

- 1 -

# Path to Redemption

Book two by

Yosef Michael

## - 2 -

As much as I hope and pray that all the hostages will be released, I am shocked, angry, and opposed to releasing murdering terrorists in exchange for them: the effect of releasing the murderers is that you are replenishing the enemy with more personnel.

I would crush Hamas by sorting through all Arabs in Israel one by one until all murdering terrorists were rounded up, imprisoned, and awaiting trial. Those found guilty of participating in the October 7th massacre would be put to death!

Furthermore, I would impose curfew restrictions and limit all the activities of all Arabs living in Israel until all the remaining hostages are returned!

- 3 -

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RESERVED March  
2023

I began writing this  
book in March 2023  
and completed it today,  
October 7, 2023.  
Baruch HaShem!

All my experiences in  
this book are authentic,  
Yosef Malachi Michael.

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- 4 -

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# Dedication

This book is dedicated  
to HaShem for saving  
me from false religions,  
leading me to the truth,  
preparing me for my  
mission in life, and  
Hashem bringing the  
future Jew, Sarah Leah  
Michael, into my life!  
Baruch HaShem!

# Table of Contents

***COPYRIGHT ..Error! Bookmark not defined.***

***Dedication..... - 5 -***

***Table of Contents ..... - 6 -***

***Things to know before reading  
this book!..... - 11 -***

***Ancestry DNA Tests. .... - 14 -***

***What is Age?..... - 16 -***

***The Message or the messenger? -  
24 -***

***Section I: When I was young.. - 43***

***-***

***01. Is it healthy for a child or a  
man to suppress his emotions?  
No!..... - 44 -***

**- 7 -**

**02. I don't believe in Santa Claus!**

**..... - 53 -**

**03. What are those things? . - 62 -**

**04. I have overcome many**

**obstacles, life challenges,**

**learning disabilities, and more!..-**

**76 -**

**05. Reversing the Effects of**

**emotional suppression. .... - 91 -**

**06. Early Childhood**

**Development..... - 99 -**

**07. What Did I Forget? ..... - 111 -**

**08. Fatherly Advice!..... - 122 -**

**09. Never Judge a Man by the**

**Color of His Skin! ..... - 126 -**

**Section II: When I was an Adult. .-**

**136 -**

***10. Did you jump? ..... - 137 -***

***11. He has a gun! ..... - 157 -***

***12. "Help me; he is trying to rape me!" ..... - 165 -***

***13. When Was the Last Time You Ate Something?..... - 175 -***

***14. I will never do that again!.....- 186 -***

***15. Never Give up!..... - 203 -***

***16. I Can't Believe that worked!...- 216 -***

***Section III: Just before I left Xianity ..... - 227 -***



**- 9 -**

**17. Lofty goals yield lofty  
outcomes; mediocre dreams  
yield mediocre results! ..... - 228 -**

**18. Would you like to attend a  
Seder meal if I could arrange it? .-  
232 -**

**19. The last Catholic Apologist! ..-  
236 -**

**20. I have had a difficult life! .....-  
255 -**

**Section IV: Path to Redemption ..-  
282 -**

**21. How low should I set my  
goal?..... - 283 -**

**22. Emunah, why do only some  
people have faith? ..... - 286 -**

**23. The “cure” was worse than  
the disease!..... - 289 -**

## **- 10 -**

**24. My First Genuine Biblical Repentance!..... - 317 -**

**25. My first visit to the Wailing Wall. .... - 324 -**

**26. HaShem healed me through a scammer. .... - 332 -**

**27. Fight with or for honor?. - 340**

**-**

**28. The Xian Problem! ..... - 352 -**

**Section V: Searching for my soulmate..... - 357 -**

**29. Bulla-Bulla! ..... - 358 -**

**30. Do you think I need a wife? ..- 364 -**

**31. Someone Special to Keep Mitzvot with. .... - 365 -**

# Things to know before reading this book!

(May 8, 2023)

The date in parentheses below each story's title is when I wrote about the experience, not when the incident occurred. For example, I wrote this note on May 8, 2023.

Most of my past writings on my life experiences have been focused on whatever purpose I had

## - 12 -

for writing about it! I only included the relevant details to express my point without distracting the reader with unnecessary information: I'm not writing novels!

I have been getting requests for a chronological account of my life experiences regarding entering and leaving Xianity, so I have included some crucial experiences from my first book, "It Has Been an Interesting Life!" to accomplish that goal! In most cases, I had to

## - 13 -

revise them to fill in the missing details.

I have included several essays that are different from my life experiences to show the reader my mindset and prepare them for my life experiences that appear after the article!

I have many more experiences that won't be included in this PDF book. Still, those will be included when I publish the hardcover and softcover comprehensive editions, in which I plan to have all

## - 14 -

four of the books, the other experience, and hopefully include a fifth book that will not be released as a PDF of my debates with pastors, deacons, and rank-and-file Xians, which caused me to leave and seek the Only G-d, HaShem!

## Ancestry DNA Tests.

(June 25, 2023)

I grew up feeling like I wasn't close to my intermediate family; I was hoping I was

## - 15 -

accidentally switched at birth in the hospital, so I asked all my siblings to take DNA tests, and I would pay for it. To help convince all of them to take the DNA tests, I told them that if the tests proved that we were siblings, I would do the DNA Ancestor test and try to find relatives we were cut off from due to death, remarriage, and divorce.

We are 100 percent siblings, but I discovered that bribing them with

**- 16 -**

the Ancestor DNA tests  
was unnecessary  
because they also  
hoped for a negative  
result. I decided to have  
the ancestor DNA test  
anyway because I was  
curious about our  
relatives whom we knew  
nothing about!

## What is Age?

(March 26, 2023)

I still feel like a very  
young person,  
although I am now 56  
years old, so to cope



## - 17 -

with the ever-growing number, I came up with a different method for calculating how “old” I am. I don’t like the word “old” so much, so since the age 21 is a significant age in the country I grew up in, I chose to begin from age twenty-one and to “prorate” my birthdate to February 29, which means I would only age once every four years on the leap year in the USA: so, if you

## - 18 -

take  $56 - 21 = 35$ , and  
divide 35 by  $4 = 8$  and  
 $1/4$  and add that to 21  
so my new age is  $29 \frac{1}{4}$   
years young instead of  
56 years old! I feel  
much closer to  $29 \frac{1}{4}$   
than 56 going on 57!

I used to tell people  
that age is merely how  
many revolutions the  
earth has been around  
its sun since I've been  
on it! Therefore, since  
(in my new calculation)  
I consider that age can

## - 19 -

be measured as the distance a person has traveled since birth:

“One complete orbit takes 365.249 days (1 sidereal year). During this time, Earth has traveled 940 million km (584 million mi).” -  
Wikipedia.

A 56 year “young” person like myself has traveled approximately  
54,640,000,000  
kilometers in my  
lifetime! Like age (in

**- 20 -**

my new calculation), distance is not an important thing to consider about a person anyway because not everyone necessarily travels distances at the same pace. Imagine the differences in speed if you travel on an airplane, train, automobile, or bus or if someone runs or walks! So, in my calculation and estimation, time is

## - 21 -

relative to how fast someone travels; I am 56, but I look younger than some men who are ten or fifteen years more youthful.

When someone asks me how old I am, I usually make them guess first; I have to be careful with that because some women assume lower than what they think I am for reasons I'm not going to explain, but

## - 22 -

as a complement, like they might say you're 35, or 40 because they believe that I am 40 or 45: I know why they say that, but I can tell they are genuinely surprised when I tell them 56 going of 57, they usually say something like Wow, you look young! They stop short of confessing why they chose to underguess, but they look at me like Wow! I can't

**- 23 -**

believe you are 56! I  
don't feel 56!

Since I don't consider  
age or distance a vital  
calculation, what does  
someone like me feel  
is necessary? In one  
word: maturity! Mental  
maturity,  
sophistication (a type  
of maturity,) and  
emotional maturity!  
Mental maturity can  
be quantified by how  
much someone has  
learned while on this

planet, no matter how far they have traveled!

For example, if I compare myself to an eleven-year-old boy, I am mentally more mature than him (or at least I hope I am!) I am more sophisticated than him (I guess that depends on whom you ask), but emotionally, I am on the same level as him!

The Message or the messenger?



(July 3, 2023)

In the good old days, if one king sent a messenger with a message to another king if the receiving king didn't like the letter, he would have the messenger killed as a statement that he rejected it: killing the messenger was an acceptable response in those days! So, since the messenger was dispensable, it is

## - 26 -

evident that the message was or is more important! I'm not sure, but it is reasonable to believe that perhaps that is why the old saying started (as an apology in advance), "I hate to be the bearer of bad news!" Lol!

Recently, I have become a messenger of good news, not that crap you read about in the "NT!" It is humbling

## - 27 -

to be a messenger, but in our times, I am not worried about being killed by the receiver; I don't want to mess up the message, primarily because of its origin. I am just a bearer of the news, and my message can be discovered in the Tanach or Jewish thought and commentary!

If you appreciate my writings, you can repay

**- 28 -**

me by asking HaShem  
to bless my life's  
mission, essays, and  
future work! I am still in  
my infancy as an  
author; I would  
appreciate the genuine  
positive prayers of  
everyone who reads  
anything I write for my  
writing to improve and  
my life's mission to be  
completed!

I am not going to make  
this story complicated!  
So, don't be worried by

## - 29 -

the following quote  
from a famous  
scientist, Albert  
Einstein: “If you can’t  
explain it to a six-year-  
old, you don’t know the  
subject yourself!”

I don’t know who may  
read my books or  
articles, so just in case,  
I will try to write this  
story so a six-year-old  
could understand it!  
May HaShem cause  
me to succeed or  
cause me to revise it

**- 30 -**

as many times as  
necessary until I  
accomplish that goal!  
Baruch HaShem, in  
advance!

In general, whether  
written or spoken, a  
message can evoke a  
good or bad response  
from the receiver  
based on how it was  
written or vocalized by  
the messenger!

It is much better for the  
messenger not to

**- 31 -**

interfere with the  
message or try to  
improve or lessen it to  
make it easier to  
receive!

A messenger should  
become arrogant  
because he was  
allowed to deliver such  
a message! It may be  
as simple as HaShem  
chose him to give it  
because there was no  
one better available  
than him, and that  
person needs to hear it

## - 32 -

right now; someone better than me would have been sent if there was more time! Still, I consider it pleasant to be one of HaShem's "postal" workers when someone needs me to bring them some good news!

I have discovered that the best way to give a message is by simply telling it clearly and honestly, not giving my opinion, which could



## - 33 -

lead to contradictions with past or future statements. If the person asks me questions about the news, I can share some of my experiences on how it affected me and why I am sharing it with them. Still, HaShem's message must first be given without the messenger's application because it may apply differently to

- 34 -

the receiver's unique  
situation!

I noticed that since I  
am not a prophet, any  
message I share is one  
that I have learned  
from a rabbi, reading  
the Tanach, or an  
excellent Jewish  
commentary. I make  
the message I received  
part of me by applying  
their teaching(s) to my  
life, reinterpreting my  
life experiences to heal  
from my past and

- 35 -

better navigate my  
future.

Whenever I think  
someone else would  
benefit from my  
experience, I share it  
with them only when  
they are willing to  
listen. Most  
importantly, I want to  
help people rise above  
their current situation,  
not make them look  
bad!

## - 36 -

The receiver of the message is the most important because the message was sent through the messenger to the receiver, and in that instance, it is for the benefit of the receiver, not the messenger!

