

FINAL ACTS

BOOK 3 OF THE FINAL AGE® TESTAMENT

Theophilos, my friend, check Webster's Collegiate Dictionary on "Faust".

A prophecy.

"After a sensual life, he is carried off by the Devil, but in the Final Act he is regenerated and his soul is saved".

Rumor reports that Faust rationalized Jesus' miracles and said, "Anything he can do - I can do better."

My poodle still shadows me. His name is Isaiah, a dark, coal black, curly haired, standard.

If the poodle be Satan, Theophilos, I must say - he is most obedient and yes, even, trainable.

Isaac commands the poodle best -

Shake!

Heel!

and most important - a quite believable -

Play dead!

Amen, So may it be God's will on Earth as it is in Heaven. Heaven on Earth.

Rabbi Laurence (DeLeon)

Re Shone

La Sealah

The vision of Christ that thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy...
Both read the Bible day and night
But thou reads't black where I read white

Do what you will, this Life's a fiction
And is made up of contradiction.

The Everlasting Gospel William Blake

Faust (mit dem Pudel here-int redend)

Schon warnt mich was, dass inh dabei nicht bleibe
Mir hilft der Geist, auf einmal seh ich Rat
Und schreibe getrost: Im anfang wan die tat.

My translation must be changed again
Then, I am warned as I grasp the pen
The spirit helps me. I have it - exact
Write: In the beginning was the (F)Act.

Faust
Goethe

"The beauty of the Bible is that the most ignorant and simple minds understand it best."

William Blake

Theophilos:

Every printed Hebrew Bible since the Ninth Century include the Torah and Prophetic Trope. They are the Soul and Song of the Torah.

At least seventy distinctly different versions of the tune of the Tropes exist, including Babylonian, Yemenite, Lithuanian, German, Indian, *Minhag* American and Sealah. The Sealah Trope are jazzy and fluid.

Each of the Trope musical systems require a teacher. Final Testament is but a taste. The music in the text represents *Minhag* American with Sealah twists. They are only guides, Theophilos, so let the symbols awaken the melody in your heart.

My friend Dr. Harold Bloom, in his introduction to Olivier Revault D'Allonnes Musical Variations on Jewish Thought teaches that the freedom to move from the Broken to the Free Tablets depends on these musical variations. D'Allonnes teaches the music of the inwardness of the Moral Law.

Final Testament and Acts and the Final Revelation of the Moral Law are not idols of broken lines and stone. The word is always broken. the Song is always Eternal. Sing unto the Lord the New Song. Finally in New Jerusalem.

Amen

Sealah

Laurence

Sealah: From Shalvah to Shalom

Sit in a quiet place and envision seven circles in motion, radiating outward from the center.

The First circle represents the Self.

The Second; all relationships of the Family.

The Third and Fourth; Neighbors and Community.

The Fifth circle corresponds to the Nation or State.

The Sixth; to all Terran life.

The Seventh circle radiates out to the apparent limits of the Universe.

These Seven circles radiate outward from the Inner self to the Outer World, from Shalvah to Shalom.

The Still Point of our Turning Worlds, at the center of the first circle, is Shalvah. Shalvah is at the root of Sealah and means: tranquility, inner peace, inner perfection.

Just as the sphere is the apparent outer limit of space, the point at the center of the First Circle is the apparent inward limit, the Aleph point, the beginning of all Creation. The movement of a sperm cell as it seeks the Circle of the Egg and the spiral motion of a forming galaxy describes the dance of the Sealah spheres. The sperm, a circle in motion, merges with the Egg and life is born. Particles at the center swirl outwards as a Galaxy is formed.

This is the Yould point of the Aleph. Yould is the first letter of Gods' transcendent names. The Yould's subtleties are ineffable. We can say that at the center of all creativity is God.

The perfection of Shalvah, of inner Wholeness, is found in the imitation of the motion of the dancing Yould. A restful motion, A holy pause. A Sabbath of the spirit, like a comma.

We pause and move outwards from the Center, bringing AtOneMent to all spheres and dimensions of our lives. Shalvah is atonement with God in the First Circle.

All spiritual striving begins in the First Circle and enlightenment is not possible, except through God's grace, if the Sphere of Shalvah is not filled full.

One cannot hope to save the World if they have not saved themselves.

Focus on the Center and throw the first pebble into the Well of Self. Watch the circles ripple outwards to infinity. Meditation, prayer, singing and dancing are all ways to be in touch with the Center. The Music of the Seven Spheres is heard with this focusing and the harmony is the New Song, Sealahs Song. Arise, spin like a Dervish, and feel the circles begin their merging and overlapping.

The First Circle is an apparent boundary to the Second Circle of Family. When filled, however, it spills into the Second the Way water overflows the circumference of a full vessel. A Second Circle is created, through Love, as Sperm and Egg become One Circle. This follows the pattern of Divine Creation. The Second Circle is perfected in the Love of Parents and Children. The Ten Utterances command: Honor Your Father and Mother. Sealah prays for Love for the Second Circle to be perfected.

Peace in the Home is the starting point for Peace on Earth. In the Golden Sealah Age, the hearts of children and parents are One.

The Third and Fourth circles include neighbors and community. Our Sealah Model reminds us that to "Love your neighbor as yourself" (Leviticus 19:18) we first must Love Ourselves.

Peaceful homes are the foundation of peaceful Sealah communities. The circle of community begins in neighborhoods and expands outward to the circumference of the Globe. Then Sealah's Peace will come to our Terran Global Village.

The Fifth circle, the state, and the Sixth, the potential community of nations, are in great an immediate need of healing. Wars will end when Sealah's teaching are Law. Our century, what future chroniclers will call the Age of Barbarism, will end in Peace if the Fifth and Sixth Circle are Perfected. The alternative is Death by Nuclear Holocaust.

The choice of :Life, not Death, will refocus humanity on the real Holy War, the War for Justice and Economic equality.

As long as one child in one family in one community of one Nation is malnourished, we are all, each of us, unredeemed.

Sealah will nourish this child with food and love. Our good world has been blessed by God with enough natural resources that none need want, enough food that none need to go hungry, enough love that none need be lonely, enough wisdom that all may be enlightened.

Sealah Teachers of Peace

Sealah is here. The nations shall be unified into one world with Jerusalem as capital. The United State of Israel. From Zion this Torah goes forth: One World, under One Flag. Sealah's banner worn as a prayer shawl, of Seven concentric circles overflowing from Shalvah to Shalom. One world ruled by the One God with the pure language of Liberty and Peace, Truth and Economic Justice for All.

Religion will be whole, and One, in Sealah. The world is made sacred by Sealah Teachers of Peace. The Ark of God's Final Covenant shall heal the world. The Ark that does battle against injustice shall teach us to put together the broken pieces of the Tablets, the shattered pieces of the Covenant that remain broken as we daily dance around the Golden calf. Sealah's Tabernacle of Peace teaches us how to put the pieces of the Covenant together again to S.T.O.P. poverty, S.T.O.P. injustice and S.T.O.P. war.

Learning in the Final Age®

Beyond the University, where individuals worship at two altars, dividing Science and God
The Body and the Soul, is Sealah.

In Sealah, nothing is secular. Sealah takes all of life as its province. We pray for the healing of all schizophrenia.

Beyond the Seminaries, which preach God but practice denominationalism, is Sealah. Wholistic Scholarship, *Shema* learning, sings the New Song of Spirituality: "You are no longer Jew or Christian, Muslim or Hindu, this sect or that sect, but one in Sealah. All disciplines of knowledge shall be one.

Sealah trains Rabbi physicians, economists, sociologists, ecologists, politicians, etc., in our Final Age® all disciples require integration. We shall survive the Nuclear Age and enter the Sealah age as all our endeavors in medicine, physics, engineering and business and religion submit to Sealah's vision of wholeness and Peace.

Join us in our Sealah circle dance as we worship the Lord and choose life.

Amen

Isaac Sealah

Dear Theophilos,

We speak again my friend. The Final Act is complete. It is no fiction. Our task is to interpret the meaning of that Deed to the world. Then this Gospel according to Laurence will be Good News and Truth.

Final Acts is one of the theoretical blueprints for Sealah as God's Tabernacle of Peace. The Gospel, The Good News; Isaac lives! Praise the Lord. God is good. God's kindness endures forever. Those who fear God declare: God's kindness endures forever. By strength and song we are delivered.

The Final Act, the exaltation of God's right hand. Isaac lives to teach God's deeds. The Gates of Righteousness are open for all to enter. Hallelujah. In the end you answered. Now you are our Salvation.

From among your
Sons and daughters of the Lord
Sons and daughters of women
And men

The One
The builders rejected
Is now the cornerstone
A marvel
In our eyes.

The cornerstone, the Rock, scorned by the Church, is Sealah's cornerstone. The living Tabernacle of Peace rests on the Rock of God. Many stumbled on the original stone, fragmenting and shattering the Promise.

Moses' Revelation was chiseled into stone. The Apostles chipped away at their Rock. Israel twice dances around Golden Calves.

The broken pieces of Tablet are placed in a Tabernacle. The broken body of Christ is placed in a sepulcher.

The Revelation of Pentecost is once a fiction, once a failure. Being more kind, the Revelation of Pentecost is once a *Midrash*, once a Prelude.

Another *Midrash*: This day of atonement we accept for a second time the second set of stone tablets. God's Law whole and unbroken. This Final Day of Atonement we be-live the Second Coming, God's living Torah, alive and well. A marvel in our eyes.

We pray - God save us
This time - we pray
To be successful.
With a capital S

Blessed is the One
Who comes in God's name
To arrange the Marriage
Of Israel and Judah
In the Holy Tabernacle of Sealah
Which is called
God's home.
God's strength is enlightening
a Menorah of hope

God's festivals, sacrifices
Were bound with rope

And Isaacs on the altars

The sacrifice unbound
Satan's horns broken
Off the altar

Now you are our God

We praise:

Praise is do, good God
God's *chesed* is forever

Theophilos, enough hallelujah talk. I confess that at first I was not convinced about Sealah. My first role, doubting, a Thomas.

I was confused. What role would I play? What was my friend up to? When Isaac mentioned Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, or Paul, I recoiled, a Dracula response.

If Isaac had been crucified by his father, if I had seen the marks from the nails in his hands, I still would not have believed.

For three years I fled Isaac, at first to Jerusalem, my Nineveh. There in the first steps towards my return to Sealah, I read the Later books of the Torah. My greatest stumbling was John.

Isaac never said it. John did. But Isaac quoted John and Mark, and Matthew and Luke, and the Letters. John 14:6 says "No one comes to the Father except through me." John quotes Jesus. Isaac did not speak this way. He did say: "I teach the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Playing Philip, I asked to be shown the Father. Isaac's answer: "I teach more than the Father." My friend, lover of wisdom, lover of God. Theophilos, you know now that I was not moved from the beginning to be an Apostle.

