use a euphemism for it in writing י־הוה [Y.-H.V.H.] And when speaking this word aloud they say אדוני [Adonai: my "Lord" or my "Master"].

This is how Moses described his journey from Elohim to Adonai in the Books of Genesis and Exodus. This corresponds to the passage from closet [ark] to closet [basket] to closet [tabernacle]. Coming out of the CLOSET as a man [z] requires much more than just reading Torah and Tanach. It also requires reading the Gospels and Quran for greater insight into GOD'S handiwerk.

The coming of Jesus is a restatement of the Book of Leviticus with both eyes open. The coming of the Prophet Muhammad is a return to Tanach through a third, inner eye.

Torah is the story of the inner and outer path the ancient Jews took to develop a personal relationship with their Lord [Adonai] and Master [Elohenu]. This is how they sought wealth [milk and honey] from within. This is how and why they projected the promises of milk [love] and honey [wisdom] onto the land God gave them. This is why the land of Israel is being managed so wisely.

But some people don't want to act as though there's ONE GOD WHO holds power over everything. So, they relieve themselves of guilt [embarrassment, shame and humiliation] by believing in luck instead.

The truth is that none of us has anything to give THE GOD WHO created us except our GOODNESS. If you hold that back, you're just behaving דַּוְקָא [davka: contrary, disagreeable, spiteful and antagonistic] toward yourself. You're a rebellious type because you've been traumatized.

If you look around America, most people actually behave very compliantly with one another. But then they go home and eat themselves sick or partake in other addictive escapes, so they don't go out and kill people as though they were animals.

What Eric, in particular, and many young men, not just black men, don't understand about life on planet Earth today us that life is transactional. You wash my back and I'll wash yours. Angry [red] young men seek relief to how sad [blue] they are inside.

Getting a head, a heart and a soul is a long-range goal that must be taught using small steps. Getting ahead first requires getting a head.

Religion isn't doing a good job of describing these lessons and tests to young people. But that's because none of the leaders of the institutions of faith are monotheists. They only believe in their own God.

Eric may have been tutored by Mike, but Mike didn't understand the tutor/tutee relationship as well as I do. Mike had had his parents' Tutor, Jesus, stuffed down his throat. Mike didn't want to do that to Eric.

Once you've developed a conscience, it becomes like a burning bush that you realize won't burn inside of you forever. You have to stoke that fire.

You didn't have to light the light within; you only have to keep it lit.

That requires an endless supply of fuel [GOODNESS].

The lessons of life are harder than they look. You have to advance in the school of life to understand the lessons you're being given because the lessons build upon one another. Dying at a young age is tragic. Life only gets harder. If you don't get sweeter as you get older, you're doing something wrong. Milk and eggs aren't enough. You need honey.

Life is a school in which we advance until the day we graduate if we spend all our time learning about our GOODNESS by sharing it. Life is a school in which we regress until the day we graduate if we spend all our time pursuing external rewards alone.

Use your nose.

Smell the difference between the GOOD and evil within you.

You'll be able to smell the difference between an atheist and a believer. You may even smell the difference between a believer like Manny who disapproves of God victimizing him and more awakened believers whose FAITH has brought them serenity with THE GOD of us all.

GOD didn't abandon anyone down here.

Don't behave like a perpetrator [red] and you won't suffer the feelings of being a victim [blue].

GOD created everyone with good reason, even atheists.

We're all CHOSEN.

Don't get caught up in the name game.

The religious nationalists call people all sort of horrible names because they lack inner peace.

They use scapegoats to avoid self-blame.

28.
The Class Curve

They found the men who murdered Eric. They're Latino gang members.

A gay, black Protestant was murdered by straight, Latin Catholics early one morning in San Antonio. And I'll bet no one in Texas was curious enough to PRAY to GOD for answers about it that are relevant to us all.

Granted, Eric didn't do much with his life. He was consumed with figuring out where he was going on the outside, not the inside.

Obviously, the Latinos who hunted him down and murdered him have a lot of werk to do for the rest of their lives. They'll get detention in the school of life [prison] where they'll have time to do their werk in the company of other dropouts. But will their grades improve substantially? What will motivate them to change their werk habits?

Murder and attempted suicide put you in a special class in the school of life. Your classmates rarely know why you're with them, but you do. This is a layer of the looking glass that some of us know well.

Dan White murdered Harvey Milk. White was defended as a victim of junk food which led to depression. He served five years of an almost eight-year sentence for voluntary manslaughter rather than first-degree murder. He returned to San Francisco. Two years later he committed suicide.

Dan White was a forerunner for modern, Christian nationalists. I suspect that when White began doing his spiritual werk, he couldn't stomach how much he discovered there was to do.

Dropping out of school is commonplace. Most people do so with a fork, a goblet, a cancer stick, a toke or a penis. But some do it with casino chips. And some prefer to do it with a gun. What's the difference? If you want to die without HONOR, you'll look for a road that's a dead end.

The LGB & T agenda has evolved since November 27, 1978, the day Harvey Milk was murdered.

We've achieved marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] in the United States.

Now we're working on achieving equality in the institutions of faith worldwide.

Those Jews in Israel who aren't ready to remove the exceptions to the 6th Commandment listed in chapter 20 of the Book of Leviticus are eventually going to find themselves in the minority. Those eight reasons to murder are ridiculously outdated and uncivilized. Keeping them is undignified and unbecoming a human being, a religion or a nation that claims to be civilized.

I know my words don't conform to the position of the Republican Party which glorifies the Book of Leviticus. And I know that the Democratic Party doesn't want to explore religion, period.

I'm just alerting both political parties that the needs of gay Muslims are greater than those of straight Muslims. If individual Republicans and Democrats want to help their party succeed, I recommend they earn the luck they need to do so by working together for the good of the LGB & T community and Jews worldwide.

I'm not political. I'm spiritual. I believe the spiriT within each one of us has been given to us by the same GOD WHO created gay Jews and gay Muslims. I'm a monotheist.

I believe there's such a thing as a class curve in the school of life. If you think you can improve your grades by murdering those who are excelling in this school, as those straight, Latino Catholics did to Eric, a black, gay Protestant, you'll only make your tribe's goals more of a challenge for them to achieve.

Protestants and Catholics need to learn to werk together in their heart. That's what it means to share Jesus as their Tutor. For that matter, Russian Orthodox Christians need to learn to do so, too.

Help yourself by improving your own grades, not by pushing others out the door as Mike's parents did to him. Martyrs only want to remove students from class permanently. Don't promote martyrdom, even if you feel like a victim. It's not in your own best interest. God may have approved of martyrdom at one time. But S/HE doesn't anymore. Our curriculum has been changed.

29.
Full Circle

What I'm telling you about the birds [Muslims] and the bees [Jews] has moral [internal] and ethical [external] objectives that can be backed up with outcomes that will improve the lives of everyone. My stories about the facts of LIFE after life should shed light where there's darkness in you. If you're willing to look where I'm pointing my light at you in you, you may see something you didn't see before because of traumas in your past that you didn't want to explore with spiritual insight until now.

The mind is a circuitous place. You must navigate your mind like a ship [ark] and a raft [basket]. You must move through your mind like a vehicle with a precious passenger aboard [tabernacle]. And you must come out of it like a closet in a bedroom if you want to know why you were made in GOD'S IMAGE.

GOD, in His and HER infinite wisdom, often prefers to shed THEIR light after the fact. It's as if GOD reviews THEIR tests after an exam, for us to look at our answers and how they compare and contrast to the answers S/HE was looking for. We should assume that the next test will build upon the previous one.

Another way of describing how GOD werks is that we have to consciously choose which path we're going to take in the future based on our failures in the past. S/HE rewards us for that choice, but only if we atone for our mistakes.

I'm amazed at how thoughts I didn't think about come to mind after I make a better decision about which direction to go the next time. I now see that my mental acuity depends on choices I make in my mind long before I ever take action.

Just getting on a train of thought going in a better direction leads to new views out the window. What you observe about the world we share appears different just because you're going another way through WONDERLAND.

Your DESTINATION won't be compromised by taking a different route. It'll actually be enhanced because of stations of belief you'll pass through that you wouldn't have gotten to see otherwise.

I can't promise that the tracks of feelings that take your thoughts in a new direction will bring immediate rewards. I can't promise that they'll make you happy. But new feelings, however pleasant or unpleasant, will make your inner movements more effective. And that will make your DESTINATION with GOD, not God, more evident.

Life requires vision, even if you're literally blind. You've got to be able to go full circle in your mind because it's 3D, like the world around you. Your inner world, like your outer world, is spherical. It's not flat. You can't fall off your mind, even though you can lose it.

Therefore, learn to look more deeply at your past to shine a light on the present in anticipation of a BETTER future for all those who are in need of assistance. There really are very few people who are literally blind and so, so many who are figuratively blind.

Eric hadn't learned this lesson in the time he was enrolled in this school. He couldn't see what I'm saying. THE TEACHER brought him an amazing tutor, but Eric couldn't perceive more of what Mike was trying to show him. Going out at night and staying out till 4:00 am is something only a blind man would do. You and I can see how perilous it is on city streets at that hour. Eric had to have been internally blinded by his own light [proud] not to see the obvious about the external world.

There's pride and there's PRIDE.
Be PROUD [self-respecting]
Don't be proud [arrogant].