It is possible to be the best storyteller who has ever existed or will ever exist and tell someone a story, and it gets rejected by them,

## - 37 -

so all the effort of telling them was lost! However, if accepted, the receiver has much more work than the messenger:

1. The receiver has to accept or reject it.
2. If it is accepted, they must work to understand it.
3. They must decide what to do by knowing how it applies to them

and the current situation, and then make good changes based on the new information.

4. They must use this information to avoid getting into the same trouble in the future!

5. Therefore, since the receiver has to do more work because of the message, they should receive more credit for rising to a

## - 39 -

higher level because of the new information they received than the messenger who delivered it!

A messenger is needed to deliver messages to those in need; therefore, it has a vital role because if no one brings them the information, they may suffer for a long time before they figure it out on their own. However, HaShem will probably

**- 40 -**

send a different messenger to share it if a particular messenger refuses to bring it to someone in need! A messenger should be grateful to be utilized by HaShem!

I am learning to be grateful as I witness the positive changes in another person's life that result from sharing hope in a world filled with hopelessness and



- 41 -

despair due to bad life choices.

In most cases, they only needed better information to make excellent life choices!

Remember that old saying, "Garbage in, garbage out!" Most people make the best decisions they can by using the wrong information they have; now that they have good news, they can make better choices in

**- 42 -**

the future because of the excellent information they currently have. When a messenger obeys HaShem's mitzvah to help the needy, in this case by sharing a message of hope or imparting Torah wisdom to them, they can make better choices in the future! Baruch HaShem!

# Section I:

When I  
was young.

01. Is it healthy for a child or a man to suppress his emotions? No!

(August 6, 2023)

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 and I were taught only the two standard

## - 45 -

fundamental Xian religious beliefs: 1) if you do bad things, 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.

Without a genuine belief in G-d, and since humans are mortal, humans can die, be killed, or experience

- 46 -

pain and or suffering.

Therefore, fear and sadness are reasonable emotions to experience.

However, human strategy for survival dictates, “The best defense is a strong 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

## - 47 -

cry or are afraid are weak, but 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 about his jealousy and warned him that if he didn't overcome his

## - 48 -

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



**- 49 -**

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

## - 50 -

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

## - 51 -

thought would make 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

**- 52 -**

leads to anger, and  
anger leads to  
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 emotionally hurting men become people with alcohol use disorder 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!

02. I don't believe

- 54 -

in Santa Claus!

(October 15, 2023)

When I was around five or six, my mother asked me, “What do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Xmas?”

I replied, “I don’t believe in Santa Claus!” She said, “You aren’t going to get any presents if you don’t believe in Santa

Claus!” I replied, “I don’t want any if I have to believe in Santa

**- 55 -**

Claus!” From that moment and in the future, I stopped believing or trusting my mom; our relationship was never repaired before she died!

She was a smoker, and at age 45, she got lung cancer and had one of her lungs and bronchial tubes removed.

In her 80s, she suffered from severe

COPD and needed oxygen, not the mask to cover the nose and mouth, but a tub beneath her nose to help her breathe.

She had been hospitalized for severe bronchitis but needed to recover in a convalescent home for two weeks. I visited her twice and a few times in the convalescent home.



I planned to visit her in the convalescent recovery home the day she died! It's a long story that I won't go into, but she was supposed to return to my older sister's house in a few days, but she asked me to stop by my sister's and her home to bring her some of her stuff. I talked with my sister longer than expected before driving to see her.

## - 58 -

Before I arrived, two vocational nurses had put an oxygen mask on her that covered her nose and mouth, which is forbidden for patients with COPD, and she was unconscious when I arrived. They had already called 911, and the fire department and paramedics were coming.

They asked me to please wait in the hall.  
(FYI, the California

District Attorney eventually prosecuted both vocational nurses for elder abuse.)

Standing in the hall, I called my oldest sister to inform her what was occurring. I told her, “Mom is dying; if you want to see her before she dies, you better get here now! I will call our brother. Will you please call our other sister?”

**- 60 -**

During my call with my brother, an announcement was broadcast over their P.A. system code red in her room number!

I witnessed the most unorganized response, with uninformed workers hurrying to her room. A man was pushing a cart, and one of the wheels was malfunctioning, making it difficult for him to push in a straight line;

- 61 -

it kept wanting to turn right as he pushed it forward! He asked me and others, "Was it code blue or red?"

About two or three minutes later, the fire department arrived, and my mom's heart stopped, so they began chest compressions for about five minutes or a little longer and then called her time of death! I cried for about 1.5 seconds or less

- 62 -

and then called my sister, who was driving to the convalescent home. I told her, “Mom just died, and explained what happened.”

She died on October 1, 2011.

03. What are those things?

(February 16, 2023, I think)

From my first book, "It  
Has Been an  
Interesting Life!"

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, 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 was present, volunteered to stay behind and cover



their retreat. The Dutch fought until they ran out of ammunition, 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

- 66 -

close! I was thinking,  
"What was that!" Tony,  
Ed, and my dad,  
James (they called him  
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 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 run and get your guns from your vehicles; Joey, you stay put!" Ed counted, and all three ran to the van, 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'  
(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

**- 70 -**

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.

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!

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

**- 72 -**

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, and Ed stood up in the van; there was something like a sunroof, and he was there. All three pointed their 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 the driver's window with his handgun pointed forward, my dad with his right hand sticking out of the window with

- 74 -

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!

As we approached the top, we could see many kids. They were standing around with cans on the edge of

**- 75 -**

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

- 76 -

04. I have  
overcome many  
obstacles, life  
challenges,  
learning  
disabilities, and  
more!

From my first book, "It  
Has Been an  
Interesting Life!"

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 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 Xians or fools, who 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 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

**- 79 -**

overcome my  
difficulties, and I was  
right! As long as I  
thought that way,  
everything I told myself  
came true!

Over time, I eventually  
became disgusted with  
myself and gradually  
challenged myself as to  
why I could not seem to  
do something I wanted  
to do!

It was challenging, but  
I was able to start

**- 80 -**

succeeding, one by one, and over time, I began thinking, hey, I could do whatever I want if I worked hard to do it!

Success is a mindset and a plan for achieving the goals I set. If I set a goal for failure, I most likely will fail, but if I select a realistic method, I will have a much better opportunity for success! However, a



person must figure out their life mission, plan a 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 and I were raised learning only the two

standard fundamental  
Xian religious beliefs:

1) If you misbehave,  
the Xian god will  
punish you by sending  
you to hell forever!

2) If you are good,  
Santa Claus will bring  
you gifts for 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 die, be killed, or experience pain and suffering, 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

**- 84 -**

grew up in, boys are taught to suppress emotions like fear and sadness because it is thought that men who cry or fear are weak. However, suppressing emotions is the worst possible thing to do! An emotionally mature man experiences and copes adequately with all his emotions without suppressing them!

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  
overcome his  
emotions, they 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  
your punishment  
through a Vicarious  
Atonement or, in  
simpler words, a  
substitutional death

**- 87 -**

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  
HaShem, we can  
become righteous  
without JC. So why did  
Cain fail? He didn't

**- 88 -**

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 him jealous, he could have changed it to admire his brother as a



**- 89 -**

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 suffering!  
There is a saying,  
“People who are

**- 90 -**

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  
emotionally become

- 91 -

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!

05. Reversing the Effects of emotional suppression.

(August 6, 2023)

When I was around eight, I was traumatized! A young, emotionally disturbed man jumped over my baby sister's fence. 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. Instead, we should have run out the front door yelling fire! People love to see

a 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, 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 in about an hour and brought him back in the rear seat of their car so we could 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, 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.

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



**- 97 -**

racing motorcycle, I felt slightly fearful about riding again. My anger rose against that fear, so I bought a Suzuki 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 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 causes the feelings that influence

- 99 -

them to engage in  
destructive behaviors,  
then perhaps that  
young man who  
jumped the fence  
would have been able  
to control himself, and I  
would never have been  
traumatized by his evil  
actions!

## 06. Early Childhood Development.

(March 9, 2023)

We moved around a lot

**- 100 -**

when I was young;  
perhaps that's a clue,  
but when I was about  
five years old, I  
remember knowing  
something wasn't right,  
for lack of a better  
word! I vaguely  
remember our  
neighborhood, which  
was predominantly  
Hispanic; most  
neighbors were  
friendly, and everyone  
got along well. The  
men in the area  
watched the children to

**- 101 -**

ensure no one messed  
with us in our  
community!

One of the friendly men  
in the area was named  
Angeles; we called him  
an angel. I knew  
something was wrong  
with my family, so one  
day I told Angel, but I  
can't remember what  
exactly I told him! I'm  
unsure how long it was  
before we moved to  
another house a few  
miles away when I was

**- 102 -**

around 5 ½ years old.

I'm unsure how much time passed; it could be a couple of days, weeks, or months, but one night or early morning when my dad woke me up. It was still dark, and I think there were no other moving cars on the road, so I guess it was sometime between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m., but I don't know for sure! I was very sleepy and wanted to

**- 103 -**

go back to sleep.

My dad drove me to the old neighborhood and parked on the street in front of Angel's house. There were no cars in the driveway, but some police caution yellow tape was warning not to enter the house, but other than us, there was no one else there.

We went inside the house (I have difficulty remembering because

it was over fifty years ago), but the coffee table was knocked over and broken, and there was a large bloodspot on the carpet. I looked at my dad, wondering what had happened!

My dad said, “Angel and I were drinking together at the bar when he got angry and threatened to kill me!”

Angel told him, “I’m going home to get my



**- 105 -**

gun, and I'm coming back to kill you!"

My dad said, "I waited a long for Angel to return, but after a long time, he hadn't returned; I decided to go find out why he hadn't returned." My dad wasn't the type to wait days, months, or years to resolve an issue!

My dad used to carry a Colt 45 semi-automatic

**- 106 -**

pistol almost  
everywhere he went.  
When he went to a bar,  
he put it under the  
seat, and when he  
went home, he brought  
it in and placed it under  
his pillow: he always  
kept it close in case he  
needed it!

My dad explained,  
“When I came here  
earlier, I was told by  
the police that Angel,  
who had been drunk  
and angry, had got into

an argument with some of his neighbors. They fought, and one of those neighbors shot and killed Angel. My father felt guilty about Angel getting killed! I wasn't sure at that time why he felt guilty, but years later, as an adult, I wondered if my dad had killed him, assuming that the crime scene had not been faked because there were no police guarding the scene to

preserve any evidence!

My dad said, "This happens when you say things to people you are not supposed to say." My early childhood memories are dark: things happened, and I knew they weren't quite right; things he said didn't add up! I felt something was wrong but could not figure out what or why, but I knew something wasn't right!

He would say strange things like, “I wouldn’t hurt you; you are my favorite pet!”

Roughly 2 ½ years ago, I searched for a police report for Angel's murder but didn't find one, so this was most likely a staged murder scene, which could explain why there were no police there when we arrived. Still, it is possible that it never

**- 110 -**

got entered into the crime database.

However, the police officer in charge at the records office told me that of the crimes committed before they got computers, only the significant felonies were inputted into the new computerized crime database, like murder, robbery, and other felonies. The crime should have been inputted if Angel was killed, but there

**- 111 -**

was no record with the information I provided to the record clerk.

I went to the San Jose main library and checked out the microfilms, and I also couldn't find any news articles in any of the San Jose newspapers mentioning Angel's "murder!"

## **07. What Did I Forget?**

(March 9, 2023)

I remember being hypnotized by my dad when I was young. He had a long carpet runner and a miniature wooden grandfather's clock about ten inches tall, five inches wide, and 5 inches deep. He would hang the clock on the door from a hook or something and make me watch the metal lever move side to side, making a tick-tock sound.



He would tell me to count forwards and then backward, reciting several mantras; some were with numbers. He instructed me to count forward from 9, 10, 11, 12, and then back in a rhyme, and then I can't remember what happened after that!