I speak in Final Testament of my devotion to the Anointed One's life and teachings. Even I, who chronicled the Final Act, came to Sealah only after much stumbling. Therefore I begin with this apology.

I would learn how to form prayers to broken and reconstructed stone. Luke spoke to you in the Old Acts about Peter before the Sanhedrin. Luke hinted, or rather, reminded us that one of the things we learn from the original Revelation is that even broken stone can be resurrected. And stone-cold hearts can be circumcised with a chisel and feel love's warmth. So I became the stone and Isaac the sculptor. In this Final Book of Acts, I chronicle how I would learn to see Isaac as a living Torah, the fleshing-out of old, stone-cold ways.

Moses' Law is brought back to life in a ReNewed Covenant. Sinai itself is rigid and fixed, the Covenant grounded, chiseled into granite. The rivers of Eden flow to and from Sinai. The mountain gives form; the river waters the Garden. The river is the oral tradition. These words flow from that source.

Theophilos, I learned, as Isaiah promised, that if I trusted in Sealah I would not be put to shame.

In the beginning the cornerstone was my stumbling, the Rock on which I fell. In those days I did not know Peter from Paul, my left hand from my right, or my destiny.

What follows is the story of how I became *Re Shone La Sealah*, Isaac's right hand man and Apostle; as Sealah is God's Apostle and right hand.

Amen. Sealah.

Pentecost One

The mist had not lifted. The seagulls were only faintly visible on the rock. A thick cloud drifted off the sea, surrounding the gazebo. The cloud was thick as smoke. The sun broke through the cloud and the cloud ascended, afire, the smoke of a furnace.

Isaac was then visible holding two scrolls of the Torah. The scrolls were covered in white velvet mantels. Two lions embroidered in gold held up the Ten Principles of God's Law. The Lions of Judah and Israel.

All stood as Isaac opened his arms and sang in Hebrew: "Wherever the Tabernacle traveled Moses would proclaim 'Arise O Lord, and your enemies will be dispersed and scattered will be those who despise your presence.'"

Then Isaac, following the custom of the orthodox, proclaimed the true Zionism of Isaiah and Sealah:

"For from Zion shall go forth Torah
The word of the Lord, from Jerusalem

And God shall judge between the nations
Debating and rebuking many

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares
And their spears into pruning hooks

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation
Neither shall they learn war anymore."

Isaac and his disciples then sang together:

"Hear O Israel
All who struggle and prevail
The Lord
And God
Are one"

Isaac answered:

"Blessed is God's kingdom
On Earth as Heaven
Forever and ever"

The traditional response is:

God is One
Great the Lord
Transcendent God's name.

I was bothered by this change. Isaac noticed. Isaac continued with the traditional:

"Magnify the Lord with Me
As we extol God's name together."

Isaac walked with the scrolls for all the Apostles to kiss. Isaac then danced through the crowd so all could touch and kiss the scrolls. They sang in Hebrew, but all seemed to understand.

Isaac opened one of the scrolls and chanted:

"And may God help shield and deliver
All who trust

And let us say
Amen.

Let the first called come forward, arise our Rabbi and teacher,
HaRav Aryeh ben Avraham, Re Shone La Sealah."

I was stunned. My jaw unhinged and fell open, a-gape.

Isaac laughed. "A-gape - Agape," he said. "Come, my friend, to this Feast of Love." I had no idea what in Hell Isaac was talking about. Too shocked to protest, I entered the gazebo and recited the blessing between the readings of the Law. Isaac handed me the *Yad* (the pointer), wiggled his eyebrows Groucho-style, and said in Hebrew:

"My strong right arm, please read."

Isaac smiled, but I saw nothing humorous in the situation, and was not amused. I did not read. I did follow the ancient text as Isaac sang the Hebrew with the special cantillation called *Tam Elyone*, for the Ten Utterances.

"I

Am Lord, Your God

Who took you out

Of the land of Egypt

From the house of Slaves."

Isaac sang the English in a chant following the pattern of the Hebrew cantillation.

He indicated that I should kiss the scroll and recite the blessing after the reading of the Torah. Isaac had not begun the reading in its proper place and now he was ending in the wrong place - the middle of the fourth reading. Isaac read my mind. "All are called today," he said. "Say your blessing so we can answer Amen." I did.

Isaac called each Apostle to read one of the Ten Principles. I was amazed when each chanted the text perfectly, in Hebrew, according to the exact vowelings of the Masoretic text and High cantillation. Each also translated into their tongue, and English, if it was different.

Isaac then motioned all the onlookers into the gazebo. The media crews with hand-held cameras, zoomed in on the crowd and inner circle.

Each Apostle wore a prayer shawl draped over shoulder and head. I wore the traditional oversized black and white *Tallit*. The prayer shawls of the Apostles were flags. One with a cross, another a crescent. One with a hammer transforming sword to sickle, another with designs of the American Indian. A flag of Asia. A flag of Africa. The flag of the United Nations with olive branch and the concentric circles of Sealah and others I could not identify. I did recognize the flag of Israel and the Stars and Stripes in red, white and blue. The stars were the stars of David. Each flag was fringed with *Tzitzit*, the tassels commanded by the Lord in Numbers and Deuteronomy, to be worn on the corners of one's garments. The ten formed a complete circle, holding on to one another's *Tzitzit*.

Isaac and I now stood in the middle. Isaac wore his *Tallit* flag as a cape. The *Tallit* was emblazoned with a cross of stars that was a Menorah. The cross-like outstretched arms, supported the Seven lamps of the Menorah. From each lamp a color of the spectrum emanated, creating a luminous mirror of the menorah and the circles of Sealah.

Isaac wore this rainbow, an inverted crown, as he moved the *Tallit* from off his shoulders to over his head in the manner of the ultra-orthodox Jew. I mocked my friend in my mind as I thought, Superman becomes Sealahman. I imagined Isaac wearing Superman's cape, the "S" a secret mystical allusion to Sealah. Isaac smiled.

On his forehead he wore the double signs of God as Lord. *Tefillin*. Phylacteries. The boxes, traditionally black, were white. On one side was a three pronged *Shin* or S. The first prong was red; the middle, orange; the third, yellow. On the other side the *shin* was four pronged. One prong green, one blue, one indigo, one violet. Roy G. Biv *Tefillin*.

The strap that crowned Isaac's head was white, as were the two straps hanging around Isaac's neck and over his heart. The Hebrew letter *Daled* was tied in a green knot over the base of his neck.

On his arm near his heart Isaac wore a red box. The box is traditionally made of leather. Isaac's appeared to be made of wood.

My eyes, as did the camera's, focused on the faces of the Apostles. Framed by the flag of Israel, an orthodox Chassidic rabbi with side curls. Woven into the white fringes of his *Tallit*, was a thread of blue. Under the flag of the United Nations, Sheila Baldwin. Under the Stars and Stripes, Isaac's father, the Reverend Raymond of Saint Clair.

I moved out of the inner circle and joined the onlookers as they moved in, facing the sea. The sun broke through the clouds like a tongue of fire.

The seagulls were out on their rock. They appeared to be watching us, as we watched them. I counted nine gulls. Perhaps they were waiting for a tenth to make a minyan. Perhaps they were awaiting their own avian messiah to descend from the heavens. They made sounds I heard as mocking. They could have come from my own throat.

Isaac then chanted in Hebrew: "All are now called."

The Apostles let go of one another's fringes and raised their flag shawls over everyone's heads, creating a massive canopy of Peace. Seventy people recited the blessing together and then sang with one voice: "All the people heard the sounds and saw the flames, the voice of the *Shofar* and the mountain smoking. The people saw this and trembled, and there were seven lamps of fire burning before God's throne."

All recited the blessing after the Torah, reading in unison.

Perplexed and still amazed, I asked Isaac in Aramaic, so as not to embarrass him, "What does this all mean?" Isaac smiled as all answered in one voice, "Sealah has come."

I thought they all must be on drugs!

The reading from the second scroll was, for me, an even greater stumbling. All called Isaac to the Torah. The second scroll was thicker than the first; as though material had been added. The scroll was near its

end. Isaac chanted:

"And I saw a New Heaven and Earth...
I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem
Coming down from God out of Heaven
Prepared as a bride
Adorned for her groom
I heard a loud voice
Proclaiming from the throne
'Behold the tabernacle of God is with you
You shall be my people
And I your God.'
God will wipe away all tears
From your eyes
And there shall be no more death
Neither sorrow, nor crying
Neither shall there be
Anymore pain.
The old order has passed away!"

I had heard material like this recently, in Isaac's dreadful debate with his father. I thought of the Final Act and shuddered. When I began to listen again I heard Isaac chant:

"The Twelve Gates of New Jerusalem
Were twelve pearls
Every Gate a pearl
The streets of New Jerusalem

Were of pure gold
Gold you see through
I saw no temple in the city
Save the sovereign Lord God
And the Lamb"

I stopped listening as Isaac kept on chanting, and I awoke when I heard Isaac say, "The one giving testimony speaks: Yes indeed, I am coming soon." All said: "So be it. Come Lord Jesus." Isaac answered, "May the grace of Lord Jesus be with you all."

I felt faint. Isaac chanted, "*Chazak Chazak Vanetchazak.*" All responded with a song:

"Be strong
Be strong
And let us strengthen one another."

They began a circle dance. Isaac grasped my *Tzitzit* but I broke away and stood outside the crowd. I ran.

Dear Theophilos: The remainder of the service I watched years later, on video.

The people were crowding Isaac on every side. A poor woman who had suffered from severe bleeding for twelve years (she had spent all her money on physicians, but none had cured her) approached Isaac from behind and touched the fringes on Isaac's *Tallit*. Her bleeding stopped at once. Isaac said, "Who touched me?" The Apostles shrugged and one said, "Who can tell in such a crowd?" Isaac smiled and gently asked everyone to leave the gazebo. He then said, "Let the one who was touched come forward - they share in my power."

The woman, who had wanted to be discreet, entered the gazebo trembling with joy, and explained why she had grasped Isaac's *Tzitzit*. Isaac said, "My daughter, your faith made you well. Go in Peace!"

The sick sat outside the gazebo, now a doctor's waiting room. They were healed while holding the corners of Isaac's *Tallit*, the *Tzitzit*, in their hands.

Isaac then said the prayer for the sick, as the orthodox do during the Torah service to this day:

"May the God who blessed our ancestors Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah, bless and heal all who are ill."