Hanukkah starts tonight, December 14, 2025.
חֲנֻכָּה [Hanukkah] means "dedication."
More than ten Jews were murdered and over 60 injured by two gunmen in Sydney, Australia today at a Hanukkah celebration. The gunmen were a father [y] and son [y].
The purpose of Hanukkah isn't just to celebrate the victory of the Maccabees, a Jewish revolt against the Greek-Syrian Seleucid empire that had taken over the Temple in Jerusalem, in 164 BCE.
The miracle wasn't just that the oil for light for one night burned for eight days.
The Jewish children at that time pretended to play with dreidels [tops] when the Greek soldiers were around. But after the soldiers left, the children went back to their studies. The miracle of Hanukkah is in lighting children's mind with a fire to QUESTION. This is the fire that grows down through children's stiff necks into their hearts and souls. This is the fire that will raise the temperature of the red fire in their conscience turning it blue. This is the miracle that the Jews are directly and indirectly modeling for the world.
Today, Rob Reiner [z] and his wife, Michele Singer [z], were murdered by one of their sons [y].
These are simultaneous messages from THE TEACHER that the father [y] son [y] relationship needs to be examined for greater spiritual edification. Men [y + z] need to learn to receive [z] more, even if that means giving [y] less.
It doesn't matter how high you can hop [submit] or how fast you can run [think]. You can't get from here to THERE without learning how to swim [feel] and fly [believe]. Men [y] can't get away anymore. They [y] have to admit they need to learn from women [z]. When they [y] try to teach one another, they [y] fail.
When you can look into your past for answers to how you're behaving today, you'll be ready to help yourself towards a BETTER tomorrow. If you can't yet help yourself in this way, what gives you the impression that you have what it takes to help anyone else in a meaningful way?
The present is the result of the past. If the present is askew, look into your past to fix it.
What would you do if you or your partner got pregnant and you two weren't on board with raising that child to adulthood? Using protection is vital when it comes to heterosexual sex. Unless you're in a monogamous, gay relationship, you should be worried about unwanted outcomes from sex. Snuffing out a fire is forbidden in the 6th Commandment. I abhor the way the Republicans brought this topic to the table, but they were right about the end result.
How much are you willing to sacrifice yourself for what your institution of faith tells you? Look around at other institutions of faith at what they're telling their followers. There are seven faiths: Chronologically they were given as:

1.	Indigenism	3,800+ years ago	Red
2.	Hinduism	3,800 years ago	Orange
3.	Judaism	3,400 years ago	Yellow

4.	Buddhism	2,500 years ago	Green
5.	Taoism	2,400 years ago	Blue
6.	Christianity	2,000 years ago	Indigo
7.	Islam	1,400 years ago	Violet

There are a dozen or more Jewish [yellow] sects.

There are 45,000 Christian [indigo] sects.

There are hundreds of Islamic [violet] sects but the two largest are Sunnis and Shiites.

There are four major sects of Hinduism [orange].

There are about 64 Buddhist [green] sects, but there could be thousands due to various sub-sects and movements that have developed over time.

The total number of sects of Taoism [blue] exceed several dozen. [Wikipedia]

But God gave His first promise to indigenists [red]. We don't have many indigenists left. But we certainly have more than enough evidence [red] that we all descended from them. Discrimination against native-Americans is s clear sign that Americans may have squeezed marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] through our courts in 2015, but we've got a long way to go before we can call ourselves civilized [ULTRAVIOLET].

If you claim to be a monotheist and you don't like the dogmas of your faith, find another faith or sect that suits you better. They all claim to have a monopoly on God, so don't let that stop you.

God allowed the ancient Jews to sacrifice animals to Him on and off for 1,400 years to teach the ancient Jews to face their guilt directly and responsibly. The ancient Jews built two Temples, one after another, insisting that there must be no other place on Earth to kill animals to feed God's terrible need for wrath. That conclusion was a knee-jerk reaction to indigenism [red].

Jerusalem was the only place where ancient Jews could go to appease God in those days. By then, there were Jews everywhere around the Mediterranean. But those Jew living abroad had to go back to Jerusalem once a year to make their sacrifices if they wanted to remain in God's good graces.

The Jewish moneychangers in the Temple were necessary because the Jews from other countries had to change money to buy animals to burn at the altar. Jesus turned over the tables of the moneychangers to impress upon the ancient, Jewish nationalists who ran Israel that their religious practices were corrupt and hurtful to Jews living elsewhere.

During the 200 years preceding the arrival of Jesus, the ancient Jews sought to build temples in Greece, Turkey, Italy and North Africa so they could sacrifice animals locally.

But the Jews in Jerusalem had no intention of giving up their monopoly on faith in God. It was God who took the problem out of their hands by having those tables turned over. Jesus destroyed the sanctity of that corrupt system in one day, and He was murdered for His actions almost immediately. But it took 70 more years for the Romans to destroy the Temple, ransack Israel and take all the Jews to Rome in chains. That was the third time the Jews ended up enslaved.

Only then did the ancient Israelis realize that the system of buying their way out of sin and guilt with animal sacrifice was over for good. To assuage our conscience today, we admit our faults and atone for our errors of judgment. We don't us whipping boys or animals to manage guilt.

By looking at Jewish history through the eyes of His story, we can see the lessons our ancestors were given for abusing the natural world. Yet look how threatened wild animals are today.

For 2,000 years, Jews have been without animal sacrifice. But today, there are a small, but vocal, number of Jews who want to rebuild the Temple for a third time and go back to making animals pay for our crimes.

I think those Jews are more like the original Israelite students of life who trekked with Moses across the Sinai. Those ancient Jews would stand in a circle hand-in-hand. Their priest was held by the shoulders as he placed his hands on a goat. The sins of those in the circle were magically moved full circle into the goat. Then the priest killed the goat and offered it to God as proof that they'd cleansed themselves of their sins.

They did the same thing a second time with another goat to deal with their guilt. But that goat they drove out of their encampment into the desert to die.

Gay men are today's scapegoats. Some murder us as a sacrifice for their sins. Some drive us out of society as a sacrifice for their guilt.

Either way, we're here in the encampment some refer to as "civilized society" to tell Jewish, Christian and Muslim homophobes that they're wrong and they're dangerous. God no longer wants them to use us to cleanse themselves of sin and guilt.

Jesus opposed that form of self-cleansing by denouncing the Temple practice as a cult.

Homophobes have lost sight of the fact that we, each, have our own, individual relationship with GOD.

By today's more elevated spiritual standards, Leviticus 18 and 20 were trick questions from God.

But many religious leaders insist that God wouldn't set traps for them.

They think He's more loyal to them than to the gay community.

This, they profess after civilized man eliminated slavery; trafficking of human beings; brutalizing children; murdering family members; murdering adulterers, murdering gay men and murdering those who question the system - laws from chapter 20 of the Book of Leviticus that have been repudiated.

The gay community has achieved marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] in 37 countries in defiance of these laws.

Once the edict to murder gays has been debunked by all Jews in Israel by joining those countries that uphold marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]], the other seven exceptions to the 6th Commandment will be discarded, too.

Defend yourself.

Defend your country.

But don't murder for these eight reasons.

Equating Zionism [the Jewish nationalism of 3,400 years ago] with racism is a Russian trope that some Palestinians are using to destabilize the American Judeo-Christian dream. Many Muslims worldwide, especially gay Muslims, can see through it.

Gay believers cry out about what I'm telling you. We're more evolved because we're hard at werk. We know that what those straight, brown Catholics did to that gay, black Protestant was abominable. It had everything to do with sex, skin color, national origin and religion. But some Americans aren't yet ready for identity politics when it comes to higher levels of spiritual scrutiny.

Until we open the discussion of Palestinian rights for gay Muslims, people are going to love Israel or hate Israel, when the issue isn't just about Israel. The issue is universal. The issue is homophobia as an excuse to turn others into whipping boys to receive corporal punishment for the prince's transgressions.

It's not that hard to use your conscience as your guide if you're doing your homewerk. It's not that hard to include your heart and soul as well as your conscience as your guide if the flame in your conscience burns blue. Your heart and soul are located to the left and right of your burning bush, the fire within you that's found at your breastplate.

Leave your penis [y] or clitoris [x] out of it. Make choices with your [z] factor. Don't go any further down than that. Think about how your mother [z] would be ashamed of you.

Why is it that I can tell you things that are so obvious, but you haven't heard them before now? Could we be living in the Dark Ages and not the Modern Age? Could WONDERLAND be so easy to access?

You're going to have to learn to better orient yourself to your inner world if you think you have any chance of getting good grades in this school. It's all an inside job. If you only want to work from the outside out, you'll be accused of having contributed to the death of the planet. But if you werk from the inside out, you may just graduate this school with HONOR.

You're probably already werking from the inside out to some degree. Look for more of the lesson in everything around you and in the lessons you past in the past. Look at the lessons given to your family, neighbors and friends. They may be behaving in ways you don't want to copy. Or maybe they're behaving in ways you should admire.

If you don't watch yourself and contrast your intentions today to your intentions in your past, you're not fully using your mind. You're not seeking to feel HOPEFUL by getting BETTER.

Whether you're hungry for matzoh [Judaism] or bread and fish [Christianity], you've got to find ways of recreating the feasts described in our scriptures. Nobody is going to present life to you as a banquet ready for consumption. You're going to have to prepare it for yourself.

And if you choose to eat by night, rather than by day [Islam], you should be using that time to reflect on everything your mind consumes in darkness, not just in light. GOD hides in the darkness of our heart waiting for us to find THEM.

When you're feeling lonely and neglected, ask our TEACHER why. At least the answer won't be because you suffer abandonment issues like Moses, Jesus and the orphaned Prophet Muhammad. At least you'll already know that your presence in this school is a miracle of such importance that there's no way to anticipate what your legacy will be.

30.
The Whole T and Nothing but the T

I'm here to spill the T.

I can do so because I know the truth down to a T.

The truth fits me to a T because I'm a gay, white, self-ordained rabbiT with a funny lookin' T.

I'm a member of the LGB & T community because I recognize that our support of trans people needs a reason that we haven't yet been able to offer. If we can't even find a good enough reason to support gay Muslims, there's an awful lot about coming out of our CLOSETS that we still need to werk on.

The cross [T] on which Jesus was crucified is a symbol that's universal, not just Christian. The cross can be described symbolically as a personal struggle with Him. We're all crucified in our heart by our feelings.

The two poles of a cross are typically referred to as the vertical pole [upright] and the horizontal pole [crossbeam].

The vertical pole of the cross corresponds to a skyscraper of sorts, our status in society with the rich at the top [penthouse] to poor at the bottom [basement].

The horizontal pole corresponds to the journey of life from birth to death. That journey is like a bridge between this world and the possibility of a WORLD TO COME.

The horizontal pole of my cross is a bridge between my two worlds, WONDERLAND and the outer world. The looking glass is the vehicle between these worlds.

My life is a journey, a bridge from birth to death in which I'm learning the meaning of BEING through the adventure of living. In crossing my bridge, the more I age, the more familiar I become with the spiritual process given to us by GOD.