I would resist and pretend to be hypnotized, but he always tested me to

ensure I was entranced! My dad would tell me to fall backward on my back, but I would never know if I was to fall or stay standing, so I would decide to fall back. I would anticipate falling backward and bend a little so that I would not fall straight back, and he would know that I was not hypnotized and laugh.

He seemed to enjoy

**- 115 -**

my challenge to resist him, but he would persist until I eventually got tired and hypnotized. It was all very confusing then and still is, but other things happened that contradicted this hypnotizing for some nefarious reason!

Despite hypnotizing me, my dad trained me to be physically strong by teaching me various exercises. These could

## - 116 -

be for good or evil, but I assumed at that age that they were all for evil! He also taught me strategies and many life lessons!

A couple or three years later, we moved again several blocks away; for Christmas, I bought myself a science kit with several ways to send secret messages. He tested me to see if I wanted to send hidden or secret notes. When I

- 117 -

was uninterested, he threw it away at some point because I wasn't interested."

One of the family members in this house was a "sister" who was about two years older than me; she is the one who has asked me things about our childhood and asked, what do you think that was all about?

I have tried to block

those memories out for years, or perhaps he programmed me to want to forget by using a post-hypnotic suggestion; I'm not sure! My memories have been wiped out.

After a session was finished, I would try to force myself to remember what had happened, but he left a post-hypnotic suggestion to make me afraid when I tried to remember; my heart

## - 119 -

would beat hard, it was difficult to breathe, the sound of my heart was like a timer for a bomb inside my chest that would blow up and kill me; I at that young age was afraid and would stop trying to remember!

At some point in my life, I became angry about being scared, forced myself through that fear of dying, and broke the hypnotic

suggestion. Still, all my memories of what had happened during the hypnotic sessions got wiped out, probably as a fail-safe to keep me from remembering for good or evil, whatever happened during those sessions; I still have trouble remembering many things from my youth, but, strangely, all this could be for a hidden good, but the fear of the obscure bad kept me from forcing



**- 121 -**

myself to remember  
the things that had  
been forgotten!

The older I get, the  
more I consider that  
this could have been  
for good, not evil! I  
learned that I can't die  
unless HaShem wills it:  
no matter what the  
situation has been in  
the past, I always  
survived things that  
would have killed most  
people!

- 122 -

## 08. Fatherly Advice!

When I was around thirteen and a half, my father would only watch television if there were educational purposes for watching it. There used to be excellent programs like Mutual Omaha's Wild Kingdom, Disney programs like Swiss Family Robinson, Pinocchio, The Parent Trap, The Jungle Book,

**- 123 -**

Bambi, etc., and News, but nowadays, there's too much crap you're offered as entertainment! It is better to subscribe to apps than watch TV, but I digress!

Sometimes, he would hear something on the News or read something in a magazine or newspaper and turn to me and say, "Buy them books, send them to

- 124 -

school, and this is what comes out of their mouths or in print!

Perhaps it's something in the textbooks their professors chose to teach them, which means we should examine their books, the people who wrote them, and the professors who teach them, or perhaps it is something that developed from the person's thinking who

## - 125 -

is speaking (or writing)  
who didn't understand  
what he was being  
taught or something his  
parents taught him!

Either way, whatever  
you do, don't listen to a  
'donkey' - (for a  
specific reason, I  
substituted this word  
'donkey' for his word,  
but his word meant the  
same thing.) or anyone  
else who agrees with  
him! Because no one  
who talks like that

- 126 -

knows what they are talking about!" Sad but true! Lol!

## 09. Never Judge a Man by the Color of His Skin!

This is a positive story about Jesse Owens, although it briefly passes through a difficulty to get there. Remember, it is good that he won the race in the Olympics and triumphed over a Nazi!

When I was young, my father was the bravest man I have ever known. Sure, there are many courageous men, but I didn't know them like I knew my dad! My dad would take me everywhere he went. He taught me how to shoot, camp, hunt, fish, reload ammunition, mold bullets from lead, various uses for ducktape in

## **- 128 -**

emergencies, the multiple benefits of a screwdriver: It is a screwdriver, pry bar, hammer, can be used for removing nails in the wood, as a can opener-(the opened part of the can doesn't look the same as when you use a regular can opener, but it's open! That is the vital part of this message, in case you didn't know why I said this in parentheses!), etc.,



**- 129 -**

and other life lessons  
you only get from a  
father like him!

I wanted to be brave  
like him, but I was  
messed up from that  
incident when I was 8;  
where the young man  
jumped the fence, put  
a knife to my throat,  
threatened to kill me if I  
told anyone, raped my  
babysitter, and then  
the police brought him  
in the back of a police  
car. The guy

**- 130 -**

threatened me with his eyes and mouthed, “I told you!”

Sometime after my 13th birthday, but before my 14th birthday, my dad asked me, “Son, do you think I am brave or stupid?” I replied, “I think you are brave, Dad, but sometimes ...” He said, “That’s okay, son, sometimes it helps to be both!”

Some men, like me,  
have talked about it,  
and we think you're  
ready. Do you want to  
be brave like us? It's  
okay to say no if you're  
not prepared, but if you  
say yes, you must  
agree to all my rules  
before you hear them.  
I don't want anyone to  
get the wrong idea, so I  
will only reveal one of  
the rules, at least now.  
My dad said, "Son,  
never judge a man by  
the color of his skin;

- 132 -

judge him by what he does! You have a good mind, and I am sure you will accomplish more than I have, but you need to know it depends on your mindset! Do you know why black men are very successful at sports?" I shrugged my shoulders and said, "I don't know!"

He asked me, "Have you ever heard of Jesse Owens?" I said,

“No.” He told me about him and asked, “Do you know why he won the race?” I again shrugged my shoulders and said, “No.” He said, “Blacks around the world and in this country have had a complicated life; they have been unfairly treated even here since before this country was founded and have learned the fastest way out of poverty is to succeed

**- 134 -**

at something they are good at, and since many are at or below poverty level in this country for reasons you are too young to understand, but someday will, they don't have as much access to higher learning as whites do, but they know they can work hard on their body and succeed and pull their family out of poverty!

**- 135 -**

Jesse Owens won the race because most successful white men run as fast as they can, but all successful black men run as fast as they must!"

# Section II:

When I was  
an Adult.



## 10. Did you jump?

To any ex-military,  
please don't be  
concerned about this  
experience; I didn't  
have a security  
clearance, and even  
now, many daredevil  
civilians pack  
parachutes.

After boot camp, I went  
to school to learn the  
job I would do in the  
Navy. In the first  
session, the instructor

**- 138 -**

introduced and explained the syllabus and then informed us that the last four weeks were dedicated to teaching us how to pack parachutes.

He explained that everyone would be paired with a classmate, work in two-person teams to pack ten parachutes, and everyone in this class would have the opportunity to jump up

## **- 139 -**

to five times, with five of the ten parachutes packed by the two of you. You are not required to jump, but you will have that option if you pass the Parachute Jump Fitness test.

When we got to that portion of training, Navy students studying for different jobs would see us packing the parachutes and, during our breaks, would

**- 140 -**

banter with us by asking, "Are you planning to jump out of a perfectly-good-airplane with a parachute that you and another student, packed together? Are you insane or something?"

The instructors didn't let us practice packing twenty, fifty, or a hundred parachutes to learn how to pack the ten parachutes we

- 141 -

would use if we wanted to jump. The first ten we ever packed were the ones we would jump with, and it was clear that of those ten, I didn't even get to choose which five I would strap on my back and jump out of a perfectly good airplane with!

I didn't know why they were so strict about that while we were packing the

- 142 -

parachutes. However, I figured that out while I was sitting on that mosquito-sized jump training airplane as it was climbing to the one-thousand feet and began circling the jump zone for where our intended landing would occur: The Navy DOESN'T want anyone to think while packing a parachute, well, if I were going to jump with this parachute that we are currently

**- 143 -**

packing, I would insist that we unpack it and start over, but since this is one he is going to jump with, and since he is okay with how it just got packed ...  
LOL!

The day we jumped, the weather conditions were deteriorating, and a storm was coming in. We only had time to make two jumps before the remaining three

- 144 -

jumping flights were  
canceled.

Before jumping out the first time, I was sitting in the webbed bench seat, looking across the aisle at the other students, trying to see if they were nervous like me. I didn't turn my head; I merely moved my eyes to the left, middle, and right!

Some were looking down, and others had



- 145 -

their eyes closed. I didn't know what they were thinking, but I thought, "Hey, this is a perfectly good airplane; why would a SANE person want to jump out of it with a parachute packed by two students who had never packed parachutes before these ten?"

Even more than that, this would be my first time jumping out of an

**- 146 -**

airplane, and I was about to do it with a parachute that two students packed! It was true that one of the students who packed it was me, but I was only eighteen at the time!

Considering those facts, being one of the students who packed this parachute strapped to my back, I was not so confident when contemplating

**- 147 -**

my current situation!  
Lol!

The whole purpose for  
how they train us  
became clear to me  
while I was sitting on  
that airplane, preparing  
my mind to jump out of  
a perfect aircraft with a  
parachute that I  
assisted a fellow  
student in packing!  
This one strapped to  
my back could be the  
first one we ever  
packed!

When I ask myself great questions like the ones I was asking when trying to find inspiration to jump out of this airplane with this parachute on my back, I get great answers:

The parachutes that I would pack in the future if that ever became my job in the Navy would be for use in cases of emergencies: the pilots

**- 149 -**

and or crew would not be in a perfect airplane; they would be in an aircraft that was about to crash, and they want to get out and live, and they would be relying on my ability that I packed their parachute correctly, and that I was confident it would open, sure enough, that I would strap any parachute that I have ever packed to my back and jump with it,

**- 150 -**

so they can rest  
assured that it was  
loaded correctly!

Think about that in  
reverse: if I wouldn't  
jump with any one of  
the parachutes I  
packed, why would  
anyone ever want to  
jump with one I  
packed?

I thought about all ten  
parachutes that the two  
of us packed! Four or  
five times, we decided

to unpack a parachute from within the process and start over on those parachutes. We followed all the rules and checklists. We asked all the appropriate questions during each stage of the packing process before we both agreed that any particular parachute had been packed correctly. We were willing to sign all the paperwork and put a tag on the wholly

**- 152 -**

packed parachute to indicate that this is one of ours to jump with!

When I arrived at my squadron, I had to learn the duties of that assignment. Since our role involved primarily emergency equipment, we worked individually and were not permitted to talk while we conducted our inspections. Once we began a review, no one was allowed to



interrupt us; if they did, we would have to start over at the beginning of our inspection.

Since we were in the Navy, while at work, we rarely talked about personal things, but since we are humans, during our lunch or breaks from time to time, we talked.

My first private conversation with my supervisor was when

he asked me, “Did you jump?”

I told him, “Yes, but only twice because of the weather.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out the silver polished jumper’s wings he had received for making all five jumps; I only received a yellow card with some writing certifying that I had jumped twice, and I showed that to him.

He told me that his last assignment before he came here was packing parachutes for ejection seats. One of them got used by a pilot who had to eject, and his parachute opened. One day, the pilot showed up with a large and expensive bottle of Tequila, my supervisor's favorite brand of Tequila; the pilot introduced himself, shook his

**- 156 -**

hand, gave him the bottle, and thanked him for saving his life!

My supervisor also said, “Because you jumped, someday, if you decide to make a career in the Navy, you may find yourself at an assignment packing parachutes, and you may have the same experience that I did with that pilot: that is the custom, if they survive using a

**- 157 -**

parachute that you  
packed, they will show  
up with your favorite  
brand of alcohol and  
thank you!

