

Path to Redemption

Book two by

Yosef Michael

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!

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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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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!

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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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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!

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Emotional maturity is superior to suppression: Suppression leads to confusion, confusion leads to fear, fear

leads to anger, and anger leads to 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

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

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.

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?”

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

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;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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!

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

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

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
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- 1) If you misbehave,
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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

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,

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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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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!

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,

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

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

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

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

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.,

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

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;

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

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!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

my job 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

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!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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?

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.”

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

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

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

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

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

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
anis!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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,

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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,

‘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

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

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

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

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

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

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!

(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

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

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

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

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

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!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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”

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 barbecue.” 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

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

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

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!

Section IV:

Path to Redemption

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

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?

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

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

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

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)

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!

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”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





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

View
Me in

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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

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

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

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!

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I began writing this book on February 11, 2023. All my experiences in this book are authentic, Yosef Malachi Michael.

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