If you're building your spiritual life like a contractor builds a bridge, you may choose to use the expertise of a religious, construction company. As I've said, there are seven. Each of them claims to be able to get you from one end [birth] to the other [death]. Each of them claims that their bridge-building techniques are the finest in the world.

The truth is that spiritual bridge-building is a skill given to all of us by GOD. If you use the services of all seven of these enterprises, you'll discover that their skills build upon one another.

A train of thought uses inner bridges to get over rivers [feelings] and valleys [beliefs].

When you allow your mind to wander, it WONDERS as it wanders. You may even see yourself enjoying a ride aboard a train of thought that's completely disconnected from the world you share with the rest of us.

This is a train of thought that's going through a tunnel. I move through mountains. I don't have to go over or around them.

The journey through tunnels is called mental illness.

We all suffer mental health crises.

We all doubt our sanity at times.

We look out the window inside but see nothing but darkness.

Muhammad said that if the mountain won't come to Muhammad, then Muhammed must go to the mountain. This old proverb means that if you can't get your own way, you must seek an alternative.

Modern Muslims must build bridges between our Jewish, belief system and their own. Muslims and Jews must use trains of thought that will arrive at stations of belief we can share. Too many trains of thought get stuck in tunnels.

Building tunnels literally, as the Gazans have done, evades GOD'S plan for man. We must all do so internally to overcome insanity by seeking peace, first and foremost, with ourself.

The vertical pole of my cross is like a skyscraper I've constructed one story in my life upon the next. I've moved through poverty to wealth as though I was ascending a tower I climbed as I built it.

The equivalent of trains of thought that move horizontally across bridges are elevators in skyscrapers that move vertically through many stories - and escalators that move from one story up or down to the next.

Movement up-and-down within me is as mysterious as movement from side-to-side. I'm figuratively crucified in these modern ways, so similar and yet so different from how Jesus moved through His life to death 2,000 years ago. We live in a WONDERFUL time in history because we can move without being accused of heresy.

Today's means of transportation correspond to methods of thinking that our ancestors could never have imagined. They didn't have the logic, rationality or reason to make the associations our minds can make. They were far too simple to appreciate the ways we zoom through ideas north/south like an elevator and east/west like a train. Modern man is a giant compared to the spiritual size and simplicity of his ancestors.

But that doesn't mean that any of our ancestors were stupid. They simply were out of touch with GOD [X] + [Y] + [Z]. The very best they could imagine was a God [Y] who created them in His image. They simply didn't have the technological tools we have today to apply their ingenuity to their spirituality. They had to settle with the tools their minds were given in the day in which they lived.

Those who are dependent on religion fear spirituality. They're worried about getting stuck in tunnels. Many people are underground slaving away inside digging tunnels while you and I move comfortably through our mind, thanks to a modern world that inspires us to do great things with our life.

What separates you from me is the number of tunnels I had to build. I simply wasn't allowed to go around mountains. GOD insisted I go through them.

When you travel to countries where modern, technical modes of transportation are rare or very costly, you see that they have a charm and sincerity that shines. They have a sense of grounding that comes with movement of the mind without the wheels inside of them turning.

My mother [z] taught me to say, "please" and "thank you."

But Elton John taught me that "sorry" seems to be one of the hardest words to say.

He and his lyricist, Bernie Taupin, are, in my opinion, the two greatest spiritualists of the 20th Century. They built trains of thought that went right through mountains nobody could climb.

The problem with religious people everywhere is that they're easily cheated, tricked, conned, swindled, defrauded, duped and taken advantage of. This is done by those who break the 8th Commandment [stealing] because they don't see life as a school in which their own grades count.

We all have to fear thieves because we're all religiously motivated to some degree that makes us vulnerable to those who'd use our faith to cheat and trick us.

When Christians tell me that Jesus died for my sins, they're trying to say that he personified the first struggle with His T on my behalf. I know it's hard to believe them, given how many of them break the 8th Commandment. But when you come out of your head through the CLOSETS given to you by Moses, perhaps you can see that Jesus pronounced His truth from a new place in inner space. He made His home in His HEART, a place quite different from His head.

I know Christians were once fond of associating stealing with Jews. But when you're interested in adding to your faith rather than subtracting from it, you discover that THE TEACHER has guiding principles that apply to everyone.

The more you're able to stop stealing your T out from under yourself, the more aware you'll become of the power that emanates out of all ten of the Ten Commandments.

This is when Arizona becomes grand.

New Mexico becomes enchanting.

Utah becomes a beehive.

Colorado becomes colorful.

And California becomes golden.

This is when you go West young man or woman to discover the mystery in BEING American.

31.
Dahlia and Julie

Dahlia is a lesbian cousin of mine by marriage. Julie is her wife. We were friends for 35 years. We're not on speaking terms anymore.

Dahlia is a Jewish atheist. Julie has always tried to be a Christian atheist, and Dahlia has always pressured Julie into remaining an atheist. But Julie has always had doubts about God that bring her to WONDERLAND occasionally.

Sadly, I couldn't help either of them understand where I was coming from spiritually.

Long story short, they live four hours away, so Wyatt and I used to go there for several days at a time. The last time we went, the first day went fine. But the second morning Dahlia, Julie and I had a discussion which led me to a spiritual topic that Dahlia found intolerable to listen to. Of course, any spiritual topic is intolerable for an atheist. All spiritual topics are about GOD. That brings up trauma for atheists that they've pushed off the table by denouncing His existence because they don't have the spiritual education to appreciate THEIR existence.

Julie, on the other hand, was fascinated by my take on the topic, and that infuriated Dahlia. From that moment on, Dahlia refused to talk to me. She ghosted me while in her physical presence in her own home. She ignored me completely. Wyatt, Julie and I did our best to calm Dahlia down, but she refused to give up the silent treatment. The next day we left.

There were phone conversations after that, but Dahlia refused to apologize for her bad behavior. I finally told her I couldn't trust her enough to maintain my end of our friendship.

It's been years since we've talked.

I don't see us as ever reconciling.

I think Dahlia ought to look at her hatred of God for putting her through the trauma of childhood with her mother [x]. I think Dahlia needs to give up atheism to modernize her relationship to GOD. In my opinion, the silent treatment she gave me was a projection of her silent treatment of Him. Her animosity toward Israel is really a loathing of the mother [x] S/HE gave her.

I think she's a misandrist who hates God [Y] just as homophobes are misogynists who hate GOD. [X]+ [Z]

We have Dahlia and Julie on our family TV streaming plan. When Dahlia rejected me, I wanted to stop paying for her streaming service.

But Wyatt convinced me to build a bridge over those troubled waters. And now I see that he was right. He modeled wisdom of the HEART.

It's not about the money.

If I make it about the money, then it's no longer about the honey.

I'm still paying for Dahlia and Julie's streaming service because I want them to continue to receive the message that our division isn't about money.

Here in America, we claim to be a monotheistic society that accommodates religions from around the world. We offer people the opportunity to practice their faith free from impediment. But to be monotheists requires us to face Judaism, Christianity and Islam for the ways they're behaving hypocritically.

We had the Revolutionary War to get out from under the concept of pharaohs, not just kings. The English were behaving like ancient Egyptians in those days. The English didn't see themselves as slavedrivers [aristocrats] working for pharaohs [kings] to control their colonies as though they were slaves [serfs].

The Revolutionary War favored America's Jewish heritage. It motivated us to leave England in a way that was comparable to the way the Israelites left ancient Egypt.

But after that war, we had a Civil War to stick it to parts of the Book of Leviticus. We didn't want to learn how to treat our slaves more fairly. We didn't want slaves, period. That war was in opposition to our Jewish heritage, specifically chapter 25:44 of the Book of Leviticus. The Jubilee should have arrived with the birth of Jesus in which we'd all become servants of God. Until the 1% make that happen, the Messiah [Jesus] won't be revealed. [Leviticus 25:54]

Then, we had two World Wars to save Europe from Christian barbarism. In doing so, we saved Christianity from the Church. The Church lives and breathes in Europe today thanks to the United States. Europeans speak English with one another as a reminder that we saved them from plunging a knife into Jesus' HEART to try to kill the Lamb of God.

The arms of the Church may reach around the world, but Rome is certainly not the head of Christianity anymore. Rome can only whisper in hushed tones into the ears of Catholics, telling them what the Pope would like for them to do.

Rome doesn't dare look Jews in the eyes after what the Vatican encouraged European Catholics to do to the Jews in the Second World War. Hitler and many of his henchmen were Catholics. Those hateful Catholic voices were muted by the U.S. once and for all.

Jesus entered a Jerusalem in 1948 that was once again under Jewish law after 2,000 years of occupation by indigenists, Christians and Muslims. Jesus was Jewish, is Jewish and will always be Jewish if you're a faithful Christian. And His mother [z] was, too. His home is once again our home. He saved us. Israel will never again be forsaken by GOOD Christians who believe in ONE GOD.

The U.S. is supporting Israel in our fight against Islam, a third off-shoot of MONOTHEISM. Mecca will lose this spiritual fight the way Rome lost the last fight. The future home of Islam will be in Michigan or Minnesota. Mecca is already between a ROCK a hard place [Israel].

The spiritual future of humanity lies on our New World shores. The Russians and Chinese are betting against GOD, not just against us. Neither of them has a clue what they're doing to themselves because neither of them has a clue to the meaning of ONE GOD. They know nothing about our American dream, and we know everything about their covetous nature. They're homophobic atheists who steal our technology and ruin the free flow of trade. They have no idea how we operate from within. They're aboard trains of thought moving through tunnels.

The future of the U.S. lies in our city by the bay. San Francisco is the Jerusalem of the west. You can go north, south or east any way you want. But all roads lead out west.

The world is like a pyramid, and the peak of that pyramid is San Francisco. You don't get closer to Heaven on Earth than by seeking your fortune here.

Gay men and lesbians came out of the ark [closet] here in San Francisco thanks to Harvey Milk, the gay Jew who changed the world with a single Hebrew word ארון [aron] that he uttered in English [closet]. Here lies the bubbling spring [Xanadu] where GOD'S

plans meet the plans of man. Watch how we show everyone how women [z] will someday rule the world and how men [z] will gladly help them make that happen.