**11. He has a gun!**

This is one of the thirty  
on the list of forty-two I  
showed my brother  
that he didn't cross off.

Don't get hung up on  
price; the following  
happened about forty

**- 158 -**

years ago in  
Tennessee!

I stood in the dining room, waiting my turn to buy weed. There was a knock on the door, and the dealer covered his supply and opened the door. I saw a man walk into view and sit in a chair next to the dealer.

The man pulled out a 357-magnum revolver, pointed it at the

**- 159 -**

dealer's head, and pushed the barrel (where the bullets come out) against the dealer's forehead! Side note: After the situation ended, I asked the dealer if it was real and loaded, and he said, "I know it's real. I was the one who sold him the gun, and I know it was loaded because I could see the bullets in the cylinder (the slots where the bullets go!)."

The other clients in the room started making disapproving gestures and comments! I was still in the dining room and grabbed the only weapon I could find: a table knife on the counter between me and the kitchen. I slid it into the left sleeve of my jacket and rotated my hand to hide it from view.

After a minute or two, the man with the gun looked at me standing



**- 161 -**

in the dining room and said, “Why are you so quiet?”

With the cigarette in my right hand, I gestured that I wanted to approach to use the ashtray in the living room and answer his question. He motioned me to come. He watched me as I slowly approached him, and I saw three more men had entered with him that I couldn't see from

- 162 -

where I had been  
standing!

I crushed the cigarette  
in the ashtray and said,  
“I am waiting for you to  
finish your business;  
when it's my turn, I will  
conduct my business  
and leave! I have  
[associates] waiting for  
me in the car!" - (My  
actual word was  
people, but I noticed  
the business theme in  
my statement to him  
while writing this, so to

lighten the mood of this story, I changed it to associates! Lol!)

He looked at the dealer, picked up a sandwich bag with a quarter ounce of weed, and asked, "How much is this?" The dealer said, "Twenty-five dollars!" The gunman said, "Today, it's free for me!" The dealer replied, "It's yours; keep it!" The gunman and his friends left!

When the door was shut, the dealer turned to us and said, “Hey, the price is thirty-five dollars; I just didn’t want to piss him off; this is good stuff!”

When I left, I walked at my usual pace until I got out of sight, ran to the car, and told the driver, “Let’s get the hell out of here fast,” and he did! He thought I had robbed the dealer

- 165 -

but was pissed off and  
wanted to go back after  
I told him what had  
happened!

12. “Help me; he  
is trying to rape  
me!”

(April 16, 2023)

When I was young, I  
used to work multiple  
jobs simultaneously: I  
would have a full-time  
and a part-time job to  
keep busy and earn  
extra money. One of

**- 166 -**

my jobs was as a third-shift gas station attendant for Gulf Oil, which BP Oil eventually bought, at least our location.

Depending on your perspective, it was very late or early one night or morning! Looking out the window, I saw a woman running barefoot across the 4-lane highway (2 lanes in each direction). So, I went outside to see

**- 167 -**

what was happening.

Then I saw a man chasing her, so I ran towards her. He saw me, stopped, turned around, and ran back to the parking lot where he had come from.

She fell on our property between the two fill-up islands where the gas pumps are, and as I helped her up: She said, "Help me; he is trying to rape me!"

**- 168 -**

I told her, “Come inside with me, and I will call the police.” She entered the doors; before I went in, I turned around to see where he was and saw a pickup truck from that parking lot coming directly across the highway straight to the gas station.

I brought her behind the counter and told her, “No matter what happens, just stay



**- 169 -**

behind me!” I called the police! He got out of his truck and entered the store, and I set the phone down on the counter. She was scared!

I asked him, “Can I help you with something?” He said, “Give me a pack of cigarettes (I don’t remember what brand.) I sold it to him and asked, “Is there anything else?” He

stood there trying to intimidate her and then started threatening her. I told him, "The police are on the way; you better get out of here now!" He told her, "They are not going to believe you, you @\$%^!" I told him, "Get out now!" He turned and left.

I picked up the phone, and the police were on and asked me, "What is the problem?" I told

- 171 -

them what she told me and what I saw him do and heard him say.”

They asked where he was now, so I told them he was heading into town from my location, and I described him and his truck.”

About 20 minutes later, a police officer arrived, entered, and said, “We got him, and we need you-(her) to come to identify him!” He asked

- 172 -

her, "What happened?"

She said, "Let's go outside."

I could tell the police officer was getting angry because I heard him yelling at her. I

thought, "Why is he yelling at the victim?"

She got in his car, and they left in the direction the man had driven when he left.

Several hours later, she returned and said, "Thank you for helping

me!” Then she told me the whole story. She said, “We met at the five-points (where five roads intersect in downtown) hangout spot. He told me he was a house framer from Alabama working on a housing project and would be in town for a while.

He was very friendly and polite and asked if I wanted to smoke weed with him, so I got

- 174 -

in the truck. He drove me to the hotel parking lot, went inside, brought out some weed, and we smoked it.”

After a while, he wanted me to go inside with him, but I told him, “No! Please take me back to five points then he tried to rape me in his truck. I fought him, kicked him, climbed out the window to escape, and ran to the gas

- 175 -

station as fast as possible.”

The town's population was about 3,500 at that time, and it was an amicable town; some people didn't even lock their doors at night, so she had not expected him to be so aggressive with her!

13. When Was the Last Time You Ate Something?

(April 14, 2023)

This happened sometime between 1994 and 1996 after I left the JW's and had already confirmed as a Catholic. I came home from work and ate dinner; I decided I would try to program an assistive artificial intelligence (AI) program to help me write music. I knew how to play the guitar but had not learned to sightread or use all



- 177 -

musical terminology,  
so I decided I would  
cheat a little: American  
music nomenclature  
has a bunch of rules,  
and I knew some of  
them, and I had books  
to help me understand  
the rest, but my  
schedule was hectic,  
so I didn't have much  
available time to learn,  
so I thought, an AI  
program would help  
me!

My oldest sibling, my

**- 178 -**

brother James, taught me to program at around 10 or 11 (they call it coding now), and he also got me interested in AI. That project was conceptually challenging for me to conceive of, so I designed it modularly, in several components, to break it into parts.

It was a Friday night. After I got home from work, I fed my cat,

## - 179 -

Mary Magdalen, ate dinner, and began conceiving a model and the “Housekeeping” (“Old School” programming jargon!) to keep the project under control. Then, I started the first section.

After roughly three hours, I experienced a “brain freeze” and decided to sleep. The next day, I would continue with a fresh

**- 180 -**

mind. I flossed and brushed my teeth, then tried to sleep.

In about 5 or 10 minutes as I lay there, I thought, “Ah ha! I got it,” so I got up with my “creative juices” flowing, resolved the former issues, and worked for another 2 or 3 hours until I came to another stopping point: I could see several ways to continue programming. Still, I

**- 181 -**

also “saw” problems ahead that I would encounter no matter which programming direction or method I chose, so I decided to sleep and figure it out in the morning!

Almost as quickly as my head hit the pillow, I thought, “Ah ha! I know how to get around all those issues, and I got up again while my thoughts were still

**- 182 -**

fresh to program through those issues,” so I got up and spent a few more hours programming! To make a very long story shorter, I keep repeating this pattern! Every time I hit a stopping point, I would decide to go to sleep, then I would have a software programming epiphany, get up without having slept, and go back to programming!

Eventually, I started feeling a little unwell, and it gradually got worse, to the point that I called my oldest sister, who was also certified in first aid, and told her how I was feeling! She asked me many questions, and I answered, "I'm not sure, but I think I may be having a heart attack!"

She asked even more

- 184 -

questions until, after about 20 minutes of questions and answers, she finally asked me, “When was the last time you ate something?” I thought for 30 seconds or a minute, then said, “I don’t know. What day is this?”

She said, “It is Sunday! Why don’t you know what day it is?” I replied, “The last time I ate was Friday night



**- 185 -**  
**dinner!”**

She said, “Get something to eat, and if you don’t start feeling better in an hour, give me a call! What have you been doing all this time that you didn’t eat for a few days?”

I replied, “Not much, just a little programming project that I have been working on!”

- 186 -

14. I will never do  
that again!

(April 8, 2023)

This happened when I  
was around twenty-  
nine or thirty.

It has always been  
easier for me to  
discuss private matters  
with women than with  
men! In the American  
culture I grew up in, a  
man doesn't discuss  
issues of the heart with  
other men and, in

**- 187 -**

many cases, not even  
with women!

Since I have had a  
difficult life, I was  
seriously considering  
never getting married,  
and at one point in my  
life, I was considering  
becoming a Catholic  
"priest" because they  
don't get married; it  
would be an  
acceptable excuse for  
not getting married  
therefore I wouldn't  
have to explain why I

**- 188 -**  
**never married!**

However, before I completed my confirmation process through the RCIA-Rite of Catholic Initiation for Adults, I went on a retreat with the RCIA group I attended to a Catholic Monastery in San Jose, California, on the weekend before the Easter Vigil, where that group would become fully initiated Catholics.

At that time, it seemed like a nice place to think, pray, and meditate; I sat in their main hall praying to G-d during their nightly Rosary prayer, asking G-d what I should do.

I was conflicted: I wanted to be a father. Still, I was concerned about my past: I didn't want to mess up my children and have them become like me as I

**- 190 -**

had been back then, so  
I asked G-d what I  
should do!

After I finished praying,  
I felt confident that God  
wanted me to get  
married and raise  
some children, so I  
abandoned my  
thoughts about  
becoming a Catholic  
"priest" and began  
searching for a wife.

I was getting older and  
had been taught by

some Catholics that you shouldn't marry for love; love comes after marriage, not before! There is some truth to that, but their teaching or my understanding of love was incomplete! Either way, I was in a hurry to find someone and start a family, so I searched for the best Catholic woman I could find and hoped she did not ask too many questions about my past before she agreed

- 192 -

to be my wife!

A Catholic “priest” advised me, "You don't have to introduce yourself with the words, “Hi, I have had a messed-up life. Will you marry me?”- I am paraphrasing what he said!

At that time, I didn't know that Catholicism is idolatry, so I eventually found the most idolatrous woman



**- 193 -**

and married her!

One of the many problems was that I married a woman I did not have a spark for!

JC taught, "If a man looks at a woman with lust in his heart, he has already committed adultery with her in his heart!" So, I wasn't concerned about not having a spark because she was a devout Catholic woman. Therefore, I

- 194 -

thought I had chosen well! However, I have learned that you must have a spark in your heart for her, which doesn't have to be lust, as JC warned about!

Unfortunately, my only qualification was that she was the most devout Catholic (idolater) woman I could find! She was a friend of a friend, and I wasn't impressed with her the first several

**- 195 -**

times I met her! I had no interest in her; I wasn't even sure why she was around in our small group! Don't get me wrong—she wasn't ugly or anything, but she wasn't my type! Therefore, I never should have married her!

After a while, I realized that she was a devout Catholic woman (idolator) more than any other woman I had

**- 196 -**

ever met, so I started to get to know her and then asked her out; she did not even know we were dating until after our third or fourth date. We laughed at this for the first ten to fifteen years of our 26-year marriage, which eventually failed!

I married her because I wanted to be a husband and a father! It turned out that she was infertile, but I

**- 197 -**

stayed with her  
anyway!

I held on to a failed marriage way too long because I married for keeps, but I had married to become a father, not because I wanted her to be my wife; I had thought that because she was the best Catholic (idolatrous) woman that I had ever met, I thought that would be enough, but I was

**- 198 -**  
**wrong!**

Now I am old, and the only way to be a father is to marry someone younger than me! I have had a past issue dating someone who is more or less than five years my age!

