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It Has Been an
Interesting Life!

By

Yosef Malachi Michael



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February 11, 2023

I started writing this book on
February 11, 2023, and
completed it today, October
7, 2023. Baruch HaShem!

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to HaShem for saving me from false religions, leading me to the truth, and preparing me for my mission in life, Baruch HaShem!

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Why the name Yosef Michael?

When I was younger, I asked my mother, “Why was I named Joseph (English spelling for Yosef?)

She said, “I called you after my favorite uncle, Joseph. I was happy to know that I was named after her favorite uncle, Joseph, and Joseph is a good name! My name was given affectionately. I thought the conversation was

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completed and ready for our next one.

However, after a short 30-to-60-second pause, she said, “But that is not the name I initially chose for you!

I did not respond vocally; I thought, “What are you saying? I am happy to know I was given the name affectionately, and now you are telling me this? She said, “When your father and I married, we agreed he would

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name the boys, and I would name the girls.” I again did not verbally express my thoughts but was thinking, “What? If that was your agreement, and since I was a boy, why did you name me?”

She said, “I originally wanted to name you Michael, but your father wanted to name you after your godfather Emilio Tapia.”

As a child, I had a

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friend named Michael, and I liked the sound of that name from the first time I heard it pronounced. And I had wished that was my name, and now she is telling me, “I wanted to name you Michael, but your father wanted to name you Emilio.”

I began thinking, “What the hell? Since both of you had that prior agreement, why did I get named Joseph instead of Emilio? But

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even more, why did I not get named Michael since I have self-affection for the name Michael.” Still, I was patient, trying to understand why this naming issue had occurred!

She explained, “Your (second) sister was born on March 31, just before, and your father wanted to name her April, and I agreed. So, when you were born, I chose to call

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you Michael, but he protested. But I told him you named a girl, so I get to name this boy!”

They eventually agreed that she would call me, but since my dad could not name me his first choice, she would not name me her first choice; that is why she named me Joseph!

After hearing all that, I didn't know what to say! I recalled reading in

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Genesis about the Matriarchs naming all the children, and I agreed that my mother had the right to name me under their agreement since my dad was the one who had modified their agreement and lost the right to call me.

Perhaps I would have been less determined if the first name had been different, but it was Michael, and I always wanted that name! From that moment

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onward, I wanted to change my name to Michael, but my sisters were opposed; I informed them of what our mother had conveyed to me, and I enjoyed their opinions.

My oldest sister explained, "When you were young, you wanted us to call you Joey; when you were in your teens, you wanted us to call you Joe; then later, when you started believing in G-d, you wanted us to

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call you Joseph! Now that we are old, you want us to remember to call you Michael!”

I chose my Hebrew name, Yosef Michael, during a Zoom conversation with Rabbi Manis Friedman; I told him about my name and that I was sincerely considering changing my name to Michael before or at my conversion. This was the same Zoom conversation in which

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he invited me to complete my conversion with the Chabad, which I gave much thought about after the Zoom before deciding to accept his invitation. Still, regarding my name (I'm paraphrasing for space), he said both are good Hebrew names! That is when I chose Yosef Michael.

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Author's foreword

The more complicated a challenge is to overcome, the more pleasure and benefit I feel after accomplishing what I had used to tell myself that I could not do! I have noticed that when something comes too quickly, I appreciate it: It is instead when I have to work hard to attain it! The harder I work to grasp it, the better I feel when I finally

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achieve it! Baruch
HaShem!

I met a young man at a
Kosher Market & Deli
in San Jose and talked
with him today. He
asked me, “Why do you
want to become a Jew
and have to do all
these things?”

I replied, “That’s the
wrong perspective.” He
said, “I meant I want
you to explain it so I
will understand why
you want to become a
Jew from my

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perspective when it has so many requirements, and it is easier not to be a Jew.”

I realized he didn't doubt his faith but was merely curious about mine, so I told him, "I want to be close to HaShem; HaShem says these are what you must do to be close to Me. Therefore, I will do whatever HaShem requires to get close to Him!"
Baruch HaShem!

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It is important to remember that I have had to overcome many obstacles, life challenges, learning disabilities, and more; wait until you begin reading this book and future books. I have learned many life lessons from many sources, some unexpected sources that turned out to have enough truth to grow positively! You have to be careful about those

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types of studies! There are many partial truths out there; they sound pleasing to the ears, but the falsity attached to them by some people, like Christians or other fools, have been duped into believing the nonsense that people like them have connected to something true.

If you wonder how I eventually overcame many difficulties, I changed my mindset! I

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used to believe I was stupid or a failure because I was not as good as other kids at reading, sports, making friends, or talking to pretty girls! I had convinced myself that I was not as good as others and would never be able to overcome my difficulties, and I was right! As long as I thought that way, everything I felt about myself came true!

Over time, I eventually

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became disgusted with myself and started little by little to challenge why I could not seem to do one of the things that I wanted to do. It was challenging, but I was able to start succeeding, one by one, and then I began thinking, hey, I could do it if I worked hard. It all has to do with your mindset or the goals you set. If you set a goal for failure, you most likely will fail, but if you select a realistic

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plan for success, you will have a much better opportunity for success! However, you must still figure out your life path and work hard to meet your goals!

I grew up in a pseudo-atheistic culture.

However, although my family wasn't religious, my father was a lapsed Southern Baptist, and my mother was a lapsed Catholic; therefore, my siblings

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and I were taught only the two standard fundamental Xian religious beliefs: 1) If you are evil, the Xian-god will punish and send you to hell forever, and 2) If you are good, Santa Claus will bring you gifts on Xmas! As a result, I grew up without any genuine belief in G-d.

Theoretically, without a genuine belief in G-d, and since humans are mortal, humans can

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die, be killed, or experience pain and or suffering. Therefore, fear and sadness are reasonable emotions to experience.

Human survival strategy dictates that the best defense is a potent offense.

Therefore, in some societies, like the one I grew up in, boys are taught to suppress emotions like sadness and fear because it is thought that men who

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cry or are afraid are weak. However, suppressing emotions is the worst possible thing to do!

Consider the story of the two Biblical brothers in Genesis 4: Cain became jealous of his younger brother Abel because Abel had made a better offering to HaShem. HaShem counseled Cain in verse 7 about his jealousy and warned him that if he didn't

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overcome his emotions, it would lead him into sin, but if he improved himself, he could master his emotions. Ultimately, Cain failed and killed his brother.

Xians falsely believe that humans are born evil and can only get worse, which contradicts Genesis 4:7, and Xians also falsely conclude that a person needs JC to die in your place to take

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your punishment through a Vicarious Atonement or, in simpler words, a substitutional death which is forbidden in Exodus 23:7.

However, Judaism teaches that humans have free will and are born with an evil inclination that can be overcome, which agrees with what HaShem told Cain in Genesis 4:7.

Therefore, according to

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HaShem, we can become righteous without JC. So why did Cain fail? He didn't follow HaShem's instructions to improve himself!

How could Cain have improved himself? He could have changed his thinking. Our thoughts affect our emotions, and those feelings lead us to actions. Therefore, instead of whatever he thought would make

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him jealous, he could have changed it to admire his brother as a role model on how to make an offering to HaShem and then follow his brother's example and do the same.

Emotional maturity is superior to suppression:

Suppression leads to confusion, confusion leads to fear, fear leads to anger, and anger leads to

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suffering! There is a saying, “People who are hurting inside often hurt others!”

Emotional pain can hurt worse than physical pain or lead to one person causing physical pain to another. Consider all the prisons and mental institutions filled with men who commit violent crimes towards other men or women and children! Many men who are hurting

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emotionally become alcoholics or drug addicts far more than women do to receive temporary relief from the effects of emotional suppression. Much of that hurt would not have occurred had they matured emotionally!

How can the effects of emotional suppression be reversed?

When I was around eight, I was

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traumatized! A young, emotionally disturbed man jumped over the fence at my baby sister's house. She was about thirteen years old, and from my perspective, she panicked and told us to go into her parents' room quickly, and she locked the bedroom door.

However, we should have run out the front door yelling fire! People love to see a

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fire, but not many want to interfere with a violent, emotionally disturbed man, especially one as intense and scary as he was!

She told her brother and me to hide in the closet as she pressed her body against the door. He kept banging on the door until he knocked it open. We could hear him yelling at her and hitting her! He opened the closet,

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grabbed me, put a knife to my throat, and said, “You better not tell anyone, or else I will kill you!” He slammed the closet door shut and raped her and eventually left.