32.
Dedi

We met Dedi in Palm Springs a few months ago. It happened as if in a dream. I took one look at her and knew she was a long-standing resident of WONDERLAND. She was my Alice [z], and I was her gay, white rabbiT. She's the inspiration for much of this book.

Meeting Dedi was more proof for me that there is a GOD.

She's a dark-skinned, black woman who's a little younger than me but who looks quite young. She's a well to do, unmarried, business woman and deeply devout Christian. I get the impression that people fall in love with her easily.

Dedi told me she looks so good because "black don't crack." That took me back to puberty when my skin started to crack with acne. My complexion and phobia about fat are evidence that I'm over-indulgent.

My shell is cracked, but I feel so fat that I can't get out of my shell any faster.

I'm a chick coming out of my CLOSETS.

I'm a rabbiT helping people get through their looking glass.

I've felt beloved on occasion, but for Dedi to fall in love with me felt like such an honor. She turned to Wyatt at one point in a conversation and said, "Is he always like this?" He rolled his eyes and she hugged me.

Dedi already came through her ark and basket into her tabernacle before meeting me. Her body is her temple. Jesus resides in that temple with her. And He ain't leavin'. Meeting me brought Dedi to the closet metaphors that reveal the universality of all scriptures as given to us by GOD through our gender differences.

My HEART sings a psalm the way David sang psalms to Jonathan.

David's love for Jonathan is like the love Dedi witnesses in me.

Dedi loves Dedi.

Dedi loves Jesus.

So, for Dedi to come through her looking glass with me, a gay, white rabbiT, was a mystical, magical experience for me. It brought WONDERLAND down from Heaven a little closer to Earth.

Dedi has followed me into WONDERLAND. It's as though the journey she's taking with Jesus comes right through WONDERLAND, too. Here-and-now is the most natural place for her to be.

I gave Dedi the manuscript of my last book, and she's loving it. But I sent her an email yesterday saying:

Dear Dedi,

As you know, I have office hours with THE TEACHER every night and I werk with my Tutor [Adonai] by day.

I've progressed so much since we met that I'm no longer as pleased with the book I completed that I gave you to read. Those two volumes were my 35th and 36th attempts to improve my ability to describe the meaning of life. I see that they need editing. I'm now working on book #37, WELCOME TO MY WONDERLAND.

I'm far more pleased with this one.

Wyatt will tell you that I said the same thing about all the previous books I wrote. But in my defense, I only improve my writing skills by improving my RIGHTING skills. I now feel I've RIGHTED myself much more.

So, it's with regret that I suggest you stop reading that book. The book I'm now composing is my 9th symphony.

Good thoughts,

Barry.

Dedi is someone I admire

There aren't many people like that in my life.

I tolerate most people.

I accept a few just as they are.

But I admire everyone for only brief moments at a time.

Dedi is someone I admire consistently because I like the courage that she models by believing with her whole HEART and SOUL.

Tolerate:	To accept or be patient regarding something unpleasant or undesirable; to endure.
Accept:	To accommodate or reconcile oneself to.
Admire:	To regard with pleasure, WONDER and approval. To have a high opinion of; esteem or respect.

33.
GOD'S IMAGE

GOD made everybody in THEIR [X] or [Y] + [Z] IMAGES.
Genesis 1:26 in Hebrew reads:

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים נַעֲשֶׂה אָדָם בְּצַלְמֵנוּ כִּדְמוּתֵנוּ
"And God said, 'Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness.'"

As we progress spiritually through modern, American English to see our own image with greater lucidity, we can better see God's image reflected differently in each of the Abrahamic faiths.

Using the symbol for sexual differentiation that was identified by Herman Henking, the German cytologist who discovered the [x] chromosome in 1890, we can now conclude that GOD is a combination of [X] + [Y] + [Z]. We were made in THEIR IMAGES.

The previous perception of God as He [Y] using a combination of capital and lowercase letters is inadequate for the modern, spiritual age we live in.

"Although the gender of God in Judaism is referred to in Tanach with masculine imagery and grammatical forms, traditional Jewish philosophy doesn't attribute the concept of sex to God." [Wikipedia]

I find this conclusion about Judaism troublesome. I think the concept of sex and gender are paramount in understanding GOD'S role in our life. In the real [external] world, if you refer to someone as male, but you can't literally ascribe that gender to him, then you're talking about a trans man [x + z]. You're describing a woman who's has no penis or testicles. S/he's had her breasts removed. S/he behaves like a man [y + z] to fit in with masculine social constructs, but s/he is literally a woman [x + z]. It's impossible to genetically turn a woman into a man or a man into a woman.

In my opinion, to say that you don't attribute the concept of gender and sex to God means that you look at Him as having a head, heart and soul, but no navel, genitals or anus. How could He [Y] have created man in His [Y] image without the rest of the male anatomy in His [Y] imagination? And how could S/he [X] have done the same without an entire female body in Her imagination.

There's a great deal of animosity nowadays toward those who obfuscate the gender they were born with. Some people can't understand why trans people have done what they've done to themselves.

People who discriminate against trans people, outside of sports, are lacking orientation skills needed to move freely through WONDERLAND. They're homophobes who are stuck with an impression of God that's inadequate for the modern age, or they're atheists.

Traditional Judaism, Christianity and Islam are offensive to the LGB & T community because they refer to God with masculine [Y] imagery and grammatical forms. If God is beyond our genders, then pronouns for God should reflect that. That would be the only fair and accurate way to describe God.

שְׁכִינָה [Shichina: the divine dwelling of the feminine presence of God] is discussed in the Talmud and the Zohar, the core of Jewish mysticism. The word "Shichina" is closely related to מישקן [Mishkin: Tabernacle].

In John's visions, it states, "After these things I looked, and the temple of the Tabernacle of the testimony in Heaven was opened." [Revelations 15:5]

The tabernacle within you will only open up to the feminine presence of God [X].

When God spoke to Moses out of the pillar of cloud in Exodus 33, God told him, "You cannot see My face, for no man shall see Me, and live." Perhaps it wasn't God's face, but His genitals that were beyond early man's capacity to relate to.

Judaism gave the world the impression that God is male. Judaism should have been the first to take responsibility for correcting that impression by using feminine nouns and pronouns as well to describe God. Once Judaism corrects this mistake by legalizing marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] in Israel, Eastern Orthodox Christian countries and all Muslim countries will look like fools for not doing so, too.

We owe trans men and women a debt of gratitude for awakening us to the issue of pronouns that aren't yet reflected in the God the Abrahamic faiths pray to.

Unless the scapegoating stops altogether so that those who are the most disenfranchised are protected, admired and cherished by all, the harsh lessons from GOD will continue to cause great suffering for women and children worldwide. Peace must be earned.

I can understand that God first created man [Adam] in His image and then He created woman [Eve] in his [man's] image. That makes some sense to me. First God created shallowness [x] and [y]. Then He created depth [z]. What's the point in becoming a deep person if you have no understanding of what it means to have been shallow?

The movement through shallow feelings to deep feelings for THE ONE GOD of us all are imbedded in the closet metaphor. You must pass through the ark [head], basket [heart] and tabernacle [soul] stages of self-disclosure to appreciate the SHICHINA [X] + [Z] who resides in your navel.

In Genesis 2:19-20 Torah tells us, "The Lord [Adonai] God [Elohenu] had formed out of the ground all the wild animals and all the birds in the sky. He brought them to the man to see what he would name them; and whatever the man called each living creature, that was its name. So, the man gave names to all the livestock, the birds in the sky and all the wild animals."

Torah gives us the name of the serpent in Genesis 3:1. "Now the serpent was craftier than any of the wild animals The Lord [Adonai] God [Elohenu] had made. He said to the woman, 'Did God really say, 'You must not eat from any tree in the garden'?"

We have to assume Adam named the serpent, just as he'd named all the animals in Eden. Adam even scrutinized the serpent to discover his gender. Adam knew the serpent in the biblical sense of the word.

As a boy [y + z] enters puberty the serpent [y] in his tree begins to tempt him [y + z] with whispers about something he [y] knows that no boy [y + z] could ever know. It's only as a boy experiences new, physical sensations mixed with wild, new emotions that he begins to experience thoughts no child ever has.

The self-knowledge that arrives at puberty for boys and girls that culminates with orgasm is an awareness of self-knowledge that's described in Torah as serpent speech. But we now associate this form of self-communication with changes in hormones, something Moses couldn't have addressed scientifically in his autobiography in his day.

Whether a child ends up preferring males [y + z] or females [x + z] sexually is GOD'S department. Accept THEIR will.

Today we can look at these changes with hindsight, insight and foresight. We can describe these changes as a deepening of the human spiriT. First the attraction is physical and personal. Then it becomes emotional. Lastly, it becomes a soulful. This is the journey of spirituality we experienced when we crossed the rainbow bridge from childhood to adulthood.

The serpent Moses described in the creation story will always be regarded differently from all other animals because he symbolizes a biological transformation that has emotional and spiritual aftereffects.

Adulthood should make us hopeful, curious and open to inspiration. With greater self-knowledge, we should QUESTION the possibility that there's a GOD behind all that we've had to endure.

But if you idolized your childhood and condemn adulthood as an evil aberration that's poisoned your spiriT, you aren't going to agree with this conclusion.

If, however, if you see life as a school and the passage from childhood to adulthood as advancement out of the elementary lessons of life in childhood into the secondary lessons of life at puberty, you're going to appreciate growing up as a spiritual process that will turn you into a mature, human being.

Seeking spiritual answers to the meaning of your life is equivalent to entering college. But meaningful answers can't be rote or uniform. They have to go beyond anything any one religion professes. Meaningful answers have to be personally eloquent for you, alone.

When I PRAY to GOD, I often thank THEM for what THEY have done for me because I couldn't in my wildest dreams have given me what I now hold inside.

In that sense, coming out of the four CLOSETS [ark, basket, tabernacle and gender identity] is a complex metaphor for becoming an individual with a personal relationship with GOD, THE TEACHER.

We all come out of small, dark, inner spaces into a WONDERLAND of opportunities that brings HOPE to all our experiences if we're trained to perceive HOPE as emanating out from our navel [z], the feminine dwelling place of GOD.