Some younger women have complained about that; it has taken time for me to accept dating someone young enough to have

**- 199 -**

children at my current age! On the phone. I was talking to my dog's veterinarian, whom I had never seen in person, and I told her, wow, you sound so young and beautiful!

She replied, "Don't worry about my age!" I thought, what the hell? Her only problem was not that I thought she sounded like I was talking to a beautiful woman, but that I was concerned she was too

**- 200 -**  
young for me!

Other young women have complained when they were interested in me, but I would say, "You are too young for me!" They would say, "Age is just a number; why do you have a problem with numbers?"

After my separation and the beginning of the pending divorce, I told my female barber



**- 201 -**

that I could always marry a woman in her late thirties or early forties, we could have at least two children, and that would be okay!" But the problem I am having is that the women pursuing me are from 18 to 32; I am not comfortable with that much of an age difference, even if age is just a number!

The major problem I have been

**- 202 -**

experiencing is that  
whenever I confide in a  
nonrelative woman that  
I want to be a father  
hypothetically,  
ultimately, that woman  
I spoke to will either  
volunteer to be the  
mother of my children  
or help me find a  
woman to marry!

Has the whole world  
gone mad?

- 203 -

## 15. Never Give up!

(August 27, 2023)

When I was married and in my late thirties, my only brother told me, “I discovered this new martial art that I was unaware of. It suits my style and purpose more than the others we’ve studied; I think you might be interested.”

**- 204 -**

I asked him, “What is it?” He replied,  
“Aikido.”

I said, “I already know about that! When I was 18 years old, while I was in the Navy, I studied with a man for a short while who was practicing to complete his training and become an instructor.”

My brother asked,  
“Why didn’t you tell me it?”

I replied, "Well, it was only for a short time, and I didn't like it very much. I learned some good things, like how to fall without getting hurt, get up, and direct or redirect my energy or my opponent's; I got tired of the guy throwing me around a lot. He had other students, but he kept calling on me. I had learned what I was

**- 206 -**

interested in and then left.”

My brother looked surprised and said, “Don’t you know he was honoring you?”

We stopped walking, and I looked at him. He said, “He saw something in you and was trying to help you learn, develop, and grow, but since you gave up so easily, I

**- 207 -**

don't know what he  
saw in you!"

He invited me to his  
sensei's Dojo to meet  
the Sensei and said,  
"I'll pay for your first  
month and see if you  
like it. If you don't like  
it, you can quit again,  
but you are not out any  
money unless you  
decide to stay because  
the future payments  
will be your  
responsibility.

You need to know that Sensei is very strict—they all are. If he thinks you are violent, he won't accept you as a student because he doesn't want to be responsible if you hurt or kill someone for the wrong reason! If you are interested, I will schedule an interview with him to see if he will accept you.

When I arrived, he was beginning an interview



with another potential student. I heard him ask the guy why do you want to learn Aikido. When I listened to the guy's answer, I was shocked! The Sensei accepted him as a student and then looked up at me. He could see the expression on my face; he told the student when his first lesson would begin, dismissed him, got up from sitting on his legs with his

**- 210 -**

knees on the mat,  
staring into my eyes  
the whole time as he  
got up and walked over  
to interrogate me!

He asked me, “Do you  
have a problem with  
that interview?”

I said, “Yes! I want to  
be your student, but I  
will not ask like that!”

He replied, “Why do  
you want to learn  
Aikido?”

I replied, “I don’t want to learn to hurt somebody; I already know how to do that. I want to learn how not to hurt somebody and not go to jail if I get into a fight!”

He liked that answer but said, “Because of how you answered, I will ask you many more questions to determine if you are telling the truth. Too many violent

## - 212 -

people are trying to come in here to learn, but Osensi forbade us from teaching them. -

--”

My father had a lot of sayings he was fond of, and one of them seems appropriate to mention here to describe how the remainder of the interview went.

However, I had to modify the saying to adapt it to this situation

## - 213 -

using modern terms  
they didn't use when  
my dad was still alive.  
It's based on what my  
father taught me: "I felt  
like I was having an  
endoscopic  
examination on my  
mind instead of  
through my mouth or  
anus!

At the beginning of the  
first lesson, Sensei had  
us sit on our legs with  
our knees touching the  
mat. Sensei pointed to

**- 214 -**

a picture on the wall behind him and said, “That is a picture of Osensei, the one who developed Aikido; everyone bow to him and show him respect!”

I thought, “What the hell? I looked to my left and right and saw these guys and gals bowing their heads low, some down with their foreheads touching the mat.” I thought, “Hey, the

## - 215 -

other guy never had us do this! I have got to get out of here now!”

I was just a split-second away from getting up when Sensei stepped back on the mat and said, “Osensei is NOT a god; he is a man! You are NOT worshipping him. You are showing him respect, like a salute in the military, or remembering the

**- 216 -**

legacy of someone  
worthy who has died!"

## 16. I Can't Believe that worked!

(April 10, 2023)

I have dual work  
experience in  
accounting and  
IT/networking. One  
Friday night, the full-  
time IT/Networking guy  
and I stayed late at the  
corporate headquarters  
before we moved the  
company Unix Server



**- 217 -**

to the cyber center to  
clean up the server  
room.

The building was old,  
and because of the  
industry's mentality,  
computers, dumb  
terminals, and thin or  
intelligent clients were  
not accepted. So, after  
the initial Cat5 wiring,  
we would add 2 to 4  
Cat5 stations at a time.

After a couple of years,  
the rack needed to be

## - 218 -

reorganized, and he had a great idea to color code the printers with blue patch cables, the thin clients with green wires, and all the PCs and Laptops with black lines. Plus, we had to do some server updates and other general maintenance.

The full-time IT/Networking guy is one of my Facebook friends, so I am asking him not to react or

**- 219 -**

comment on this post,  
or I will tell his ex-  
girlfriend, who now is  
your wife, what he did!  
Lol!

We finished at about 9  
pm and decided to go  
to Palo Alto, California,  
location of China  
Bistro, for a late dinner.  
They were packed, so  
we had to sit in the bar  
until a table was  
available.

He ordered a beer, and

**- 220 -**

I ordered a Mi Tai; that was my first mistake, plus I foolishly drank it through the straw they put in it!

I was tired, and my co-worker was about 20 years younger, so I messed with his head!

The waitress who brought us our drinks in the bar was a twenty-year-old, natural blonde college student working during spring break; she told

- 221 -

me that during our conversation, but I will get to that later.

She also was our waitress later after she seated us. While she was bringing us to our table, the Mi Tai took control-----

-----+ of my tongue and told my co-worker, I bet you I will get her phone number tonight! He said, "You are on!"

- 222 -

When we sat down,  
she asked us if we  
wanted anything else  
to drink! In retrospect, I  
should have said,  
“HELL NO! I have had  
enough to drink  
through this tiny straw,”  
but my mouth said,  
“Sure, another Mi Tai,  
please!”

I never expected to get  
her phone number; I  
just wanted to mess  
with my coworker's  
head! When she

brought our drinks, she asked if we were ready to order. I said, “Not yet, but I don’t want you to leave and disappear before we decide. You might not come back for a long time. Why don’t you wait here a minute or two until we place our order?”

She sat down and looked very relaxed; her legs stretched out! She said, “Oh, I am so

tired!” That is when she told me about her being a 20-year-old college student on spring break.

I thought, “What the hell? If her boss came around, she would be fired! But I didn’t say anything.

Later, about an hour or more, two of her friends showed up and sat a couple of tables away at the now



**- 225 -**

almost empty  
restaurant. The two  
females were in their  
early 20s and were  
both natural blondes!

I'm not really into  
blondes, but I won't  
reject a woman  
because of her hair  
color! But anyway, the  
20-year-old waitress  
approached me,  
placed a torn, small,  
rectangle-shaped piece  
of paper in front of me,  
and walked away

**- 226 -**  
**slowly!**

After a minute or less, I  
picked it up to look at  
it, and my co-worker  
said, “What is it?” I  
looked at it, and it was  
her phone number. I  
thought to myself,  
“What the hell? I can’t  
believe that worked!”

# Section III:

Just before I

left Xianity

- 228 -

17. Lofty goals  
yield lofty  
outcomes;  
mediocre dreams  
yield mediocre  
results!

(August 2, 2023)

Why do I only accept  
the teachings from  
genuine Orthodox  
rabbis, not rabbis from  
any other Jewish  
group? Because only  
real Orthodox rabbis  
teach the proper goal

**- 229 -**

mindset needed to  
obey HaShem and His  
Torah!

A humorous but  
excellent example is  
Rabbi Manis Friedman,  
who once said, “Jews  
don’t want to find a job;  
they want to be rich!”  
Therefore, Jews don’t  
settle for finding a job;  
they work hard to  
succeed. Many  
achieve because of  
their mindset, and  
HaShem blesses them!

When someone wants  
to be wealthy  
spiritually, they are  
motivated to work hard  
to learn and grow, and  
of course, Hashem  
blesses them!

It is one issue to set  
your goal to keep  
kosher and fail  
occasionally, but it is  
an entirely different  
issue to believe that it's  
okay for a Jew not to  
keep kosher every day!

I consider all non-Orthodox, including Modern Orthodox rabbis, to have set their and their congregation's goals so low that even some Xians would be comfortable attending their synagogue services and never feel the need to repent from Xian practices.

Noachides look to Noach and Shem as

- 232 -

the ideal standard.

Noachides are not required to convert but should also set the highest standards as Noahides, not mediocre goals!

18. Would you like to attend a Seder meal if I could arrange it?

(August 13, 2023)

When I met Larry, a customer of mine while I owned a storefront business in the city



## - 233 -

where he lived, he was in his late 60s, and his late father had been a Chasidic rabbi.

I was still a Calvinist Baptist then, but because of my beard, winter hat, winter jacket, and black or navy-blue slacks, some of my customers thought I was Jewish but still liked me after I would laugh and tell them, “No, I am a Baptist.”

In mid or late 2021,  
before Pesach in 2022,  
Larry asked me,  
“Would you like to  
attend a Seder meal if I  
could arrange it?”

Several years before  
his invitation, in the  
Baptist church where I  
had attended, a  
messianic “rabbi” came  
and performed an  
irreverent, mock,  
condensed seder that  
lasted about one hour.

## - 235 -

So, when Larry asked me if I would like to attend a Jewish Seder, I was curious to see if there were any differences and replied, "Yes! Sure!"

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to go, but Larry had inspired me to want to attend a Jewish Seder. On the next Pesach (2023), I found myself as a former Xian seeking to convert to Judaism,

**- 236 -**

partaking of a Seder meal in Israel, and I noticed the many differences and was shocked.

I had no idea at the time how Larry's invitation would affect my life forever! Baruch HaShem!

**19. The last Catholic Apologist!**  
(March 30, 2023)

Shortly before leaving Xianity, during the final

year, I was about to leave the Baptist Calvinist religion. Still, I wasn't sure if I should go back to the Catholic church, to a "non-denominational" church (that term has now become a denomination of its own), or to the Seventh Day Adventist.

I eventually began listening to a Catholic apologist to try to understand some

**- 238 -**

problematic Catholic doctrines; I had not been raised Catholic and had gone to public schools, which meant I didn't have a foundation for these complex beliefs and was seeking answers for them! I wondered if I had made a mistake by leaving Catholicism because of my non-Catholic upbringing!

I began listening to the chief apologist of a

Catholic radio program.

I considered him a valuable and knowledgeable resource for helping me understand and accept some confusing Catholic doctrines. I only listened to the show when he was on air teaching and answering questions.

The Catholic radio station I had heard the show on dropped it, so I eventually discovered

**- 240 -**

the live video feed on their website.