The police caught him and brought him back in the rear seat of their car for us to identify him; I was so scared as he stared at me with threatening eyes, and I checked out of this world for a long time

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mentally and
emotionally!

I did not receive any
counseling, and my
fear overwhelmed me.

I had anxiety and a
lack of confidence; I
developed learning
disabilities. At age
thirteen, I started using
tobacco products,
marijuana, alcohol, and
other drugs in my early
twenties, which
eventually caused me
to be arrested and
jailed several times.

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I eventually became disgusted with my fears and went extremely radical: I began lashing out in anger toward anything that caused me anxiety. I called it fearicidal!

For example, when I crashed my KZ-1000 racing motorcycle, I felt slightly fearful about riding again. My anger rose against that fear, so I bought a Suzuki

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GS-1100 racing motorcycle and drove as fast as possible in triple digits on the freeway, weaving in and out of traffic to overcome my fear of riding again!

I survived many near-death experiences on my path to recovery, but I have learned that there are better ways to overcome than that do-or-die mentality. Have you ever heard the saying, "An ounce

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of prevention is worth a pound of cure!”?

If we train all children with the truth about HaShem and teach them not to suppress emotions but instead to change their thinking, which is causing the feelings that influence them to do destructive behaviors, then perhaps that young man who jumped the fence would have been able to control himself then I would never

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have been traumatized
by his evil actions!

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How this book is
arranged.

This book contains my life experiences, reflections on events recorded in Tanach, and other thoughts or expressions of my unique sense of humor!

The date indicated in parentheses after each title is when I wrote the story. However, I occasionally revise the stories, adding more details or rearranging them to make my point

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clearer without
changing the date.

They are not
chronologically
arranged, mainly in the
order I wrote them, but
not entirely!

Section I:

These Experiences go
back to when I was
seven! Approximately 49
and $\frac{1}{2}$ years!

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01. A Letter to the Family I Grew Up With.

(November 19, 2022)

Although my life has been challenging, I am grateful for all Hashem (G-d) has given me, especially the family I grew up with! They were not perfect, but they did the best they could under the circumstances existing during the most challenging times in my life, and I would not

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hope for anything different because they helped me become the man I am today; imagine what my life would have been without the challenges that I faced in this life, forget that or those thoughts, I would not change anything, even the worst of it served a purpose to make me who I am today, and that has helped me now and will for the rest of my life, I thank Hashem (G-d) that I

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survived and for the
future that is now
before me!

02. I believe there is a
higher vocation than
studying the Torah.

(February 9, 2023)

The desire to do G-d's
will be first and
foremost! With that, the
Torah will bless you.
Otherwise, the Torah
will curse you!

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03. The most beautiful site:

(May 24, 2022)

I once went to the airport to pick up someone. I observed the most beautiful site: a man and a woman meeting for the first time after maybe a million years. I've never seen anything like it before or since.

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04. I need a wife as I
need:

(February 11, 2023)

Do you seriously think I
need a wife? WOW! I
need a wife, about as
much as I need: bread,
food, water, shelter,
clothing, a close friend,
an intimate companion,
etc.

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05. The Unknown Sage.

(October 13, 2022)

I don't know the name of the first sage who said, "You can't choose what level you start at in this life." But he was and is right! For example, you cannot choose things like 1) which parents will be yours or your race, 2) how many siblings you will have, 3) what country you will be born

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in, 4) what religion your parents are or are not, and whether they will convert to or from a different religion, or perhaps they are or will become atheists. 5) it is NOT your choice if your birth family is rich or poor when you are born. 6) Do you think you can choose if you want to be born?

You cannot choose from many other things, but too many miserable people dwell for many years in the

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number 6 from the list
in the former
paragraph! But is it
essential to consider this
in one's life?

The most essential thing
in life is to figure out
what choices you can
make and then make
the best decisions with
the current information
you can access with
other life experiences
you already have.
However, you certainly
won't make the best

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decisions 100 percent all the time because we are NOT perfect! Therefore, when you stand before HaShem (G-d) on your Judgment Day, and your whole life flashes before your eyes in less than a few minutes, you will remember all the decisions you have made, the best, the good, and the worst. Acceptance of your situation and repentance is the best

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way to atone for sins while alive before you face G-d at your judgment summons. You will not be judged by the standard of what you would have chosen if you had been perfect. HaShem is a righteous G-d, and He won't hold you to an expectation you can't achieve, which is the opposite of what some Christians believe! Also, He will not judge you by what someone

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else was able to accomplish because they made better choices than you. Still, you will only be evaluated for making poor decisions based on your ability to understand what would have been the best choice given your knowledge and, from your own life experiences, what choices you should have made in all the circumstances in play

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at the time you made
each choice!

Because Adam and
Eve ate the forbidden
fruit, we are not born
perfect and must die
one day unless

Mashiach comes first.

You can't change either
of those two things; you
can only accept them
and trace the best path
in life, understanding
that they are absolute;
you can't do anything
to change them. The
better you learn to

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cope with those two facts, the better your life will be and the more potential you will have to become a more excellent person, a blessed person, and a person who is a blessing to others.

Why must some of us go through hell here on Earth like me? It just seems unfair. I will share my understanding of why I had to go through a

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living Hell here; it's where I started.

Passing through “Hell” was the fastest and most direct route to living in “Heaven” on Earth! Considering the level at which I had begun, I may never have made it to “Heaven” had I taken the scenic route.

I was recently asked, "If you could travel back in time, what mistake would you

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correct in life?" I responded, "You don't want to know that answer! I WOULDN'T CHANGE ANY 'HELL' I WENT THROUGH! It took me all those things to get to where I am now. I may wish, from time to time, that I didn't have to go through those things, but now I'm here, and that's more important than what I've been through."

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Praise to HaShem, the
Only G-d, Isaiah 43:10,

“You are My
witnesses,’ says the
Lord, ‘and My servant
whom I chose,’ so that
you know and believe
Me, and understand
that I am He; before
Me, no god was
formed, and after Me,
none shall be.”

06. G-d is in Control.
(January 25, 2023)

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I don't remember the exact day; I did not know that it would be significant, so I did not make a note of it, but one day, I was walking my dog named Elijah, and we were in the park in my neighborhood. I turned and looked at him and noticed his collar was loose and about to slip off his neck. He looked at me, and I thought, "Oh no!" So, I began running to him, but he

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(like he knew it would come off) shook his head, the collar slipped off his neck, and he immediately ran toward his favorite place (where the cats hang out).

I ran after him. One of my neighbors was driving by and went home to get a dog treat and drove over to help me catch him, but before he arrived, I saw Elijah, put the collar back on him,

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TIGHTENED IT, and resumed walking him; that is when that neighbor met me and told me, “I saw your dog get loose, so I went home and was bringing this dog treat to help you catch him.” He gave me the treat, and I thanked him for his willingness to help and gave it to Elijah.

Maybe a couple of weeks later, on Friday, January 13, 2023, I was praying my

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morning prayer when I heard my dog choking and gagging. I noticed he was distressed, so I took him to the emergency veterinarian! I called them, told them what was happening, and agreed to bring him in ASAP. I went downstairs and got him ready. I thought, "I better bring some water," but I looked around, and all my water bottles were very low or empty. I was

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debating whether I had time to fill a bottle before leaving. I went into the kitchen to wash my hands and thought, “I had better go; something will work out; I can get water later. I turned around and saw a full water bottle sitting on the counter; I had washed it, filled it, and left it there and forgot about it the night before, and there it was, waiting for me when I needed it.

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After we were in the examination room with the nurse, I noticed that the collar which I had tightened had slipped down his neck and was the cause of his choking, so I loosened it in front of the nurse, and she said, "That could be what caused the problem."

When the veterinarian came in, she acknowledged that the collar could have

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caused the problem and that it could take up to 48 hours for him to recover. I asked her what she

recommended; she said, "We could wait 48 hours and see if he gets better; if not, you can bring him back."

Elijah had been a cancer survivor at 66 pounds but recently lost about 11 pounds in a couple of days about several weeks ago and is now a 55-pound German Short-haired

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Pointer. He is about 13 and a half years old, roughly equivalent to 108 in human years; he is deaf, has had some cancerous tumors removed, has liver issues, and some other health problems, so I said, "I would rather be safe than sorry; what do you recommend that we can do now?"

She recommended x-rays and blood tests, examined his heart, and said, "He has a

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heart murmur.” I agreed and asked how long it would take to do everything. She said, “I cannot guarantee how long it will take; there are many other patients.” I said, “Midnight, 5 pm, 3:30 pm? I have to leave town by 3:30 p.m. (it would be my first attendance at synagogue on a Shabbat, and I did not want to be late or miss it.) She said, “It will be later than 3:30 pm.” I

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asked her, “Can I leave him here and have someone pick him up after they get off work?” She agreed.