If this explanation fits you to a T, then death will be a personal graduation from this school that will reveal a mystery that can't be fully described in words because death will signify a change beyond anything words can express except when uttered as figurative speech.

In the modern era we were all born into, we have no choice but to conclude that GOD isn't just male. GOD is a combination of both genders. GOD is a S/HE. And man is also a s/he because he was made in GOD'S IMAGE, not God's image. Although in Genesis 1:26 it says that The Lord [Adonai] God [Elohenu] created man in His image, we're spiritually old enough and wise enough to see through those words to a greater truth about THE GOD we know today.

Without our understanding of science combined with our personal experiences in life, we can't fully decode Torah any further for future generations.

We can't advance the meaning in the giving of the Gospels and Quran by THE ONE GOD WHO created us all.

Christianity is in the enviable position of having Tanach as part of its scripture. Islam, on the other hand, is presently contrasting itself to Judaism instead of comparing itself to our faith. This is at the root of the problems in the Middle East.

This is what's holding straight Muslims back in further pursuit of the meaning of their scripture and their relationship to GOD almighty, THE ONE TEACHER in this school, as well as Allah, the last Tutor we'll ever be given.

I go further to claim that the common man [y + z] is still contrasting himself to woman [x + z] instead of comparing himself [y + z] to her [x + z]. This is why I make the claim that out lesbians, gay men, bisexuals and trans people are the most suitable people to guide the world because we've been through more of the closet metaphors than others.

The LGB & T community doesn't have the time, the inclination or the patience it would take to awaken all straight men [y + z] and women [x + z] to how badly they've been programmed by society and religion. We need everyone's help. Therefore, we ask you to help yourself.

So long as there is antisemitism, anti-Zionism, racism, homophobia, xenophobia, misogyny or misandry on the political spectrum, we must oppose it because it conflicts with our personal values.

We can all see how poorly humanity is doing spiritually these days.

But I blame most of this on the ignorance of the Abrahamic institutions of faith for siding with the billionaires in their pursuit of raw power by helping the billionaires accumulate more money.

They all have enough sense to know that they can't take ten cents with them when they leave here. They'd do better if they spent their time using the Ten Commandments to inspire them, instead. They're fools for succumbing to material greed when spiritual greed is so much more REWARDING.

Gay Muslims know that their straight Muslim brothers and sisters can't be trusted as much as their brothers and sisters in the LGB & T community. But they also know they can only trust those gay Jews and gay Christians who support Israel. Without Israel, gay Muslims have no hope of convincing their parents, family, culture and all 53 Islamic nations around the world that they're making a spiritual mess of things.

Gay Muslims should be HOPING and PRAYING to GOD that Israel will influence every nation in the Middle East by enacting marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]]. This will make it possible for gay Muslims to wrap their Islamic roots around THE ROCK in pursuit of FAITH through a spiritual, rather than religious education in this school.

In my opinion, the majority of gay Muslims are believers who've been squeezed out of religious conversations because of sexual prejudices that were handed down from straight Jews, to straight Christians to straight Muslims for millennia. Only when marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]] is achieved in Israel will a Palestinian state emerge from our Abrahamic roots with HOPE for us all.

34.
Think!

They have a duplicate of Rudin's "The Thinker" in front of the Legion of Honor Museum in Lincoln Park in San Francisco. [See back cover] I went up to that masterpiece and studied it carefully by looking between that man's legs. He has no penis or testicles. It looks like he's got a flap that suggests what might be a vagina.

I don't know what August Rodin [1840-1917] was thinking about, but the man he sculpted isn't thinking about what I was thinking about all my life. I was thinking about men with penises, not men with vaginas.

Let's take a closer look at Michelangelo's sculpture, "David" by looking between his legs. [See back cover] That sculpture doesn't show David with a circumcised penis. You'd think Michelangelo [1475-1564] had slept with a few Jewish men, too. He should have known enough about Jews to get that right.

Michelangelo put horns on his statue of Moses [See back cover]. The Church had confused the words קרניים [korenim: horned] and קורן [koren: radiant] in describing how Moses' face looked after he spoke with The Lord on Mt. Sinai. The light on his face was so brilliant that Moses covered his face with a veil when he spoke to the Israelites. [Exodus 34:29-35]

Michaelangelo put horns on Moses' head and left David with a foreskin. I can see why he was so popular with the Catholic Church in those days, even though he was gay.

The times have changed. Today we teach people to respect all the Tutors given to us by THE TEACHER. In A.A. I was trained to give up liquid spirits. I sought the spiriT inside of me, instead. A.A. was described to me as a program of attraction, not promotion.

Rene Magritte's painting, "The Son of Man" is a surreal look at the creation story of Moses. [See back cover] "Magritte painted it as a self-portrait. The painting consists of a man in an overcoat and a bowler hat standing in front of a low wall, beyond which are the sea and a cloudy sky. The man's face is largely obscured by a hovering green apple. However, the man's eyes can be seen peeking over the edge of the apple. Another subtle feature is that the man's left arm appears to bend backwards at the elbow." [Wikipedia]

I see Magritte presenting the fruit of good and evil externalized on the face of every Adam, yet, ironically, this is what gets in the way of men seeing it on their own face.

Christians have learned to compare and contrast themselves to Judaic fruit.

I see this 20th Century painting completed in 1964 as a European acceptance of Judaism after what European Christians did to European Jews 20 years prior in the Second World War.

Coming to terms with who I've become is a courageous act of self-inquiry because it has required me to concede that I'm a tree of self-knowledge that will fall to the forest floor one day.

Nevertheless, I see me moving spiritually forward toward a HOPEFUL future thanks to my moral [internal] and ethical [external] advancements day-by-day.

This movement toward God with hope was first described in Torah with a rainbow. In Christianity it was described with a cross. And in Islam, it was described with a rock.

The words "son of man" in Hebrew are בן אדם [ben adam: son of Adam]. But that has an idiomatic meaning in Hebrew. It means "gentleman." When you hear people in church

say that Jesus described Himself as the son of man, they're unaware that what He was saying in Hebrew was that He was a gentleman. He was affirming His good name.

Jesus certainly had reason to do so. He wasn't liked by the people in power in His day because He attracted 4,000 and 5,000 followers to His sermons.

I see Magritte's idea of a gentleman as a man with an APPLE stuck on his nose. I like that image because I think it's more important to smell the fruit that tempted Eve rather than taste it. Using more than just our eyes and ears teaches us that our nose knows more than the other features on our face. This is the secret to wisdom that they don't talk about in synagogues, churches and mosques.

Nostagia, for instance, is a bittersweet reminder of the past. Think of nostalgia as the smell of your parents' home or the cologne of someone who you're fond of. We use lights, colors, music and foods to help us remember the past during the month of December. But when we use our nose to do so, we discover how powerful and mystical our sense of smell is.

God is real.

GOD is surreal.

You can use your eyes and ears to get to God.

But you need to use your nose to smell the odiferous fragrance that, like a path, can even lead the deaf and blind to THEIR ABODE.

I can't tell you everything you need to know about the meaning of your life. I can only suggest that there are constructs you might like to learn about that you may not discover in an institution of faith about GOD and THEIR helpers.

I've discovered many new things about myself over the years that I didn't know before.

I attribute that knowledge and the synchro-mysticism by which it came to me to GOD.

I also attribute those gifts to my hard werk in understanding THEIR presence in my life.

I'll forever bless my mother [z] for having taught me the words, "please" and "thank you."

Without the simplest of things in life, the complex things never attain their true value.

They say that experience is the best teacher.

I think THE TEACHER is THE ONLY TEACHER.

Experience taught me nothing until I reflected on my experiences.

Experience produced trauma until I could look back on who I once was with appreciation that I'd gone from GOOD to BETTER. This is what post-traumatic stress does to reorder, not disorder, us. But that doesn't happen without WONDER.

I prefer wisdom to love.

But I love love more than loyalty. I like the proportionality of my HEAD to my HEART to my SOUL. I like thinking more than feeling and feeling more than believing because thinking is the key that opens the door inside both ways.

When I found Bella's hand mirror in the living room as a toddler, I looked at myself in the mirror critically for the first time. I didn't know then that in Hebrew the words for "light" [אור] and "skin" [עור] sound almost identical [oar and or]. I didn't see my skin as a window through which a light was shining.

I internalize the concept of religion as FAITH in GOD that emerges from the inside out.

Israel is like a bust of me.

Haifa is like my head.

Jerusalem is like my heart.

And Tel Aviv is like my soul.

The problems I saw in Israel when I lived there were a reflection of the problems of all of mankind. I think everyone must learn to use their head to think, their heart to love and their soul to believe. I thank GOD that S/HE gave us three Abrahamic faiths to learn to do all three.

The future of Israel and its neighbors is a region of the world where I think God's words should be studied for personal edification of GOD'S plans for each and every one of us.

Moses began his autobiography with the big picture which he described as having been sketched out in seven days. He then focused on his first orgasm in the creation story. He figuratively began his autobiography with his own big bang. I think every aspect of the life of Moses depicts an aspect of every man's life as viewed from inside his head.

When I came down out of my head into my heart, I QUESTIONED the biography of Jesus in the New Testament which depicts man's relationship to God through His emotions. The emotions of men are a recreation of the creation story. Babies begin with emotions that come out of them like Eve came out of Adam. But then their feelings are influenced by their urges [y] or [x]. Urges are beguiling because they're either like a serpent [y] in a tree or like a worm [x] in an APPLE.

But women don't literally come out of men. Any man who still behaves as though women come out of him has a problem with his mother. He's stuck in a superiority complex.

When I stoked the spark in my breastplate with modesty, humility and grace [GOODNESS], I discovered that GOD created me in THEIR IMAGE, not His.

Jewish metaphors, Christian symbols and Islamic signs aren't topics children should be exposed to until they've reached puberty. But withholding figurative speech from adults is cruel. Inquiring minds want to know. Yet when it comes to figurative interpretations of scripture, religious nationalists always say, "no."

I'm a surrealist writer.

Salvador Dali [1904–1989] described the subjectivity of time in "The Persistence of Memory." [See back cover.] Objective time melts in WONDERLAND under the heat of love. It becomes idiosyncratic, individualistic and personal.

I bring the fruits of GOOD and evil close to my face, not onto my face as Magritte did.