I had only seen the apologist's picture of him on the inside flap of the back dust cover of one of his books. He was in a suit, his red hair was short, his beard was trimmed, and he looked like an average businessman; he was clean-cut and weighed maybe 200 lbs.



## - 241 -

In the first show, I watched live with him on air. I saw a man who looked at least 350 pounds, had long red hair like a hippy, and was wearing a light-colored t-shirt with a long beard. I had no idea who this hippy-looking man was until I heard him talking. I couldn't believe the difference between his picture and how he looked live on the show!

I wondered if he had taken a Nazarite vow, so I called the show. The call screener said, "I better message him and find out if he wants to answer this question on the air or privately." In about a minute, she said, "He wants to answer your question." I thought, "Wow, he is a humble guy for being willing to answer this question live on his show!"

He answered my question light-heartedly and explained what he believes a Nazarite is, why they make the vow and some things a Nazarite can and can't do! Then he said, "A Nazarite has to eat a kosher diet; I don't want to eat kosher!" He then began talking about himself and how he fasts twice daily, every day, by only eating one meal, which

**- 244 -**

helps develop greater  
concentration, focus,  
and mental acumen!

Each time I listened or  
called the show after  
that, I was even more  
impressed by his  
humility and ability to  
answer and give  
simple explanations to  
complex, confusing  
doctrines until one day,  
I heard him say  
something incorrect: in  
his teaching on  
prayers, he said

## - 245 -

something that seemed to have just popped into his head that he had not thought about before saying it, “Hannah’s praying in the temple was the first formal prayer mentioned in the bible.”

The first recorded prayer I remember mentioned in the bible was in Genesis when Abraham sent his servant Eliezer to find a wife for Isaac. Eliezer prayed, and his prayer

**- 246 -**

was written in the bible  
and answered. I  
decided to call the  
show so this humble  
Chief Apologist could  
correct his mistake!

I tuned in earlier every  
weekday until he was  
on air that day. It was  
about a week, give or  
take. I called the show  
and told the screener  
why I was calling.

When it was my turn,  
the host welcomed me  
and said, "Caller, state

your name and where you are calling from.” I

did. Then the host asked me, “What is your question for” him?

I said, “I don’t have a question; I am calling to correct something that was said on air the last time I heard him teach about prayer.

Then, angrily, he, the chief apologist, asked me, “What is the real reason for your call?”

By the tone of his voice, I knew he was angry and ready for a fight! I was a little confused about why he was furious. I didn't mean to offend him; I was trying to give him a chance to correct a mistake, but because of his tone, I decided to back off a little and said, "To give you a chance to correct something I heard you say, or at least I think it was you who said,



## - 249 -

‘Hannah’s prayer was the first time a formal prayer had being mentioned in the bible.’”

He then quite angrily said, “I never said that! I don’t think like that! I think like this: I see prayer as talking to G-d, so when G-d and Adam were talking, I consider Adam praying!” He went on with several more examples in a

**- 250 -**

condescending and superior manner! Next, he said, “Look at your memory; you don’t even remember who said it!” I was shocked!

I had thought he was humble! I expected him to have said something like, “I don’t remember saying that, but if I did, you would be correct that I was wrong for these reasons...”

Hashem must have been messing with his

**- 251 -**

mind to show me and  
the hundreds of  
thousands of other  
listeners that he was  
not humble!

Suddenly, he seemed  
to realize that he was  
being so  
condescending and  
that I was a humble  
person with good intent  
who had only called in  
to correct something  
wrong that I had heard  
on the show. I was not  
trying to make him look

**- 252 -**

bad, so he tried to lighten his demeaning of me by saying, “But I don’t doubt that you heard it on air from one of the other apologists, but it wasn’t me because I don’t think that way!”

I was shocked! In that last statement, he discredited all the other apologists he allowed to teach live on the show because of his being so

## **- 253 -**

condescending about someone who thinks less than him: he was saying that all the other apologists on that show think less than he does and any one of them could have made that kind of error, but not him! I couldn't believe what he was saying! I was shocked!

He had also discredited himself because he is their chief, but he permits

**- 254 -**

teachers with such a low level of knowledge or understanding who can make such an error to teach and answer questions live on their show! His arrogance and self-righteousness were broadcast live to hundreds of thousands of Catholics worldwide. I was shocked!

I was thinking, "What the? I had just called the show so he could

**- 255 -**

make a simple  
correction, not to allow  
him to abuse me and  
all the other apologists  
on his show! Hashem  
must have wanted me  
to stop listening to that  
man because I hung  
up the phone and  
never listened to that  
man or any other  
Catholic apologist  
again! Baruch  
HaShem!

20. I have had a  
difficult life!

**- 256 -**

(February 14, 2023)

From my first book, "It  
Has Been an  
Interesting Life!"

When I was twenty-six,  
I got arrested for being  
under the influence of  
a controlled substance  
three times within thirty  
days: a second and  
third time occurred  
while waiting to go to  
court for the first  
offense. On the eve of  
my court date, I  
contemplated suicide; I



**- 257 -**

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

However, 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

## - 258 -

developed a test to see 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 will believe I am merely talking to myself, and I

**- 259 -**

will end this miserable  
life of mine!

As I finished my  
prayer, all of a sudden,  
I felt the presence of  
some invisible spirit  
creature; 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! For

such a being like this one that was present with me to exist, its existence was proof that 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, "Oh my G-d, there is a G-d!" I got into my bed, covered

**- 261 -**

my head, and cried!

FYI: I didn't see it, smell it, hear it, or even touch it, but on a spiritual level, I felt its presence! About an hour later, I began to think about what I would do for the pending court cases in the morning and then slept.

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 law, if you plead guilty today, I'm required 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

**- 263 -**

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 for you to go to rehab, and then I will have the ability, upon you completing 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!"

**- 264 -**

There were some difficulties, but it all worked without me going to jail, and I have been off illegal drugs for thirty years, going on thirty-one on September 15, 2023!

About one year after completing rehab, my life was boring, and I was again considering suicide. However, I knew G-d existed this time, so I decided to read the Catholic bible



## - 265 -

I received on the way to rehab. I had stopped by a church, and the nun gave it to me and some other literature. I was hoping to see if my life would improve my life.

I moved into a sober living home to escape from others still using. I began reading that bible every day: morning before work, during lunch break, after work between

**- 266 -**

AA/NA meetings and dinner, and every weekend for about one month. I made a self-commitment to do everything it told me to and bargained with G-d: If you don't improve my life, I will end it forever!

One Friday night, I was reading before sleep time, and I thought:  
“Hey, what if I misunderstand something in the bible

**- 267 -**

and don't do it  
correctly? That would  
be my fault, not God's!

So, I prayed loud  
enough that I could  
hear it, but not others  
living in the house, and  
asked for someone to  
come explain to me  
how to understand  
what I must do and  
how to do it correctly  
so that I could do them  
and my life would  
improve, or else I  
would be justified in  
ending my life!

The following day, the JW's knocked on the door and offered me a free bible study, and I was amazed that it seemed my prayer got answered. I spent my first year and a half studying with the JW's. I never got baptized with them, but they did something unusual for me; they let me be involved in door-to-door ministry and handing out pamphlets and tracts in downtown

**- 269 -**

San Jose, California.

They were anti-all  
“Xendom” except for  
themselves but were  
more vehemently  
opposed to the  
Catholic church, so  
shortly after leaving,  
guess where I went!

I enrolled in RCIA to  
complete the Catholic  
confirmation rite of  
initiation and finished it  
in 1995. I considered  
becoming a Catholic  
“priest” or deacon

**- 270 -**

because I had experienced a difficult life and was concerned about my future.

Although I wanted to become a husband and a father and not repeat to my family the traumatic experiences I had, I wasn't sure if I would be successful.

However, before completing RCIA, I joined a Catholic charismatic group where I eventually met a woman in 1998

**- 271 -**

through a Catholic friend of a Catholic friend. We married in 1999, and the marriage was Y2K compliant, as one of the wedding sponsors used to joke about it! Does anyone remember the Y2K issue other than me? Lol!

I experienced a crisis in January 2006, leaving Catholicism to become a Baptist. When I joined, the

pastor was a young Arminian in belief Baptist who had been hired before graduating from bible college. I asked him about an event recorded in the “NT,” but his answer didn’t satisfy me. After the church service, I would listen to a Xian-friendly rabbi on a conservative radio show on Sunday afternoons. I called the show and explained that I read in the “NT”



## - 273 -

about a Xian event that was prefaced “on Pentecost ...” It sure seemed to me like Pentecost was a pre-existing event because of the word “on” was used, i.e., if someone said, “On the 4th or July, I will host a barbeque.” He was glad to hear my question and explained that Pentecost is the Greek word used for the Jewish Festival of Weeks, aka a Week of

Weeks; a week is seven days multiplied by seven weeks equals forty-nine days, and on the fiftieth day, the Ten Commandments were given to the Children of Israel at Mt. Sinai.

Pente in Greek means fifty or fiftieth, so Pentecost was used in Greek. I'm not sure how long after that, but the deacons pressured the young pastor to quit, and he did.

It must have been  
HaShem because  
these deacons  
temporarily hired a  
short-term Calvinist to  
preach, who at the time  
had not even  
undergone any  
ordination, and when  
they tried to get him to  
leave, he went behind  
their backs to the  
members and was  
voted in as the  
permanent pastor, and  
one deacon and his

**- 276 -**

family at a time left that church, until only one was gone and he tried a coup that failed. The

Calvinist pastor opened my eyes to all the contradictory Xian doctrines, which was instrumental about fifteen years later in freeing me from being one of JC's slaves!  
Baruch HaShem.

He made all of us in that church aware of the many

**- 277 -**

contradictions.

Calvinist pastors like to point out the Xian doctrines, which conflict with other Xian principles, and then teach that only the Calvinist doctrines are correct. Because he had pointed out those conflicts and disagreed with that pastor on several doctrines, I eventually decided to examine the Xian “OT” and choose which “NT” doctrines were correct.

I began by examining the “NT” quotes of their “OT” and discovered that the “NT” misquotes the Xian “OT.” That discovery made me realize that JC wasn’t the messiah and therefore left Xianity and that the Calvinist pastor was partly responsible because he made me aware of the contradiction; of course, he expected

**- 279 -**

me to agree with all his positions, but I believed that I was responsible for my beliefs, so because I disagreed on some doctrines with him, that Calvinist pastor inspired me to examine those conflicting Xian doctrines, and now I am free! Baruch HaShem!

After leaving Xianity, discovering the truth about HaShem, and

beginning to feel more at ease with the radical changes in my life that had just occurred by finding the fact that JC was not HaShem's messiah or prophet, I began to contemplate what HaShem's will for me! However, before I entered Xianity, when I was 27, I had a spiritual awakening and found out there is a G-d, but I went looking for Him in Xianity!



Learning Xian's false doctrines did not waste my thirty years of torment. Instead, they prepared me for the mission before me: bringing the truth about HaShem to the Slaves of JC. Hopefully, they will free themselves from Xianity when they learn the truth!

- 282 -

# Section IV:

## Path to Redemption

- 283 -

## 21. How low should I set my goal?

(August 23, 2023)

If you think I mean setting a low goal as my ultimate goal, I hope you are shocked by the opening question! My ultimate goal is to reach perfection as a human being and get infinitely closer to HaShem every day and forever! It will surely take me a

**- 284 -**

long time, maybe more than others, because my starting point in this world was low. I fell into sin because of my bad decisions in life, but I got up!

I set smaller goals to change my behavior, like climbing a ladder to infinity and ascending one step at a time, one day at a time; otherwise, how can I expect to reach my ultimate goal?