Isaac asked the congregation, "Is anyone among you sick? Send for the leaders of the congregation to pray with you and anoint you with oil so you may also be messiahs in the name of the Lord. Prayers offered in faith help save the diseased, the Lord will help raise them from their beds, their sins forgiven. Confess your sins to one another, pray for one another and you will be healed."

Isaac then gave a short sermon:

"When Jacob, who became Israel, was on his deathbed, he was prepared to reveal to his sons the time of the Final Redemption. He knew well the shortcomings of his sons: Reuben's instability; Simon

and Levi's cruelty; Zebulun's desire to be a sailor; Dan's destiny to be a judge, and so on. Judah's blessing Israel couched in the enigmatic prophecy that the scepter would not depart from Judah until the coming of Sealah, who would have the obedience of all people. The trials of Judah were hinted at when Israel spoke of Judah washed in blood, red as wine. Today Sealah teaches, 'You are no longer only Israel and Judah, Gentile and Jew, but one in Sealah. This day all who choose are chosen.

"Israel's vision was blurred by a vision of death and the end. Israel felt responsible for the continuation of the legacy of Abraham and Isaac and the divine presence, the *Sechina*, departed from him when he questioned the worthiness and integrity of his sons.

"Israel doubted if his sons would keep the faith. They all replied in one voice:

'Shema Yisroal Adonai Elohayhem Adoni Echad'

Hear O Israel

Listen Father

We believe

The Lord is our God

The Lord alone'

"Let us continue this noble tradition as we affirm our faith to our parents and chant the *Shema* putting in their names."

Isaac waited as all prayed, and then continued:

"Israel is also the nation dedicated to God. Jacob became Israel after his God-wrestling. The *Shema* is a call to pray.

Isaac turned to the Chassidic Rabbi (wearing the flag of Israel) who proclaimed, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one."

The Reverend proclaimed, "Hear O America, The Lord our God, the Lord is one."

Professor Baldwin continued, "Hear all nations, the Lord our God, the Lord is one."

Isaac answered, as Jacob did:

"Let God's glory manifest in this world eternally."

Isaac continued to the camera:

"Israel's flag today is based on the ancient *Tallit* with its thread of blue. The threads frame the Star of David, the symbol of Israel's nationalism. Flags worn as prayer shawls with holy fringes symbolize the submission of Israel's nationalism to the kingdom of God.

"All nations will submit and be obedient to Sealah's vision. The flag of every nation becomes a prayer shawl as the scepter returns to Sealah.

"The nations will be healed by Sealah's vision. The fringes are the distinctive sign of my healing."

Isaac and the minyan of Apostles led the congregation in a song.

"We are one in the spirit

We are one in the Lord

We are one in the Spirit
We are one in the Lord

And we pray that all unity
Will one day be restored

And they will know we are Sealah
By our love, by our love

Yes they'll know we are Sealah
By our love"

Some sang 'Christian.' Some sang 'Jewish.' One Apostle said 'Muslim.' Another 'Buddhist.' And so on. All ended with: "And they'll know we are Sealah by our Love."

Isaac then chanted the blessing before the prophetic reading that speaks of God's prophets of truth and righteousness.

Isaac chanted the *Haftorah* verse by verse in Hebrew and English, with traditional cantillation. He read the traditional *Haftorah* from the back of Ezekiel, the first chapter, and verse twelve of chapter three.

Now I understand the connection between the readings in Ezekiel and Revelation. In the beginning Isaac's innovations, in *Kabbalistic* terms, broke my vessels. Isaac's unorthodox orthodoxy, or say better, orthodox unorthodoxy, was a shattering experience for an orthodox Rabbi. Isaac's sermon on Ezekiel is on the tape. I start and stop the tape as I write this commentary.

I am going to suggest to Isaac, Theophilus, following the *Mishna* in *Chagiga* 11:1 that he delete this section from tapes sent out to Sealahites. Some scripture is better taught face to face. When we next meet face to face we shall study this section of Ezekiel together.

The *Haftorah* Isaac chanted is recited in Sealah synagogues to this day, as Isaac did on the First Pentecost of the Final Acts.

We of Sealah stand at the end of the *Haftorah* where Ezekiel describes the Divine Presence departing from the Temple into the New Temple. The presence, in the likeness of a man, is surrounded by fire and light. An electrum bow emanates the colors of the spectrum.

At this point the leader, like Isaac at the first Pentecost of the Final Acts, falls to the ground, lying flat and still.

The congregation responds in a shout:

"Blessed is God's Glory
In this place."

Isaac stood and the Apostles grasped his, and each other's *Tzitzit* as all awaited the service for returning the Torahs to the Ark.

Isaac sang out, full throat, from Psalms.

"Praise the name of the Lord
God's name, alone, is exalted."

All answered in Hebrew:

"God's glory is on Earth
As it is in Heaven
All power to God's people
All praise to exalted leadership
Praise to God's Chassidim
Israel draw near
Hallelujah
Praise be the name of the Lord."

That year Pentecost fell on the Sabbath, so the congregation recited Psalm 29, the Psalm for Peace in the Nuclear Age, a prophecy before Final Revelation. The psalm, you remember Theophilus, that introduces Final Testament.

The Torah scrolls Isaac had written by his own hand, as the Law commands, was passed from hand to hand, grasped and raised up by each congregant. They all sang the Psalm.

The scrolls were returned to Isaac who led in the ending of the Psalm in Hebrew:

"The Lord gives strength to his people

The Lord blesses his people with Peace."

Isaac then cradled a scroll in each arm, enfolding the Torahs into his body. All sang in Hebrew:

"And when the Ark of the Covenant rested - he said
Return O Lord to the
Ten
Thousand
Thousands
Of Israel
Arise O Lord, unto Thy resting place
Thou and the Ark of Thy strength!"

Isaac pointed to the Apostles as all but they sang:

"Let Thy Apostles be clothed with Righteousness."

Isaac pointed to the crowd as all sang:

"And let Thy Chassidim shout for Joy."

They all turned towards Isaac and sang:

"For Thy servant David's sake
Do not turn away
The face of Thy anointed;

The Lord has sworn in Truth to David
He will not turn from it;

One of the sons of Thy body
Will I set upon my Throne
If Thy children keep my Covenant
And my testimony
That I shall teach them

Their children shall also sit
Upon Thy Throne forevermore."

Isaac continued:

"I give you good doctrine
Forsake not my teachings."

Isaac then sang to His Torahs, a father singing a lullaby to his children:

"She is more precious than rubies
Or anything you may desire
Length of days is in her right hand,
Riches and honor in her left."

All joined in:

"She is a Tree of Life
To those that grasp

All who hold by
Her teachings
Are happy

Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are Peace."

The congregation did not sing the final verse from Lamentations. Isaac recited *Kaddish* and led the Apostles out of the gazebo part of the garden to the path to the beach.

Mikvaism

I had been watching from the beach and observed the processional winding down the path. Isaac and his followers stopped at the shoreline. Isaac, walking with a staff, was the newest Moses. He would split the sea and lead his children to Jerusalem. I stood on the edge of the crowd, behind the camera crew.

Isaac sang:

The Third Creation: A Song

When God began creating
When God began
Begin again
With wisdom God created
With the power of What (Ma).

In the beginning of God's creation
Light and fire
Earth and water.

Fire and water then one,
The firmament suspended,
And so one day Sinai,
Over the Earth, over Israel's head
The firmament
Separating
water and water
Above and below

God hovering
A dove
Over her young
Then
A light
Zohar Harakeah
The rainbow light
Soon to separate

The day
Called Two

Heaven and Earth, Sky and Sea
A Mikvah of Fire - Earth
A Mikvah of Water - Sea

The world is born
God's waters broken
An amniotic sea
God names
Earth the child
Good

The Mikvah of *Mayim*
The Earth's blood
Four flowing waters of Eden
Heaven flowing on Earth

On Earth
As it is in Heaven
Together
A woman
And a man

A Song of Revelation, A Song of Corruption

Eden's four flowing rivers.
God prayed: Let them be
Rich-earthen and sun-rayed
Scented with Sinai Roses

But East of Eden
Beast with beast
And man with man
And beast with man
Distilling firewater

The first death by water
The death to come by fire

Eden's waters
Forty days and nights
Forty measures
To purify the light
As Isaiah saw even before
Noah opened the Ark's door

God's prayer for the people:

The mountains dry
The dove again descends
From the sky

My Covenant of Peace
Light and water
Split
The sky
My Covenant:

I hide only a moment
My exile
Ending
In the twinkling of an eye
Wait

Earth and Heaven joined
In my rainbow gate.

Theophilos - I cannot imitate Isaac. The original Psalms are more poetic.

Song By the Sea - Three

Then sang Isaac		And the children of Sealah
	This song	
We sing again this victory		Together we enter the sea
	God is our strength and song	
This is our deliverance		Emulating God
	As our ancestors	
Praising God		The Lord is Peace
	Peace is the Lord's name	
All passed through the sea		Baptized into Moses
	Egyptians baptized	
Into death		The children of Israel
	On dry land	
In the midst		Of the sea
	And after all this	
Still not believing		In Me!

Fired-kilned calves

From Sinai vistas see

Burnt gold

Why have you forsaken me?

A Prayer For Remembrance

All our ancestors under the cloud
All were *Mikvaized* into God
In the clouds and in the sea
All drank from the Rock, moving Testimony
Yet you preferred idolatry.

Final Song By the Sea

This Third Creation
We return to water
The Sacrament of Mother Earth
The Final Covenant, Earth's lifeblood
Drawn from the wellsprings of Salvation
For all who thirst

This Sea
Filled with Israel's tears
Uncountable, as the grains
Of sand we stand upon

Forged by fire, steeled in adversity
Honed by exile, true to God

Israel crucified
Israel resurrected
Israel redeemed

Rebirthed. Born again
In the waters of Sealah
The afterbirth is delivered
Lord we bless Thee
The umbilicus is cut
The child born
The dove again is free

Your baptism of suffering is ended

Your baptism in Joy begins

One Tree - One Garden
One river of light

One body and one spirit
One hope and one calling
One Lord and one faith
One God and one immersing

Amen Sealah.

With this they entered the Pacific holding hands - with their garments on, and immersed in God - Israel's Mikvah.

The Kiss

I stood on the shore observing. Isaac saw me and smiled. He held out his hands and arms, which under his *Tallit* were wing-like. "Come my friend," Isaac said. "You are called first. My right-hand man." I didn't move.

Isaac moved towards me and stood by me on the shoreline.

My eyes filled with tears and Isaac and I cried. "My friend," I whispered, "I must go my own way."

"Go in Peace," Isaac answered. I hugged Isaac and kissed his cheek. The crowd responded with a gasp. Isaac hushed the crowd. He hugged me, kissed my cheek, and said "He leaves me for the moment, with a holy kiss."