Either you're curious to learn about your inner world or you're terrified of any more self-knowledge.

You can become a surrealist in WONDERLAND by moving beyond what's real to the source of knowledge as perceived from within. Then you can make personal meaning out of everything you go through.

But beware.

Your beliefs are subjective and internal, while the world is objective and external. If you don't find a way to describe your presence on this planet in a way that isn't paradoxical, you'll suffer conundrums that may lead to enigmas that will BAFFLE you. You may find yourself going through tunnels, not over bridges. You may descend elevators to floors in your skyscraper that have a very limited view.

Don't leave this world worse off than you found it.
Don't promote exclusion and hate.
For that, you will be JUDGED.

35.
Chestnuts Roasting on an Open fire

The literal meaning of "chestnuts roasting on an open fire" comes from "The Christmas Song." This imagery sets the tone for a cozy, intimate Christmas atmosphere, symbolizing warmth, togetherness, and the comforting traditions of the holiday season.

But the spiritual interpretation of this lyric needs to be unpacked for deeper clarification.

"Chestnuts" refer to testicles.

"Roasting" refers to a change in their temperature that changes their texture and taste.

And "fire" refers to a conscience that burns a man, making him darker [more cynical] than he was before.

"Sperm production is optimal in a cooler environment, typically around 2 to 4 degrees Celsius below the body's core temperature. This is why the testes are located outside the body, as excessive heat can negatively impact sperm quality and production." [Wikipedia]

But in the spiritual sense, this holiday song refers to transformations in a man's life-giving properties that degrade over time.

Life is a heating process.

Men become hotter as they age.

Old men get angry, and they diffuse their heat by roasting younger men's testicles.

We see this character challenges in old, religious leaders and old politicians.

It's also commonplace in old CEOs of fortune 500 companies.

But it happens in old artists, musicians, sculptors and writers, as well.

An alternate interpretation of these lyrics is that men who behave badly have their "chestnuts" exposed to the open flame of society's conscience [ice]. They're weakened with ridicule and social disparagement for their out-of-date and unwise positions on important issues.

All men are morally vulnerable. This vulnerability is described using our testicles because of the extreme sensitivity of these organs. Moses knew this. Every man throughout the ages has known it. The unripened, unpicked and rotting fruits from men's trees of knowledge brought us to these Christmas lyrics about "chestnuts roasting on an open fire." Every man knows what this feels like.

Charred chestnuts is a warning presented in as kind a way as possible. But it's a harbinger of what will come to men [y] who don't use their conscience as their guide. Threatening to roast a man's chestnuts is a way of persuading him to change his unethical intentions.

The only problem with this cautionary tale is that we don't have an equivalent warning for women who behave unwisely. Ovaries are located inside the body cavity because egg production doesn't require a lower temperature.

Therefore, it's difficult to describe women who use their [x] factor rather than their [z] factor to guide them. We all understand that we live in a man's [y] world. We all know that women [x] have to compete with men [y] if they want to prove themselves. Ideally, what we'd really like is for everyone to use their [z] factor instead of their [x] or [y] factor.

A woman with ovaries is comparable to a man with balls. That's perceived as a virtue. We need people in this world who are assertive.

But we also refer to men with too much power as on a testosterone high, and women with too much gall as on an estrogen high.

I'd like to suggest an equivalent of "chestnuts roasting on an open fire" for women:

Eggs freezing into hoarfrost.

Hoarfrost are dew-drops which have frozen into ice crystals to form a white deposit when the air is cold and moist.

This expression would be a way to let women [x] know that they've gone too far.

Using lesbian stereotypes to admonish women for using their [x] factor rather than their [z] factor is simply not acceptable anymore.

Straight people have to stop using gay and lesbian stereotypes altogether.

We're not your scapegoats anymore.

Jews said it.

Black people said.

And now we're saying it.

If you feel that someone has done something immoral to themself or unethical to others, find a way of saying so without using the production of eggs or sperm to describe that.

36.
Blue

Sorrow is sky blue.

Distress is marine blue.

Unhappiness is cerulean.

Regret is cobalt blue.

Disappointment is navy blue.

Grief is midnight blue.

Getting to indigo [WONDER] requires a personal path through blue [sadness].

Over a lifetime of feeling bruised and beaten, I find myself with black thoughts and blue feelings. This is what led me to see life as hopeless.

Most people have no idea how many shades of blue there are in their heart. They don't have the courage to see blue as only the fifth of the seven colors of a rainbow God gave them in Genesis.

They think feeling sad is a dead end.

I see suicidal behavior as caused by depression, the sensation of not feeling.

I believe that motivating myself to feel all the shades of blue in me is healing.

Talking about sadness is far different than describing how sadness looks and feels.

After the color blue in the rainbow comes indigo [WONDER]. The mystery of my story INTRIGUES me. The more I perceive the intelligence by which I've learned the lessons of my life, the more HOPEFUL I feel about there being a GOD WHO is guiding me. I'd rather feel sad about my life than feel nothing at all.

After indigo comes violet [ecstasy]. There are moments when life suddenly bursts into brief moments of rapture. These feelings draw me closer to THE GOD WHO is far greater than any God described in scrolls and books.

After violet comes UTRAVIOLET, the invisible rays of light that remind us that there is a reason for being alive even though we can't literally see it.

If you don't believe in the existence of UTRAVIOLET light because there's no visual evidence for it, you can still explore the rainbow for the meaning of hope as a feeling.

PONDER whether the Jews were created to describe God's wisdom.

PONDER if the Christians were created to describe God's love.

Then PONDER if the Muslims were created by God to describe His loyalty.

HOPE can be achieved by uniting your thoughts, feelings and beliefs. When my friends describe their feelings of hopelessness, I now know that I can't fix them with solutions to their problems. I can't even fix them with my blue feelings about their red, orange, yellow and green feelings.

Blue [sadness] was an impediment for me, too.

Today, indigo [WONDER] is where I live, even though even this level of the looking glass is opaque.

Making my way through the mystery of old age requires PONDERING my experiences for spiritual value, not just literal meaning. It's too late in life for me to pretend to be shallow. I now must acknowledge that I'm deep. I have no choice but to seek HOPE in everything I go through. Surely, hating others doesn't leave me feeling BETTER about myself.

I made my way this far.

Now I have to live with my previous choices by QUESTIONING what I've learned from them.

Do we really want to vote Democrats into office who won't protect Israel militarily from anti-Zionists? Do we really want to vote Republicans into office who won't protect black people, gays, lesbians, bisexuals, trans people, the disabled, sick, vulnerable, women and children from religious extremism and prejudice?

If you can't see the importance of gay Muslims and trans people, you can't yet tell the difference between God and GOD.

I have no idea why I was consumed with not getting my shoes wet as a toddler. I just should have told my parents, "Me go water." I certainly couldn't rely on them to take my shoes off for me at that time. All I wanted to do and all I really needed to convey was my intention of going into the water with the alligators.

It's taken me a lifetime to realize I don't need to take my shoes off to get my feet wet.

Your shoes keep your soles on your feet.

Your souls [x] or [y] + [z] have to be affixed in other ways.

Become a SOUL searcher.

Everything in your body rests on your soles.

But everything you'll be taking with you when you leave this school rests in your two, out of three, SOULS.

37.
Feeling Fat

Last night, Wyatt and I watched a movie called "Big Boys" [2023]. It's a coming out story of a 14-year-old boy who's fat. I can't tell you how uncomfortable that movie made me. I felt like I was coming out of all my CLOSETS all over again at once.

Bella hated fat people.

She'd dated a black man when she was single, so she wasn't racist.

She loved gays and lesbians loved her, so, she wasn't homophobic.

She was comfortable in churches, so, she wasn't left with chip on her shoulder over what she'd been through in the War.

Women thought she was a leader in the women's movement just for the way she managed Lou who was grumpy but adored her.

So, she wasn't a misandrist.

But she never got over her distain of people who were overweight.

Bella told me she'd been chubby as a child. And I suppose in 1920's Germany, a little girl who was zaftig was seen as a wall-flower who'd never catch a man. It wasn't until the 1970's that women could comfortably say, "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle."

Today I can say that a man without a penis is like a fish without a bicycle. A trans man doesn't need a penis to be a man. If every man needed a penis to be a man, we'd live in a world where those with the biggest shmucks [Yiddish: penises, klutzes, simpletons, idiots] would win. Trans men are trying to tell us that stupidity can't be determined with our genitals.

But back to my diatribe on body fat.

It wasn't until my generation were young adults that American women were able to begin emancipating from men financially. Without money a woman then, without a man, was seen as a loser and a disgrace. She was seen by some as having no choice but to "settle" with a lesbian lover.

I soaked up all Bella's negative feelings about body mass, especially since she didn't exactly keep her distain a secret. But all that had remained in my unconscious until I watched this movie.

I felt like I came out of my ark, basket and tabernacle into a tiny corner of my closet. I didn't come out into light. I came out into my own darkness. I came out to myself as fat inside.

It's not that I feared being fat because Bella wouldn't love me if I gained weight. She was petty in that way, but I wasn't afraid she'd reject me.

I really don't think it was physical fat that offended her. I think it was the association of fat with self-indulgence. That's what I believe she hated.

She hated over-indulgence so much that she projected hers onto others. She was spiritually lazy and didn't know it. She lived in one very large closet which she thought of as her mind. She had no idea there were walls within walls within walls within her. She did little to QUESTION the challenges she was given to improve her character. She saw herself as either superior to others or a victim of others. Perhaps that was the German mentality that got her country into so much hot water.

After that movie last night, I felt obese. I saw myself as so self-indulgent that I couldn't tell good from evil, deep from shallow or up from down. I couldn't see my attitude of superiority [perpetrator] and inferiority [victim]. I was swinging wildly between all those character challenges just like Bella had done all her life.

This morning, I can admit to myself that I'm sometimes self-indulgent.

Trying to get out of my shell makes me feel fat.

The more blessed I feel, the more I have to face the responsibility in having been given this much bounty, physically, emotionally, spiritually and materially.

I didn't make it as a ballet dancer, not because the world only wants to look at men dance who look like Jesus. I just wasn't good enough. I didn't have the talent needed to succeed to the degree I hoped to show.