I arranged for someone to pick him up and left to prepare for my first Shabbat synagogue attendance. I rented a hotel room and shared it with another man who wanted to convert and was attending that synagogue’s Shabbat service. Although I look and dress like a Jew, I

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am not yet a Jew; I have no obligation to keep the Shabbat 100%. I have to intend to break something on Shabbat purposely.

While we were checking in, a Jewish man was also checking in before me. I greeted him, and he greeted me. When I got to my room, I noticed the door locks were electronic, not mechanical, and I knew the Jewish man would have an issue.

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When my guest (who also dressed and looked Jewish) and I were leaving our room, the Jewish man came out of his room, saw us in the hall, and came over to talk to us. I said as he walked towards us, “I know your issue. Don’t worry; HaShem has not brought two non-Jews trying to convert here to abandon you!” He was surprised and said, “You are Ger?”

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The Jewish man told me, “When you have time, would you mind if

I ask you some questions about why you want to convert?

I’m curious!” I said, “Sure, we can chat for a little while after we return from synagogue if you like.” He agreed!

After synagogue, he invited us in for some snacks, and we chatted for a little while. We decided we could continue our exciting conversation

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tomorrow because it was late.

Before I shut off my phone and attended Shabbat services, I checked it to see any updates about my dog and read (slightly redacted), "Just heard from the Vet at *****".

She wants Elijah to be seen by his regular vet to check on Elijah's ear infection, which caused him to shake his head profusely, which is what caused his ear

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hematoma. Please text me the vet clinic contact info at ***** when you can so I can make an appointment for next Friday. Does Elijah have a harness? The Vet said, "No more wearing collars for him, only use a harness."

After the Shabbat service, the Jewish man drove us back to the hotel. I had intended to stay the night but was concerned about my dog, so I turned on my

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phone and checked to see any updates about Elijah. I read (slightly redacted), “Hi, Elijah is fine now. I am at *****. Talk to you tomorrow.”

I decided to drive my guest home; I wanted to talk more to the Jewish man, but I wasn't sure if I would stay at the hotel or go home to check on my dog. When I returned, I knocked on the man's door; he was talking to his wife in Israel on his

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cell phone. It was late our time and early her time, and he had waited up so he could speak with his family. I wished him shalom and a good night, returned to my room, ate, prayed, and debated whether or not I should go home. I decided to go home.

I went down to the lobby to check out. A woman and a teenage boy were trying to check in, but the clerk

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(a woman) behind the counter was very strict. The woman was \$100 short on one of her credit cards and asked if she could use a second card to pay the remaining \$100 for the room for her and her son. The clerk was very strict and said, "No! I can't do it; it is against company policy."

The woman was trying to be very quiet, but I heard her say, please, we need the room for

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one night for my son and me to figure out what we will do!” The clerk again said, “No, I can’t!” The woman’s son kept turning to look about me as if to say, “Mister, can’t you help us, please!”

After I heard the woman pleading to the clerk, I began praying, “Hashem, may I give her \$100?” I heard a voice in my head say, “No!” I thought, “No!” Why? No?” it’s only

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\$100; I have more than that in my wallet, and I am dressed like a Jew, and her son keeps looking at me; maybe I am listening to the wrong voice; let me ask again, “HaShem, may I give her \$100?” and again, I hear a little voice say, “No!” I could hardly believe that the answer was, “No!” I tried not to look at the boy, who kept looking at me. The woman and her son left, and the clerk looked at me and

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said, “Are you checking out?” I said, “Yes!

I was planning to stay overnight but am concerned about my dog, so I’m going home early.” She asked me about the dog, “Is he sick, or had he attacked someone?” I briefly told her about the situation. I gave her the two electronic keys I had in my left hand since walking into the lobby.

The clerk asked me,

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“May I check you out in the morning?” I replied, “Yes,” turned around, and left immediately. I saw the woman and the boy sitting in a Mercedes Benz: her head was lowered, and the son looked at her; they both looked hopeless. I thought, “What did she do that you would not let me give her \$100?”

Notably, my room was only \$129.00 per night, with one bed and one sofa bed.

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The next day, I was walking Elijah, my dog, in the park where this lesson had begun, where the collar had come off (maybe a couple of weeks before), and the dog had taken off running. It dawned on me, “Hey, wait a minute, why would the clerk, who was such a strict stickler for the rules, violate the checkout rules and ask me if it would be okay for her

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to check me out the following day instead of right then (which is company policy, the clerk violated the company's rules with me, but not for the woman and her son)?

The clerk must have given my room to the woman and her son! I suddenly realized, "If I had given the woman the \$100, her situation would have been worse for her and her son!" She would have

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been \$500 poorer and may not have had enough money for food, gas, or whatever to get to wherever HaShem wanted her to go!

Later, I looked, and the checkout time for my room was 10:29 a.m., and it was confirmed! Do you think the clerk was too lazy to wait until 10:29 a.m. to check out my room? The check-out time is 11 a.m. I then

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understood HaShem's lesson: sometimes, even with good intentions, trying to “help” someone can hurt them more than helping them. HaShem can take care of anyone; in all situations, the best thing to do is to pray before you try to “help” someone; you may be causing them more problems if you “help” them than if you don't!
Baruch HaShem!

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07. The Egyptian Army?

Written January 27,
2023

I recently contemplated when Moses and the Children of Israel exited Egypt. I soon noticed that referring to the Egyptian fighting force as an Army by today's standards was likely a misnomer! True, I believe the account occurred as it is recorded in the Tanach

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(the Jewish Bible), and those were Egyptian soldiers, but what army reasons the way that those Egyptian soldiers must have?

I wanted to discover and adequately name that group of Egyptian soldiers!

Try to imagine the scene! These soldiers think they have the Children of Israel backed up against the sea with no way out!

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Perhaps they did not witness the events that led to the sea being split, but they can see it has been parted.

The Children of Israel are either already in it beyond their sight, or they may see the last ones entering, or some other ratio; I'm not sure how much they could see from the distance as they approached the scene!

An Army approaching

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this scene would stop,
assess what is
happening, and ask
relevant questions like:
1) Why did their G-d
leave the open sea?
He is tremendously
powerful and mighty;
He could have closed
the sea behind them to
keep us from following
them! 2) When Israel
(Jacob) died, where did
they take his body to
be buried?

Army officers would
have concluded the

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situation didn't look good; they had better not go in there.

Instead, let's go North many miles, cut down

some trees or requisition boats from

the locals, cross the sea ahead, and cut them off before they

suspect they are coming after them.

However, these Egyptian soldiers made different decisions.

Why?

Okay, what must these

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Egyptian soldiers have thought when approaching this scene with the sea split? Oh wow! The G-d of the Children of Israel has finally made a mistake! (What? The G-d of the Children of Israel made a mistake? No! He never makes a mistake!)

Or perhaps: Look, the G-d of Israel must have forgotten to close the sea behind them to protect them from us entering and catching

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them before they escaped to the other side of the sea, and He closes it, preventing us from dragging them back into slavery in Egypt. (What? The G-d of the Children of Israel also doesn't forget to protect His chosen people!) Then they rush in after the Children of Israel, G-d's chosen people!

Do you see my point as to why I think that calling these Egyptian

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soldiers an Army may be a misnomer? Over the last year, the G-d of Israel had inflicted ten plagues on Egypt; the last one was killing all the firstborns in Egypt whose houses did not have the blood in the prescribed place as was commanded by G-d for them to do. Those plagues should have been fresh in their minds when approaching the scene! But they entered anyway!

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Some distance in the split sea, a wall of fire appears inside the open sea, preventing the Egyptian soldiers from catching the fleeing children of Israel. If these Egyptian soldiers were an Army, you would expect at least one to say, "Hey! Hey! Hey! I don't like this: First, their G-d inflicted on us the ten plaques; second, their G-d left the sea open, and now,

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He placed this firewall in the water; we better get out of here! But no, all these soldiers remain, trying to penetrate the firewall.

That's it, did you catch it? It was subtle; you must focus on one detail: the water! Let me recap the situation and specify the necessary information to identify a better name for these Egyptian soldiers: 1) they are soldiers of

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Egypt. 2) they are determined to carry out their orders. 3) they are not afraid of the water!

This group does not behave like an Egyptian Army; this group behaves like an Egyptian Marine Corps! The water (Marine) is the clue!

08. My Starting Point.

(January 29, 2023.)