## **- 285 -**

Every time I go up one rung, I must stop and evaluate if I am comfortable at this level, and when I am, then go up one more step until I die and rise again in the world to come or until the Mashiach comes.

Everyone needs a mentor who has reached a higher level in whatever area of life we are working on. If I am at a higher level of

- 286 -

faith than he is, he  
can't teach me  
anything about faith,  
and I want to stay  
above his current level!  
I should advise him  
with my faith, not vice  
versa! Baruch  
HaShem!

22. Emunah, why  
do only some  
people have faith?  
(March 9, 2023)

Perhaps a couple of  
weeks ago, I spoke to

a Jew of great Emunah  
born into a practicing  
Orthodox Jewish  
family. I asked, "Do  
you know why you  
have such tremendous  
faith?" The answer  
surprised me:  
"Because I was born  
into a Jewish family."

I said, "That is not why  
you have such faith; it  
is more than that! It is  
true even if you are  
unaware of it right  
now!" I received the

**- 288 -**

following reply, “What do you mean that my faith is not because I am a Jew? You are being inappropriate!”

I said, “You misunderstand me! You have faith after all you have experienced from G-d because you grew up in an Orthodox Jewish family!

I did not grow up in a Jewish family; I have faith now because I



**- 289 -**

have had an  
experience with G-d.  
Still, some people who  
grew up in Jewish  
families didn't  
experience G-d, so  
they left, and some  
became Messianic  
Xians, idolaters, or  
atheists!

**23. The “cure”  
was worse than  
the disease!**

(September 21, 2023)

**- 290 -**

I was hospitalized in 2008 for bipolar depression and medicated. The medication was powerful, but my doctors assured me I would adapt to it; although they may have to adjust it to determine my required doses for each drug, they assured me I would feel better soon. Foolishly, I trusted the doctors!

**- 291 -**

A comedian joked  
about doctors by  
saying, “Why are  
doctors only  
“PRACTICING”  
medicine? Because  
they have not yet  
perfected it, they are  
still practicing: that is  
why they call their  
profession their  
medical practice or  
themselves

Practitioners of  
Medicine! Since they  
are merely practicing  
medicine, their “cures”

**- 292 -**

keep changing as they  
learn more!

How do they learn? By  
trial and error, which  
means if they don't kill  
you, they know  
something new about  
treating a patient with  
your ailment!

Occasionally, after  
receiving complaints  
from enough patients  
about the side effects  
of the drugs, the  
medical researchers  
will conduct a new test

**- 293 -**

to see if there is a better way to “cure” diseases! It is worth noting that some people die due to those trials. Still, they accept that risk because they think the person is already suffering, so if they die during the trial, they will no longer be suffering, but if they live, the researchers may have discovered a possible new treatment! To the medical community, it

**- 294 -**

must seem like a win-win result! May HaShem send Mashiach soon to take away all diseases!

As a result of my depression and the medications, I couldn't work: the side effects of the medicines were too horrible, so my wife convinced me to apply for disability at least until they adjusted the drugs or I adapted to them so I would have

**- 295 -**

some income until I was able to go back to work. That process took about a year or a little longer before I became officially disabled on July 12, 2010.

The doctors kept adjusting my medications, which didn't work, so they changed me to use different drugs, and there were many side effects and

adjustments. The conventional medical thought is: we have medicines to deal with the side effects of your primary medications, and we have drugs to deal with the side effects caused by the treatments we give you to deal with the side effects of your primary drugs. – What the hell?

I often wanted to get off the medications and complained to the



doctors because I wasn't getting better and wanted to return to work. Still, the doctors always insisted that I either needed a higher dose or to add another medication: with the theory, you got depressed without the medicines; some people eventually get better by taking the drugs (or perhaps despite the drugs, the drug scare them so they by placebo get

**- 298 -**

well to get off the drugs!); therefore, you must need a higher dose or add others to get well!

I never expected to be disabled for this long a time. However, I am still currently disabled, though I am preparing to try to return to work again. To shorten this story, about five years ago, about ten years of adjusting and or changing my

medications or adding more, I decided I had enough of all the supposed “cures.” I stopped all my medications and waited for the drugs to wear off. It took me three times to figure out how to successfully get off the pills, the fourth and last time!

The first time I stopped my medications, several days later, I was hospitalized for

**- 300 -**

about five days due to withdrawal from those medications. Those medications were so intense that not having them in my system after becoming dependent on them for more than ten years caused me to experience a mental break from reality, and I lost a few days that I don't remember; I can remember vaguely only the days preceding my reality break and

**- 301 -**

coming to my senses  
in the psychiatric ward  
of a hospital a few  
days after being back  
on the medications. I  
wondered, “Why am I  
here?”

My wife was angry to  
discover that I had  
stopped my  
medications, and she  
warned me not to stop  
taking them. However,  
I was determined to get  
off the meds, but I  
waited a long while

**- 302 -**

before I tried to stop  
retaking the  
medications!

The second time I  
stopped, I thought  
maybe if I drank some  
or just enough alcohol,  
that would help me  
through the withdrawal  
of the drugs, and I  
wouldn't get  
hospitalized again. I  
was wrong, had  
another mental break  
from reality, and got  
hospitalized again, this

**- 303 -**

time for about thirty days in a psychiatric ward, and then went to a step-down facility for fourteen days.

My wife warned me again not to stop my medications! However, I was determined to get off those medications.

The third time I was hospitalized, about 7 or 9 days after quitting my drugs, she wouldn't even visit me in the hospital, and when I

**- 304 -**

was released, she wouldn't come pick me up; she made me ask one of my sisters to bring me home.

The fourth and successful time I quit my medicines, I didn't have a mental break from reality or get hospitalized. I had learned from the third time that what was causing me to experience the mental holidays was explicitly



**- 305 -**

one of my medications, Lithium, which I had forgotten that it took several months to build up in my system, which meant that it would take a while to get out of my system.

My other primary medication, Seroquel, was to make me sleep.

It turns out that the Lithium was preventing me from sleeping, so when I stopped all my medications, I still had

**- 306 -**

the Lithium in my system, but since I didn't have my sleep medication, I couldn't sleep, and after 3, 4, or 5 days with insomnia: I would have a mental break from reality and get hospitalized.

I achieved my goal by not taking the Lithium for a couple of weeks, but I continued taking the Seroquel so that I could sleep. Then, week by week, I

**- 307 -**

tapered off the Seroquel until I could sleep without any medications: I think it took about 45 days, maybe a little longer, to get off all the medicines, with the ability to sleep. After almost fifteen years, I was finally off the drugs! Baruch HaShem!

However, I was still struggling with depression, but at least

**- 308 -**

I was now drug-free  
and tried to  
concentrate on  
overcoming my  
depression! I regularly  
attend a weekly class  
with a Chabad rabbi,  
and on occasions  
when he conducts  
seminars which I also  
attend: In one of his  
weekly class sessions,  
he made a blanket  
statement to everyone  
in the class about how  
if we are so inclined to  
write, we should write

**- 309 -**

about our experiences  
or perspectives.

I had always wanted to  
write about my  
experiences and  
struggles to overcome  
many difficulties in my  
life because I wanted  
to share with others  
how I overcame them  
and as an inspiration to  
help others who may  
have similar  
experiences overcome  
theirs. If for no other  
reason, it helps to

**- 310 -**

know that a person is not the only one going through whichever experience someone else has in common with me or perhaps only something similar to what I have been through!

A great rabbi taught people that when people have problems or struggles in life, if they seek to help someone worse off, they will get well

**- 311 -**

sooner than if they don't. That is what I did without realizing I was following his advice: my motivation wasn't to help me feel better but to share my experiences to help others, at minimum, know they are not the only ones to go through these challenges, which is comforting, and at best show them how to overcome that problem! I did help

**- 312 -**

some; I know because some people contacted me to thank or encourage me. One said, "Please keep writing; we must read what you share!"

On August 28, 2023, my depression disappeared, and all my good memories of my childhood and my excellent relationship with my father, who died 49 days before I turned seventeen,



**- 313 -**

came back, and I cried!  
I only remembered his  
shortcomings for the  
last forty years  
because I had  
forgotten all the good  
things I now  
remember! I want to  
thank that Chabad  
rabbi who generally  
spoke to our class  
about writing our  
stories and  
experiences that  
became my motivation  
to begin writing to help  
others, maybe that

**- 314 -**

same day or the next.

As an unintentional  
consequence, I got  
healed! Baruch  
HaShem!

Because of my past  
traumas, grief, and  
anger at losing my dad,  
I had misinterpreted  
some experiences with  
him as evil. It is  
fascinating how facts  
can add to different  
conclusions based on  
how you feel when you  
are (mis)interpreting

**- 315 -**

them, especially when  
you are grieving a loss  
or suppressing  
emotions for a long  
time! Baruch HaShem!

Now begins the long  
process of developing  
new marketable skills  
for employment or  
relearning old ones  
that I haven't used for  
a long time or have  
become outdated  
because of  
technological  
advances. Still, I know

**- 316 -**

HaShem has brought me here to this point in my life, and I have been healed at this time for a purpose: All I need to do is figure out what is the next step in my mission to accomplish His reason for creating me and causing me to be healed at this time in my life!

Toda HaShem, thank you for healing me and letting me remember

**- 317 -**

how much my dad and  
I loved each other!

## **24. My First Genuine Biblical Repentance!**

(March 28, 2023)

Shortly after I left  
Christianity, I realized  
that I had been  
practicing idolatry and  
following a false  
Messiah for the last  
thirty years, and I felt  
the need for  
repentance!

I bought several yards of brand-spanking new sackcloth from Amazon. By the time it arrived, I wasn't sure how or when to use it, so I stored it somewhere and eventually forgot about it.

Several weeks before my planned vacation to Israel, I remembered the sackcloth and started looking for it. I

## **- 319 -**

found it in the garage and noticed that something had spilled on it: about 20 to 25 percent of it was contaminated. I thought, “I don’t want to wear this filthy garment!” So, I put it on one of the shelves in the garage and left it there.

I thought about that sackcloth a few days or maybe a week later, “Maybe that is the

**- 320 -**

whole point! Did the people of Nineveh buy a new sackcloth when they collectively repented put on sackcloth? I answered myself, "Probably not!

They most likely grabbed whatever they had lying around and put it on!

Isn't our sin like filthy rags before G-d? So, I retrieved the sackcloth from the shelf where I stored it, brought it to



**- 321 -**

my room, stripped down, and wrapped it around my body to cover myself before G-d in this dirty sackcloth and began to pray and ask forgiveness!”

After about fifteen or twenty minutes of praying and asking for forgiveness, I felt forgiven! I kept praying and asking G-d, are you sure that is all I needed: twenty minutes of wearing this

**- 322 -**

dirty sackcloth? I have sinned all my life, and this is all you require of me to be forgiven?

I was unconvinced that it was so easy to be forgiven, so I debated with G-d whether or not I was forgiven after such a short time. I finally accepted it and took off the sackcloth!

Oddly enough, one rabbi told me that many Jews don't feel

## - 323 -

forgiven at the end of Yom Kippur, but I felt forgiven after removing the dirty sackcloth! He said, "There is no way to know if you have repented enough during Yom Kippur; you could always repent more! Maybe you only got a C+ or C-. No one can know; only G-d knows if you have done enough!"

Since I have never attended a Yom Kippur

- 324 -

service (because I was a non-Jew, and they refused to let me attend), I can only imagine that Jews must repent differently than I did!

## 25. My first visit to the Wailing Wall.

(May 6, 2023)

On March 27, 2023, I visited the Wailing Wall in Old Jerusalem, Israel. I had been told that the Wailing Wall

**- 325 -**

was the holiest place  
on earth, where the  
First and Second  
Temples stood! I  
expected a  
monumental  
experience with  
HaShem in the most  
sacred place on earth!