Theophilos, for me, Isaac's Sealah had become *Sheolh*. Not heaven on earth, but *Sheolh*, a type of hell. I awaited the real Messiah, a Jewish messiah. I returned to Indiana and Lillian.

Indiana

Lillian did not meet me at the airport. She was in bed when I arrived. Lillian's father was leaving. He was in a rage.

"How could you let her do such a thing!" he screamed. "The Nazis conducted such experiments. You abandoned her for a *meshuganah*. You abandoned her! A goy. A boy who thinks he's God. I saw you on television with your pretentious friend. Bastards!" He stormed out of the apartment.

"Lillian," I asked. "What is your father talking about?" She was mute, ashen-faced and withdrawn.

Later she explained. She was sure I would not return. She wanted her freedom. I noticed her painting of herself, a nude, on her easel. She had been painting over her legs, extending a yellow shawl of light over her exposed genitals. Lillian's second painting of a woman and child was off the wall.

"I had a tubal ligation," she said, beginning to whimper. "My father called me a Nazi. He screamed at me. I tried to explain, so many starving children who need homes. He screamed louder that we lost two million children in the Holocaust, and now mine." She began to cry.

"He's the Nazi, the sonofabitch. I will not be a baby factory. I will not be a housewife-whore." Lillian put her face in the pillow and pounded the bed. I took her in my arms to comfort her and she pushed me away.

I left the apartment to get some dinner.

Theophilos, I know that would have been the moment to set in motion plans for leaving Lillian. I wanted a family. Lillian and I were both as sterile as two wooden cuckoo birds. Our relationship was scripted, as to a clock. The same meaningless arguments, the same meaningless fights, and almost hourly we said to one another "Cuckoo."

Rabbi - Feel

Years later I asked a friend of mine, Rabbi Geresh, a physician whom I trained for the Sealah Rabbinate, who was also psychic, about my relationship with Lillian. He had me stand with arms extended and asked me questions. He checked my responses by having me push my arm up against his hand. He asked me to say "I am clear of Lillian."

"Weak," he said.

My wife Manna had just visited me at the synagogue with our son. I didn't want her to see this. I protested to Geresh. "I am free of her."

"The body never lies," he answered.

He asked: "Were you and Lillian karmically related in another lifetime?"

"Yes,"

He answered. "Were you married?"

"Yes."

"Were you in the Holocaust together?"

"Yes."

"As I suspected," the Rabbi said.

He sat down, meditating, entranced. "I see you in Russia. You, a rabbi, Lillian your wife. You are both naked. A German officer approaches. 'This one,' he says, indicating Lillian, 'will make a fine whore. Look at those jugs. Jugs, no, they are fine cantaloupes, ready for plucking.'"

This Rabbi Geresh said in a voice not his own.

"I hear Lillian screaming." The Rabbi stood up and lifted my arms. The scenario tested out as he envisioned it.

"What did Lillian say?" the Rabbi asked.

"I,... I don't, I'm not sure."

"Close your eyes, think, feel."

I stood with arms extended and said, "Aryeh, save me, save me."

"Yes," the Rabbi said. "Yes. And your answer?"

"I stood silent, a statue."

"Yes," the Rabbi said. "Yes. Then as now. Talk to her, Rabbi," Rabbi Geresh said. "Tell her how you feel."

"I,... I can't help you Lillian, don't you see? I can't help you."

"Yes," the Rabbi said. "Say it again."

"Lillian, I can't, help you. I am not responsible. I love you."

"More," the Rabbi said. "More."

"I can't see anymore. Only shots. I hear machine guns sputtering. The sounds are muted, almost toy-like. People are dropping around me. I see Lillian being taken away.

"No!" I screamed. "No!" I fall to my knees. "No!"

I was on the floor of the study of my Philadelphia synagogue crying, "No, no, no!" I couldn't help. "I am not responsible. I'm sorry Lillian. I'm so sorry."

Rabbi Geresh lifted me off the floor. I was embarrassed. Perhaps my secretaries had heard. The Rabbi

held me, crying. I sighed loudly.

Again I stood with arms outstretched. He asked me to say, "I am clear of Lillian."

"Yes," he said. "Thank God. The pages of that book are cut."

He ordered me to say:

"I am divorced from Lillian."

"Yes."

"Our karmic umbilicus is cut."

"Yes." And one more affirmation.

"You have made your choice in this life. I am not responsible. I have suffered enough. You have your destiny. I have mine. The fabric is unwoven, the garment is cut." I said it all.

"Yes." the Rabbi said, "Yes."

I smiled. Unburdened. My natural skepticism and cynicism about such things quickly returned. I looked at my student in amazement.

"Don't talk," he ordered. "Say *kaddish* for her." I did. "Now say *kaddish* for the relationship." I did.

Theophilos, I must again confess I had never been able to understand clearly why I stayed so long with Lillian. Isaac encouraged, almost insisted, that I leave her. I am still not sure. Rabbi Geresh, now a Sealah Rabbi, offered me his experiential answer, but I remain unsure. What do you think, my friend?

I returned early after bolting my dinner, concerned about Lillian. She lay on the bed unconscious. In her hand lay an empty bottle of pain killers prescribed by her gynecological surgeon. I stood Lillian up on the bed. "Let me die," she said pathetically, pushing me away. "Let me sleep. The pain." I took her in my arms and sat her up in our car. We were stopped by a police car and arrived at the emergency room with his lights flashing and siren blaring.

Lillian's stomach was pumped and the attending physician called a psychiatrist for a consultation. I told him the story of her tubal ligation, my return, and going out to dinner, and finding Lillian unconscious.

"Well," the psychiatrist said glibly, "It's good you didn't order dessert. She might be dead."

Reversals

I had missed over two weeks of teaching. That semester I only taught one course because I supervised the minyan of Rabbis and teachers in the Judaic Department. I was also responsible for curriculum development. The Assistant Principle, also a Rabbi, had covered for me. I signed up for teaching Summer School. The Assistant Principle informed me that my contract might not be renewed. Even in Indiana people had seen the Final Act, and the Rabbi suggested that I not return. Guilt by association. The vote was close, but my contract was renewed.

My reversal was done that summer. Two urological surgeons, one working on either side of me, performed a vaso-vasotomy. With microsurgery they were able to reconstruct my severed *vas deferens*. I instructed the surgeons to inform those that asked, that the operation was for infertility. They agreed.

Lillian made an appointment with her surgeon. His offices were near the school. We went together during our lunch hour.

The doctor had a Pakistani or Indian name. The receptionist, perhaps his wife, wore a *sari*. It seemed to be wrapped too tightly around her. Her midriff was exposed and hung over the folds of her skirt. I stared at a brown mark, a kind of third eye, above and between her eyes. She told Lillian rather coldly that she should have a seat. I explained that I had to be back by 12:30.

The doctor brought us into his private office. I noticed he watched Lillian's ass as we entered the room.

"I had hoped you would call," he said to Lillian. He sounded like a teenager stood-up on prom night. "I was called by the psychiatrist, and the police. I am disappointed with you," he said.

The entire conversation must have been filled with double meaning. Lillian stared him down.

"I made a mistake," she said. "I want a reversal."

The doctor was angry. "You told me you never wanted to have children," he said. "I used a technique that has the least likely chance of being reversed. You signed a waiver," he said, sensing Lillian's next comment.

You Nazi!" she shouted.

He waved us out of his office with a motion similar to one we had seen years ago in Denmark.

Lillian went into a deep depression. I joined her when I received the results from the lab of my first sperm count. The surgery had been successful but my sperm count was sill borderline.

Summer School

That summer I set up a survey course in Jewish history. I taught Peace Studies. One other course was taught by another orthodox rabbi, Rabbi Chumash. Torah, Bible, the Five Books of Moses. A number of his students had failed Leviticus. "They didn't learn to love their neighbors as themselves?" I asked. He did not answer.

The Rabbi's texts did not arrive in time. He asked each student to bring in a family Bible. One student, the son of an orthopedic surgeon, brought in a combined Old and New Testament. The Rabbi was beside himself. The student, not wanting to repeat the course during the year again, tried to appease the Rabbi. He promised he would not read the later books. The Rabbi wanted to assure this. He took the Bible and ripped it out of its binding. He then carefully found the page separating the Book of Matthew for the Old Testament, and ripped the Bible in two pieces.

I am sure there is no need to tell you, Theophilos, that the student retrieved the torn pages from the trash. The Rabbi had discovered a new method of pedagogy. He piqued the student's interest to such heights that the student read the Four Gospels, page by page, the Epistles, and even the Book of Revelations. I was struggling with these books myself at the time.

If I had given the Rabbi my New English Bible, the one I had purchased at Hebrew University, and asked him to rip it in half, I too may have found it possible to diligently study the text.

Theophilos, I was a Torah scholar. I had mastered *Surus* of the *Qur'an*, in Arabic, with *Tafsir*.

My aversion to the New Testament? Yes, My friend, I see that you are nodding. I was suffering from the Dracula response. The cross and its message frightened me. I would rather read about the New Testament. I did this as I prepared for my class during the summer. I used Solomon Grayzel's [A History of the Jews](#), as the text for the history class. Orthodox day schools do not usually teach history. They teach Talmudic text. The Law is eternal. History describes the rebellions and follies of mortals. Dr. Grayzel scatters his views of Jesus over a number of chapters. He calls Jesus Joshua, Mary Miriam, and Joseph, a pious carpenter.

Grayzel says that Joshua was condemned to the cross by Pontius Pilate and the Romans. I was relieved. Once in elementary school a bully, one that every Jewish boy meets in school, told his friends that the Jews killed Christ. "Christ killer!" he screamed in my face to start a fight. I lost it. The bully slapped my face with his open palm. I did not turn my other cheek. I grabbed his head and pulled him to the ground. I think his face hit my knee as he fell. Enraged, he stood up again and kicked my knee, splitting the skin open near my shin. I grabbed his hair and again pulled him to the ground near the curb. I bashed his head into the curb. Thank God adults came running and pulled us apart.

The next day I asked my mother about Christ.

"Christ was a prophet," she said. "A great man who was a Jew." I was really confused. "Why did the Jews kill a Jew? Why was the bully angry at me?"

Grayzel started me thinking: Christianity was misnamed. The teachings of Christ were transformed by Paul from Judeo-Christianity into preaching that became the basis of a new Pagan Christianity, Paulism. Jesus

was rescued. Paul's teachings were responsible for Christianity's split from Judaism. Even Paul was treated compassionately by Grayzel. Paul was misunderstood. Paul preached living a godly life. Paul preached believing in Jesus. Pagan Christianity forgets the teaching about living godly lives.

I designed a long unit on Christianity. I read widely about Christianity. I knew I would have to read the sources, as my methodology in teaching required.