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I grew up in a non-religious home. My dad was a lapsed Southern Baptist, and my mom was a lapsed Catholic. However, I was baptized Catholic at around one year old, give or take a few months. When I was young, a Baptist church nearby had a “Bus Ministry,” we were sent to their church many times. Other than that, I was a functional atheist!

We eventually moved

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into another place in the range of one of their affiliate Baptist churches that also had a “Bus Ministry” and was sent there. Still, I grew up mainly as a functional atheist and rarely attended any church unless someone invited me, and only for a short while.

When I was about 26, I began searching for meaning in life! My life seemed hopeless, and

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I was ready to end it!

The one clear message I had received was that if a sinful person dies, the Xian god will send him to HELL forever! From what I had heard about hell, I did not want to go there, so I thought, "I had better check to see if there is a G- d: otherwise, I may go to Christian HELL!"

I began to read the Catholic Version of the Good News Bible, but

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eventually, I thought,

“What if I am

misreading it or

misunderstanding it? I

may die and go to hell

because I didn't follow

it correctly. I decided to

pray and ask G-d to

send someone to help

me understand what I

was reading.” It was

Friday night, and the

next day, the JW's

knocked on the door

and offered me a free

bible study! Therefore,

I thought they

answered my prayer

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and studied with them for approximately two years, give or take, before I knew I had to leave them because of their false beliefs!

One thing is for sure: the JW's are more anti-Catholic than they are for other Xian religions, so when I left, the obvious choice was to go to the Catholics, to get as far away from the JW's as possible. I thought that since I had been baptized Catholic

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when I was very young, maybe G-d wanted me to be Catholic. I was with the Catholics for roughly twelve years, give or take, before I realized that the JW's were correct about the Catholics but were wrong about themselves, so I moved on.

My dad was a lapsed Southern Baptist; I thought perhaps G-d had intended me to be

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a Baptist all along, and now was the time to realize it! The Arminian pastor, the head of that KJV-only church, quickly baptized me the following Sunday.

As I listened and studied, I noticed some issues, and the pastor could not answer some of my questions like: What is Pentecost? He said, "That is the day the church began."

That was an unsatisfying answer! In the KJV bible I was

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reading, it said, “On Pentecost....” I understood it to mean that some event was happening when the Xian event occurred, and I also wondered why there were Jews there from all over the world.

I remember a well-known rabbi on a famous radio station who I usually listened to on my drive home from this church on Sundays. I decided to

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call his show and ask him what Pentecost is and why there were so many Jews there on this Pentecost.

When I stated my question, the call screener said, “Pentecost is the day the church began.” I said, “I would still like to hear what the rabbi says,” so he left me on hold. When I asked the rabbi, “What is Pentecost?” He was happy to hear that

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question and said,
“Too many Jews today
do not know what
Pentecost is, and
began to explain:
Pente means fifty or
fiftieth; this is the
Festival of Weeks, also
known as a Week of
Weeks, seven days
times seven weeks
times equals forty-nine
days, and then on the
fiftieth day Moses
brought down the Ten
Commandments from
Mount Zion.”

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Next Sunday, I told the pastor, and he said, “I should have known that, but it’s more important what happened: that was the day the church began.” The Board of Deacons eventually forced him to leave and accidentally hired a Calvinist pastor but could not make him go; instead, one by one, all but one deacon left.

Over the years, the new Calvinist pastor

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made many changes, brought in guest speakers, hosted teaching seminars, hosted campaigns to support missionaries, etc. I was exposed to many conflicting opinions in Christian reasoning and eventually decided to figure out which side was correct on any given doctrine. This ultimately led me to study their “Old Testament” diligently.

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I was amazed at what I had discovered! I discovered, to varying degrees, that the JW's are correct about some things, the Catholics are accurate about some things, the Arminian Baptists are right about some things, and the Calvinist Baptists are right about some things.

There are many divisions in Christianity, which has caused

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many different denominations! From my experience, there are, doctrinally, very few things that the varying Christian sects agree on; there are many varying opinions in the pews at any given church that I have attended, plus the more than ten thousand different Christian sects. Some Catholics suggest that there are more than thirty thousand sects in Protestant churches,

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while there are only twelve sects in the Catholic church.

Ultimately, I left Christianity! For the first few months, I was still determining if I had made the right decision and considered returning. I knew G-d existed, but where to find Him was the real question I needed answered. There were two possibilities left: if I studied with the Jews and later found out

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they were wrong, then I would have only one option left: the Muslims, or vice versa. I bought a Tanach and Qur'an and eventually started reading both until I remembered and investigated (because I had learned it from Xians) that Muslims accept JC as a prophet; therefore, I chose the Jews as the genuine people of G-d!

I began seeking Jewish answers to all my

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questions, starting by submitting questions to a Chabad rabbi, who gave me some very satisfying answers. I was also scouring the web because I had many questions that needed to be answered, and I did not want to overload this rabbi; after all, he had others sending him questions!

I found Jews for Judaism and read the Jewish Response to

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Missionaries. I

eventually found a rabbi to learn from, and he brought me to the YouTube channel Tenak Talk, where I discovered Rabbi Tovia Singer and his website

outreachjudaism.org, where I found Let's Get Biblical, twenty-four teachings I recommend every Xian should read or listen to. I needed to know everything in his teachings right at that time! It took me about

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three days to listen to all of them. Isn't it amazing that G-d will bring you to them when you seek answers?
Baruch HaShem!

09. Ask a Rabbi from Chabad.org.
(February 26, 2022.)

Dear Ask a Rabbi,

I have some questions about the article I found on the Chabad.org

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[The Story of Jonah and the "Whale" - The Book of Jonah explained by Jewish commentaries - Jewish History \(chabad.org\)](#)

Rashi explains Jonah's flight as a result of his knowing that "the Gentiles are quick to repent. Should I prophesy to them and they repent, it will

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mean that I am condemning Israel, who do not heed the words of the prophets."

To this end, Jonah fled from the Land of Israel,

for "the Divine presence does not rest [on a prophet] outside of the Holy Land." This

seemed to Jonah a way to be freed from this guilt-laden mission, as G-d would then not communicate with him.

1) Was not the

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Divine presence resting on Moses during the whole account of Exodus?

2) Why would the Divine presence not rest on Jonah [another prophet]?

3) Did not the Divine presence rest on the prophet Samuel when he anointed David as the next King, succeeding King Saul?

4) How else would Samuel know that the other sons of Jesse

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were not the chosen
King?

Thank you for reading
this message...

10. JC and his False
interpretation of what
he called the Sign of
Jonah.

(May 17, 2022)

Why would JC, who
missed the whole
point, associate himself

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with a disobedient prophet, “The Sign of Jonah,” recorded in Matthew 12:39? Jonah was in the belly of the whale for three days because he refused to go to Nineveh and prophesy that destruction was coming unless they repented. JC missed the true sign of Jonah: Once Jonah repented, he predicted, and they repented. Nineveh was as evil or even worse than Sodom or Gomorrah,

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proving that G-d will forgive anyone if they genuinely repent. He will even forgive people who half-heartedly repent, showing He loves them too!

11. How to understand a great Sage like King Solomon.
(May 24, 2022)

Understanding a great Sage like King Solomon requires understanding Logic-

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(Mind) and Spirit-(Heart). Otherwise, the Proverbs he gave us seem untenable, but his knowledge is attainable, and I have given you the critical way to understand using Logic (Mind) and Spirit (Heart)! It is also crucial to master your Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Anyone can appreciate Solomon's wisdom displayed after his test in solving the problem

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of the two prostitutes' dispute over one child, whom both claimed was their own. But could you understand Solomon's intuition in devising such a test to determine the correct mother without knowing the outcome?

It serves as a great witness to show everyone the Mercy of G-d and that even the lowest, like prostitutes, can get justice in the Courts of G-d. A male

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child meant a way out of their poverty. It is also of great value to understand that if neither of the two prostitutes were worthy of having the child, the child would have been better off dead than being with either one or sold into servitude.

Fortunately, the mother was excellent because she expressed her willingness to give the child to the other to spare the child's life.

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Solomon's heart must have leaped for joy when the mother said, "Give the child to the other prostitute!" I wonder what Solomon would have done if neither one of them were found worthy of having the child!

Proverbs 9:10, "The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." – KJV
- (I only use the KJV

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because, in the U.S.A.,
it is free in the public
domain.)

When you understand
Proverbs 9:10, then
Grasshopper, you will
have learned! - (The
grasshopper comment
is from Kung Fu, the TV
series concept
developed by the
teacher, Bruce Lee.)