As we walked into Old  
Jerusalem, I noticed  
many tourists. I  
thought, "I wonder how  
many of them are  
Xians?"

As we got closer, I noticed the crosses on some buildings and knew they were churches! I expected fewer Christian buildings near the Wailing Wall in Old Jerusalem. Why are there so many Xian Churches in such a holy place for Jews?

That is like visiting Vatican City and seeing a bunch of Stars of David on

**- 327 -**

buildings or  
synagogues! I did not  
expect to see crosses  
or churches, but there  
were many!

One of my host's  
married daughters  
works at a Yeshiva that  
overlooks the Wall, and  
she arranged for us to  
view the Wall from the  
top of the building. We  
looked at the scene in  
the middle picture  
below, saw everyone,  
and heard music. My

host explained that the celebration and music were most likely part of a Bar Mitzvah near the Wall, which happens frequently.

When we finally went down and approached the Wall, I was overcome with grief, not joy!

The closer we got, the more I thought about all the Christian churches there and the



**- 329 -**

## Mosque of the Dome of the Rock!

I found myself pleading  
with HaShem, "How  
long, O Lord, will you  
suffer the Christians  
and Muslims to overrun  
Your Holy Land and at  
the remnant of Your  
Holy Temple? I wrote  
that on paper and  
stuck it in a crevice in  
the Wall before we left!

How many others  
experience the same

**- 330 -**

**grief, and how common  
is it? Perhaps that is  
why it is called the  
Wailing Wall.**



- 331 -



Me in black and white  
from a Yeshiva's roof.  
black

View  
Me in

- 332 -

26. HaShem  
healed me  
through a  
scammer.

(March 15, 2023)

Rabbi, something extraordinary has happened. You saw a couple of the text conversations I was having with women. I tried to help them by sharing and discussing my first book with them, but one person helped me.

I did not know that I  
was emotionally dead!  
But because we were  
helping each other, I  
suddenly came alive  
and realized I had  
been emotionally dead  
all this time! I'm in  
disbelief at how I could  
be emotionally dead all  
my life and not know it!

What an emotional trip  
I never expected!

I'm beside myself in

**- 334 -**

total and utter disbelief  
that I lived that way,  
emotionally dead and  
not aware of it!

Strangely, I'm about  
500 percent sure this  
person was a  
scammer, but Hashem  
used her to make me  
alive! Wow! How  
unbelievable is this? I  
am still bewildered  
about the change that  
has occurred!

**Wow!**

I'm alive! Hip, hip,  
hurray, or, as I like to  
say, "What the hell?"

I'm in awe of life now; it  
is not dead to me  
anymore!

What the hell was I  
thinking all these  
years? I didn't know  
how it feels to be alive  
emotionally until about  
2 hours ago!

I just realized that

**- 336 -**

when I died  
emotionally, it was that  
early childhood  
experience in my book  
when my babysitter got  
raped, and he  
threatened me that he  
would kill me if I told  
anyone as he put his  
knife to my throat.

Later, the police caught  
him, brought him  
handcuffed to the back  
of their car, and made  
us identify him, and he  
looked at me with



**- 337 -**

threats in his eyes. I was so young, maybe seven years old, and I was scared and traumatized until tonight, roughly 49 years!

What the hell?

Baruch Hashem, I'm alive emotionally again!

After posting the above story on Facebook, I received a question about what caused my

transformation. I thought about it and understood it was the dialog between me and the female scammer:

I was trying to help this person. I shared my first book with her, and she read some stories. I asked her about my stories, and she answered and asked me questions.

Her responses to my questions made me

## **- 339 -**

think differently about my experiences than I had before, and before I knew it, I felt differently; I was changed, I knew that I had changed, and I was awe-struck about being adjusted.

I told this person what happened, and eventually, this person proved to be a scammer. And I was in awe of G-d, and G-d had used this

**- 340 -**

intelligent scammer to  
get me to think  
differently and receive  
healing! The scammer  
meant it for evil, but I  
was sincerely trying to  
help that person, and  
G-d meant it for  
healing. Baruch  
HaShem!

## 27. Fight with or for honor?

(August 15, 2023)

So many people claim  
to be warriors but are

## - 341 -

fake! One man told me he was a Samurai, but I laid my Katana down on a mat and backed away. I was shocked at how he picked it up! I knew immediately: he was not a Samurai.

A warrior fights with honor, not for it!  
Samurais believe their honor is worth more than life, and they would commit Hari-kari (ritual suicide) to maintain or regain their

## - 342 -

glory. A warrior knows he can't die until HaShem's HaShem's-predetermined expiration date for his life, so he fights without fear of death and is determined to go down fighting with honor and eliminate as many enemies as possible before he goes down in case he goes down!

A warrior thinks a cause is worth dying for if necessary but will

## **- 343 -**

fight honorably to stay alive to continue the fight. It's difficult for a dead warrior to advance the reason he is battling for! If HaShem accepts him, he could ask HaShem to advance the cause while HaShem judges him, but if he is alive, he can pray while enduring the battle!

In contrast, Haman in the Book of Ester desired honor but

## - 344 -

would do dishonorable things to receive honor!

An honorable warrior doesn't do anything shameful, like abusing women, children, the weak, the oppressed, and the poor, so someone with integrity doesn't willfully desire to do evil things!

Therefore, a warrior fights for HaShem's cause(s) with honor and fights with or for love to protect women,



**- 345 -**

children, the weak, and  
the oppressed, to end  
evil or an evil design or  
evil empire, etc.  
Baruch HaShem!

I have NEVER  
PURPOSELY  
TEMPTED HASHEM! I  
have never jumped off  
a bridge, a cliff, or a  
building to see if I  
could or couldn't die!

Suppose you ever  
decide to TEMPT  
HaShem

**- 346 -**

PURPOSELY. In that case, you should be expecting that it is your expiration date and expect to meet HaShem in person as a result of that foolish thinking or action that follows as a result of that thinking! If so, tell Him, “Yosef tried to warn me, but ...”

As I look back on my life, where I have made many stupid decisions that could have ended

**- 347 -**

my life, I consider that I  
am alive perhaps  
ONLY as a result that I  
never made a  
conscious decision to  
test to see if I could die  
if I engaged in any  
specific STUPID  
activity!

I am hesitant to share  
this next part, but  
hopefully, the readers  
will understand why I  
decided to explain it  
here! Sometime  
between recking my

**- 348 -**

motorcycle and going to rehab, I was not feeling well. Someone told me to write a gratitude list; perhaps I would feel better!

Oddly enough, I chose to write a list of the many times I had come close to death: about 42 times up to that point! Compiling the list took me a few weeks, but I showed it to my brother for his opinion.

I was shocked that after he read the list, he reached into his shirt pocket, took out a pen, and drew a line through twelve on the list. He handed me the list, and I noticed the ones he wrote a line through and asked him, why did you do that? Do you know how hard it was for ME to remember all those things, and you strike them out without even discussing them with

**- 350 -**

me? (I'm trying to find my list, or I will recreate it because I want to write about all of them!)

He said, "The ones that I drew a line through were times that you certainly would have been hurt or injured but most likely would not have died from!

However, he didn't draw a line through

**- 351 -**

thirty of them! Until then, he only accepted thirty, but more occurred before I first believed in G-d! The fact that I am still alive, although I didn't understand why until I began studying Judaism, now I know why, but before, I was starting to believe that I was cursed and couldn't die, especially when I met the man who accidentally blinded himself when

**- 352 -**

he tried to commit  
suicide, but he didn't  
die!

## 28. The Xian Problem!

The Xian problem is  
that they attach  
something false to  
something true and  
conclude with many  
false doctrines; then,  
the false doctrines  
worsen over time!

Calvinism is an  
example of how a false



## **- 353 -**

Xian doctrine worsens over time. Before I left Xianity, I had been a Calvinist for about fifteen years!

Until yesterday, I was unaware that I was subconsciously filtering everything I have been learning from Judaism and Torah teaching through a Calvinist mindset! Thanks to Rabbi Michael Skobac, who posted Torah

**- 354 -**

teachings that made  
me aware of my issue!

I had a problem with  
one Judaism teaching,  
so I asked Rabbi  
Michael Skobac  
privately how that  
particular teaching  
could be actual. At one  
point, because I knew  
he teaches the truth, I  
told him, “I will accept  
your teaching as true,  
and hopefully, HaShem  
will either send the  
messiah soon or allow

**- 355 -**

me to reconcile this in my mind because I still don't know how it is possible ...”

Asking questions is how I learn. I was surprised that about one minute later, I changed my statement into a question and asked, based on Rabbi Michael Skobac's answers, “How could that teaching be possible?” The better the quality of questions

**- 356 -**

I ask, the more  
significant the impact  
the correct answers  
have on me! I now  
accept that teaching  
because I understand it  
without the Calvinist  
filter, making the  
learning make sense!  
Thank you, Rabbi  
Michael Skobac!  
Baruch HaShem!

# Section V:

Searching for  
my soulmate

## 29. Bulla-Bulla!

(May 1, 2023)

In Israel, a man from one of the synagogues told a joke to my rabbi as we were walking home on Shabbat after afternoon prayer, and I remembered the following metaphor, which I told them both as we walked:

Two explorers were exploring rural Africa

when some of the native tribe's guards caught them trespassing on their territory. They were brought to the chief, who, by a strange coincidence, spoke English because, as a child, he had been captured and forced into a refugee camp and taught English; however, as a young adult, he managed to escape and return to his tribe, where he was

**- 360 -**  
now chief.

Because of the chief's experience of being captured and forced into refugee camps and schools, the penalty for trespassing on tribal lands was highly severe! He told the two men they had to choose between Bulla-Bulla or Death for punishment! One of the men thought, "I don't know what this Bulla-Bulla is, but I love G-d,



## - 361 -

my wife, my children,  
my mother, and all my  
family; I will choose  
this Bulla-Bulla and  
endure whatever it is  
so that I can see all of  
them again! So, he  
spoke up first and said,  
‘I choose Bulla-Bulla!’

The chief said, “Okay,  
Bulla-Bulla is your  
punishment!” So, the  
warriors of the tribe  
grabbed the man, took  
him into the field, and  
began beating him with

**- 362 -**

clubs, rocks, and anything else they could hit him with.

They beat him within an inch of his life but stopped before killing him!”

The other man thought, “Wow! I could never endure that kind of beating! I love G-d, my wife, my kids, my mother, and all my family, but they will understand I could not endure that beating! I

**- 363 -**

have been a good provider and have plenty of insurance, so they will be cared for without me!” So, when the chief asked him what his choice for punishment was, he replied, “I choose death!”

The Chief responded, “Okay, death you choose, so death you will have, you are sentenced to death by Bulla-Bulla!”

## 30. Do you think I need a wife?

(February 11, 2023)

From my first book, "It  
Has Been an  
Interesting Life!"

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

# 31. Someone Special to Keep Mitzvot with.

(March 10, 2023)

I'm seeking someone  
to let me rediscover  
what it means to be in  
love again like a  
teenager! Do you  
remember how things  
were when you were  
young? I want to feel  
that way again!

It is odd, but I have

**- 366 -**

recently discovered  
that I have been  
searching for someone  
blessed to keep  
mitzvot with my whole  
life! However, I didn't  
even know what a  
mitzvah was back then,  
so no wonder I had so  
much trouble finding  
her! I want to discover  
my soulmate and,  
hopefully, HaShem  
willing, create at least  
two little mitzvah  
keepers!

- 367 -

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**- 368 -**

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