Each time I started to read a Gospel, I put it down. I skimmed and returned and still had difficulty finishing Matthew. The same with Mark, Luke and John. You remember, Theophilus, that I knew a few verses of the New Testament from my studies with Rabbi Brauerman on divorce. That was not reading, but proof-texting, and was as enjoyable and as sweet as any forbidden fruit.

Many quote the New Testament. Perhaps few have read it. I sat and forced myself to read the document form cover to cover.

Before I left Laguna, Isaac gave me a copy of the Psalms of Final Testament. He also asked me to read what he called "The Later Books of the Torah." I read Isaac's Psalms, but had to put off the "Later Books." Perhaps Isaac's Psalms sparked me to write my initial reactions to the New Testament in verse. I am sure you will notice, Theophilus, the influence of Isaac on my style and structure.

Four Who Entered the Garden

Four entered Paradise
Four gates to Sealah
or Sheolh

Heaven
or Hell

Before the entrance
St. Peter
Before St. Peter
The Pearly Gate
Before The Pearly Gate
The Pearl

And before the Saint, the Gate, or the Pearl,
The irritant.

Before the irritant
The text of
Stone or Sand
Fire or Water

Pearls or
Before swine

The text: The Testament
Four Gospels
Four questions
Four directions
Four sons
Four cups
1) Brought out
2) Rescued
3) Redeemed
4) Taken

Chosen for sacrifice and redemption.
Four ways the garment was ripped
By history's Pharaohs

A Final Exodus
Testament
Act
And Redemption

Only ten plagues on the Egyptians in exile
Ours four-powered more
Wrath, Anger, Gloom, and Trouble
Four evil angels
Sent by the Lord

Enough already

The Lamb's the blood's
The Bread, the bitters

Enough already

The binding
The cross
The Final Act

Enough already

Afik o men
The hidden piece found
The old order ended
Those still in Egypt
Slaughter the Lamb
Eat of its flesh
Mark their doors
With its blood
To this day
Until it is finished

Enough already

Let us say Grace
Drink from Elijah's cup
Sing Hallel Praise
Next year in Jerusalem
Sealah's Tabernacle rebuilt
All will know the One
God

All will know Two

The tablets reconstructed
In their Tabernacle

All will know Three
Patriarchs who teach

All will know Four
Matriarchs
And the New Gospel
They preach

All will know Five
Moses and his Books

All will know Six
The six points
Of the oral Torah

All will know Seven
And rest will come then
on earth as in heaven

All will know the perfection of Eight
Circumcised of body
And heart

All will know Nine
After Sealah's birth

All will know
And do
And hear

Ten principle sayings
The Final Revelation
Fulfilled in Love

And Fear

All will know
And see
The Eleven stars
Of the dream

All will know the Twelfth star
The star's son
Twelve tribes

Under Sealah
With Liberty and Justice
For All
Then all will know
God is merciful

Thirteen, are the Attributes
Of God's mercy

God's Justice
The kid
Scratched by the Assyrian cat
Bitten by the Babylonian dog
Singed by Persian fire
Diluted by the Greeks
Gored by the Roman ox

Slaughtered by God's Holy Warriors
Angels of Death
Feasting at the Wedding Supper
Of the Lamb
Angel of Death. Die

Enough already

The Fifth who entered Paradise
Matthew
Envisioned but did not see
Mark the Sixth
The son of a Zoma - Mad!
John the Seventh
cut at the roots
Only
Luke
Ascended in Peace
But even he descended confused

Burned in the text's fire
Coal words that crumble
On white hot paper

Chiseled into ice
Cold stone
Shattered or unchanged

I know a Christian man

An orchard man
Caught up in the Third heaven
Until God whispered in his ear

"Midrash"

Not stone - sand
Not ice - water
Even he sod Eden
With his fertile soil
Not even of him
Will I boast

Still, I am not an anti-Paul
I feel his pain
Four times
Reading at the Four Gates, feeling
Four sharp pains

Four times
I ask the Lord
To ease the pain
To open the Gates

God's answer:

"You know My Grace is all
You need
Power comes to strength in weakness
Scale the walls
They surround Paradise."

My answer:

These walls, higher than Babel
I scale and find
Walls within walls
Gatekeepers on every side
Of the Four Gates

They demand a high admission
A fortune
In spiritual currency

Two words: I believe
And a ticket that reads
One way.

Theophilus, what can I say. Matthew, Mark, John, and even Luke, your friend, I found to be Jew-haters and Jew-baiters.

The Four can't get anything right. They even misspell your name: Theophilus. They turn the Lover of God into the fairy-tale-figure of Faust. They cut off the branch that might have grown straight and even have borne fruit.

My friend, was not Luke's gospel convincing to the faithful? You, my friend, the lover of God, are transformed from a butterfly into a religious caterpillar. Theophilus becomes Theophilus, an archdeacon who suffers disgrace, and turns to the Jews and their *Kabbalistic* magic. When you enter the synagogue, the legend contends, we don't accept you.

Would a bad Christian make a good Jew?

You then cut your Covenant in human blood with the Devil. Luke's gospel becomes polemic and bad news when he writes to you about not one, but two attempts by Pontius Pilot to free the Jews. (Grayzel are you listening?) Luke even introduces Herod to support him.

Is it any wonder that the Devil and the Jew became enemies of the Church? John calls our Father the Devil, and our churches Synagogues of Satan.

Is it surprising that Theophilus becomes Theophilus? Is it surprising that in their confusion of the Jew with Satan, the war against Satan became, incidentally, a war against the Jews?

My friend Theophilus:

Enter Faust. Call me a Theophilus. My poodle still sits at my feet as I record the Acts of Sealah and the Acts of this wandering Jew who finds Sealah, his Tabernacle of Peace and tranquility, after much struggle.

I sent my reactions to the Gospels to Isaac. The following is his response:

"Rabbi, over the entrance of each gate hangs the key.

"Matthew traces the descent of the Christ back to our father Abraham. Matthew, the most comprehensive Gospel is by far the most important. This Gospel is more deliberately written than Mark.

Matthew is presenting Christ as King. A King is not democratically elected. A king is selected by birth.

"Matthew is at home in the world of Torah - quoting chapter and verse. Rather than teaching lawlessness, Matthew's Christ is a lawgiver even greater than Moses our Rabbi."

Matthew Five Eighteen

"A key to Matthew is Five Eighteen. The Sermon on the Mount is the holy of holy's of Matthew's Gospel. Jesus is a New Moses, and the New Law is the Law of the *Chassid*.

"Amen. So long as heaven and earth exist, not a *Yould*, or a stroke of the Law will vanish until it is fulfilled.' Christ demands fulfillment of the Law. Christ demands a higher consciousness. Christ demands inwardness.

"Seven contrasts burn forth, the flames that flicker on the wick of the menorah. Anger is a type of death. Lust is a type of adultery. Every divorce is also a divorce from God. Swearing is false. Strict Justice leads to violence. Your enemy is your neighbor. Piety easily becomes empty pageantry.

"Jesus' prayer is instructive to mumbling Jews and fumbling Gentiles.

"Our Father in Heaven
Hallowed by Thy name
Your Kingdom come
Your Will be done
On Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us each day
The bread of satisfaction
Forgive our debts
As we forgive our debtors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from the evil one."

"I know I need not remind you Rabbi Re Shone," Isaac wrote, "That this prayer could have appeared, without change, anywhere in rabbinic literature.

"Over the entrance to Mark's gate, this key. No genealogy. Mark's Christ is a servant without pedigree. Mark presents a Jewish Jesus in a Jewish setting. On Mark's gate is written a verse from Isaiah,

"I will send my messenger ahead of you who will prepare the way.'

"You are that messenger.'

"Luke's gate: Again the key is over the entrance, Theophilus. You should write your Testament to Theophilus to keep the dialogue alive. Luke is the most skillful of the Gospel writers. The hostility of Mark and Matthew toward Jews is rare in Luke. A rarity indeed, a gentle Gentile. Luke's nativity is about admirable devout Jews.

"The family faithfully attends services every year at the Temple during *Pesach*. The Final Passover in Jerusalem, Mark and Matthew report that Jesus is condemned by the Sanhedrin before being taken to Pontius Pilate. Luke gives a more authentic report by not chronicling that fiction. The Sanhedrin in Luke never condemns Jesus, nor does the High Priest claim Jesus is guilty of blasphemy. In Luke, Jesus was never condemned by any authority. Jesus was lynched. Some versions of Luke quote Jesus as saying: 'Father forgive them, they don't know what they are doing.' Rabbi, I have also written on these themes in the Psalm section of the Final Testament. Read the Ninth Hour. Read Crucifixions.

"The key to John is also over the entrance.

"In the beginning was the misunderstanding. The divine logos. The Word became flesh and went to his own, the Jews, who rejected him.

"John says to the Jews, 'You do not understand.' Actually the Jews did understand. Whatever the meaning of the untranslatable logos, Isaiah reminds us that God's true word does not return fruitless without accomplishing God's purpose.

"This time we shall succeed in the task God has given' (Isaiah 55:11).

"Love - Amen - Sealah"

Theophilos, not a moment passed before I sat down to pen my response to Isaac.

"To Isaac - *Shelya* - Man of God - Sealah.

"Indeed your keys unlock the four doors. I am not at Peace with what I find within.

"Matthew's gate does open with your key. I wonder if it would not be better to lock that door forevermore and throw away the key. The Talmudic pun that makes Gospel, the so-called evangelism, into 'a wicked scroll,' seems fitting.

"What use is prayer, the Lord's or any Christian's, when the bad news is: Matthew puts all of the Jewish people on the sacrificial altar. We, our children, our children's children, our parents, our grandparents, carry the cross of blame. Matthew rebinds every Jew to the altar. Every Jew an Isaac. Every Jew a Christ to be crucified.

"Mark's key is bent. Mark's way is crooked. Mark teaches that Jesus healed the sick. Jesus exorcised demons. Jesus was forgiving. Who will exorcise the demons of Mark? Even the disciples of Jesus, being Jews, are seen as dark shapes in a mirror, reflected shadows.

"Mark was forgiving.

"For giving the Jews the devil's name. The crooked key of Mark cannot be made straight.

"Luke gives testimony to the existence of Christian *Midrash*. His dialogue with Theophilos opens gates to New Gospels and dialogue.

"Still, much of Luke is fiction. If Luke is canonized and enscrolled in the Tree of Life, will you also canonize Final Testament and the Final Act?

"John's fruits are bitter to my lips, filled with visible worms and lies.

"I bring my case against John. John's conflict is not with Pharisees or Scribes. John's axe to grind is wielded against the Jews and the Tree of Life.