12. John the Baptist
Didn't Know the Law.
(May 30, 2022)

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Matthew 14:4, "for John had said to him; It is not lawful for you to have her." Mark 6:18, "John had said to Herod, it is not lawful for you to have your brother's wife."

Interestingly, John the Baptist did not know the Law: Deuteronomy 24:1-4, "When a man, after marrying a woman and having relations with her, is later displeased with her because he finds in

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her something indecent, and therefore he writes out a bill of divorce and hands it to her, thus dismissing her from his house: IF ON LEAVING HIS HOUSE SHE GOES AND BECOMES THE WIFE OF ANOTHER MAN, and the second husband, too, comes to dislike her and dismisses her from his house by handing her a written bill of divorce; or if this second man who has married her,

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dies; THEN HER FORMER HUSBAND, WHO DISMISSED HER, MAY NOT AGAIN TAKE HER AS HIS WIFE AFTER SHE HAS BECOME DEFILED. THAT WOULD BE AN ABOMINATION BEFORE THE LORD, AND YOU SHALL NOT BRING SUCH GUILT UPON THE LAND WHICH THE LORD, YOUR G-D, IS GIVING YOU AS A HERITAGE.” – KJV - (I

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only use the KJV
because, in the U.S.A.,
it is free in the public
domain.)

13. Elijah (my dog) was
very Intelligent.

(July 20, 2022)

Sept. 02, 2009



Feb.12, 2023

A while back, when
Elijah, my then 12-and-
a-half-year-old dog,

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about 95 human years old, stopped eating his food, I started putting his favorite treat into the bowl with his food, and he began eating again. However, Elijah is brilliant, and I wondered, “Did I train him to eat his food by giving him a treat first, or did he train me first to give him a treat before he eats his food?”

The definitive answer has been made known:

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Elijah loves broccoli and green beans, so I started feeding him one 12 oz. bowl of broccoli and another 12 oz. of green beans daily, and he eats them without a treat.

However, unless he is famished, he will let the more expensive, canned dog food sit in the bowl until I give him a dog treat and then eat the food immediately after it or wait for at least 6 to 10 hours before he will eat it

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without a treat. LOL!

14. Strange behavior of JC and the boys! (September 8, 2022)

Has anyone noticed that in the Xian "New Testament," some strange behavior of JC, Peter, the chief apostle, and a couple of young apostles?

Why do all the other apostles tell Peter to tell John to ask JC who will betray JC? Why

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didn't Peter ask JC directly? He's supposed to be the chief apostle!

After Peter does ask him to ask JC who the betrayer is, John, known as the one whom JC loved, a young man or older boy, leans back onto JC's bosom at the Last Supper to ask him.

That is quite an intimate action. Something is wrong with that behavior!

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Why are JC, Peter, John, and James-John's young brother the only ones to go to a secluded area at night?

Why are the other apostles not there?

This activity happens more than once. I only noticed this odd behavior because I am a man and would not emulate such weird behavior.

JC said that a man who looks upon a

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woman with lust is guilty of adultery in his heart. Why does JC assume that looking at a woman would involve lust?

What does JC have against a man looking at a woman with desire in his heart? Desire is why most people get together. Uncontrolled desire may lead to problems, but not all passion is unbridled. I look at a woman and appreciate the beauty

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G-d granted her. You must remember that in the Tanakh (Christians call it the Old Testament), for everything G-d created, G-d saw that it was good EXCEPT man was alone! G-d saw that Adam needed a helper, and He created Eve.

For a man to be complete, he must marry a woman. How could JC be a whole man but not ever be

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married? Answer: he wouldn't have been! You cannot experience being a man without a conjugal experience with the opposite sex. Moses was a deliverer. Moses was the most important Prophet; Moses had a wife and children. G-d invented sexual intimacy! JC was not a prophet.

If JC had been reincarnated in the 20th century, he might have been someone

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like Michael Jackson.
Can I get an Amen?

15. Ground Hog
Lifetime.

(October 15, 2022)

Why does it sometimes
feel like I am having a
Ground Hog Lifetime
instead of a Ground
Hog Day?

16. Is the Grass
Always Greener on the
other side?

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(November 17, 2022)

Why would anyone use secular reasoning and hold it in such high esteem or other human or pagan philosophy and then try to use that thinking to understand G-d or anything spiritual? The Torah and the rest of what you call the “Old Testament” is a much better source for understanding philosophy given by

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HaShem (G-d) to understand the truth and true religion, not from pagan reasoning!

Have you heard the Koan, “The grass is always greener on the other side?” That, on the surface, is a logical fallacy! For the sake of discussion, let’s assume that in this example, we are only comparing two sides, not three or more; it is logically impossible for both sides to be

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greener than the other side simultaneously in the same relationship.

However, there is a higher meaning on a spiritual level where it has some higher implications; one possibility is: from one perspective, what is happening on the other side is better than what is happening over here on this side, while at the same time, someone over there is thinking that things are

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going better over here
on my side than it is
going on their side.

Logic is the lowest
level of understanding;
if you want to discern
spiritual things, you
must elevate your
thoughts above logic!

17. Do you know how
they produce enough
turkeys in the U.S.A.
annually for
“Thanksgiving”?

(November 19, 2022)

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Has anyone besides me ever heard about the perverted way they reproduce enough turkeys to kill for "Thanksgiving" dinner? Several years ago, a radio talk show featured a "Thanksgiving" turkey breeder. I will not repeat what he said about how they manually, by human hand, get enough turkey sperm to impregnate female turkeys artificially. Still, I will tell you that. The

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host thought it was funny, but the breeder said, "If you want enough turkeys to fulfill the amount required to have enough turkeys for 'Thanksgiving,' then this is what you have to do!"

18. Did you hear about the one where (listed alphabetically)
(November 23, 2022)

Did you hear about the one where (listed

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alphabetically) a Buddhist, a Catholic, a Christian, a Jew, a Hindu, a Muslim, and a Sikh were sitting in the park enjoying the beautiful weather and conversing? What is funny about that? They were all getting along!

PEACE WILL BE PERMANENT once we ALL learn to ACCEPT other cultures (you don't have to Practice what they practice to accept; you merely

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acknowledge that is what they practice),
RESPECT our differences,
CELEBRATE our similarities, and
TEACH our children to do the same. At the end of this messed-up world system, HaShem will correct anything that needs fixing; until then, let's all try to get along!

19. Can Eating Chocolate Make You Wise?

(December 10, 2022)

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This morning, I opened the wrapper of a piece of chocolate (of course, I ate the chocolate).

Still, I noticed a piece of wax paper with some writing on it in four different

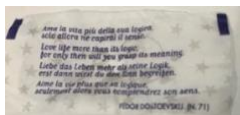
languages: in English, it reads, "Love life more than its logic, for only then will you grasp its meaning." - FEDOR DOSTOEVSKIJ (N.

71). Who knew
EATING CHOCOLATE
COULD MAKE A

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PERSON WISER?

Well, I have one more reason to justify my eating chocolate: I am not looking for or even feeling the need for another reason, but it is nice to know that I have plenty in case the need arises.



20. That's One! My commentary on an unknown author's story.

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(November 16, 2022)

This comment is to provoke thought; please read the last comment below it before reacting!

[A man married a woman before the automobile was invented. A horse is connected to the wagon and pulling them. They stop to have a picnic. While the woman prepares the food, the man

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unhooks the horse and tells the horse to drink some water. The horse is not thirsty and has no clue what the man is trying to say. When the horse does not consume the first time, the man says to the horse, "That is one." The man tells the horse again to drink some water; furthermore, the horse has no clue what the man is saying and doesn't drink any water. The man says to the horse, "That is

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two.” Then the man tells the horse thrice, “Drink some water!” When the horse does not drink for the third time, the man pulls his gun and shoots it dead.

The woman heard what had happened and saw that he had shot the horse and said to the man, “Why did you do that? Who is going to pull the wagon now?” The man says to the woman, “That is one!” - Unknown Author]

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My comment on this story (November 16, 2022.)

Where is the love and respect for women in “American” culture, plus the apparent animal abuse? Why would you laugh at that story?

My comments on (November 18, 2022)
That man should be publicly flogged or put in stocks and have

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people through things at him like in old times past to make him an example of what not to do; however, he is probably a victim and was trained to be this way by previous generations and his struggle with the knowledge of Good and Evil.

It is much better to treat a perpetrator like him with mercy and correct his bad behavior with hard

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labor and isolation to allow him time to correct his error and become a good person. He should only be released from the punishment when the woman he degraded pities him and forgives him for his crimes against the woman he brutalized.