I still consider myself a beautiful dancer. I love to pull my car out and dance all by myself in my garage. I watch myself in the mirrors Wyatt mounted for me. Enjoying my body move is one of the great pleasures of my life. I have a rhythm and grace that astounds me. Dance is my greatest form of PRAYER. There's nothing I can put in words that I can't say just as well in my body's natural language.

I know GOD is watching me dance because S/HE inspires me while I'm dancing. I'm an old Jew who moves like no other spiriT in a body. What if Jesus had been a dancer as well as a carpenter? What if quoting Him was the best they could do after watching Him work with wood and dance for joy?

It's poetic justice that we'll never know if Jesus sought to be happy [straight] or gay [joyful]. I don't think it's a useful question to ask.

What's important for me is to look at Him as thin from within. I don't see Him as having been self-indulgent. I think He came out of His shell through the four metaphors for CLOSET without impediment. I think He used His time here productively. What happened to Him at the end was beyond His control. But in QUESTIONING His Father about His feelings of abandonment on the cross, He showed us how human [z] He was. It isn't easy for anyone to be a human being [z]. I thank His mother [z] for that.

When I realized that from my navel I could see that I was like my mother, I had to ask myself if I was also like my father. And then I looked up from my navel into my heart and soul and saw that I not only hated fat people. I also hated effeminate men.

My mother wanted me to avoid self-indulgence.

My father wanted me to avoid weakness.

He hated men who expressed themselves emotionally gently, softly and vulnerably.

But that's me! I'm gentle, soft and vulnerable! I'm everything my father hated in men.

When my mother died, I inherited her crown and went from princess to queen. But when I got out of my head, heart and soul and could come down to my navel, I saw myself through the eyes of my father, I inherited his crown, too. I went from prince to king.

On the chessboard of life, I'm like a castle. I'm a rich man who lives in a mansion.

I'm like a bishop. I move slyly across the board because the institutions of religion refuse to let me be direct with them.

I'm like a knight. I protect my king, my father. If I was Christian, I could even say that I protect my Father. But I now know that I'd been protecting my father by despising effeminate men. I refuse to continue to allow my father's opinion of what it means to be a man run me.

I'm not a pawn in my own game. I'm not going to sacrifice any part of me to be like him. My father had to be tough to survive. I don't. I can be gentle, soft and vulnerable. I can allow my heart to express my feelings my way, not his way.

I am the king of my castle. And I am the queen of my castle. The queen in me has powers that the king in me can't even imagine, let alone perform. She'll protect him. But she won't give up her life for him.

I am a gay Jew. I'm like a king and a queen. I am a combination of forces that rule over a land where nobody lives, but me. I won't allow society to divide me. I am one. GOD is ONE.

It isn't easy for me to look at my feelings at my age. But now that feelings are coming up, at least I don't feel abandoned by GOD for feeling the way I do. I know more than the ancient Jews did about THEM. I know more than the ancient Christians and Muslims did, either. I have history on my side. My nose knows that being human brings me moral [internal] and ethical [external] issues that can only be solved using my navel [z].

Solly died after pulling out his penis and pointing it at the three of his four children who were standing around his bed. He humiliated himself on his deathbed. Henry and Ilana walked away in disgust. I stayed. I returned again the next morning. I held my father's hand. I talked to him. He didn't respond. I left after 15 minutes and went to the airport. When I got back to San Francisco, I discovered that he died a few minutes after I left his bedside.

Bella died of dementia. First, she lost so many words that she turned into a child. Then she lost more and couldn't talk at all. Every morning, they rolled her in a wheelchair in front of a TV at the Jewish Home. They had to feed her every meal. When she fell, she couldn't even tell them. Her arm swelled up. They took an x-ray of it and saw that she'd broken it. She didn't have the ability to connect her pain to her brain.

The two of them survived the Holocaust and died in old age as they did. Because I see life as a school, I see my first tutors as examples of what to do and what not to do. I think it was beshert [Yiddish: destined, fated, bestowed] that I got the parents I did.

If Republicans claim that Israel is important to Jesus, then they wouldn't want to feel as abandoned by His Father as He did.

Atheists aren't necessarily gamblers inside. People who have no idea what they look like inside are just fat and weak. They have abandonment issues as the result of having ignored the forces in their inner world. This is what they ought to look at if they want to face their final exam with confidence and PRIDE [gratification].

It's no WONDER this country swings back and forth between the left [victims] and right [perpetrators]. You'd have to be insane not to get off that pendulum. Only sadists and masochists enjoy the ride.

I stay at the center of the political spectrum and wave to Americans as they pass me on either side. I'm not going to play the perpetrator/victim roles. I wasn't able to help many of my friends. But I can see the S&M dance I was leading and following in me.

Aging is a miraculous experience.

Growing old is amazing if you do it in WONDERLAND.

But I wouldn't recommend getting old anywhere other than here.
Don't bother to take off your shoes.
Don't bother throwing them at people you don't like.
Just get in the water already.

Marriage equality [x or y and z] in Israel is the only way to advance a Palestinian state that has the potential to change the future of Islam and mankind. The extremists in the Abrahamic faiths are all colluding together against the LGB & T community. They just want everyone to be happy. They pray to their God to make them happy, while they hope in their heart that those who seek joy will go away and die.

Israel must break the scapegoating of gay people if they want the Muslims to do the same. That will destroy Christian nationalism on the right and anti-Zionism on the left.

That will turn rainbows into something to go through, not fly over.

38.
Spiritual Evolution

The first people GOD created were indigenists who had plants figuratively growing inside of them.

The first Hindus were like flora. They were spiritually botanically arranged by GOD using gods who represented all plant life on Earth, from mushrooms through trees, when viewed from within. Hindu scriptures promote a vegetarian, dietary ideal based on the concept of ahimsa - non-violence and compassion towards all living beings.

The first Jews were trees of knowledge. God gave us a metaphoric way to look within.

The first Buddhists were like caterpillars who could explain the transformation into butterflies that occurs in us all at puberty.

The first Taoists were like ants who saved grasshoppers from spiritual starvation. You've got to plan ahead or you won't get a head.

The first Christians were symbolized as fish who came down the Jordan River in a way that escaped their fate in the Dead Sea. Baptism is what we all do each time we get in water.

And the first Muslims were similes for birds who made their nests in high places. Coming out of each closet is like coming out of a shell.

When we look at history, we can see that our ancestors behaved like animals. But when we look at ourselves, we see that we're still behaving like animals. That's what makes us feel guilty.

People have done a lot of spiritual inbreeding in the past 10,000 years. What we see around us today are the result of a spiritual evolution of the fittest who should be turning into the FINEST. But if you just look at people on the outside, you won't see the GODLY instincts that guide them.

What we see are underwater Russian monsters who are attacking Ukrainian fish. But neither can explain why Jesus has them fighting or for what.

They're both Eastern Orthodox, Christian homophobes. Neither knows or cares to learn the difference between being happy [straight] and joyful [gay]. It's just land they're fighting over. But it's Christ's adulation they're missing. What good is land if you're not spiritually grounded?

The Russians have lost 1.7 million fighters in this war. The Ukrainians have lost the majority of their male soldiers. Now it's Ukrainian women who are protecting the country from Russian prisoners who've been let out of jails to do Putin's bidding.

China is like an ant farm. They built cities that now sit empty. What a testament to donuts with holes. They look down their homophobic noses at the Taiwanese as inferior, yet Taiwan is the first Taoist country that has legalized marriage equality [[x] or [y] + [z]].

Taiwan is like a beehive bent on producing the world's best honey and royal jelly. They're so close to China and yet so far away.

Check out this dance video from Taiwan: https://youtu.be/mK29iPaQDbg



It's the greatest dance performance I've ever seen. It expresses the difference between all men [y] and women [x]. I think it's simply brilliant. It implies that it's the [z] factor we're all seeking.

Mike fell in love with Taiwan and created a website called "Think Taiwan." Check it out: https://thinktaiwan.com/



Europe is like an aquarium; they're all fish Jesus netted. Yet everyone around the world seems to be most in love with the herrings [Scandinavians].

Hamas, Hezbollah, Houthis and Iranian Guard are like various species of scavengers. They're vultures who prey on Muslims who are like ostriches with their head in the sand, afraid to admit that their gay chicks are blessings from God.

GOOD Muslims are figuratively stuck in spiritual tunnels. Bad Muslims are literally stuck in tunnels in Gaza. The world couldn't make more sense poetically, yet people are too prosaic to see the obvious.

I've had so much Muslim semen in me that I laughingly see myself as having turned into a platypus. I've practically got a beak and lay eggs.

Black people were once like indigenist plants from Africa who were transplanted throughout the New World. They live in the underwater world of Christianity. They're kelp that are so important to the health of the spiritual eco-system.

Latinos are a combination of fish and succulents. They don't just have scales like fish. Many of them have thorns like cactus. They can survive on the spiritual water they amass within them.

If you look at people from the inside, they're a mix of human flora and human fauna created by GOD to shape this world. They all claim to be human beings, but they don't yet understand what it means to be humans being.

Lewis Carol told us about a Cheshire cat in a tree.

Every woman [x + z] in the world is like a tree of knowledge with a wildcat [x] in it.

Every man [y + z] is like a tree of knowledge with a snake [y] in it.

The older I get, the vainer I become. But my vanity has moved from the outside in. I want to like myself more than I ever could when I was a youngster. Now I look in the mirror and perceive a hare inside a tortoise. My body moves slowly. My mind werks fast.

The race is now on, but it's late in the game. The finish line lies before me, but every day it moves a little further out of reach.

39.
I call YOUR name

"'I Call Your Name' is a song recorded by the Beatles and credited to Lennon-McCartney. It was released in the US in 1964. The Mamas & the Papas covered 'I Call Your Name' in 1966. Cass Elliot whispered 'John, John' during the instrumental break, a little tip of the hat to her crush on John Lennon." [Wikipedia]

I call YOUR name,
but YOU're not there.
Was I to blame
for being unfair?

Oh, I can't sleep at night
since YOU've been gone.
I never weep at night.
I can't go on.

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

Oh, I can't sleep at night,
but just the same.
I never weep at night.
I call YOUR name.