"Is the Tree of Life human that it can escape his siege of hatred?

"Pontius Pilate is portrayed, contrary to the simple facts, the hinted facts, or the interpreted facts, as washing his hands of the Trial of Jesus. The Bad News according to John: Pilate says that he can find no case against Jesus. Then this evil fiction, 'You Jews have a custom that I release one prisoner at Passover. Would you like me to release the King of the Jews?' Tell me, my friend, where this fanciful 'fact' can be found, outside of this so-called gospel?

"Once again Pilate says he has no case against the Christ. The chief priests shout 'Crucify! Crucify!'

"'Take him and crucify him yourselves,' John reports Pilate saying. 'I find no case against him.'

"The Jews answer, 'We have a Law and by that Law he must die.'

John implies that the Jews would have killed Jesus if it had been within their jurisdiction and power. The Romans put Jesus on the cross. The Jews are responsible.

"In the end, John is the Lie.

"Rabbi - Isaac - Sealah (Joshua?). The Christian City of God is built on a Rock that marks the crossroads of four major theological faults. John and his gospel, and Revelation, be damned."

I added the latest about Lillian and myself and the following, on a separate page, folded according to tradition, in Aramaic and Hebrew.

A book of cutting
A bill of divorcement
Delivered this first day of *Tishray*
This first week of *Awe*

This first year
At mourning.
After Jerusalem's destruction
By the rivers of Babylon
By the rivers of Sealaha
By the rivers of weeping
By the rivers four of Eden
Salted by our tears

I, Laurence - a son of Judah
A son of the Lion
A son of Sealah

Without regret - set aside
Release - set free -
Thee
The Churches of Babylon
Towers of discontent
And division
The self-proclaimed
New True Israel

The ground red
The unseemly things
Too numerous to list
In this *Tofes*
Or to specify
In this *Toref*

Torn by her own hand
From the Tree of Life
Permitting everything
To every man

So long as they believe

Let Judah no longer be hindered

Sealah has come
Obedience to the Lion
Protector of the torn

This shall be
From We
To Thee
A letter of release
A document of freedom

Jew and Christian
Estranged
Now divorced

A book of cutting
In accordance with the
Law of Moses
And Israel

Isaac the son
Of Abraham
Witness

Aryeh the son
Of Abraham
Witness

I concluded my letter with 'As a duly ordained *Dayan*, a Rabbinic judge, I ask you the following Halachic question:

'The *Mishna* in *Yevamot* teaches that a man seen hanging on a cross cannot be presumed to be dead. Can a man on a cross order a bill of divorce to be written?'

Dear Theophilos, looking back at these letters I am aware of my rudeness and Isaac's amazing grace. His answer to my letter came, first class:

Rabbi *Re Shone*
My friend in God
My right hand
Enough of Gates and keys and faults
Is not every Revelation
Written by God's finger
Crumbled by our own people
Into broken stone?
Are not the pieces
And the Second Revelation
Each Kept in Holy Arks?

I teach a Final
Living Gospel
Good News
In every direction
The Four orchards are fenceless
In the New Jerusalem

The World, the Temple, Jerusalem, the Ark
The holy of holy's, on the Rock of Moriah

The Rock of the binding and unbinding

The mountain of vision - All one

Four fenceless orchards
Between five mountains
The orchards tiered
And the mountains
On four levels
Hung by five threads
Over our heads

The wise smile
At similes
The discerning
Open the door
Called metaphor
Within your Final Testament
The New Jerusalem, orchards blooming
Almonds and capers daily blossoming

New ground broke
With swords
That are now plowshares

Old trees are uprooted
Branches pruned
With hooks that were spears

The rain on the broken earth
A New Covenant on parched soil
The rain of love after the rain of fear

The advent of Sealah
The hearts of parents
And children
Atone
The atonement
The heart of the Father
At one with the Son
And the Son with the Father

And Father and Daughter
And Mother and Son

Have we not one
Father

And one
Mother
Each of us?
One parent in heaven
In Sealah we witness
The Final Testament
The Final Covenant
Never again to be torn
Asunder
The event
The marriage
The vows
Reaffirmed

Between Judah and Israel
Between Jew and Christian

The Final Act

Even the unseemly
Forgiven
The wayward wife
Estranged from husband and God
A *Shechina* exiled
Comes home

The branch is re-grafted
To the Tree
Of Life
Dead branches, false teachings, pruned
By the orchard man
And we
Warmed by the fire

The trees of the orchard
Trees of Knowledge
Trees of Good
Trees of Evil
Are now one Tree
The tree of Life
A Tree of Light

God's Holy Cross
Of Stars
A Menorah
Amen.
Sealah

Isaac then answered my *halachic* question in prose and verse.

"A man hanging on a cross may order a divorce to be written for his wife. Even if his body has become weak, his mind is presumed to have remained sound, as we learn in the holy words of the *Balei Ha Tosafot* in the Tractate *Gitten*, the First *Mishna* of the Seventh Chapter and page seventy, side two of the tractate."

Isaac returned my Bill of Divorcement unsigned. His response:

"The bill of divorcement
I pray to witness
Is between
One Lillith also known as Lillian
And one Laurence
Also known as Aryeh

In Sealah
The marriage

You are invited
To help conduct
The wedding."

These were no empty words or metaphors Theophilos. Isaac was engaged to marry a Southern Christian from Tennessee. The wedding invitation was included in the letter. I was listed as an officiate, with a Baptist minister from Princeton. The wedding would take place in Shiloh, Tennessee and Sheloh, Israel, the invitation informed. The Ninth of *Av*. The year 5744. *Tashmad*.

I gulped. *Tashmad* spelled destruction in Hebrew. I called Isaac in Laguna.

"*Tashmad!*" I complained.

Isaac laughed. "*Tashmad*, my friend. The year that ends division. The year that destroys the split vision. The year that leads to *Tashma*

Come and hear: the year that leads to 5745 when we serve God *Leshma* from love. Then the words again will be fleshed out by Sealah, as we begin to rebuild this world with Joy."

Theophilos, I am recording that conversation now from memory. I must explain. In Jerusalem during the year 5744, the Jews awaited a terrible disaster. The Hebrew letters spell out 5 = T; 7 = Sh; 40 = M; 4 = D. *Tashmad*. Destruction. Similarly 5745 = *Tashma* and 5748 = *Ta* or *Tes Mach*. The only disaster Jerusalem saw, from the orthodox point of view, was the service on the 9th of *Av*. The ninth of *Av* is a national day of disaster. The first temple was destroyed on the 9th of *Av*. The second temple was destroyed on the ninth of *Av*. The expulsion from Spain began on 9 *Av* 1492. World War I broke out on 9 *Av* 1914. I told Isaac I would not conduct an intermarriage on the 9th of *Av*, or any day.

On to Sealah and Jerusalem

Lillian complained about my reading the New Testament. She read Isaac's letter and proclaimed Isaac an apostate. A modern day *Shabbati Zvi*.

One apostasy followed another when Lillian declared that she wanted an open relationship again. As I have explained Theophilos, I wanted a family and a new life. Lillian found a woman lover. She brought her home. I awoke to two women in my bed. Touching the fruit, the temptation to taste is great. We made love together. Lillian found a man lover. Her fantasy was to make love with two men. She argued that I was obligated since she had brought home a woman first. This type of equality was too much for me. The man, a parent of one of Lillian's students, was exceptionally attractive. The night he came over for dinner I was aware of the attraction. I excused myself after dinner. Lillian shouted, as I grabbed my jacket and left, "You'd stay if it was with Isaac." I went to a motel. The parent, I believe, spent the night.

In the morning I told Lillian I was going to Jerusalem. I gave notice to the school.

"I want to come," Lillian cried.

"No way."

I told her I wanted a divorce. Lillian's father encouraged the divorce. I promised her I would send a Bill of Divorcement from Jerusalem.

A New Beginning

I was in Jerusalem for *Sukkot*, the Feast of Tabernacles. I began the holiday of rejoicing in the Torah (at Simchat Torah) at Rabbi Brauerman's new yeshiva. I danced with Chassidim in Mea Sharim. I danced with the new inhabitants of the Old City. I met Rabbi Sechelman at the *Kotel* and we danced. It was good to be home.

We began again the Book of Genesis. The *Midrash* teaches that all beginnings are difficult. This one felt easy.

After the holiday I went to the Chief Rabbinate's Offices. They informed me I would have to go to Tel Aviv for a *Get*, a Bill of Divorce.

I used my time in Jerusalem to research Final Testament. I took the name from Isaac in the same way I copied his style in my writing.

Jerusalem

Thank God I still had Isaac's map of Jerusalem. I followed the route from the train station to Mt. Zion. I reread Isaac's letter on Jerusalem found in *Final Testament*, and his *Psalms on the Merging of the Two Jerusalems, One Old and One New*, that he gave me in Laguna.

One Old and one New. Gentle reader Theophilos, I wondered about my friend.

Was he a New Joshua who would spiritually reconquer the Holy Land? A New Christ? A Christian? A Jew? The old embodied in the new? I did not know then.

Reading Isaac's teachings in his Psalms, I found some answers. Isaac's teachings seemed old and new at the same time. Isaac's teachings were also questioning, His Psalms were not all Songs of Praise. Isaac's "sermon" on "Adam Kadmon" was an attempt to again see God face to face. Isaac sent me to Israel with a gift, the Collected Writings of William Blake. The following question was underlined in Isaac's edition: Was Jesus chaste? As I read the poem, I was reminded of Blake's question.

I would do Blake's Everlasting Gospel one better, and write a Final Testament.

Yes William Blake - tis no mistake
This Jesus will not do
For Englishman or Jew!

Isaac's poem on Blake, "Footnote" (in Book 2: The Psalms of Final Testament), a classic, reminded me that my friend was no Fundamentalist. The Messiah with a sense of humor.

I realized, Theophilos, that Isaac's teachings went beyond not being Fundamentalistic. They were, fundamentally, New.

Isaac's masterpiece, "The Divine and Earthly Drama - A Second Time From the Heavens," forced me to rethink the Final Act.

I stood in Isaac's favorite spot overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat. To my left, again in sparkling clarity, Moriah. With Isaac's drama in hand, I meditated on Moriah in the distance.

Satori. The first light entered my eyes and the vision reflected was that of a seer.

Isaac has his Biblical namesake and Ishmael on the altar. In the end Muslim and Jew dance Sealah's dance, chanting God's ineffable name.

What I also saw, my friend, was that I too was bound with Isaac, to Moriah.

Isaac's story and my story are one.

My father, an Abraham (actually, as his name is in its completeness, an Abraham Isaac), bound me and was himself bound to the altar.