Some of the many beautiful things about women are that women have a greater sense of compassion,

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empathy, love, and forgiveness towards someone who truly repents from his error with genuine humility!

On the other hand, men have a more challenging time humbling themselves and asking for forgiveness and are most likely jealous that women are generally allowed to express their feelings while men are taught to suppress theirs.

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What a world
humankind had
created for themselves
when they decided
they could become like
G-d if they ate from the
forbidden fruit that G-d
commanded them not
to eat! Thank you, Eve
and Adam, for what
you have inflicted on
us! - That previous
sentence is sarcasm,
but at least we have
learned what happens
when humans think
they know better than
G-d does!

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You are correct; however, I am right that it happens in this country, and I never said it doesn't happen in other countries. I am merely pointing out that it happens here, and I want it to stop now! Hopefully, if it ends here, it will be a catalyst for stopping this abusive treatment of women worldwide! This change has to begin somewhere, so why not start here and

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see what happens?

I know the paragraph following this is the third repeated, but it needs to be repeated for emphasis!

Some of the many beautiful things about women are that women have a greater sense of compassion, empathy, love, and forgiveness towards someone who truly repents from his error with genuine humility!

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On the other hand, men have a more challenging time humbling themselves and asking for forgiveness and are most likely jealous that women are generally allowed to express their feelings while men are taught to suppress theirs.

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Section II:

Some near-death experiences: There have been more than 30 that I know about.

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21. Ran over by a
Drunk Driver.
(February 14, 2023)

When I was around eight years old, give or take a year, my parents bought me a new bicycle and warned me not to ride it on the street! I agreed. One day, however, I went to turn around from the sidewalk by riding up and making a circle turn in a neighbor's driveway, but I drove

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into the street.

Almost

instantaneously, a drunk driver came out of nowhere and ran over me with his car. I was pinned underneath the vehicle until a tow truck arrived and lifted the car from on top of me. Miraculously, I only had a minor bump on my head and no other injuries!

22. I upgraded to a Yamaha YZ-100 two-

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stroke.

(February 14, 2023)

When I was about twelve or thirteen, I upgraded from a Honda 70 cc motorcycle with a 4-stroke engine to a Yamaha YZ100 motorcycle with a 2-stroke engine. I had no prior knowledge of the differences between four-stroke and two-stroke engines, but I learned the hard way!

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My dad bought it for me from one of the guys in the city we lived in. We met the former owner at the gas station, and he explained that you have to add a small can of oil into the gas tank every time you add one gallon of gas. I watched and learned the proper procedure.

He next showed me that this motorcycle had an electric and manual Kickstarter. He told me the gear shift

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pattern: "Make sure to pull the clutch tight when you start it or put it in neutral first." I pulled the clutch tight, and he pressed the electric start button and started the engine.

The two-stroke engine was much louder than the four-stroke engine, plus it had already been a little noisy at the gas station, but now that the engine was started, it was harder to hear him." He said, "Be careful when you let go

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of the clutch ...” I let go of it slowly, but it engaged much quicker than I had anticipated! The motorcycle jumped forward fast and took off with my legs flopping in the air behind the bike, and I was pointed directly out onto the two-lane highway in front of this gas station.

Several vehicles were approaching from my left side on the side of the highway closest to

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me, and a fully loaded logging truck was coming from my right side on the other side of the road as I shot out into traffic out of control.

Both my arms were fully extended, and I was grasping the handlebars tight, trying to pull myself back onto the seat to gain control of the motorcycle. Still, I struggled to do so because of the bike's speed at which it

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traveled!

Looking forward, on the highway I was about to enter, I saw a van pass in front of me and noticed another approaching vehicle. By Hashem's grace, I made it through the space of those two vehicles without crashing into either one of them.

As I was pulling myself up onto the motorcycle to sit on the seat, I

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began leaning to my left, trying to avoid crossing the highway in front of that loaded logging truck, and again, by Hashem's grace, I succeeded; I was able to lean enough to steer the motorcycle into the center of the highway, between the sets of double yellow lines that divided that highway, and finally was back on the seat and also in control of the motorcycle!

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I turned my head to my right and looked at the logging truck; although he had slammed on the brakes, he did not “Jack-knife” and understood that if I had not leaned and successfully changed the direction of the motorcycle, I would have been hit by that truck! I survived, Baruch HaShem!

23. Kawasaki KZ 1000
Racing Motorcycle.

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February 14, 2023)



In my early twenties, I bought a used Kawasaki KZ-1000 racing motorcycle from a man who had used it for racing but was upgrading to a newer

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one. He had it “stripped down” to make it lighter and faster for racing. I had to do a lot of work to make riding and being street-legal comfortable again. I was able to ride it, and I did, but among other things, the speedometer cable was missing, so I would keep up with the traffic speed or go faster.

One day, I decided to buy the last parts needed and completely

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restore it. When I picked them up, I had the rear tire replaced.

The mechanic said, "Be careful with the first 100-200 miles to allow the new tire to wear in because new tires can be a little slick, especially the back tire!"

I rode to a friend's place on Saturday to complete the restoration. My friend and I chatted as I was installing the parts. I

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drank two beers with him from the time I started until I had completed the restoration, which was about two hours. I was most excited about installing the speedometer cable; finally, I would know how fast I was going and how fast this motorcycle could go.

My blood alcohol level registered at .07, below the .08 minimum requirement to be

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considered legally impaired. My actual impairment was my excitement about that speedometer cable and all my poor decision-making that day!

I was wearing a rock concert t-shirt, Levi blue jeans, and walking shoes; this was before the helmet law went into effect in California, so I was not wearing one, and I was not wearing any other

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protective gear like gloves or even a jacket.

It was lightly raining, perhaps the first rainfall in a while. I positioned the motorcycle in the center of the street in a residential neighborhood and pointed it down the road, where there was a ninety-degree turn to the left.

The street was blacktop, and the rain

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had made the oil that leaked from car engines as they drove over it rise, so the road condition was dangerous. Still, I was thinking about that speedometer cable and wondering how fast I could go before shifting into second gear!

When I started riding that day, I was unaware that a party was going on down the street where the ninety-degree turn is,

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and many cars were parked on the road, seemingly more than usual; that was going to be a problem until I got there and saw them! I should have driven through the neighborhood, looking for obstacles like that, but I did not!

I was sitting on the motorcycle, revving the engine. I also tuned it up before testing it. It sounded powerful! Before I took off, my

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friend came onto the front porch and said, "Be careful; the rain is going to make the road conditions unsafe!" I looked and said to him, "I got this!" I looked down the street, revved the engine again, released the clutch, and rocketed down the road with my eyes staring at the speedometer.

The needle on the speedometer jumped from zero to about 50-

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55 in a couple of seconds! I was thinking: Yeah! As I was about to shift into second gear, I looked up to see where I was, and that is when I noticed all the cars.

I stepped on the back brake to slow down, but the back wheel locked up due to a lack of traction caused by the slick road conditions caused by the rain, the raised oil, and the new back tire, and the

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motorcycle started sliding out of control at about 50 mph.

I started thinking, “How will I survive this situation intact?” I shifted into second gear to lower the engine's RPMs and simultaneously released the back break. I went back into first gear to let the engine help me unlock the back wheel to regain control and slow down, but nothing

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worked.

Mentally, I began plotting different trajectories to avoid crashing into a car or the house's garage door, which was now directly in front of me and getting closer. Still, I could not stop the motorcycle's forward inertia!

Although I only had a second, maybe two, to think about my situation, it felt like

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about two or three minutes! One of my thoughts was, “I could try to lean a little left and curve left as I enter the driveway and hope to cross between the yards of those two houses and perhaps not hit either house! Too bad there are so many cars. Otherwise, I might have been able to curve enough to make the ninety-degree turn without crashing into one of them!”

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Ultimately, I had to lay it down and hope for a miracle! A calmness came upon me; I laid it down, pulling the handlebars close to my chest and a little to the left, and rotated the motorcycle 90 degrees to be a barrier between me and the garage door.

I began to separate from the bike just a couple of feet as it and I were bulleting

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towards the driveway.

However, I didn't anticipate that the motorcycle's rear tire would barely hit the driveway curb just enough to stop the forward progression; it was scarcely a couple of inches on the part where the curb was angled. It was a miracle that I didn't expect!

The motorcycle shocks absorbed some of the impact. The motorcycle

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bounced off the curb and hit me like a bat and baseball, causing me to flip around backward with my feet in the air and catapulting me in the opposite direction, away from the garage, back into the street in the direction from where I had come.