I'm so PROUD of myself and grateful to YOU. I don't need to call YOUR name. I'm not interested in YOUR name. I'm interested in making a name for myself in YOUR eyes.

Mama Cass [Cass Eliot] was born Ellen Naomi Cohen [1941-1974]. She was Jewish. She didn't see the depth of the Beatles' words. Nobody did. The song only motivated her to express her love for John Lennon. No one at the time was spiritually deep enough to use the words to this song to explore their relationship to GOD.

The gay community brought sexual inuendo to words that no one had perceived before. Because we couldn't talk about our sex life publicly, we created euphemisms to imply what was on our mind.

Words have helped me look more introspectively at what I'm saying, even when my words create paradoxes, conundrums and enigmas. I'm more confident today because GOD has put His and HER confidence in me to use my words spiritually.

The concept of words coming from GOD to women [x + z], not just from God to men [y + z], has introduced a new theory about reality that the fields of linguistics, psychology and religion will now have to share with the field of spirituality.

ULTRAVIOLET is simply darkness visible.

40.
Go North Young People

In Sura 18 [The Cave] of the Quran, Muhammad described a trek up a mountain with the sun on his right. On that mountain he found a cave [closet] that he entered. When he came out, the sun was again on his right as he made his way back down the mountain. This is the trek I took in life that led me toward my fate [y]. This was a ride on a rollercoaster that I wouldn't take again or recommend to others.

The journey of life goes in a northernly direction. Success figuratively lies north of us all. Therefore, the sun that's on our right lies in the east. This geographically expresses the devotional attitude of a young person who gets up with the morning light and goes to work.

Most young people go up the mountain of life each day toward an unseen destination with the sun on their right. They're hopeful. They're industrious. They're out to learn what they can about the world they find themselves in that most old people can't explain to them without prejudice, cynicism, scorn and derision.

Young people who are GOOD are naturally optimistic, hopeful, engaged and caring. They identify with the sunrise. They identify with the morning light. They see themselves as on a journey with a secret promise from GOD somewhere deep down inside them that rises from the east like the sun. This promise spills out over their whole day as they make their way north day-by-day.

GOOD people repeat this trek year after year without recognizing the repetition of their life as a series of spiritual lessons from THE TEACHER that are brought to them with an intelligence that they can't fully fathom. The cave in the mountain becomes their man cave or lady lair where they raise a family, just as their parents did before them.

Their home is their closet. When they walk out their front door, they come out of the closet. When they come home, they come back in their closet.

But by middle age, most GOOD people get tired and have to slow down. The thrill of mountain climbing is over. Middle-aged angst [orange] begins in those over the age of 40.

Their morning [mourning] is over. They think they've found what they thought they lost.

People over 40 seek answers in afternoon shadows before their sun sets, and darkness returns. They can see that they aren't going to be here forever.

This is what Plato tried to describe in "The Allegory of the Cave" more than a thousand years before the orphaned Prophet Muhammad, consolidated the intellectualism of the ancient Greeks into a spiritual path to Allah, thanks to the words [Z] of Archangel Gabriel.

The shadow world of middle age is a level of GOD-consciousness that leaves people frightened of distorted images and the multiple meanings of words that can only be perceived with the greater understanding of life that comes to those who've made their way up the mountain and have found a cave [closet] there to shelter from the cold.

When the middle-aged come out of their cave [closet] to look out on the world from this new perspective, they see the sun on their right as they look south. They see death [sunset] emotionally closer to them than it had been in their youth [sunrise]. God has turned them around. And because of this change in spiritual direction, middle-aged people see this world as in a waning light. They see the last light of day [life] in anticipation of the oncoming night [death].

Foolish, middle-aged men [y] and women [x] go back down the mountain the way they came. They follow in their own footsteps. They follow in the footsteps of their fathers [y] and fathers' father [y] who led them up the mountain of life when they were young. They follow in the footsteps of their ancestors, [y] and [x], repeating their mistakes.

Such men [y] and women [x] go back in the direction of their birth. They return to the certainty of the past without significantly changing the future. They return to a world now frozen in time. They live the life of the living dead who don't advance spiritually to understand the world GOD has brought us here to change for the better. They turn into zombies.

Such human beings, [x] or [y], seek certainty, not realizing that certainty leads to dogma. Dogma leads to hatred. And hatred leads to harsh lessons from our TEACHER. This is everyone's fate, not just the fate of Muslims. This is why ice is as ubiquitous as fire.

Humans being [z] seek a rainbow, a sun that's always rising. This is brilliantly described in the 1964 song by The Animals, "The House of the Rising Sun."

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aac5heIaz1M



One way to seek "my story" through the "mystery" of life is for seniors to inspire the young to continue in a northerly direction to make their way further up the mountain when they reach old age. It doesn't matter if our peers go south. It doesn't even matter if our body goes south with illness and the weaknesses that come with aging. It's up to the young to live the journey of life with courage and conviction regardless of the prejudice, cynicism, scorn, and derision expressed by those who are spiritually blind, deaf and dumb.

Don't believe the gossip.

Aging is a miraculous experience.

Old age is WONDERFUL.

It gives you an amazing view of WONDERLAND if you've been properly prepared for looking at life from the inside out.

The mountain of life begins very steep. Through the age of 39, you face solid rock [thoughts] as you ascend. Occasionally you may turn around to look back on the valley of birth you came out of. You see that it appears to get smaller. But by 40, you've reached the peak. You look around and see that life is like a mountain range. You walk with a surety you didn't have in your youth. The experience of having made it to the top of your first peak makes all future mountains easier to climb. You look down from every summit thereafter to see how others are doing as they make their way up.

But after 69, it's all downhill. The mountain range is behind you. You're now facing your CREATOR with every step you take as you descend into the great unknown mystery into the valley of death.

Wise Muslims learn that history isn't only His story. They're discovering that herstory is an important part of THEIR story. They conclude that they have the opportunity to learn

something new about life that has never been said before thanks to the intersection of history and mystery.

This is the cross they, too, bear. This is what it means to seek the soulfulness [Z] Archangel Gabriel revealed to the orphaned Prophet Muhammad.

This awakening to THE TEACHER, thanks to all today's Tutors, regardless of what God taught our forefathers, [x] and [y], in the past, leads to lessons the world is waiting for on bated breathe. But this will never depict the big picture faithfully unless it includes gays and Jews.

Life today doesn't have to be brutal, cruel or frightening. If you're sufficiently poetically inclined to appreciate that life offers no guarantees, regardless of your religion, race, nationality, sexuality or gender, you're ready to proceed to the personal meaning of HOPE in LIFE after life for you alone. This will make it possible for you to PRAY to THE GOD of us all mindfully.

You've come all the way through the looking glass, Alice [z] or Alex [z].
You can't go back now.
Make the best of where GOD brings you.
You won't be here forever.
My tour of inner space is over.
You'll have to come the rest of the way with Him and HER on your own.

THE END



New York and Haifa

Our Head



San Francisco and Ramallah

Our Soul



Los Angeles and Jerusalem

Our Heart



Our NAVEL

Previous Books

Available for free on my website until edited for publication:

barryemanuelzeve.com
barryzeve.com
barryemanuel.com

[35-36] **Only Your Nose Knows How To Make Magic**
Don't judge a book by its cover.
But do judge a scroll by its mantle.
Then you'll be able to critique a diary by the author's self-intimacy
Volume 1: Right Nostril
Volume 2: Left Nostril

[34] **The See-Through Jew**
by self-ordained rabbi and Jewru
Barry Emanuel Zeve

[33] **Wrestling With My Mother's Ghost**

[31-32] **The Organ Grinder's Gorilla**
How I learned to love my obsessive/compulsive disorder
Volume 1

A Cross-Eyed Bear
[A Cross I'd Bear]
How my O.C.D. has helped me help others
Volume 2

[30] **The Ugliest Duckling**
If you sucked your thumb as a child, now is the time to put a ring on it.

[29] **For God's Sake, Tell Me How You Feel**
If you think about what you think about, you'll discover how powerfully you feel.
A guide to solving personal problems with humor.

[28] **Knowing God in the Biblical Sense of the Word**
If you've got a banana and two plums,
I'm sure you already know that your fruits were once forbidden.

[27] **Welcome Aboard My Yellow Submarine**
Our destination is the North Pole where Santa has his workshop.
The melody that accompanies the Psalms.
[A book for men with special needs]

[26] **David Met Jonathan After Slaying Goliath**
How I made peace with my penis and testicles.

[25] **God's Gay Agenda**
Penis envy or semen envy? That is the question.

[24] **Chicken Salad for the Soul**
A tale of candor on dry rye with a kosher pickle on the side

[23] **Star-Drek**
A science-friction adventure to a very strange planet

[22] **It wasn't My Heart I Left In San Francisco…**
A philosophic look at semen and the delivery device that emits it

[21] **How To Find The Man Of Your Dreams By Intensifying Your Orgasms**
A self-help book for unicorns and horny wild stallions

[20] **Lampshade for the Light**
of the last day of the third month of the year

[19] **Call Me Glinda**
A book for friends of Dorothy

[18] **Home Schooled**
Why my inner child refuses to go to college

[17] **Lazy Susan**
How Taoism spins paradox into food for thought

[16] **Your Buddha Within**
Inside every Buddhist lies an anti-authoritarian who yearns for peace of mind

[15] **Playing god with God**
Hinduism, health and healing
How to believe in God by believing in yourself

[8-14] **Quran: The Book of Lights**
Volume 1: High lights
Volume 2: Land: how to become a genius and save the planet
Volume 3: Sea: how to love life
Volume 4: Sea: how to love life
Volume 5: Sky: how to believe in yourself
Volume 6: Sky: how to believe in yourself
Volume 7: Flames: how to circumcise your own soul

[5-7] **A Guest at Their Table**

My gay-Jewish review of Christ's feast of self-love:
Volume 1: Christ's bread and body
Volume 2: Christ's wine and blood
Volume 3: Communion in a human body

[3-4] **The Forbidden Fruit's Perspective**

Torah for straight people
Volume 1: The Genesis of a Moses like you
Volume 2: The Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy of everyone

[2] **The Wisdom of Self-Love**

Life is a school. I am my major.

[1] **Becoming**

89 poems of my love for me