Our drama played out when I was sixteen, about to enter university. The test was not necessary, say better, premature, because I was not yet at the age when I was required to sign up for the draft. Vietnam might well have been over before my student deferment ran out.

Still, we each acted out our part. My father knew I was against the war. I had proclaimed for all to hear that the acid test for (golden) democracy was whether or not society tolerated dissent in the form of conscientious objection. America's failure of the test, I am sure you remember Theophilos, is attested to by her throwing those with conscience into prison. America's democracy was, for that moment, fool's gold.

My father asked, from his throne chair, "Will you serve your country after college?"

"No, I.. ." Before I could lecture, he was out of his chair. My sisters and mother witnessed from the hall doorway.

"Coward!" he said. I moved away from him and the fireplace, towards the door. He cornered me before I could leave, raising his arm over my head. I crouched in fear by the doorpost and protected my head with my arms.

"I am not," I whimpered.

"I'll prove it," he said, waving a menacing fist over my head.

"No..., I..., am not a coward. The cowards are the ones who go, who don't have the courage to defy authority..."

I was cut off by "Coward!" again, and the fist raised above my head struck my arms. Thank God there was no knife this time.

My hands tremble even now as I chronicle the drama, years after the act.

Crouching, a lion, I leapt up towards Abraham. Caught off balance, he went flying toward the fireplace, landing on his back. Thank God my father's head did not hit the mantle. (I almost wrote 'the altar'). I ran from the house and never returned.

All this memory in the twinkling of an eye. I was back in Jerusalem. I walked down the hill, standing as far away from the Wall as possible. The doves were perched, still, on the Wall's protruding stones. No priests were within the walls. Perhaps the doves rejoiced in the Temple's destruction. The swallows sang their song of freedom.

The orthodox prayed for the Temple's reconstruction. "Sanctify our days as of old."

Altars, sin offerings. Rivers of blood. High Priests slitting the throats of the next offering with slaughtering knives.

I moved closer. Again I could not offer prayers to broken stones. I prayed with the birds. My spirit encircled Moriah. I rejoiced from that lofty perspective.

One dove, unblemished, soared with my spirit. It was the twilight hour. In ancient days this dove would have been the sacrifice. The dove alighted and faced the Wall. The dove's neck moved in rhythm with the *shokeling* Chassidim below. The dove's tail hung over the lip of the stone wall. The Chassidim *davening Mincha*, the afternoon prayer, never looked up. To them, the dove may as well have been invisible.

As the Chassidim chanted the high point of their service in unison, the dove made his offering - as white as snow. I move back, laughing, feeling a bit guilty and responsible since I had been one with the dove.

The lights went on as I remained with my dark thoughts. The *Kotel*, the Wailing Wall, considered the holy place of Judaism today, looked to me like just another Disneyland attraction. Israel was becoming a type of Disneyland for adults. Disneyland did I say? Say better, a carnival. A carnival, even that is a compliment.

A carnival, at least, has attractions. Rides. Fun. What was the attraction here? The outer wall? Was this the newest idolatry? To pray, to kiss, to cry to broken stone. To pray for the rebuilding of a temple where animals would again be sacrificed?

Sanctify our days as of old.

Relive history. Moriah's stone again a four-horned altar. Christ again crucified on Golgotha. Eternal return.

The Temple again, broken, in ruins. The wooden Mosque again erected. The Temple again, a Temple Domini.

I sat down on a bench in the dark, ashamed of my cynicism. I wanted to pray but could not approach the Wall. I unfolded Isaac's letter on the binding of Isaac and Ishmael on the hill behind the wall, chronicled in *Final Testament*. What Isaac hints at in that essay, a denial by father Abraham to sacrifice Isaac or Ishmael, he now proclaimed aloud a second time from the heavens. The deathgod demands the sacrifice of sons. Sealah unbinds them.

With the Wall as a backdrop I continued meditating on Isaac's teachings. Now the Wall appeared as the backdrop scenery of a play. The Wall could have been made of cardboard. The movable scenery of Moriah was monotheism's stage. The show must go on.

In Islam the scene is explicitly central. One becomes a Muslim by submitting to Allah's Will, even when asked to bind, sacrifice or crucify one's own son. All this Isaac inverted. Sealah taught an anti-religion.

Isaac speaks of crucifixions in his poems. Yet he reads these fictions as holy scriptures. I was really baffled.

Behind the Wall, where the ancient temple stood, was the Holy of Holy's. I sat and could imagine only profanity after profanity. My heart, like the Temple's Holy of Holy's, was an empty room. My questions on the Gospels was an honest quest for the real Jesus. Now I had to ask the same question about the Torah. Where do we end up in our quest for historical Moses? If we view Moses as God's executive secretary, what are we to make of Moses' minutes?

Genesis' opening reveals God's impatience with creation. In one week, creation is corrupted. Flooded with violence. Noah, the only righteous one, is an alcoholic.

In Exodus we sing, as the Egyptians drown in the sea. God is a warrior.

Leviticus is an artichoke. The center is nourishing, but is it worth all the work?

Numbers is the Book of the March and the Roll Call. The book of murmuring. I, an Israelite in a wilderness, loathed the manna from heaven. Another malcontent.

Deuteronomy instructs final preparation for entering the Promised Land. The unadorned text in Chapter Twenty, commands a war of extermination against the native inhabitants.

I asked myself, Theophilus, if Isaac's answers on the Gospels make the Five Books of Moses also Good News. Yes. The orchard man trims off the dead wood of the Tree of Life.

Continuing my meditation, I considered Isaac's request that I chronicle *Final Testament*. I feared for my friend and his apostles. Isaac, like Jesus before him, was a dangerous man. Jesus died on the cross. Without that event there is no Resurrection and no Christianity.

I imagine, Theophilus, that many consider the Final Act incomplete. I feared for my friend. First being an apostle would be dangerous, but Isaac wanted me to be his right hand. This is exactly what I ran from. For if the right hand offended it also would be cut off. The fear became very real when Isaac came to Jerusalem for the Nine days before *Tisha B Av*, for his wedding.

The Wedding

Isaac and his bride arrived at the airport on the eve of the new month of *Av*, of the Hebrew year *Tashmad*. The year of destruction.

Isaac looked well. He was, in fact, exuberant. When *Av* enters, the Talmud in *Taanit*, page twenty six, side B, teaches: "Gladness must be diminished." I wondered at Isaac's joy.

I had my own plans. I would convince Isaac to postpone the wedding to the 15th of *Av*.

Isaac introduced me to his bride. I smiled at her name, Christina. She smiled back, and sat quietly as Isaac and I talked. As we made our ascent in the taxi to Jerusalem, I said again I would not arrange a marriage on the 9th of *Av*. I appealed to the Rabbi in Isaac to postpone the wedding a week.

"Rabbi Shimon *ben* Gamaliel said that 'Israel had no festive day like the 15th of *Av*,'" I said.

"And so it will be," Isaac answered, "on the 15th, the final day of reciting the Seven Blessings. We will go to Sealah in Israel and dance into Jerusalem, announcing the Sealah age, the marriage of Israel and Judah.

I protested, "On the day the children of Israel were prohibited to enter the Holy Land, you will be married?" This was a continuation of the old disputation.

"This time," Isaac said, "the 9th of *Av* marks the day we enter the Promised Land."

"Do you remember Zechariah's prophecy on *Tishna b Av*?" Isaac asked.

"No, not really," I confessed.

Isaac handed me a *Taanach* from his backpack. "Zechariah, Chapter Eight," he said, "Verse Nineteen." I read the beginning of the chapter to myself. Jerusalem called the City of Faithfulness, the courtyards filled with the laughter of children, affliction turned to joy. Then nineteen.

"Thus says the Lord of Hosts... the four fasts (*Tishna b Av* included) shall become occasions for joy and gladness - happy festivals for the House of Judah, but you must love honesty and integrity."

I read this as we entered Jerusalem.

The Ninth Day

I am sure you have anticipated, Theophilus that Isaac thought long and hard on the question of being married on the Ninth Day of *Av*.

So I must get on to the wedding. I chronicle the wedding out of order. I have not described my winter in the heights of the mountains and my calling as I sat on the *Arête* of the heights, overlooking the road to Damascus.

The rabbis teach that there is no "before" or "after" on Torah. Still, on the whole, the Testaments move on chronologically. This will be my way also, in this Torah, Theophilus.

We sat in my dark spot as far as possible from the Wall. Isaac wanted to sit with Christina. The black-frocked rabbis of our time had the space in front of the wall partitioned, one side for men, the other for women.

We sat with hardboiled eggs and bread. Isaac lit a paper plate and dipped the egg in the ash. He took the ash and drew a *Shin* on Christina's forehead.

Isaac sat and taught: "The day of Marriage is a day of Atonement. A day of awe commingled with joy. On that day sins are atoned, sins are forgiven."

I interrupted, reading from a Hebrew text I had prepared (*Taanit* 4:8.)

"Rabban Simon *ben* Gamaliel said: 'There were no happier days for Israel than the fifteenth of *Av* and the Day of Atonement. On those days the daughters of Jerusalem used to go out in white garments. These were all borrowed so that none would be ashamed who did not own them. The daughters of Jerusalem went out to

dance in the orchards. What did they say? 'Young man, lift up your eyes and see what maiden to choose for yourself. Don't set your eye on beauty but on family, for grace is deceitful and beauty is vain, a woman that fears the Lord shall be praised.' Also, it is written: 'Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her works praise her in the gates.' (Proverbs 31:30-31). It is also written: 'Go forth, you daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother has crowned him in that day of his engagements and in the day of the gladness of his heart!' (Song of Songs 3:11). 'In the day of his engagements,' this is the giving of the Torah. 'And in the day of the gladness of his heart,' this is the building of the Temple. May it be built speedily, and in our days! Amen."

I summarized the Talmud's comments. The fifteenth day of Av is the happiest of days for many reasons.

- 1) The tribes were given permission to intermarry on the 15th of Av, allowing for the formation of one Israel.
- 2) The last generation of the wilderness, who contented with God, ceased to die on Av 15.
- 3) The honorable Hosea, son of Elah, removed the roadblocks and guards from the roads that divide North and South, allowing unity and pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

"The precedent is clear," I said, as I pleaded my case. "The 15th is the day for the wedding." Isaac grinned and opened his arms to embrace me.

"You are a son of Gamaliel, my friend," he said.

I won and lost. I would arrange the wedding for the 15th.

Conversion

"One question," I said to Isaac, "Is Christina Jewish?"
Christina smiled around her egg. I looked at the ash on her head and laughed.
Isaac answered. "The conversion to Sealah will be part of the ceremony."

Theophilos, this became a source of future dispute. Christina, a Sealahite, would want to re-enter Sealah the way Rosenzweig was to enter Christianity, as a Jew.