I flew in the air rather than sliding on the road about one foot off the ground, and I landed on my feet but not fully upright. I felt a muscle

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in my back pull like a rubber band breaking if pulled too tight. And I fell to the ground and felt the air knocked out of my lungs! I gasped for air and cried out once from the pain a long augh!

I have just experienced another life-saving miracle and was spared again from severe injuries! Besides the doctors cutting my pants lengthwise from my

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ankles on the front up to crouch level just above the thighs, the only damage I received was a bruised back, but no long-term injuries! I left the emergency room a few hours after the doctors and the police released me with one arm around my sister's shoulder and my other hand on my mom's shoulder.

I decided I needed to remember having

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made all the stupid choices that put me in that situation, so I did not take the Vicodin pain medication to dull the pain. The pain was worse the second day like the doctor had said it would be; something to do with not moving while you sleep will cause it to tighten and hurt more. It took three or four days to pick up my leg high enough to sit on the motorcycle seat again and another day

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before I could ride it.

It was still rideable, but the accident had caused some damage; ultimately, I bought a Suzuki GS-1100 cc to replace the Kawasaki KZ-1000 I had wrecked. Several years later, I eventually gave up riding motorcycles, which my mother (may G-d resurrect her soon) and two sisters are grateful for!

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24. Attacked by a Pitbull named Samson.
(February 14, 2023)

When I was twenty-two, in 1989, several months before the Loma Preata Major earthquake in California, I assisted a friend in removing the rear axle from his wife's car. I handed him the specific tools he requested; getting out from under a car to grab them is difficult, so he benefited from

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my help. We were talking about whatever while he was working.

If I remember correctly, he asked me for a boxed end 5/8 wrench, although I was crouched with my knees bent toward the ground. I pivoted to the right, extending my right arm toward his toolbox, when Samson grabbed my right wrist and began clamping down hard with his jaws, trying to get a

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lock! I rotated fully to face him while crouching and thought: This is not good! The dog is biting my wrist!

I will try to keep this description on a level where women and children should feel comfortable reading it, but I could see blood pulsating from my right wrist four or more feet, like a child's rapidly firing a squirt gun. It wasn't a lot, but I knew I needed to fight hard

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to have this victory,
and I did!

I observed the scene for about one-billionth of a second, thrust my left hand like a spear into his mouth, and lifted upward with the left hand while pushing downward with the right wrist to force his mouth open before he could lock his jaw! I thrust my body backward as I pulled with all my strength to free myself and get

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away from this worthy opponent; this was when my left hand was wounded by one of his teeth!

Samson had been trained for dog fighting. At that time, his owner was in prison for whatever crimes he had committed. His sister, my friend's wife, cared for the dog. Samson was powerful and broke a weak “welded chain” to come after me. He was about

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fifty-five pounds of muscle and very determined to win!

Samson reacted swiftly and lunged at me while I was trying to stand up and face off with him. He successfully bit me superficially on my left bicep as he fell back to the ground and rapidly leaped toward me again. You should have seen this dog in action: as he tried to take me down, it was as if, by his moves, he was

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writing poetry as he
hopped and leaped
towards me very
determined!

However, I had made it
completely upright,
squared facing him,
anticipating his next
attack! As he jumped
toward my head or
neck, I caught him in
the air by his throat
with my left hand,
swept leftward with my
right arm, and
successfully grabbed
him by his collar and

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grabbed it with my right hand.

His legs and body were moving erratically, and with his mouth, he was making biting motions while he was shaking his body from side to side, toward me and away from me, as he tried to break free from my grasp, but he was helpless as I held him; the top of his head was about five feet off the ground.

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I began considering, “What should I do with him?” In front of this house where we had been working was a heavily traveled street, not an expressway, but similar in a town this small; I saw cars passing by, so I decided I would take him and throw him in front of one of those cars to end his transgression towards me!

I had forgotten about

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my friend under the car; he had seen and heard what was occurring and rushed out from under the vehicle as fast as he could to help me. This whole battle lasted only a few seconds. As I turned towards the traffic, Mark suddenly appeared and grabbed Samson in a half-nelson with his left arm around the dog's throat, threw him over the backyard fence, and ran back to check

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on me!

My friend began freaking out; he grabbed some clean mechanic rags, wrapped my right wrist, which I had been applying pressure with my left hand to stop the bleeding, and yelled, “I have got to get you to the hospital now!”

We quickly got into his Toyota 4-wheel drive pickup truck, a very high, too-high-lifted

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truck, and he drove me to the hospital. He was freaking out and driving erratically! I was concerned that we were going to roll over as he sped even through the curves and turns in the road; he was driving on the back roads the quickest route to the hospital), but it was a dirt road covered with gravel (small rocks!), so I tried to calm him down until we safely made it to the

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emergency room!

I still have all the scars on my right wrist, my left hand where I had 3 or 4 stitches, and the scars on my left bicep! It is worth mentioning that I became deathly afraid of all pit bulls for a while after that until I got my dog Elijah and started taking him to dog parks; that is right, he loved to play with every Pitbull that entered every dog park we ever entered! Lol!

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There could be one hundred other dogs in the park, and he would bring only the one Pitbull who happened to be there near me to play with them!

I started carrying a folding lock-blade knife in my pocket. I would grab and hold it in my bag whenever Elijah brought one of his Pitbull friends near me!

Even now, I am cautious around them. I never lose sight of

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where they are, but I have finally overcome my fear of them to the point that I have even petted several of them and looked at them with pity for what some evil people use them for. Before Elijah, I could not touch a Pitbull for over twenty-five years!

In case you are wondering, I was semi-afraid of being killed during the fight with Samson, which

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motivated me to fight hard. Still, I didn't have time to think about that until the war was over, and I was safe in the emergency room, where I did freak out, realizing how close to my death; otherwise, the battle could have gone the other way!

Here is an unexpected update: about three weeks ago, in the middle of September 2023, I went to have my hair cut, and a

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barber was standing outside with his pit bull. It was young and about 25 pounds, and for the first time since the assault, I petted a pit bull, and my life changed!

25. Hand on fire.
(Written on February 16, 2023)

When I was around twelve years old, I was cold as I was sitting in the front room of our

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house. It was a cold winter day, with snow on the ground outside. The electricity was off, and I was alone, so I placed some logs in the fireplace and ignited them to warm up the place. The wood logs were semi-frozen and wet, so I grabbed the one-gallon can of kerosene, poured some in a cup, threw it on the records, lit a match, and threw it in the fireplace. The fire burst but burned out in

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a minute or so when all the fuel had been consumed, although the logs did not burn because of the moisture and being semi-frozen.

I poured some kerosene into a cup, tossed it onto the logs, lit another match, and ignited it into the fire. The same thing happened this time as the first time. Still, as I saw the flame diminishing, I quickly poured more

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kerosene into the cup, accidentally spilling some on my left hand as I hurried to fill the cup to throw the fuel on the fire before the flame burned out completely! What the hell was I thinking?

The kerosene ignited in the air, including in the cup and that which had been spilled on my left hand! I dropped to the ground and rolled like I had been taught when I was younger.

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However, I got my hand too close to the curtains, and they caught on fire, and the same thing happened to a piece of furniture near the curtains. I was thinking again, metaphorically, Oh, poop! I threw my body down on my hand to smother the flame, got up, pulled the curtains from off the rods, flipped over that piece of furniture, stomped on the curtains until the fire

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was gone, ran into the kitchen, grabbed a container, filled it with water and ran back and poured the water to extinguish the fire on that piece of furniture!

After all that, I assessed what had happened and thought, “What the hell?” I decided never to throw kerosene on fire ever again!

26. What are those things?

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(Around February 16,
2023)

I was around seven years old, close to eight, but before, I was traumatized by the young man who had jumped the fence at my babysitter's home.

If I remember correctly, my dad and I were camping near Sonora Peak, California, one of my dad's favorite places to camp, with two Dutch brothers,

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who were excellent friends of my dad.

The two brothers used to tell stories around the campfires about fighting in WWII in their army in the trenches! The Americans pulled out when they were about to be overrun by the enemy, and the Dutch Army, who were present, volunteered to stay behind and cover their retreat. The Dutch fought until they ran out of ammunition,

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were forced to negotiate, surrender, and became prisoners of war to the Nazis.

We were camping in a valley, sitting around the fire, eating, and I was listening to them when suddenly, we heard the crackling sound of an object flying through the air directly above us and close! I was thinking, "What was that!" Tony, Ed, and my dad, James (they called him

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Jim), all jumped up. They all yelled to me, get behind something and keep your head down!