"You are neither Christian nor Jew, Muslim nor Hindu," would be interpreted to mean "you who are Christian following that path, you who are Jews, Sealah is on the mountain's top. Sealah is the *Arete*. Follow your paths to that place." Christina's path to Sealah became Judaism, to heal her Christianity. Rosenzweig remained a Jew, but envisioned the star of Sealah. Christina chose to be a Jewish, not a Christian, Sealahite.

Beyond the Star
A cross of Stars
Beyond the cross or star
The Menorah
God's eternal symbol
Illuminating every tabernacle of
Peace.

Arrest - No Trial

Thank God the wedding was not on the 9th. The pious would have rioted. Blood may have been spilled if Isaac had followed through on his initial plan. As it was, we were arrested and jailed.

In the morning Christina said she wanted to approach the Wall. She would have to go the women's section. We agreed to meet after services.

Isaac and I approached the Wall. "This day is one in which we rejoice in trembling." We tremble as we remember our suffering in history. We rejoice as we anticipate our future peace. The key verse of *Tisha b Av* is at the end of Lamentations, Theo. We will discuss it after the service.

Mourning Service

Isaac then fell to his knees, tore his garments and cried out so loudly it seemed that not only had his garment been ripped, but his very heart and soul. Everyone looked in Isaac's direction. Tears streamed down his face as he sat in a hunched fetal position holding his legs. Isaac continued to cry long wails, weeping, with broken sobs.

The crowd began to move towards and around Isaac, iron hearts drawn to the wails of Isaac's weeping. Others began to cry. Chassidim, soldiers, even the women on the other side of the barrier moved to its edge to hear Isaac, and to cry with him.

Isaac led the *minyan* that formed around him. He wept again when he recited slowly and with intense feelings the section on the binding of Isaac in the preliminary service.

I wondered if Isaac would recite the order of the animal sacrifices. He did. Evidently to the orthodox, Isaac would be orthodox.

Isaac read the Torah from the Book of Deuteronomy and the prophetic readings from Jeremiah. I shuddered to think what would happen if he added readings from what he called, "The Later Books of the Torah." He did not.

Instead Isaac gave a sermon, and many at the Wall pushed their way towards the *minyan* to hear Isaac speak:

I am the son of the suffering of *Tisha b Av*
I was with Eve and Adam
To comfort them
On the death of their son

I was with Noah
Submerged in that great Mikvaism
The waters salty with Noah's tears

I was with Isaac on Moriah
An offering of Love
No sacrifice to fear
I was with God when
The word of the Lord came to the
Son of Ezekiel, son of Man
And Woman:
"You sinned grievously

On this land
I sent famine exile to purify
I sent water to purify
I sent fire to purify

Yet only the Noahs
And the Daniels
And the Jobs
Who were righteous in their generation
Only themselves
Could they save

And one who could not save
Even himself

Therefore says the Lord God
The vineyard of Jerusalem
I cut back
The Grapes of Wrath, blood red
Fallen from the vine

The vine of Jerusalem that bore no fruit
God gave to the fire for fuel
Sanctification
On blood red wine

The word of the Lord came to me
Son of *Tisha b Av*, son of Man
Prophecy to Jerusalem so she may know her abominations
Confront Jerusalem with her detestable practices
For when I, God, turned from you, leaving you as
An abandoned child
Swaddled in clothes
As you lay there in your blood
After travails of suffering and love
I said "Live"
I cut the umbilicus
A covenant, afterbirth
Of water
The water of Shiloh

The water of Sealah
Indeed, I washed away the blood
From my firstborn, my son
And anointed Sealah with oil
Again
The word of the Lord came to me

Son of Jeremiah, son of Lamentation

Oh how
The city envisioned in Peace
Weeps bitterly - her tabernacle
and the covenant within, in pieces

Oh how
The city that could not answer
God's question to Adam

Where are you?
Naked, ashamed, the Garden
A walled city
Fencing the Tree of Life
From the orchard man
Who
Now asks

Oh how
And asks of God
Where are you?

Behold, the man
This son of Lamentations
Tis Sealah man
Has carried the scepter of affliction
As Isaac carried the wood
To his Offering

My path made crooked
My altar
Walled with hewn stone

(Isaac touched the Wall)

The Lion of Judah
Tearing at its own flesh
A laughing stock to all my people
To all people
This my song, all day long:

Misery wormwood and gall
Desolation and destruction

In my name they call
Atonement for the Fall

Altars of hewn stones
Strewn with Israel's bones

Judah
Sons and daughters
Of God
Has heard all insults
As villains of the plot
Slapped and smitten
Again and again
Defamed and murdered
Again and again

I and my people
Are one

We sat in submission
And kept silent
The sadists seeing even
This as insult

We lowered our heads
But hoped

We offered the other cheek
To those who struck us

Believing God would forgive
Reborn each morning
Great is God's
Faithfulness
But greater is our
Faithfulness

Another vision of Isaac son of Abraham

I was with Abraham
Forged in the fires of Ur

I was with Isaac on the altar
Under the sword

I was with Jacob, struggling
When Israel became a word

I was with Joseph
Raised from the pit of despair

I was at Sinai with Moses
Weeping for the Promised Land
I was in Jerusalem with Jeremiah
Imprisoned in wormwood walls

I was in Jerusalem with Yochannan
The son of Merit, *Yavnah* Man

I was in Spain with the Marranos
Crossed with stars

My flesh was torn
By tongues of Inquisitors and fire
My heart was torn
As Jew fought Jew
In the great war
The *Tishba Av* War

A war that ended
Worlds

My flesh ascended, ash
From the *Holocaustum* altar
That ash
Again flesh

We survived the cross
Neither were we totally consumed
In the Holocaust

Your star
Over the Eagle of Israel
In exile, America
The United States
Your menorah
Shall be over all nations
States in
The United States of Israel

All the world then
Israel
Israel a Jerusalem

Jerusalem
The holy of holies
The holy of holies, now

Sealah
God's living
Tabernacle of Peace

The crowd began to murmur, "Who are you?" A black-jacketed American Yeshiva student shouted, "Who are you!"

I am Isaac
Son of Abraham
Called to deliver this Torah
Of Sealah's living waters

The Israeli Chassidim moved towards the crowd. They asked Americans to translate since Isaac spoke in English.

I see thousands crucified
On these roads to Jerusalem
Rabbis carrying Roman crosses
Crosses of exile
Crosses of baptism
Crosses of martyrdom
Crosses of crusaders

The Final Cross
On the Gethsemane
The oil press
Of Germany
Anointed with fire and blood
By the anti-messiah
Herr Heil
Whose soothsayers said:

"Christ is born again
Among the Jews
Let us murder
Every first born
Jewish child

Knowing not the year
Crucify them all
Sons and daughters
Of the crucifiers
Of the first Christ

A number of rabbis moved away from the crowd. They decided to call the police. Soldiers guarding the Wall must also have been alerted. This would not be the Wall's first riot.

Chassidim on their way to the Wall were also attracted. They filled their deep black pockets with

pebbles that they threw at Sabbath desecrators, shouting "*Shabbos, Shabbos.*" Sabbath, Sabbath. This time a number of elders came armed with large rocks.

The police and soldiers arrived as Isaac said:

I am the son of the suffering
Of *Tisha B Av*
I am the Eternal Survivor
I am the Eternal Jew
My wandering
My sufferings

Now are ended

We, alone
Weathered Spengler's season
We alone, the living fossils

Survive

Where are the Nations that hated
Us? Their glory
Past
Dead fossils

Yet the people of Israel Live
I am the son of Abraham
Who saw
I am the son of Israel
Who saw
I am the son of Moses
Who saw
I am the son of Isaiah
Who saw:

Dark Jews in Jonah ships
Spit up upon many shores
To the farthest harbor

Starving there, the torch lady
At her feet, our people
Her message, our message
A New Israel

Isaac continued:

I am the son of the prophets
Son of seers
Son of Herzl

Whose body was a body of Europe
His soul the soul
Of the Promised Land
Who said
On his deathbed

It is time for this Moses to die
The land of the Seven Nations
Is inhabited by worshipers
Of the Idol called Power
These sons of Pilate
Will be the Final Test
Herzl the seer, saw and said
I see a New Jerusalem -
Golden on the Temple Mount
The Lord's Temple
The walls for singing
not wailing
I see a New a Joshua
Tumbling the Wall
A second Joshua
(or say - a third)

Bringing Peace
Saving, with God
Herzl said:...

Isaac was interrupted.

The Chassidim and orthodox were ready to storm Isaac. The Israeli police and soldiers made it clear they wanted Isaac to continue.

Herzl said:
"When you return to our Land
Bring my bones to Zion
To our Land of Promise
Where Joseph's bones are buried"

Isaac continued after the mob was quieted:

The Word of the Lord came to David Gruen:

"I give you a new name
Ben Gurian
You are the Lion cub of Judah

The Lion of Judah will come
And be known as a son of

Ben Gurion -

Prepare yourself for war - but
Beware the son of Korach
All beginnings are difficult

And so this Father of a land
And Judah
Resurrected bodies
As many as stood
On Sinai
From the wilderness of exile
To the land
Of Promise
Where I
Isaac, son of Abraham, son of
Israel, son of Joseph, son of slavery,
Son of Moses, son of Hillel,
Son of Gamaliel, son of Joshua
Son of Man

"Son of a bitch, bastard!" one of the black-hatted Yeshiva students shouted.

"Silence him, silence him!" the crowd shouted. The soldiers and police surrounded Isaac.

Isaac reached into his *Tallit* bag and removed the flag of Israel. The flag, a *Tallit*, was fringed on all four corners.

I am the Lion of Judah
the son of the star
the son of the scepter

I am Sealah
I am Joshua
Come to lead you to the Final
Tranquility and peace
Our Promised Land

Isaac deflected the first rock with his *Tallit* flag.

"*Tishabav Tishabav!*" they shouted, pelting Isaac with pebbles. Isaac held the flag *Tallit* over his head and moved towards a man holding his petition. It was Sechelman. The police and soldiers encircled Isaac and me. Sechelman shook his head at Isaac. The crowd followed us as we were led away. A large rock flew towards Isaac's head. "*Tishabav Tishabav,*" the fanatics yelled. Isaac's hand moved swifter than the rock and he plucked it, Kung-fu style, from the air. The soldiers smiled. The police smiled. I did not want to go with the police. We had committed no crime. Isaac smiled as timidly and docilely as a tame dove. We moved away from the crowd with the police.

In jail we were told we were in protective custody. At nightfall we would be released. The police apologized. They told Isaac they enjoyed his modern day prophecy. They apologized again for the reaction of the orthodox, explaining they were shadow figures from the ghetto, shades. They used the term *Shadem*.