I got behind a stump left in the ground after a tree was cut down, and all three men hid behind living trees.

I heard another crackling sound as another object flew overhead. The things kept flying overhead but were close. They

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flew overhead at a random pace but were not constant. One would pass overhead, and a few seconds later, another would pass, and so on. I asked, "What are those things?" Ed said, "Those are bullets; keep your head down!"

There was a short break, and Ed cried out, "On the count of three, everyone runs to the van and get your guns: Joey, you stay

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put!" Ed counted, and all three men ran, grabbed their hunting rifles and handguns, got behind whatever was closest to them, and began yelling, "Hey, what are you doing? People are camping down here!"

There was no reply, but the crackling objects began flying overhead again, one at a time! Ed told my dad, "Jim, fire some warning shots from your 'canon'

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(his Colt 45 pistol) because it is loud to let them know we were armed!" My dad fired all the shots in the clip, including the extra one he kept in the chamber, into the air about thirty degrees Westward on a compass and about one hundred feet over the summit, so whoever was shooting in our direction could hear the sound of his "canon" firing back.

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All three started yelling, making noise, and making threats in the direction the shots were coming: "We will go after you if you don't stop shooting at us!"

The bullets stopped for about thirty seconds or up to a minute and then began again like before; not constant, but periodic, not at any specific interval; they seemed very random!

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The three men began discussing what they were going to do! Ed, the older brother, yelled, "Quick, everyone, get in the van now! You to Joey!" We all ran and got in. I grabbed and loaded the 22-caliber single-shot rifle my dad had given me for my seventh birthday.

Tony (the younger brother) got in the driver's seat, my dad in the passenger seat,

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and Ed stood up in the van; there was something like a sunroof, and he was there. All three pointed their weapons (handguns) forward as Tony accelerated and drove up the road from the valley to where the bullets came from! I'm unsure if he was in first or second gear as we moved up the steep grade, but the engine was loud and racing! I looked at Tony with his left hand sticking out of

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the driver's window with his handgun pointed forward, my dad with his right hand sticking out of the window with his Colt 45 pistol aimed forward. Ed was standing with his head out of the 'sunroof' with both arms. I couldn't see his hands, but I could imagine both hands on his pistol pointing forward; I checked my rifle to ensure I had loaded it!

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As we approached the top, we could see many kids. They were standing around with cans on the edge of the road that overlooked the valley we had been camping in. My dad and Tony got out with their pistols in hand and started yelling at the stupid kids, who did not know the danger they were in from making such a foolish decision, like not thinking that people may be in the

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valley below where you are practicing how to shoot your guns!

27. Would you like to come to dinner at my parents' home tonight?

(February 15, 2023)

I received a phone call from a landline to a landline in the place where I had rented a room from friends. I was perhaps 21 or 22. She was from a young

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woman I was courting; she asked me, “Would you like to come to dinner at my parent’s home tonight? In my mind, I was doing flips and summersaults and yelling, yeah! I casually said, “Sure, what time and where do they live?”

When I arrived, she was outside smoking a cigarette and asked me, “Do you have any weed?” We smoked one, each smoked a

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cigarette, and then went inside so I could meet her parents.

Her father gave me an intermediate handshake; he didn't try to crush my hand, nor was his hand soft.

He and her mother were polite, and we chatted for 20 to 30 minutes before another guest knocked on the door.

A woman walked in with a small black cloth

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bag and a cord drawstring. This bag was not her feminine purse, as many women carry over the shoulder; it was something else! I wasn't expecting other guests; my woman friend did not mention that there would be another guest.

The father and the woman sat at the dinner table and began talking while the mother finished

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cooking dinner. The father introduced the woman to me, and we chatted briefly. I kept looking at the little black bag she laid on the dining room table, wondering what was in it!

The woman spoke to the father and then turned to me and said, "Have you ever had a reading before?" I replied, "I don't know, what is that?" She replied, "Let me show

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you! It will be fun!” I was thinking, “What the hell?” She opened the bag and emptied a pile of small tiles on the table.

I was sitting in the living room adjacent to the dining room, and the father turned to me and asked, “What are your plans for the future?”

The woman grabbed some tiles and gently threw them on the

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table. Again, I was thinking, “What the hell?”

I decided I had better do something to protect myself in case that woman was an evil witch or something else, so I began a mantra, rapidly reciting the word “work” in my head over and over!

Honestly, I thought she would be a fraud. I didn't believe in those things, but I wanted to

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be cautious, especially since I felt partially euphoric from the weed!

I watched as she repeatedly gathered the tiles in her hand and tossed them back onto the kitchen table. After a minute or two, she looked at the father and said, “All I’m getting is work!” I immediately thought, “Oh, SH-T!” The father turned his head to his right, looked at me, and

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asked, “Do you want to date my daughter?”

I decided I had better get out of there now! I got up, left without saying goodbye to anyone, got in my car, and drove away quickly!

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Section III:

Two Interesting dreams.

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28. A Weird Dream.

(February 16, 2023)

Early in 1989, I had been hanging out with acquaintances; we had drinks and smoked weed. The two of them decided to make a beer and snack run, and I elected to stay and wait for them to return.

It was late, and I was tired, so I fell asleep on the couch. I had dreamt that they had returned. I

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heard the car doors slam shut and saw them entering through the front door. When I woke up, no one was there. So, I lay down again on the couch and fell asleep again, but this time, they returned exactly as had occurred in my dream, detail by detail, and I thought to myself, what the hell?

29. How did this guy explain my dream?

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(February 14, 2023)

I went to sleep on a Saturday night and had a strange dream. I wondered, “What did I eat or drink that caused that dream?” I took a shower, dressed, ate, and went to church; I was still attending the Baptist church after the Calvinist pastor had taken control of that church.

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When the pastor began reading Ezekiel chapter 37, I stood there listening to him read about my dream, minus the Prophet and Hashem! I had this dream the night before and was shocked that it was recorded in the Bible! Not only was I shocked about it being recorded, but I was more shocked that this pastor was the one explaining it to me!

The dream occurred a

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few years before I left
Xianity. However, in
my goal, the flesh had
been restored!

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Section IV:

This is last for a good
reason!

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30. I have had a
difficult life!
(February 14, 2023)

When I was twenty-six,
I was arrested for
being under the
influence of a
controlled substance
three times within thirty
days: the second and
third times occurred
while I was waiting to
go to court for the first
offense.

On the eve of my court
date, I contemplated

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suicide; I didn't want to go to jail, and my life seemed hopeless and miserable, and I wondered why I should bother living anymore!

I was concerned that if I ended my life, and there was a G-d, I would go to Hell, so I decided, "Hey, I had better seek to discover if there is a G-d before I end my life!"

After a short while, I developed a test to see

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if a G-d existed: I decided to pray and ask Him to reveal whether or not He lives! I reasoned that if there was a G-d, how could He resist a prayer like I had just developed in my hopeless state? So, I humbled myself and asked, “G-d, if You exist, please reveal that to me; otherwise, I am merely talking to myself, and I will end this miserable life of mine!”

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As I finished my prayer, all of a sudden, I felt the presence of some invisible spirit; at that moment, I didn't know if it was an angel or a demon. I was not religiously educated in such matters, but I instantly knew that its presence was a revelation of the existence of a G-d! I understood for such a being to exist, whatever it was (it was an angel), certified that

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because this thing existed, a G-d of some sort must exist!

My whole life flashed before my eyes; I remembered everything I had ever done or said until that moment, and I felt ashamed! I was shocked and continually repeated the thought for at least an hour, "Oh my G-d, there is a G-d!" I got into my bed, covered my head, and cried!

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Afterward, I began to think about what I would do for the pending court cases in the morning and went to sleep.

Somehow, I was the first person called to appear before the judge. He read the charges against me and asked, "Do you want to enter a plea now or wait until a later date?" I said, "I plead guilty to all charges." He looked over the charges and said, "By

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law, if you plead guilty today, I have to sentence you to thirty days for the first offense, sixty days for the second, and ninety days for the third! Do you want to go to jail?”

I said, “No!”

He said, “A new drug diversion law was passed; see that man behind you? He is the district attorney.

Perhaps you and he can work out a deal to go to rehab, and then I

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will have the ability, if you complete an approved program, to not sentence you to the one-hundred and eighty days that I am required if I accept your guilty pleas today!”

There were some difficulties, but it all worked without me going to jail for one hundred and eighty days, and I have been off illegal drugs for thirty years, going on

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thirty-one in September
of 2023! Baruch
HaShem!

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11, 2023

I started writing this
Book February 11,
2023, and completed it
today, October 7,
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